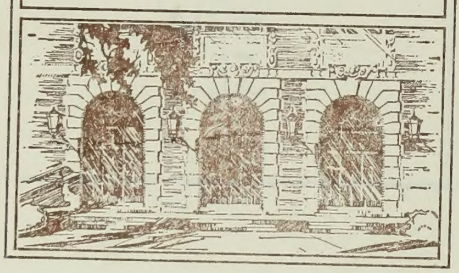
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

051
HE
v.32



The person charging this material is responsible for its return on or before the **Latest Date** stamped below.

Theft, mutilation, and underlining of books are reasons for disciplinary action and may result in dismissal from the University.

University of Illinois Library

SEP 28 1970

BUILDING USE ONLY

SEP 8 1974

SEP 8 1974

OCT 16 1992

OCT 15 1992

L161—O-1096

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2014

https://archive.org/details/hearstsinternati3219unse

A Magazine Without a Master

Hearst's

For July
20 Cents

R.R.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY
JUL 21 1917

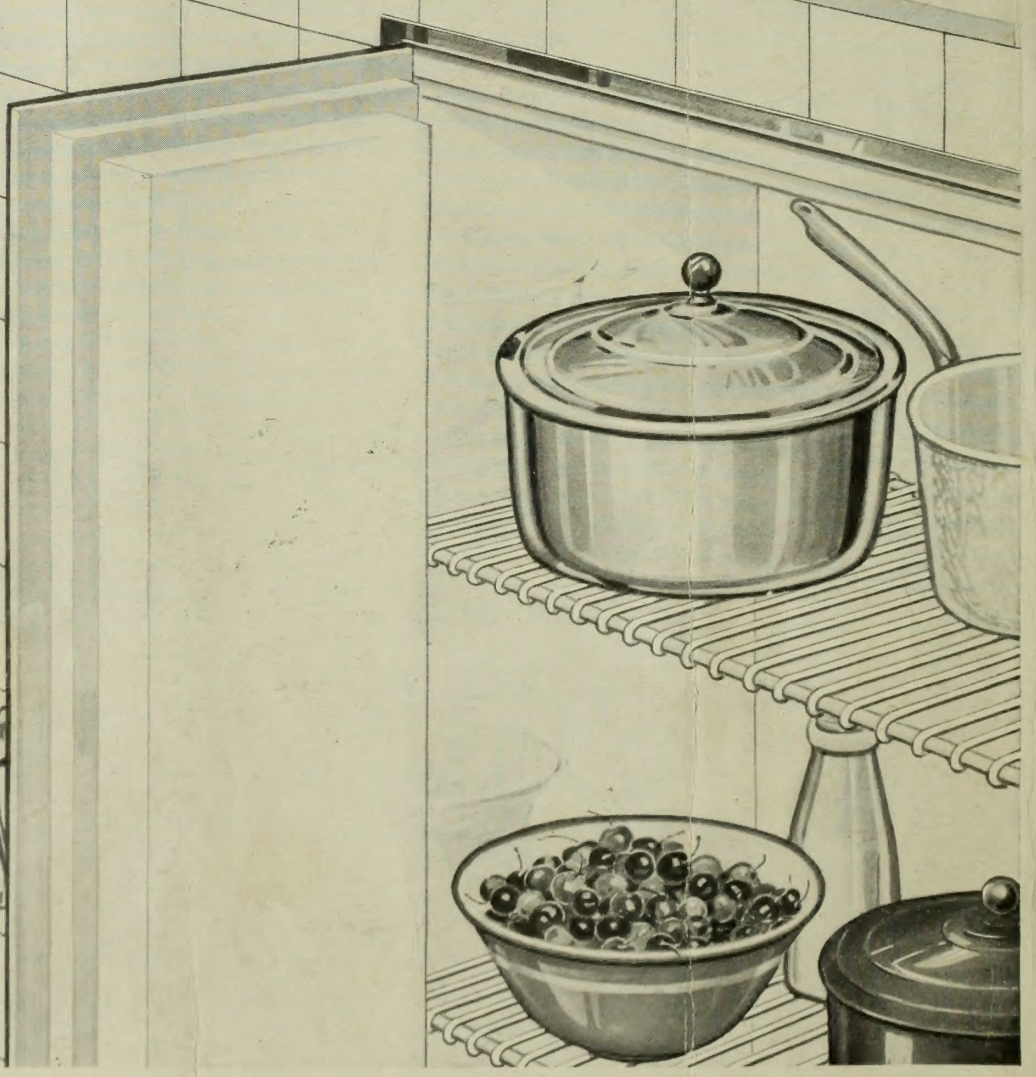
Insures

Perfect Sanitation

For
Metal
Enamel
Porcelain



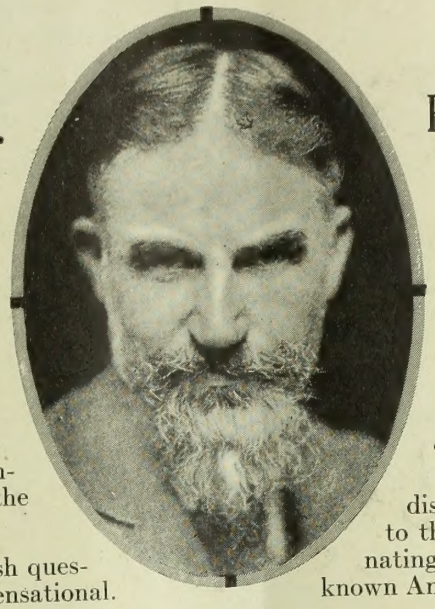
A Sweet
Hygienic
Refrigerator
Safeguards
Health



031
HE
V.32

O'FLAHERTY V.C.

The Irish Play which the *IN HEARST'S*



MR. SHAW wrote a play dealing with the Irish question and the British promptly suppressed it. As everyone knows by this time, almost everything suppressed by censors should be published in the public interest. Censors make about ninety-nine mistakes in every hundred suppressions. The Shaw play is one of the ninety-nine.

IT gives one a clearer insight into the real Irish question than anything ever put on paper. It is sensational.

THIS is the kind of literature that "Hearst's" readers look for—the kind that has enabled it to establish itself as a magazine with a mission. Mr. Shaw's play discusses one of the world's greatest problems,—discusses it authoritatively, entertainingly, and with a sense of humor. Because "Hearst's Magazine" has established a reputation for printing such literature, Mr. Shaw consents to the publication of his play in its columns.

Other features for August—the Big Midsummer Number—are:

FOUR GREAT SERIALS: Galsworthy's "A Stoic," Churchill's "Dwelling-Place of Light," Gouverneur Morris's "His Daughter," and Chester's "A Lady in Distress," the last-named coming to a splendid conclusion.

By BERNARD SHAW

British Censor Suppressed *NEXT MONTH*

COUNT ILYS TOLSTOY, son of the great Leo Tolstoy, will have an article telling of his father's influence on Russia's revolt against slavery.

"NEST-BUILDING," by ANNE HARD, is a powerful short story that is sure to provoke discussion at this time, when women are beginning to think and feel for themselves. It is also a fascinating love-story. Mrs. Hard is the wife of that well-known American man of letters, William Hard.

"THE WEST WIND," by ROBERT W. CHAMBERS, is another lively tale in which appears Maryette Courtray, the pretty little Bell-Mistress of Sainte Lesse "somewhere in France." "All for France!" is Maryette's motto, which alone will make the tale popular just when the United States and her country are allies. Besides which, it's a rattling good yarn.

"THE BOOB FROM THE BURDOCK PATCH," by ARTHUR STRINGER, is fifth in his inimitable new series, "The Diamond Thieves." For fertility of invention, dramatic situations, and virile and vivid characters you can't beat these thrilling detective stories.

BESIDES the usual REGULAR DEPARTMENTS, "Hearst's" for August will present as the Play of the Month "OUT THERE," by J. Hartley Manners, the most successful war drama of the present season.

Illustrators whose work will appear in August are André Castaigne, Howard Chandler Christy, Armand Both, James Montgomery Flagg, Henry Hutt, Clarence F. Underwood, Vincent Aderente, Lejaren A. Hiller, G. Patrick Nelson, Everett Shinn, William de L. Dodge, and others.

AUGUST—THE BIG MIDSUMMER NUMBER—ON SALE EVERYWHERE JULY 28.

Vol. XXXII

CONTENTS FOR JULY

No. 1

FOUR FASCINATING SERIALS

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS — His Daughter — HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY 29
WINSTON CHURCHILL — The Dwelling-Place of Light — JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG 14
E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM — The Cinema Murder — ARMAND BOTH 41
GEORGE RANDOLPH AND LILLIAN CHESTER — A Lady in Distress — CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD 34

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE ILLUSTRATED SPECIALS

COUNT ILYS TOLSTOY — What America Can Do for Russia — EDITORIAL 7
CHARLES EDGAR CLARK — II.—The Battle of Mobile Bay — PHOTOGRAPHS 24
FREDERICK McCORMICK — America and the Menace to Democracy in the Pacific — PORTRAITS 11
WILLIAM FREDERICK CODY — The Great West that Was — PHOTOGRAPHS 33
WINSTON CHURCHILL—EDITORIAL — Why "The Dwelling-Place of Light" was Written — WILLIAM de LEFTWICH DODGE 6

THE BEST OF SHORT STORIES

JOHN GALSWORTHY — A Stoic—I — ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE 8
WILLIAM J. NEIDIG — The Albatross — M. LEONE BRACKER 12
W. B. TRITES — Scientific Management — LEJAREN A. HILLER 17
LARRY EVANS — One Clear Call — WILL FOSTER 21
ARTHUR STRINGER — The Man from Maiden Lane — G. PATRICK NELSON 26

REGULAR DEPARTMENTS

STEPHEN LEACOCK — Personal Adventures in the Spirit World — F. STROTHMANN 43
JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS — "For Altars and for Firesides" — BOOK OF THE MONTH 44
SCOTT NEARING — The Civic Minute-Man — CHARLES A. WINTER 5
B. C. FORBES — War Finances and Hysterical Economy — FINANCIAL 45

THEATER, VERSE AND ART-DUOTONE SECTIONS

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW — "Getting Married" — PLAY OF THE MONTH 38
ANGELA MORGAN — Answer, World! — VINCENT ADERENTE 37
GARDNER TEALL — A Painter of the Souls of Simple Folk — CHARLES W. HAWTHORNE 19
COVER DESIGN — "One Flag, One Country" — PENRHYN STANLAWS

HEARST'S, 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y. George L. Willson, President; S. S. Carvalho, Treasurer; W. G. Langdon, Secretary. Copyright, 1917, by International Magazine Company. Published monthly by International Magazine Company. Trade Mark Registered. Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second-class mail matter. Single copy, 20 Cents. Yearly subscription, $1.50. Foreign Postage, $1.00 additional. Canadian Postage, 50 Cents.

580(2v)
424116



If You Could See Your Skin As Others See It

Too often we stand back from our mirrors, give our complexions a touch or two of the mysterious art that lies in our powder boxes and then think our skins are passing fair

If you could only see your skin as others see it, you would not feel so contented. You would realize just how much lovelier it could be.

Go to your mirror now and examine your skin closely. For the first time, really look at it as someone else would. Find out just what condition it is in.

Are there little rough places in it that make it look scaly when you powder? Is it sallow, colorless, coarse-textured or oily? Is it marred by disfiguring blackheads? Perhaps you will find its only flaw to be conspicuous nose pores.

Whatever the trouble is, it *can* be changed.

Your skin, like the rest of your body, is continually and rapidly changing. As *old* skin dies, *new* forms. This is your opportunity. You can make this new skin just what you would love to have it.

Troubled with blackheads?

If your mirror shows you blackheads, apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough wash cloth, work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse carefully with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

Do not expect to get the desired results by using this treatment for a time and then neglecting it. But make it a daily habit, and it *will* give you the clear, attractive skin that the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

For sale wherever toilet goods are sold

To correct an oily skin and shiny nose

First, cleanse your face thoroughly by washing it in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture but leave the skin slightly damp. Now work up a heavy warm water lather of Woodbury's in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into your pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion of the fingertips. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible rub your face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice.*



Blackheads—a confession of the wrong cleansing method. Change to the one given here.

If your bugbear is an oily skin and shiny nose, make this treatment a daily habit.

Make this treatment a nightly habit and before long you will gain complete relief from the embarrassment of an oily, shiny skin.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of either of these treatments. Get a cake today and begin tonight to get its benefits for your skin.

Write today for book of treatments

Send 4c and we will send you a miniature edition of the large Woodbury Book "A Skin You Love to Touch," giving all of the famous Woodbury skin treatments and valuable facts about the skin which few people know, together with a sample cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of any of these skin treatments. For 10c we will send the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Write today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 407 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 407 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



The civic minute-man decides in his own mind what his political and social rights are.

Then he goes after them with all his might, and stays in the trail until he gets them.

The Civic Minute Man

By Scott Nearing

Decoration by Charles A. Winter

THE good citizen in a democracy is a Minute-man in all of his civic relations. He realizes that the price of liberty is the eternal vigilance of all of the citizens of a democracy.

The test of any person's worthiness to share in the advantages and benefits of the community is his willingness to do his share in making the community successful. His part may be a very unpretentious one, but if he does that part, to the best of his ability, he has won the right to a share in the things that the community produces.

The civic Minute-man makes up his mind what his rights are. Then he goes after them and stays in the trail until he gets them.

With rights go responsibilities. Responsibilities are the foundation of rights; if no citizens were to accept responsibilities, no one could enjoy rights.

A democratic community is one in which each individual, enjoying equal rights, is prepared to assume equal responsibilities, by doing his best to serve his fellows through those efforts for the performance of which he seems to be qualified. The community cannot expect all men to be statesmen or chemists or violinists. It cannot expect all women to be good bread-bakers, good actors, or even good mothers. It can expect only that each one shall use his best efforts to do the things for which his abilities and his training have prepared him.

SOCIETY is the guarantor of the opportunity to enjoy and exercise a right. That guarantee rests upon the social activity which makes the guarantee a reality. The social standards of the community require all parents to support their children, and all children to support their parents during old age.

THE strong, vigorous, capable people in the community give a part of the product of their labor to the weak, feeble, impotent people in the community. The result is a right to life. If no one were to accept the responsibility of guaranteeing life to dependent persons, they would be unable to enjoy the right to life.

The civic Minute-man performs his civic duties intelligently, efficiently, courageously. When he has decided upon his rights, he makes up his mind what line of statesmanship will best guarantee them.

HAVING decided upon the necessary vital policies, he selects, from among his fellow-citizens, the one best qualified to fulfil these statesmanship responsibilities. Him he elects to represent and act for the civic interests of the community. He watches his representatives closely, calling them, upon occasion, to render an account of their stewardship. If the officers so elected do not fulfil their responsibilities, the civic Minute-man calls them to account—insisting on the well-being of the community. If they still fail, he recalls them and puts others in their places.

THE civic Minute-man is ever ready to lay aside his private affairs and his immediate personal interests where the well-being of the community demands it. He will give thought, energy, time and money to protect the rights and construct the fabric of democratic society.

The civic Minute-man, in short, "belongs" in every sense of the word. He is "one of the family," civically speaking, and his civic family interests are just as much his concern as his private family interests.



Great Novels are Among our Most Valuable Educators

ABOVE the ancient temple wise men wrote: "Know thyself!" To-day they would write: "Know thyself, but don't stop there; know thy community and thy country." Thyself and the neighbors right about you, and beyond—humanity, this is what you learn to know in Winston Churchill's novel, "The Dwelling-Place of Light." This teaching is just what makes a Churchill novel one of the most valuable educators of the people; exactly why HEARST'S is proud to publish such works—the training-camps, as it were, for the greater America.

BY WINSTON CHURCHILL

I HAVE received communications from fellow-writers and others during the serial publication of "The Dwelling-Place of Light" concerning this story, and now I have been asked by the Editor to state in a few words my purposes in writing it. "The Dwelling-Place of Light" is not controversial, nor does it make an attempt to deal with or solve any particular "problem," such as the "labor problem," although in the course of the narrative certain ideas that are conflicting forces in our civilization are incidentally set forth. The beliefs animating those who call themselves Syndicalists may be cited as an example. The mission of art is to draw away from the face of reality the veil of convention through which we are apt to view distortedly the life that daily surrounds us. And more than this, because of the existence in us of prejudices and obsessions caused by the emotional stress of personal relationships, of mental complexes formed during our education, we are often unable to regard that life with the necessary impartiality and detachment. This is indeed frequently the case with the writer himself. In times like these, when the world is seething with new ideas and afire with conflict, he is drawn into the struggle, he gives and receives wounds, he becomes a partisan and pens a polemic. Contemporary and classic examples are by no means lacking. And though no two well-meaning critics may agree as to whether a certain novel is a polemic or not, it must be admitted that in art the controversial tendency is deplorable. Science at any rate is rapidly limiting the scope of controversy. Hence it should be the aim of every novelist, in proportion as he seeks to improve in the exercise of his art, continually to educate himself, and to achieve as far as possible the impartial view—this will paradoxically enhance rather than detract from his individuality. And the more he strives to paint life as it is the more valuable and true will be any conclusions that may be drawn from the work he leaves behind him. As he becomes less and less the amateur he is emancipated from theories he once regarded as truths; he relies on fundamental principles.

If critics ever tried to write novels they would understand better the genesis of a novel. Perhaps they do try to write novels—one recalls Mr. Disraeli's comment. At any rate we novelists write about the things that interest us, and sometimes what we write happens to interest the public also. The review of one unfriendly critic of mine is invariably printed upon the day of publication of my books, and he generally begins his remarks with the prediction that the book is going to be popular. This is often a surprise to me. He knows more about the public taste than I do. And I'm sure he would feel profoundly mortified if by any chance he himself should happen to write a popular book. It is something to be soberly pondered over, a sin not to be twice committed by any self-respecting man. But in some of us sin seems to be inherent and ineradicable. All that can be said for us is that we do not deliberately sin, we do not set to work to write novels on popular recipes—like tinned plum-puddings.

The first draft of "The Dwelling-Place of Light," for instance, was done very rapidly, under the spell of the excitement of evolving a story. I was ignorant myself as to how the story would end, and often I was unaware of what the next day would bring forth. I first conceived of Janet Bumpus, a girl with natural ability, with an innate sense of beauty, a craving for knowledge, who lacked the means of satisfying her desires. She was a stenographer. Janet's father and mother, her sister Lise, came into being, and then Ditmar, her employer, who suddenly is aware of her vitality and to whose importunities she eventually succumbs. But in what place should my scene be laid? As I began to write, the memory of a New England city through which I had often passed entered my mind—a mill city teeming with immigrants. Then Ditmar became the agent of the Chippering Mill, Edward Bumpus the gatekeeper; and the siren's first shrieks in the darkness of the winter mornings I heard as the symbol of a driving necessity, presenting itself as a theme running through the novel. Nor was it until I had discovered Hampton, as it were, that I recalled a celebrated strike which had occurred in New England; and I made use of this strike, but to make more real and more vivid the explosion taking place in the soul of Janet Bumpus. The drama is enacted there.

On a holiday Janet starts out for a walk which brings one to Silliston, an academy town, a place of beauty and peace, a contrast to the chaotic, industrial civilization of Hampton. There I met Brooks Insall, and later imagined Mrs. Maturin, his friend and Janet's.

When the first draft was finished there came the question of treatment, of style, of etching the picture and bringing out its lights and shadows, a labor that has occupied nearly a year. During this process something of the significance of what I had attempted was brought home to me. Human beings, like plants, tend to grow toward the light—such was the secret of the yearnings and strivings of Janet Bumpus, and even of her sister Lise. And in the story Silliston and the friends Janet found there represent the light of Knowledge and Truth which had been denied her. While reading over the Book of Job I came across the ironical question of Jehovah: "Where is the way to the dwelling-place of light?"—and I had my title!

I have said enough to indicate the manner of composition of this novel. The creative process is evolutionary, largely subconscious; and the idea with which one begins is nebulous, gradually growing more sharply defined, more clearly realized as the story develops. The didactic method is precisely the opposite. There is something the truth of which one wishes to prove, and the time and place, the characters, the story itself, are all carefully chosen. Life, like a suit of clothes, is cut to fit an argument. The best novels, it would seem, may be compared to the great musical compositions. They should have a theme, which is constantly repeated and differentiated. They should have a tough intellectual fabric, yet not be lacking in the quality of inspiration. And finally they must be of the earth earthy, not forgetting the primal impulse and emotions of mankind.

What America Can Do for Russia

By Count Ilys Tolstoy

THE most needed help is that which will enable Russians to make a better use of the land and its products. "I can never be worse off! Am I not a Russian peasant?" sums up the moaning complaint of the muzhik under the Romanoff dynasty. He has roused little but contempt in the minds of the workingmen of Europe and America; he has inspired the saddest songs of Russia. But there were men like Leo Tolstoy—men who lacked the surety of his prophetic genius, the clearness of his outlook, his grasp of the essentials—yet feeling an intense pity for the long-suffering Russian peasant, and they have helped in freeing him. The muzhik is most lovable. The world owes him a debt that it can never repay. By the sweat of his brow and the sufferings of his soul he has paid for the building of the new freedom from which we will all benefit. Others have tasted the joy of fighting for their ideal, others have striven for their soul's freedom and enjoyed the glamour of public success. Tilling the soil in his far-away land, obscure and uncared for, the Russian peasant alone made this new harvest possible. His astounding forbearance and abnegation, the Christlike self-denying of him, stand out before us all, a wonderful monument which commemorates the slow birth of New Russia.

The muzhik seeks no reward. All he asks is the opportunity for more work, for better tools to do it with, and for better means of communication to dispose of its results. This America can afford him. This America has offered him. It were a pity if this generous offer from a great nation did not prove absolutely efficient. In order to avoid any waste of energy, America must know what is most needed and how best to bestow it. Americans need a thorough understanding of the conditions prevalent throughout the country to which their generous hearts have prompted them to offer brotherly help.

TWENTY years ago, the Russian peasant received five rubles a month as a day laborer. The average cost of land was $20 an acre and one could rent it at prices ranging from $3 to $5 a year. The price fetched by wheat was one cent for two pounds.

Now, the soil of Russia is very rich. Yet, in spite of good land and usually a good harvest, except in famine years, and much patience, the Russian muzhik led a miserable life. Luxuries, of course, he never knew. Simple comforts that your average American farmer requires he seldom enjoyed. He had few commodities and too often toiled in a state of chronic hunger. The quantity of wheat he raised lasted him, as a rule, until Lent, that is, until springtime. After that he had to buy what he needed. The consequence was that our peasant contracted debts which made his position worse. One could not even blame him for his too-frequent indulgence in vodka. The sorrowful depression of his life and surroundings, his utter lack of hope in any better state of affairs, drove him to seek momentary oblivion in strong drink.

About twenty years ago the Emperor Alexander III. interested himself in the conditions of our peasantry and ordered an inquiry into the yearly budgets of the land workers. I was charged to make the report for the Zemstvos. It was then that I found out the average budget of the peasant of Central Russia to be $150 per annum. He earned that much—and spent it. Seldom did a muzhik see more than that amount.

There were several causes for this wretched state of affairs besides the general management of the country.

First of all, the peasant was bound to his community (Mir or Otshevstva). The land was divided into very small portions which were scattered over the countryside, sometimes very far from each other.

Secondly, the peasant did not own the land he was working. The soil belonged to the Mir. The muzhik had no land. In certain parts of Russia there were peasant proprietors, but these were few and their holdings infinitesimal.

Thirdly, the implements of labor at the disposal of the peasant were antiquated and inadequate. The Russian winter is very long and the summer correspondingly short. Summer work must be hurried and intensified. The harvest-time, for instance, lasts only about two weeks. You will readily appreciate the fact that, with his primitive implements, the muzhik could not produce much. Sometimes he was able to rent an extra piece of land. Most of the peasants did that. But the additional piece of land was small, because even the twenty dollars an acre, the price I have given above, was often beyond his means. Then again, admitting that he could plant enough seed, the quantity of wheat raised would prevent him from gathering it all in time, even with the help of the women and children of the household. The same trouble, with the addition of a slightly higher standard of living to maintain, was met by the small proprietor of Russia.

Fourthly, the price of wheat, which I have given, was always and cruelly very low. The surplus of wheat which Russia as a whole enjoyed was always sold to Germany. Now, Germany was benefited to a large extent by the existing commercial treaty and a preferential tariff. She did not attempt to improve our conditions by allowing the prices of wheat to be raised. She kept them purposely as low as possible.

Fifthly, the means of communication were sadly lacking twenty years ago. Roads, rails, mail, telegraph and canals—all these were almost non-existent in many parts of the Empire. This defect caused also the lack of proper coöperation between individuals and between communities.

Such were the reasons for which my country, rich as it is in natural resources, was yet the poorest of all in comparison.

BUT the position of Russia, in this respect, has steadily improved during the last twenty years. This is especially true of the last three years, partly as a result of the war, partly because of the reform which took place in 1912, the consequences of which have been, perhaps, more vital than was anticipated by those who were not sufficiently acquainted with the economic conditions of Russia. That was the right given to the peasant to liberate himself from the community and to buy his own land.

After the outbreak of the war came the suppression of vodka, which made the peasantry of Russia considerably richer. That and other causes following the new conditions, brought about by the mobilization and the war, have resulted in the peasant, who received before twenty-five cents a day for his work, asking and receiving to-day as much as two and three dollars a day. He will not work for less. Yet the price of the necessaries of life in the country has not increased to a similar extent. Therefore his lot has improved. Wheat, however, has gone up. Our peasants receive better prices for it. Never have I seen so much money in the country and in the hands of the peasants as I have seen during these last two years of war.

This war, with all its horrors and degradation, has nevertheless caused wonders to be accomplished in Russia. The peasant has learned to think more practically. He has become educated. He has grasped the cause of his previous wretchedness. His welfare has been considerably increased. Before the war, he sold his chicken for twenty cents, his butter for twenty cents a pound, his dozen eggs for six cents. To-day, wonder of wonders, he does not need to sell these at all. He can taste of the butter he makes; eat his own chicken. That is, of course, one of the reasons why food costs more in Russia to-day.

The war, and especially the revolution, are bound to bring about enormous and unexpected results. When the storm has passed away, rivers once more flow in their customary channels; so will life in Russia. Then the time will come for Russia to face the most important question of all those that are confronting her—that of agriculture. The land problem is the basis of our Russian life because the main riches of Russia lie in her soil. No country has such a soil as Russia. If one considers that a population of only 180,000,000 has to cultivate the sixth part of the globe, one realizes that Russia cannot do it adequately with the means which she possesses at present. The most urgent question of the morrow is the importation of agricultural machinery.

UNTIL to-day the greater part of the machines that we needed came from Germany. Buying our wheat for next to nothing, Germany protected her industries nevertheless. The same one-sided commercial treaty made Russia pay a high price for the machinery that she imported. There was besides that a customs duty.

It depends on the energy and on the goodwill of American business-men themselves that coöperation between the two nations be assured on a profitable but fair basis. Americans should arrange with the best-qualified men of Russia, so that America is enabled to take her place in our market for the supplying of the machines which Germany occupied hitherto. The field of activity is immense in that direction.

Not only must America supply agricultural machines. She can also, and I hope she will also, help by her knowledge of what is termed "square-miles agriculture" instead of "acre cultivation." In this Americans are much more competent than Germans. A few years ago I myself studied the agricultural question in Germany. I found the German fields to be much more like small market-gardens; so small in fact, that one could almost work them with a spade. On the contrary, North America and Russia are alike from this point of view, that they both need and both take agriculture as a broad proposition to be dealt with in terms of square miles.

I am convinced that Free Russia, once we have rid ourselves of the innumerable offices filled by ministers and officials who were most incompetent and never should have been given the posts they were occupying before the Revolution, will take a big jump in the evolution of the life of my country.



A Stoic

By John Galsworthy

Illustrated by André Castaigne

Editor's Note.—First, among those engaging and clear-seeing writers who have come like a fresh breath of mountain air to Anglo-American fiction, stands John Galsworthy. He gives the shrewd point of view, the new touch with life in fiction, with a meaning, and with humor too deep for open laughter. Of the best of his work is this three-part story.

Æquam memento rebus in arduis servare mentem.
—HORACE.



When Phyllis entered, old Heythorp's heart fluttered. She was like a spring day in January—such a relief from that scented humbug her mother! And mighty pleasant was the touch of her warm lips on his bald head!

IN the city of Liverpool, on a January day of 1905, the Board-room of The Island Navigation Company rested, as it were, after the labors of the afternoon. The long table was still littered with the ink, pens, blotting-paper, and abandoned documents of six persons—a deserted battlefield of the brain. And, lonely, in his Chairman's seat at the top end, old Sylvanus Heythorp sat, with closed eyes, still and heavy as an image. One puffy, feeble hand, whose fingers quivered, rested on the arm of his chair; a tenuous cockatoo and fringes of white hair glistened on his bald head in the light from a green-shaded lamp. He was not asleep, for every now and then his sanguine cheeks filled, and a sound, half sigh, half grunt, escaped his thick lips between a white moustache and the tiny tuft of white hairs above his cleft chin. Sunk in the chair, that square, thick trunk of a body in a short black-braided coat seemed divested of all neck.

Young Gilbert Farney, Secretary of The Island Navigation Company, entering his hushed Board-room, stepped briskly to the table, gathered some papers, and stood looking at his Chairman. Not more than thirty-five, with the bright hues of the optimist in his hair, beard, cheeks and eyes, he had a nose and lips which curved ironically. For, in his view, he *was* the Company; and its Board did but exist to chequer his importance. Five days in the week, for seven hours a day, he wrote, and thought, and wove the threads of its business, and this lot came down once a week for two or three hours and taught their grandmother to suck eggs! But watching that red-cheeked, white-haired, somnolent figure, his smile was not so contemptuous as might have been expected. For, after all, the Chairman was a wonderful old boy! A man of go and insight could not but respect him. Eighty! Half-paralyzed, over head and ears in debt, having gone the pace all his life, or so they said! That mine in Ecuador had done for him—before young Farney's time—but he had heard of it. The old chap had bought it up on spec—*de Landaor*, [illegible] he was so fond of saying—paid for it half in cash and half in promises, and [illegible] him with twenty thousand pounds' worth of rotten shares. The old boy had scattered it out without a bankruptcy so far. Indomitable old fellow—and never knew [illegible] the rest of them! Young Farney, though a secretary, was capable of [illegible] expressed a paying affection. The Board meeting had been long and [illegible] "stiffer" that Pilcorn business. Mum go, the Chairman forcing it on [illegible] like that. And with quiet satisfaction the secretary thought: "And he never would have got it through if I hadn't made up my mind that it's good business!" For to expand the Company was to expand himself. Still, to buy four ships with the freight markets so depressed, was a bit startling, and there would be opposition at the General Meeting. Never mind! He and the Chairman could put it through. And suddenly he saw the old man looking at him.

Only from those eyes could one appreciate the strength of life yet flowing underground in that well-nigh helpless carcase—deep-colored little wells—tiny, jovial round, blue-glass windows.

A sigh traveled up through the layers of flesh, and old Heythorp said almost inaudibly: "Have they come, Mr. Farney?"

"Yes, sir. I've put them in the transfer office; said you'd be with them in a minute; but I wasn't going to wake you."

"Haven't been asleep. . . . Help me up."

Grasping the edge of the table with his trembling hands, the old man pulled, and with the secretary heaving behind, attained his feet. He stood about five feet eight and weighed fully fourteen stone—not very corpulent, but very thick all through; his round and massive head alone would have outweighed a baby. With eyes shut, he seemed to be trying to get the better of his own weight, then he moved with the slowness of a barnacle toward the door. The Secretary, watching him, thought: "Marvelous old chap! How he gets about by himself is a miracle! But he can't retire, they say—lives on his fees!"

The Chairman by now was through the green-baize door. At his tortoise gait he traversed the inner office, where the youthful clerks suspended their figuring to grin behind his back, and entered the transfer office, where eight gentlemen were sitting. Seven rose and one did not. Old Heythorp raised a saluting hand to the level of his chest; and, moving to a chair with arms, lowered himself into it.

"Well, gentlemen?" One of the eight gentlemen got up again.

"Mr. Heythorp—we've appointed Mr. Brownbee to voice our views. Mr. Brownbee!" And he sat down.

Mr. Brownbee rose—a stoutish man some seventy years of age, with little gray side-whiskers and one of those utterly steady faces only

Copyright, 1911, by The International Magazine Co. (Hearst's). Copyrighted in Great Britain.

to be seen in England—faces which convey a sense of business from father to son for generations, faces that make wars, and passion, and free thought seem equally incredible; faces that inspire confidence and awaken in one a desire to get up and leave the room. Mr. Brownbee rose, and said in a suave voice:

"Mr. Heythorp, we here represent about fourteen thousand pounds. When we had the pleasure of meeting you last July, you will recollect that you held out a prospect of some more satisfactory arrangement by Christmas. We are now in January, and I am bound to say, of course, that we none of us get younger."

From the depths of old Heythorp a preliminary rumble came traveling, reached the surface, and materialized:

"Don't know about *you*—I feel like a boy."

The eight gentlemen looked at him. Was he going to try and put them off again? Mr. Brownbee said, with unruffled calm:

"I'm sure we're very glad to hear it. But to come to the point: We have felt, Mr. Heythorp, and I'm sure you won't think it unreasonable, that—er—bankruptcy would be the most satisfactory solution. We have waited a long time, and we want to know definitely where we stand; for, to be quite frank, we don't see any prospect of improvement; indeed, we fear the opposite."

"You think I'm going to join the majority?"

This plumping out of what was at the back of their minds produced in Mr. Brownbee and his colleagues a sort of chemical disturbance. They coughed, moved their feet, and turned away their eyes, till the one who had not risen, a solicitor named Ventnor, said bluffly: "Well, put it that way if you like."

Old Heythorp's little deep eyes twinkled.

"My grandfather lived to be a hundred; my father ninety-six—both of them rips. I'm only eighty, gentlemen; blameless life compared with theirs."

"Indeed," Mr. Brownbee said, "we hope you have many years of this life before you."

"More of this than of another." And a silence fell, till old Heythorp added: "You're getting a thousand a year out of my fees. Mistake to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. I'll make it twelve hundred. If you force me to resign my Directorships by bankruptcy you won't get a rap."

Mr. Brownbee cleared his throat:

"We think, Mr. Heythorp, you should make it at least fifteen hundred. In that case we might perhaps consider—"

Old Heythorp shook his head.

"We can hardly accept your assertion that we should get nothing in the event of bankruptcy. We fancy you greatly underrate the possibilities. Fifteen hundred a year is the least you should do for us."

"See you hanged first."

Another silence followed that serene and jovial saying, then Ventnor, the solicitor, said irascibly: "We know where we are, then."

Mr. Brownbee added almost nervously: "Are we to understand that twelve hundred a year is your—your last word?"

Old Heythorp nodded. "Come again this day month, and I'll see what I can do for you," and he shut his eyes.

Round Mr. Brownbee six of the gentlemen gathered, speaking in low voices; Mr. Ventnor nursed a leg and glowered at old Heythorp, who sat with his eyes closed. Mr. Brownbee went over, conferred with Mr. Ventnor, then clearing his throat, said:

"Well, sir, we have considered your proposal; we agree to accept it for the moment. We will come again, as you suggest, in a month's time. We hope that you will by then have seen your way to something more substantial, with a view to avoiding what we should all regret, but which I fear will otherwise become inevitable."

Old Heythorp nodded. The eight gentlemen took their hats, and went out one by one, Mr. Brownbee courteously bringing up the rear.



Old Heythorp sallied forth without regard to the traffic. That snail-like passage had in it a touch of the sublime. The old man seemed saying: "Knock me down and be hanged to you—I'm not going to hurry!"

The old man, who could not get up without assistance, stayed musing in his chair. He had diddled 'em for the moment into giving him another month. When that month was up he would diddle 'em again! A month ought to make the Pillin business safe, with all that depended on it. That poor funky chap Joe Pillin! A gurgling chuckle escaped his red lips. What a shadow the fellow had looked, trotting in that evening just a month ago, behind the announcement: "Mr. Pillin, sir." He had grinned, as he always grinned, at sight of Tom Pillin, and said:

"Bring another glass."

"Yes, sir."

What a parchmenty, precise, thread-paper of a chap, with his bird's claw of a hand, and his muffled-up throat, and his quavery:

"How do you do, Sylvanus? I'm afraid you're not——"

"First-rate. Sit down. Have some port."

"Port! I never drink it. Poison to me! Poison!"

"Do you good!"

"Oh! I know, that's what you always say. You've a monstrous constitution, Sylvanus. If I drank port and smoked cigars and sat up till one o'clock I should be in my grave to-morrow. I'm not the man I was. The fact is, I've come to see if you can help me. I'm getting old; I'm growing nervous——"

"You always were as chickeny as an old hen, Joe."

"Well, my nature's not like yours. To come to the point, I want to sell my ships and retire. I need rest. Freights are very depressed. I've got my family to think of."

"Crack on and go broke; buck you up like anything!"

"I'm quite serious, Sylvanus."

"Never knew you anything else, Joe."

A quavering cough, and out it had come: "Now—in a word—won't your Island Navigation Company buy my ships?"

A pause, a twinkle, a puff of smoke. "Make it worth my while!" He had said it in jest; and then, in a flash, the idea had come to him. Rosamund and her youngsters! What a chance to put something between them and destitution when he had joined the majority! And so he said: "We don't want your old ships."

That claw of a hand waved in deprecation. "They're very good ships—doing quite well. It's only my wretched health. If I were a strong man I shouldn't dream——"

"What d'you want for 'em?" Gad! How the chap jumped if you asked him a plain question. He was as nervous as a guinea-fowl!

"Here are the figures for the last four years. I think you'll agree that I couldn't ask less than seventy thousand."

Through the smoke of his cigar old Heythorp had digested those figures slowly, Joe Pillin feeling his teeth and sucking lozenges the while; then he said:

"Sixty thousand! Ten per cent. of it to me for getting it through for you. Take it or leave it."

"My dear Sylvanus, that's almost—cynical."

"Too good a price—you'll never get it without me."

"But a—but a commission! You could never disclose it!"

"Arrange that all right. Think it over. Freights'll go lower yet. Have some port."

"No, no! Thank you. No! So you think freights will go lower?"

"Sure of it."

"Well, I'll be going. After all, I don't know. It's—it's—I must think."

"Think your hardest."

"Yes, yes. Good-by. I can't imagine how you still go on smoking those things and drinking port."



Said Bob Pillin: "What did your godfather and your godmother in baptism——?" The girl laughed and flashed back "Phyllis!"

"See you in your grave yet, Joe." What a feeble smile the poor fellow had! Laugh—he couldn't! And, alone again, Sylvanus had browsed on and developed the idea that had come to him.

THOUGH, to dwell in the heart of shipping, Sylvanus Heythorp had lived in Liverpool twenty years, he was from the Eastern Counties, of a family so old that it professed to despise the Conquest. Each of its generations occupied nearly twice as long as those of less tenacious men. Traditionally of Danish origin, its menfolk had as a rule bright reddish-brown (*Continued on page 59*)

America and the Menace to Democracy in the Pacific

By Frederick McCormick

Author of "The Menace of Japan"

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Hearst's Magazine in May began this discussion of Our Own Far-Eastern Question with a valuable contribution from Judge Elbert H. Gary entitled "Japan's Attitude Toward America." This was followed in, June with "China's Rôle in World Politics" by President Frank Johnson Goodnow, of Johns Hopkins University, former legal adviser to the Chinese Government. The following article, "America and Democracy in the Pacific," third in the series, is by Frederick McCormick, the famous war-correspondent during the Boxer Rebellion and the Russo-Japanese War, author of "The Menace of Japan," who is thereby specially equipped and qualified to discuss Japan's acts and aims toward the new Chinese Republic.

IN the hour of her own fate and that of all democracies, China has paused to honor, and by Act of Parliament to erect in Peking a monument to, John Hay. The act represents Democracy's last challenge to Despotism.

Simultaneously, in the absence from East Asia of the Great Powers, Japan, conqueror and aggressor, building empire from China's territories, feared and repulsed by her, has set up a special cabinet in Tokio for the immediate purpose of creating a bulwark in the Pacific against the outraged democracy of the world, by allying herself with America in the exploitation of China.

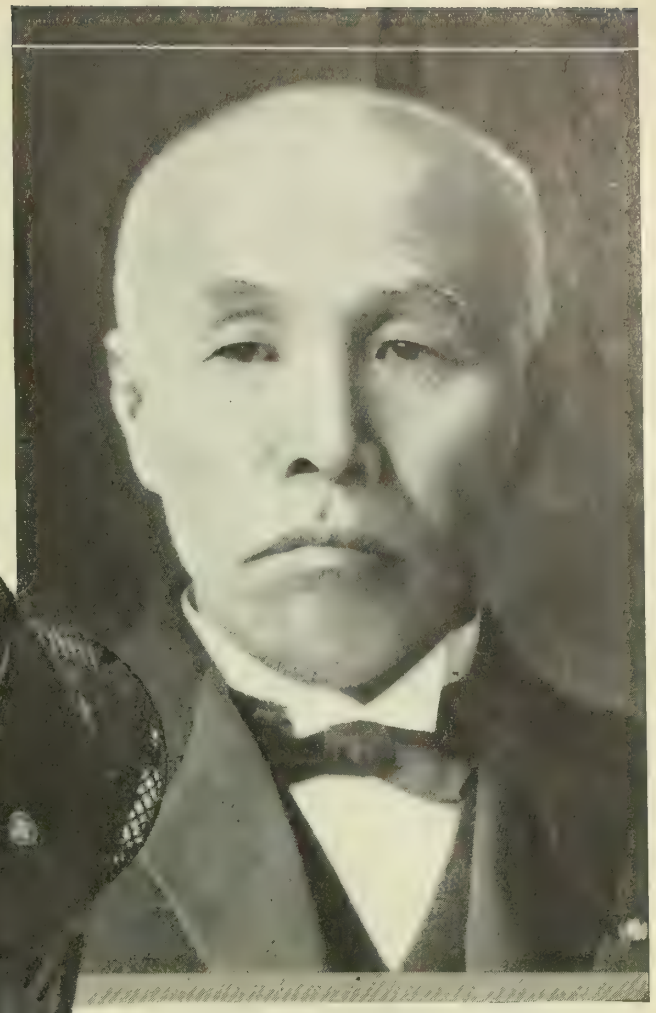
After the close of the world's great ordeal for the preservation of democracy from the intrigue and fury of despotism and the cupidity of predatory capital, will John Hay's memorial in Peking exist as the statue to the last American in East Asia? If Japan succeeds in her intrigue in America, as she succeeded in Russia after the Russo-Japanese War, it will. Japan is at the crossing of an angry torrent that may engulf autocracy the world around. She is trying to hold to and make secure "Greater Japan," the Japan of other peoples' territories, other peoples' frontiers, other peoples' rights. Her naval ports are full of war-vessels, her barracks of troops, her arsenals of arms, her pockets of war profits, her conscience of broken treaties and pledges; her house is full of ghosts, and her thoughts are full of anxious anticipations of coming events. Japan faces the reckoning which will be called with the closing of the world-war. Her great concern, therefore, centers in the attitude which America, with an army of two millions of men, a vast navy, and a great marine transport, is going to bear toward her. That attitude, she believes, will be the attitude which China will bear toward her. And the attitude which these two outraged democracies will bear toward her will be the attitude of the world of similarly aggrieved and possibly triumphant democracies which will inevitably sit on the future of "Greater Japan" along with the futures of other military autocracies. The world-battle for democracy in the Pacific begins with America and Japan.

In 1784 America, the republic, entered into the affairs of the Pacific and East Asia, and in 1844 had taken treaty action that molded all subsequent relations with China, forming the conditions of China's subsequent fate, and leading to her conversion to a declared democracy on the American plan. In 1853 Japan, the despotism, first opened her eyes to the international world, entering upon an autocratic career for which the American republic was directly responsible, and in 1876 made her first entry into international affairs by assuming her first international obligations on her own initiative and claiming her first international rights.

American responsibilities and rights in the Pacific, China and East Asia, under international law and civilized treaty, antedate those of Japan by about one hundred years. And the world-war has made this a gauge of the battle of democracy, its survival in China, and its future in the Pacific.

Until the Portsmouth Treaty, Japan and America were friends. In 1909 they were in the position of enemies. The change resulted from Japan's opposition with force to the

(*Concluded on page 46*)



On the left, Baron Shibusawa. To the right, Marquis Okuma, former Premier of Japan.

© BROWN & DAWSON



Seated, second from the left, General Count Terauchi, the Japanese Premier, and the present Japanese Cabinet.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY FREDERICK MCCORMICK.



Morton likened himself to the Ancient Mariner with his albatross and his "Nightmare Life-in-Death was she,"—so wicked that he could not repent and so old that he could not die.

The Albatross

Illustrated by

I AM the owner of the house at No. 1602 Dearborn Avenue, referred to in the newspapers as the "House of Impossibilities."

My first acquaintance with Dr. Morton dates from a warm evening in July, thirty-two years ago. A single odd circumstance will sometimes cause an incident to be remembered forever. The odd circumstance in this case was the fact that he carried a curious heavy leather casket upon a strap from his neck.

He rang the bell, as I recall, introduced himself, and told me that he wished to see the apartment I had been advertising. He was married, he said, but his wife was abroad. We thereupon climbed the stairs to the second floor. I explained about the electric lights (rare then), the heating arrangements for winter, hot and cold water, and so on. Young Dr. Morton followed me through the rooms.

"Won't you lay aside your leather box? It's very warm to be lugging around a burden like that." He smilingly shook his head.

"No. It's heavy, but I'm like the Ancient Mariner with his albatross. He had no diseases."

The paradox in the comparison helped me to remember it. A heavy leather casket suspended from a man's neck might reasonably be likened to an albatross; but to compare a clear-eyed young man of good face to the Ancient Mariner, who was so wicked he could not repent, and so old that he could not die, was inconsistent. I whimsically suggested as much to Dr. Morton.

"What do you know about old age and death?" he asked.

"Five or six years more than you can know. I'm thirty-two."

He seemed to be weighing my statement in his mind. "Age has its home in the heart," he replied at last, tapping his breast lightly with his finger-tips.

As he spoke them the words seemed deeply significant. Yet his manner did not change; only his words. It was as if his mind and voice had become serious while his face remained smiling.

"Heart-trouble?" I asked.

"Of the gravest nature!" He took his watch from his pocket. "My friend, I am a surgeon. If my heart runs as long as this cheap watch I shall be satisfied. The jeweler who sold me this watch expects it to last fifteen years. I shall be surprised if it runs that long without stopping."

"If your wife were here she'd tell you a heavy box is no cure for a weak heart."

"She might." He shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "Anyhow, I'll take the rooms, with immediate possession."



"My wife and I lived together in the eyes of the world for five years, but in reality I was alone with my books and she alone with the cats and dogs that had won her love—and I was getting to be an old man."

By William J. Neidig
M. Leone Bracker

I WAS awakened shortly before dawn by an intermittent pounding upon the wall. Upon attempting to turn on the light I found there was no current; so I struck a match to a candle. The pounding plainly came from the rooms above. My knock at Dr. Morton's door was answered by a faint cry, but he did not turn the key. I knocked again, and again I heard the cry. I thereupon summarily burst in the door and entered.

The light of a guttering candle disclosed a sight that was little short of terrifying. Instead of young Dr. Morton, to whom I had said good-night the evening before, I saw an old man lying upon his back in bed, his face as white as the sheets that framed it, his eyes starting out horribly from their sockets. A table had been drawn up to his pillow; upon it stood a leather box—not the one Dr. Morton had carried when he arrived, but a smaller one, and very little worn. But it belonged to the same species as the other. By that sign, and by his family resemblance to the young man I had come to know, rather than by his withered features, I recognized him as my tenant.

"The lights!" he whispered—I had to lean down to catch the words—"Turn on the lights!"

"No current," I said.

He pointed to the street, where the building opposite maintained an entrance light.

"Fuse—burned out—in the basement!" He enunciated the words with great difficulty. "Hurry!"

As quickly as I could I slipped down to the basement, where I found that as he had said the fuse on the switchboard had burned out. I inserted a new fuse; and when I climbed back to Dr. Morton's rooms I found the lights in good order. The sick man—I must call him so—seemed to have found what he needed, for his face had taken on a healthier flush, his breathing was stronger, his eyes were losing their appearance of strain and, what was still more startling, the lines of old age were disappearing even as I looked.

"Thank you." He spoke in tones that were almost as firm as usual. "I'm not an old man yet, you see. A mere nostologic seizure, due to a miscalculation."

The results of Dr. Morton's industry were seen in the gradual disappearance (if I may

(Continued on page 63)

Next morning he broached setting up an experimental laboratory in the rear room—nothing that would affect insurance nor disturb anyone. I gave him permission, and shortly afterward he began installing his equipment. Some of his instruments were so delicate that they could be used only at dead of night. In this laboratory Dr. Morton was to spend most of his waking hours during the next ten or twelve months.

After that his mail began coming to the house. He seemed to receive few letters not obviously of a business nature. Even his wife's letters, if I may judge by those delivered by carrier, were spaced at long intervals—sometimes many months. He was always alone, and seldom went out except for meals. Apparently I was the only person in the city he spoke to. And always, wherever he went, indoors and out, he carried that leather box upon the strap from his neck.

The Dwelling-Place of Light

By Winston Churchill

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

SYNOPSIS:—In the city of Hampton, a typical New England mill-town, lives Edward Bumpus, watchman at the great Chippering Mill, with his wife Hannah and their two daughters, Janet and Lise. The Bumpuses come of fine old Puritan stock, but are completely submerged among the flood of aliens that people Hampton. Lise, who works in a department store, rebels bitterly at the family poverty and delights in cheap and tawdry amusements. Janet, a stenographer in the Chippering Mill, is more serious-minded. Both girls are very pretty, and Janet thus attracts the notice of Claude Ditmar, the mill agent, and becomes his private secretary. He uses his position to make hot love to her; the girl is alternately attracted and repelled. Meanwhile, Lise Bumpus falls in with flashy associates. Labor troubles begin to loom in Hampton, then one day in the mill office, while Ditmar and Janet are alone, he loses control of himself. She repels him and threatens to leave Hampton, but he prevails on her to stay and promises to make her his wife. After a Sunday spent in Boston with Ditmar, Janet returns to Hampton and learns that Lise has eloped with a traveling salesman. The great strike breaks over Hampton and Janet joins the operatives. While thus engaged she meets the man from Silliston, Brooks Insall.

OCCASIONALLY the art of narrative may be improved by borrowing the method of the movies. Another night has passed, and we are called upon to imagine the watery sunlight of a mild winter afternoon filtering through bare trees on the heads of a multitude. A large portion of Hampton Common is black with the people of sixteen nationalities who have gathered there, trampling down the snow, to listen wistfully and eagerly to a new doctrine of salvation. In the center of this throng, on the bandstand—reminiscent of concerts on sultry summer nights—are the itinerant apostles of the cult called Syndicalism, exhorting by turns in divers tongues. Antonelli had spoken, and many others, when Janet, impelled by a craving not to be denied, had managed to push her way little by little from the outskirts of the crowd until now she stood almost beneath the orator who poured forth passionate words in a language she recognized as Italian. Her curiosity was aroused, she was unable to classify this tall man whose long and narrow face was accentuated by a pointed brown beard, whose lips gleamed red as he spoke, whose slim hands were eloquent. The artist as propagandist—the unsuccessful artist with more facility than will. The nose was classic, and wanted strength; the restless eyes that at times seemed fixed on her were smoldering windows of a burning house; the fire that stirred her was also consuming him. Though he could have been little more than five-and-thirty, his hair was thinned and graying at the temples. And somehow emblematic of this physiognomy and physique, summing it up and expressing it in terms of apparel, were the soft collar and black scarf tied in a flowing bow. Janet longed to know what he was saying. His phrases, like music, played on her emotions, and at last, when his voice rose in crescendo at the climax of his speech.

"Un poeta!" a woman beside her exclaimed.

"Who is he?" Janet asked.

"Rolfe," said the woman.

The woman shrugged her shoul-



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Leonard Rolfe's phrases, like music, played on Janet's emotions until, at the climax of his speech, she felt like weeping.

manner of turning his phrases, new to such gatherings in America, where labor intellectuals are little known; surprising to Janet, diverting her attention, at first, from the meaning of his words. "Labor," she heard, "labor is the creator of all wealth, and wealth belongs to the creator. The wage system must be abolished. You, the creators, must do battle against these self-imposed masters until you shall come into your own. You who toil miserably for nine hours and produce, let us say, nine dollars of wealth—do you receive it? No, what is given you is barely enough to keep the slave and the slave's family alive! The master, the capitalist, seizes the rightful reward of your labor and spends it on luxuries, on automobiles and fine houses and women, on food he can't eat, while you are hungry. Yes, you are slaves," he cried, "because you submit like slaves."

He waited, motionless and scornful, for the noise to die down. "Since I have come here to Hampton, I have heard some speak of the State, others of the unions. Yet the State is your enemy; it will not help you to gain your freedom. The legislature has shortened your hours—but why? Because the politicians are afraid of you, and because they think you will be content with a little. And now that the masters have cut your wages, the State sends its soldiers to crush you. Only fifty cents, they say—only fifty cents most of you miss from your envelopes. What is fifty cents to them? But I who speak to you have been hungry, I know that fifty cents will buy ten loaves of bread, or three pounds of the neck of pork, or six quarts of milk for the babies. Fifty cents will help pay the rent of the rat-holes where you live." Once more he was interrupted by angry shouts of approval. "And the labor unions,—have they aided you? Why not? I will tell you why—because they are the servile instruments of the masters. The unions say that capital has rights, bargain with it, but for us there can be only one bargain—complete surrender of the tools to the workers. For the capitalists are parasites who suck your blood and your children's blood. From now on there can be no compromise, no truce, no peace until they are exterminated. It is war."

War! In Janet's soul the word resounded like a tocsin. And again, as when swept along East Street with the mob, that sense of identity with these people and their wrongs, of submergence with them in their cause, possessed her. Despite her ancestry, her lot was cast with them. She, too, had been precariously close to poverty, had known the sordidness of life; she, too, and Lise, and Hannah had been duped and cheated of the fairer things. Eagerly she had drunk in the vocabulary of that new and terrible philosophy. The master class must be extermi-

Copyright, 1914, by The Curtis Publishing Co. (Harper's)—Copyrighted in Great Britain



The woman with the baby, numb with cold, was slow in rising, and one of the policemen thrust out his club menacingly. Gemma flung herself between them, the act restoring Janet's own fierceness of spirit.

nated! Was it not true, if she had been of that class, that Ditmar would not have dared to use and deceive her? Why had she never thought of these things before? . . . The light was beginning to fade, the great meeting was breaking up, and yet she lingered. At the foot of the band-stand steps, conversing with a small group of operatives that surrounded him, she perceived the man who had just spoken. And as she stood hesitating, gazing at him, a desire to hear more, to hear all of this creed he preached, that fed the fires in her soul, urged her forward. Her need, had she known it, was even greater than that of these toilers whom she now called comrades. Despite some qualifying reserve she felt, and which had to do with the redness of his lips, he attracted her. He had a mind, an intellect, he must possess stores of the knowledge for which she thirsted; he appeared to her as one who had studied and traveled, who had ascended heights and gained the wider view denied her. A cynical cosmopolitanism would have left her cold, but here, apparently, was a cultivated man burning with a sense of the world's wrongs. Ditmar, who was to have led her out of captivity, had only thrust her the deeper into bondage. . . . She joined the group, halting on the edge of it, listening. Rolfe was arguing with a man about the labor unions, but almost at once she knew she had fixed his attention. From time to time, as he talked, his eyes sought hers boldly, and in their dark pupils were tiny points of light that stirred and confused her, made her wonder what was behind them, in his soul. When he had finished his argument, he singled her out.

"You do not work in the mills?" he asked.

"No, I'm a stenographer—or I was one."

"And now?"

"I've given up my place."

"You want to join us?"

"I was interested in what you said. I never heard anything like it before."

He looked at her intently.

"Come, let us walk a little way," he said. And she went along by his side, through the Common, feeling a neophyte's excitement in the freemasonry, the contempt for petty conventions of this newly achieved doctrine of brotherhood.

"I will give you things to read, you shall be one of us."

"I'm afraid I shouldn't understand them," Janet replied. "I've read so little."

"Oh, you will understand," he assured her, easily. "There is too much learning, too much reason and intelligence in the world, too little impulse and feeling, intuition. Where do reason and intelligence lead us? To selfishness, to thirst for power—straight into the master class. They separate us from the mass of humanity. No, our fight is against those who claim more enlightenment than their fellow men, who control the public schools and impose reason on our children, because reason leads to submission, makes us content with our station in life. The true Syndicalist is an artist, a revolutionist!" he cried.

Janet found this bewildering and yet through it seemed to shine for her a gleam of light. Her excitement grew. Never before had she been in the presence of one who talked like this, with such assurance and ease. And the fact that he despised knowledge, yet possessed it, lent him glamor.

"But you have studied!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, yes, I have studied," he replied, with a touch of weariness, "only to learn that life is simple, after all, and that what is needed for the social order is simple. We have only to take what belongs to us, we who work, to follow our feelings, our inclinations."

"You would take possession of the mills?" she asked.

"Yes," he said quickly, "of all wealth, and of the government. There would be no government—we should not need it. A little courage is all that is necessary, and we come into our own. You are a stenographer, you say. But you—you are not content, I can see it in your face, in your eyes. You have cause to hate them, too, these masters, or you would not have been here in this place to-day. Is it not so?"

She shivered, but was silent.

"Is it not so?" he repeated. "They have wronged you, too, perhaps—they have wronged us all, but some are too stupid, too cowardly, to fight and crush them. Christians and slaves submit. The old religion teaches that the world is cruel for most of us, but if we are obedient and humble we shall be rewarded in heaven." Rolfe laughed. "The masters approve of that teaching. They would not have it changed. But for us it is war. We'll strike and keep on striking, we'll break their machinery, spoil their mills and factories and drive them out. And even if we do not win at once, it is better to suffer and die fighting than to have the life ground out of us—is it not?"

"Yes, it is better!" she agreed. The passion in her voice did not escape him.

"Some day, perhaps sooner than we think, we shall have the true Armageddon, the general strike, when the last sleeping toiler shall have aroused himself from his lethargy, shall rise up and come into his inheritance." He seemed to detach himself from her, his eyes became more luminous. "'Like unseen music in the night'—so Sorel writes about it. They may scoff at it, the wise ones, but it will come. 'Like music in the night!' You respond to that!"

Again she was silent. They had walked on, through familiar streets that now seemed strange.

"You respond—I can tell," he said. "But you are not like these others, like me, even. You

are an American. And yet you are not like most of your countrywomen."

"Why do you say that?"

"I will tell you. Because they are cold, most of them, and trivial, they do not feel. But you—you can feel, you can love and hate. You look calm and cold, but you are not—I knew it when I looked at you, when you came up to me."

She did not know whether to resent or welcome his clairvoyance, his assumption of intimacy, his air of appropriation. But her curiosity was tingling.

"And you?" she asked. "Your name is Rolfe, isn't it?"

He assented. "And yours?"

She told him.

"You have been in America long—your family?"

"Very long," she said. "But you speak Italian, and Rolfe isn't an Italian name."

"My father was an Englishman, an artist, who lived in Italy—my mother a peasant woman from Lombardy, such as these who come to work in the mills. When she was young she was beautiful—like a madonna by an old master."

"An old master?"

"The old masters are the great painters who lived in Italy four hundred years ago. I was named after one of them—the greatest. I am called Leonard. He was Leonardo da Vinci."

The name, as Rolfe pronounced it, stirred her. And art, painting! It was a realm unknown to her, and yet the very suggestion of it evoked yearnings. And she recalled a picture in the window of Hartmann's book-store, a colored print before which she used to stop on her way to and from the office, the copy of a landscape by a California artist. The steep hillside in the foreground was spread with the misty green of olive trees, and beyond—far beyond—a snow-covered peak, like some high altar, flamed red in the sunset. She had not been able to express her feeling for this picture, it had filled her with joy and sadness. Once she had ventured to enter and ask its price—ten dollars. And then came a morning when she had looked for it, and it was gone.

"And your father—did he paint beautiful pictures, too?"

"Ah, he was too much of a Socialist. He was always away when I was a child, and after my mother's death he used to take me with him. When I was seventeen we went to Milan to take part in the great strike, and there I saw the soldiers shooting down the workers by the hundreds, putting them in prison by the thousands. Then I went to live in England, among the Socialists there, and I learned the printer's trade. When I first came to this country I was on a labor paper in New York; I set up type, I wrote articles, and occasionally addressed meetings on the East Side. But even before I left London I had read a book on Syndicalism by one of the great Frenchmen, and after a while I began to realize that the proletariat would never get anywhere through Socialism."

"The proletariat?" The word was new to Janet's ear.

"The great mass of the workers, the oppressed, the people you saw here today. Socialism is not for them. Socialism—political socialism—betrays them into the hands of the master class. Direct action is the thing, the general strike, war—the new creed, the new religion that will bring salvation. I joined the Industrial Workers of the World—that is the American organization of Syndicalism. I went West, to Colorado and California and Oregon; I preached to the workers wherever there was an uprising, I met the leaders, Ritter and Borkum and Antonelli and Jastro and Nellie Bond, I was useful to them, I understood Syndicalism as they do not. And now we are here, to sow the seed in the East. Come," he said, slipping his arm through hers, "I will take you to Headquarters, I will enlist you, you shall be my recruit. I will give you the cause, the religion you need."

She longed to go, and yet she drew back, puzzled. The man fired and fascinated her, but there were reservations, apprehensions concerning him, felt rather than reasoned. Because of her state of rebellion, of her intense desire to satisfy in action the emotion aroused by a sense of wrong, his creed had made a violent appeal, but in his voice, in his eyes, in his manner she had been quick to detect a personal, sexual note that disturbed and alarmed her, that implied in him a lack of unity.

"I can't, to-night," she said. "I must go home—my mother is all alone. But I want to help, I want to do something."

They were standing on a corner, under a street lamp. And she averted her eyes from his glance.

"Then come to-morrow," he said eagerly. "You know where Headquarters is, in the Franco-Belgian Hall?"

"What could I do?" she asked.

"You? You could help in many ways—among the women. Do you know what picketing is?"

"You mean keeping the operatives out of the mills?"

"Yes, in the morning, when they go to work. And out of the Chippering Mill, especially. Ditmar, the agent of that mill, is the ablest of the lot, I'm told. He's the man we want to cripple."

"Cripple!" exclaimed Janet.

"Oh, I don't mean to *(Continued on page 73)*



By some inexplicable power, as he sat there, vouchsafing only an occasional word, Antonelli dominated the turbulent assemblage. Janet watched him, fascinated and loath to leave.



Pictures posed by Pearl White and Creighton Hale in "New York Nights" Pathé Film.

"You were a white temple to me," said Bob, "but now the temple is destroyed!" Laurence gave a worried laugh. "More preacher's talk!"

Scientific Management: A Riviera Adventure

By W. B. Trites

Photographic Illustrations by Lejaren A. Hiller

LAURENCE and her cousin, the faded Mademoiselle de Falicon, came forth at eleven, the Promenade's best hour. Skirting a sea of luminous blue satin, the white Promenade, with its white hotels and villas, shone in the sun like snow. The *hivernants*, many wearing smoked glasses, lounged under the palms. From an open-air restaurant gay music floated. A biplane, dropping advertisements, circled lazily in the azure overhead.

"Isn't it divine?" said Laurence.

"Divine, but——"

"And to think it's winter!"

"A Riviera winter day is like a perfect October day at home; but, all the same——"

And Yanek de Falicon made an angry gesture which Laurence, drunk with love, did not see.

Laurence began to talk about Bob again. Her eyes sparkled. A happiness almost lunatic possessed her. The miracle of Bob!

Year by year, in the great threefold mirror of her bedroom, Laurence had watched her beauty slowly, imperceptibly, unfold. In the mirror, as in a silver bath, she had watched the angular slip of a girl bloom into a splendid maiden. But had she, really, grown as beautiful as this? Why, this tall white creature in the mirror's depths filled her with shivering delight. She stood in awe before her own beauty as before a great goddess of antiquity. And slowly, tenderly, reluctantly, she would clothe that august white shape in very long silk stockings and very elegant high-heeled shoes, in filmy lingerie and a little satin corset, and last she would put on a gown of soft, gleaming stuff, fashioned subtly in Paris, which changed her from an antique goddess to a modern girl of dainty and perverse charm.

Laurence, with her delicate bloom, her red mouth and her eyes' liquid sparkle, was ripe for love, like some rich fruit distended with the sweetest juices.

And then—in the nick of time—Bob.

"How Bob will enjoy it here!"

"Yes, if it doesn't corrupt him."

"Corrupt Bob?"

"It's corrupted our whole Riviera colony."

"A colony of expatriates who ought to be back home working! Such idlers would be easily corrupted. But Bob——"

An elegant barouche, in which sat an elegant old man, had been following the two cousins along the gay and crowded Promenade beside the sea. Now the barouche halted, and the old man climbed out backward painfully, as if climbing down a tree. He gained the curb, turned, and shuffled after his prey.

"There's an old Frenchman following us," Laurence whispered.

"Frenchman? That's G. Washington Carey."

G. Washington Carey overtook them. He hobbled close to Laurence. He peered into her face with his weak eyes.

"Good morning, Mr. Carey," said Yanek dryly. He fumbled for his monocle.

"Oh, good-morning."

He was astonished, disappointed, but not in the least confused. He shook Yanek's hand,



"Fancy Bob climbing into that empty compartment!" drawled the Green Wig girl. "I don't like Bob—I sha'n't be there!" As Laurence listened she could have wrung their necks. To think that Bob should be the plaything of girls like these!

inquired after her mother, the Countess de la Tour, and, hailing his barouche, drove away.

"It isn't the French," Yanek observed, "who make France so—so rowdy."

"Isn't it?" said Laurence carelessly. She added, "Bob is due in half an hour now."

"Tell me more about this Bob of yours."

"Well, he ought to be studying textiles in Germany, but, willy-nilly, he's followed me all the way down here."

"What is he like?"

"He's twenty-two, he's very athletic and good-looking, he's learning the business in one of his father's mills, and he inherited twelve thousand dollars a year from his grandmother."

"Where did you meet him?"

"Oh, we've known each other all our lives, but [illegible] on the boat —" She glanced roguishly at her cousin.

"He's head over ears in love, of course?"

"He hasn't proposed." Here Laurence laughed—a clear peal that in its girlish confidence was somewhat pathetic. Her faith in Bob! "He [illegible] flowers and chocolates every day, but he hasn't proposed yet."

"Well, get him out of here," said Yanek, "or he never will propose."

"Oh, if you knew him!"

The two cousins seated themselves on a stone bench. Before them the white beach curved in a great crescent. Each horn of the crescent ended in a [illegible] far out at sea. Clumps of palms rose here and there, and the blue satin water shimmered in the sun.

It was the winter before the war, the winter of slashed skirts and colored wigs. Laurence's slashed skirt, a masterpiece of the Place Vendôme, remained closed for the most part, but now and then, for one incredible instant, it flashed open, only to close again before the observer had time to rub incredulous eyes. Her muff was a silver-fox skin, and she carried a mesh-bag of platinum and gold.

Laurence—(her parents were divorced and remarried, though not, of course, to each other)—Laurence had altogether too much money and altogether too much freedom, but far above her money and her freedom she valued loyalty and honor, industry and self-restraint, for she knew what a home without those sovereign virtues can be like.

"The Riviera," said Yanek, "corrupts men. As it's the most beautiful spot in the world, all the world comes to the Riviera for its holidays, and men see here so much gaiety and extravagant living that it turns their heads, and they can think of nothing but debauchery."

"Pooh! I'm glad Bob's not like that."

"Bob will get like that if he stays here."

"Yanek, please don't say such things. I've told you already that you don't know Bob."

Laurence spoke sharply; she was troubled; for this in truth was a serious matter with her, inasmuch as she believed firmly that a girl can love but once—inasmuch as she believed firmly that, if anything came between Bob and her, she was doomed to die an old maid.

"I know," said Yanek, in her tartest old-maid voice—"I know whereof I speak."

And she described the Riviera life. These men and women were shameless. They gave themselves up to selfish pleasures as others give themselves up to work. In the Riviera's superb climate they spent all day and every day out of doors, motoring, golfing, riding and what-not. Then, with the sunset, in splendid villas and hotels, they attired themselves richly and exquisitely, and their indoor life began, their gambling and feasting, their lovemaking and drinking. Temperate in everything, they preserved their health. The men remained sunburnt and vigorous. The women remained supple and beautiful. Thus, on youth their effect was pernicious. Since they throve on vice, vice, youth decided—vice of this non-vitiating sort—was certainly preferable to virtue.

In the silence the two cousins gazed through ragged-green palm fronds at the shining sea. Little children played with buckets and shovels at the edge of the waves. Up and down the white Promenade, past the hotels and villas, past the *hivernants*, past the rose gardens, a procession of low and lustrous touring-cars, pointed fore and aft, like boats, dashed endlessly.

"A girl can never marry here," said Yanek.

"No?"

"No. Never."

A tall, thin, weedy man strode by, fixing an eyeglass in his eye. A tiny moustache was brushed up from his effeminate, lisping mouth. He halted and bowed low before a fat woman, raising her hand to kiss it. But, with his stick and hat to manage, this hand-kissing ceremony proved over-difficult. As he (*Continued on page 48*)



Courtesy Metropolitan Museum

"What a perfect work of art and truth we have in 'The Trousseau,' now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York."

A Painter of the Souls of Simple Folk

The Work of Charles W. Hawthorne

By Gardner Teall

HAWTHORNE'S fame is so solidly established and the quality of greatness so nearly attained—perhaps it is reached in "The Trousseau"—that praise is not needed to enchance it, nor is criticism necessary, even when certain of his works invite it, for this painter knows what he is about. Hawthorne, as his name suggests, is a New Englander. His childhood was spent in Maine. At eighteen he came to New York, and brought with him the fine constitution and physique with which his native State and his open-air life had endowed his youth. As a child he had shown talent and skill in drawing, and there was never any doubt in his mind as to what he wanted to do, the vocation that beckoned his absorbing interest.

Determination brought the young Hawthorne to New York. Determination as great kept him there. No roses gladdened the pathside of the first long months. Instead, many were the briars in his way. Before long he found work that brought him the opportunity of doing some designs for a stained-glass concern. Before long he made time for art study in the night schools. His health and his strength stood faithfully at command and by careful living and careful planning this capable, sensible young man had saved sufficiently to enable him to enter the Art Students' League classes. William Chase, Vincent DuMond and George de Forest Brush, his instructors, were not long in discovering the nimble ability of the new student.

With Hawthorne it is not enough to portray just existence, form, expression, or the color of life. He knows there is a soul in every human being, and the little escapements of that human being's thoughts are, elusive though they seem to be, the indications that the soul is there. After his return from a trip to Holland the Second Hallgarten Prize was awarded him by the National Academy of Design; the First Hallgarten Prize came later, as also did a Second Prize from the Worcester



"No finer example of Hawthorne's work can be found than 'The Adoration,' now in the City Museum, St. Louis."

Art Museum for the "Portuguese Fisher Boys," and an Honorable Mention from the Carnegie Institute. Prizes and honors since have been many. Hawthorne is a National Academician and a *sociétaire* of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts of France.

Some five years ago, when Hawthorne made his *début* in Paris, Europe was surprised to find that this American of whom the Old World had heard nothing was, indeed, to be counted among the masters.

Since then the discriminating museums have embraced their opportunities. I do not think finer examples of Hawthorne's work can be found than "The Trousseau," in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, or "The Adoration," in the City Museum, St. Louis.



"I saw her close in on our port bow, clinging to a life-raft. Twice we swung to windward of her and twice we had to sheer off. The third time her husband went over for her and in his arm she came up out of the sea."

One Clear Call

by Larry Evans

Illustrated by Will Foster

MENDOZA'S RENDEZVOUS—which stands so near the wall that those who choose to sup at the small round tables nearest the lacquered rail have only to lift their faces to feel the needle-fine spray of an over-exuberant breaker, rolling in sheer from the horizon. . . . Tropic night, languorous, laden with the too-sweet breath of exotic plants banked before an orchestra that plucks at wailing strings. . . lights and gust-like laughter and a babble of polyglot tongues . . . satin arms and swarthy faces, fierce mustachios and clean, grim lips . . . uniforms barbaric with crusted gold and lace, and the black and white of conventional dinner garb . . . women whose limpid gaze, even in passing, lingers to question and appraise . . . men from all the world—that was Mendoza's; aye, and is Mendoza's still.

I had come down from the hills, after two months of it on a copper prospect. Mendoza himself was waiting to escort us to our chairs, farthest from the orchestra and directly overlooking the bay, when we entered at eleven: Cap'n Eben Bacon, of the *Mary Ann*, Berkeley's Boy, and Lyman-Bryant and myself.

With each passing year Cap'n Eben grew more and more jealously loth to be long away from the deck of his schooner. From the rail he could turn, from time to time, and glimpse her riding-light, shining clear and steady—a guiding star which four wise men would do well to heed. Berkeley's Boy blundered upon a happy simile earlier in the evening, only to blush, boylike, the next instant, lest the Biblical allusion betray his pose of sophistication. Berkeley's Boy was only just becoming an unsought and perplexing responsibility to me.

It was he who first discovered the girl, while we were discussing much stale political news from the States,—a girl with ash-tinted hair drawn back in a shimmering high wave from a face as smoothly white as the inside of a shell. That was scarcely a remarkable discovery, for there were few in the room who had not turned, and turned again, toward the table. "Seraph-like" Berkeley's Boy later termed her lips—which is, at best, a rather vague description. True enough, they were vivid as holly berries against a puff of snow, yet warm and hungrily mobile as any living thing could be. But one noticed first, and last, her eyes.

Have you ever watched the blue-gray shadows of a desert sunset, violet in the far-off draws, blurred, inscrutable, deeper than infinity; and then pricked here and there with little friendly points of light? Her eyes were like that, dusky like that, violet smudged with gray, and then intimately alight at some word from her companion.

More than one woman hated her that night for her serene whiteness, and gnawed their lips in bitter contemplation of her gown, smoke-gray and rose, like a bank of fog shot through by a struggling sun and just as soft. A ruby flashed somberly upon her left hand; she wore no other jewel. That must have been the crowning insult to the others of her sex. Why, they looked as cheaply betrinketed as a dowdy gypsy belle!

And Berkeley's Boy! He sat and stared—gaped!—until a tiny frown appeared between the girl's brows, and her escort wheeled and favored the boy with a coolly measured glance. Things have happened in Mendoza's, and happened with wicked swiftness. Realizing that the state might endure indefinitely, to interest him in matters less charged with unpleasant possibilities I kicked him in the shin—kicked him hard.

"I—I beg your pardon a thousand times," he muttered, and groped numbly for his glass. That was all. And then Cap'n Eben, vaguely annoyed at our lack of attention, abruptly stopped talking.

He had not seemed aware of the girl with the ashen hair; or perhaps, to be entirely accurate, she had not yet noticed him. For now, as he faced in her direction and, to the amazement of the rest of us, caught her eye with a brief little nod, a flush of recognition, delighted and half incredulous, swept her face. She turned and spoke breathlessly to the man; and he, too, faced eagerly about.

There was a fine courtliness in Cap'n Eben's quick gesture of protest, but she derode it with a laugh that pealed gayly. And she reached our table two strides ahead of her companion. Berkeley's Boy stumbled and became entangled with his chair in rising, and was red and miserable with self-consciousness.

"We were on the point of leaving, anyhow," she met Cap'n Eben's objection. "And how many hours, pray, have you sat here, without coming to pay your respects! Oh, Cap'n Eben! Cap'n Eben!"

He made a quaint figure in his long black broadcloth coat and soft-colored white shirt and flowing black tie which comprised his formal dress ashore. Yet admirals have stood cloaked in less dignity. And the care with which he held both her slim hands!

His answer to that mock reproach for his lack of gallantry was the most astounding thing of all.

"My dear," he faltered. "My dear! My dear!"

And then I saw that her eyelids were wet, honestly, happily wet. The man with her did not

speak at all at first. The quality of his silence was enough.

They stood a moment—three or four—the rest of us forgotten, exclaiming fragmentarily. With true instinct Cap'n Eben avoided the banal shoals of a hurried general introduction. But just as they were about to leave she looked brightly from one to the other of us. And obviously we were included in her invitation, couched in the form of a very gracious command.

"Dinner—promptly at eight, please," she said; and to Cap'n Eben: "There must be no eleventh-hour plea or excuse, not even the *Mary Ann's* loneliness without you. Is she still the same jealous minx?"

They were gone with that, and our calm and judicial dissection of affairs at home went with them. Cap'n Eben alone retained his bland desire for desultory discussion, which, as was always the case when he steered the frail bark of conversation, veered now almost immediately to religion; not creeds, but religions that were age-old before Christendom was born. And he pursued that topic for the next fifteen minutes, mildly persistent and totally deaf to the Berkeley's Boy's importunate interruptions.

Of the three of us Lyman-Bryant alone had looked closely at the man who had stood with his hand upon Cap'n Eben's shoulder. And conviction and incredulity were both struggling upon his features as he sat and tried to listen.

"Wasn't that man——?" he started once to inquire, but Cap'n Eben just nodded, promisingly, and proceeded to finish a story that had come to him "down Calcutta way"—an episode saturated with superstition and the spirit mystery of the East.

"How would you explain such a series of incidents, then?" he asked when he had finished, "if you didn't believe in such things . . . telepathy I suppose the word is, and all that. Have you a more acceptable explanation?"

Lyman-Bryant is a lawyer; he believes in laws; believes that every experience is covered by available data. And he applies the doctrine stubbornly to all phases and phenomena of the universe.

"Coincidence!" he answered bluntly, forgetting at this new challenge his unanswered question. "Coincidence, astounding to be sure, but nothing [illegible] colored, of course, by the jungle folks' love of the dramatic regardless of fact."

"Hum-m-m-m," mused Cap'n Eben. There was a ghost of a smile tugging at his lips. Even Berkeley's Boy's head came up at the changed note in his voice, and now he shouldered his way into the argument.

"Oh, stuff, all of it!" he exclaimed [illegible] "Stuff! Woman dreams she sees her husband playing a harp and sporting a halo. Husband's a traveling salesman due in Oshkosh Thursday. Wife is worried by a dream . . . premonition of evil . . . just in time to hear from him [illegible] that he's [illegible] his insurance policy lapse. And they call it a spirit [illegible] thought [illegible] ference—telepathy! Old, old stuff!" At that he meant no offense, nor was there any given by his sulky outburst. Cap'n Eben only sat and gazed at him with an interest as bright as a bird's in a new sort of a bug. Cap'n Eben always took his own time and came at a tale in his own good way.

"Old stuff!" he echoed, and with this his accents, careful enough until now, slurred off into the New England dialect which became him as utterly as his quaint, formal dress. "Mebby so—and why not? The oldest stuff in the world!" Thereupon he fixed Lyman-Bryant with a lazily absent regard.

"I don't know's I'm dramatic," he murmured. "Certainly I ain't ever stood on deck with a typhoon rollin' the *Mary Ann* rail under and thought to glory in a titanic struggle with the elements as she staggered through the ruck. Mostly I've kept an eye aloft, and an axe handy, to cut away when the sticks were whipped out of her. And facts mostly always appealed to me, too. Leastwise, I don't go treasure-huntin' just because I dream of a map of pebbly beach, and two palms marked with a skull and crossbones in the corner.



Steele never looked at Charlton or the hand either as he turned his back; the girl just nodded good-by; half-way between them the red-setter pup cocked his ears and paused undecided.

"Facts!" And he tried to laugh, and his voice grew tremulous and cracked, and he shook his head, wonderingly, over the failure. "Facts! Why, it's men *make* facts—men and women! It's facts I'm tellin' you now. Back a score of years and more it commences—and that ain't old stuff, either, is it?—not as old is reckoned. Back long before that Fall I laid the *Mary Ann* up for new riggin' and took up for a while with steam, some four years ago, because . . . well, just because, and we'll let it go at that.

"The *Buccaneer*, we'll call her; and no prettier thing ever swung down the Hudson and tripped her way through Hell Gate, strainin' and eager for the bell to go ahead. She was painted black—dead, flat black to match the name of her, two hundred and eighty-odd over all. And lean as a rapier. When she was runnin' full ahead any destroyer could be proud to hang half a day off her quarter, and call it a full day's work.

"And her owner?" He nodded, ever so slightly, to Lyman-Bryant.

"Mebby Steele was his name. It's neither here nor there, though there's much in a name at that. You'll recognize him, anyway, no doubt, before I've finished. You'd know him now, most likely, if I was to give you his income in round figures, as well as any man, except one, had come to know him, the day I went aboard.

"Not many men are born to legacies such as his, and I don't mean money either, for he inherited little enough of that. I mean the things that help men to go on living, when living is about the only impossible thing there is left ahead of 'em. Faith in humanity—faith, and a bit of charity.

"He wasn't an Easterner by birth. He was old Hutch Steele's boy, who wrung his millions out of acres of frozen muck and come to New York to sit in the game with men he'd been told played it big. You've already heard of other cases like that, so you'll know what to expect. Why, when old Hutch Steele laughed, he laughed out loud, not just with his lips. And when anybody mentioned supper in his hearing, he thought it was a meal that men ate at six o'clock, not one o'clock in the morning.

"He come East, bringing his boy, and there was a welcome waitin' for him of a certain sort, even though they didn't seem to know he was there or to see his hand whenever he tried to introduce himself. That puzzled old Hutch at first. He didn't understand; not until they'd pinched him hard, before he knew he was in the game at all. Then he understood, partly at least, but he didn't complain that he'd been accustomed to a different set of rules either. If he couldn't play with 'em, he could play against 'em, and it was less lonesome. So he just laughed and lowered his grizzled old head and charged.

"First he taught 'em some things they'd never



More than one woman hated her that night for her serene whiteness. A ruby flashed somberly upon her hand—she were no other jewel. The others looked as cheaply be-trinketed as a dowdy gypsy belle.

known about increased ore production. He sent copper metal down so low that they had to stop ignoring his presence, overnight, and talk it over. And they figured out that there was an easier way.

"After that it wasn't old Hutch Steele who offered his hand first. Following a lesson or two he'd never tried that again. But he was pleased enough when they came to him, and proud. And so he became one of them. He taught 'em to get ore out, January or June. He took apart a railroad that they'd about decided was ready to give back to the stockholders and tinkered it, and put it together again so that it'd run better than new. And they voted him into their clubs. Some of 'em took him home to dinner without his ever knowin' that he was on exhibition as a curiosity. And all the while, year after year, they were edgin' in on him.

"It took a long, long time, but they were careful and cunning.

"Twice they broke him—once when he was able to get his back up against a million or so they'd overlooked and come back again fighting like an old gray wolf, sore hurt and turned on by the very pack he'd raced with to many a kill. And he cut them to ribbons—ribbons! But there came a second time—a second time—when he was down and down for good. And even then they were fearful till the family doctor issued the last bulletin. And then they closed, snarlin', snappin', man-hungry. And they stripped him—stripped him clean!

"No, he wasn't dead. He wasn't even near enough dead yet not to grin when his old secretary came crawlin' on his knees to the bedside and sobbed and told him what they'd done. Instead of dying right then, which would have been easy, he wired his boy who'd grown up and was away to school. Steele, wasn't it? Aye, Steele.

"You're wonderin' why his boy wasn't there? I'll tell you why. When they delivered that wire to him he'd just gone thirty yards to a touchdown—thirty yards with a face like paste, and the roar of a holiday crowd in his ears, and the fear of God in his heart that the huge, shaggy man he loved better than anything else in his world would be dead before that game of football ended. That was the stuff in them both, the old man and his boy. And no name was ever dragged through dirtier mire.

"'Go and trim 'em,' old Hutch had given the boy his orders, with the doctor listening all the while at his heart and shaking his head—No. 'The papers say we can't win—can't! So I want to hear that you've scored. Fight 'em, sonny—fight and fight, and up and fight 'em, boy! And don't you worry, either. I—I'll kind of wait around until you get back home.'

"So the boy went—went crying—and he 'trimmed' 'em crying too. But he made the New York express back with an ulster on over his football things when the last wire came. And the old man was waitin', like he promised he'd be, cursin' the doctor for standin' around wondering why he didn't die—waitin' to tell his boy that he couldn't even leave him a grubstake—that the pack had got him for good.

"'My friends,' he whispered, smilin' with his lips. 'Brierson—I staked him. In the panic they'd have jailed him, and I carried him half a year. Benson!—King! My friends, boy, my friends! And I—I liked 'em. Why, I trusted 'em . . . twice!'

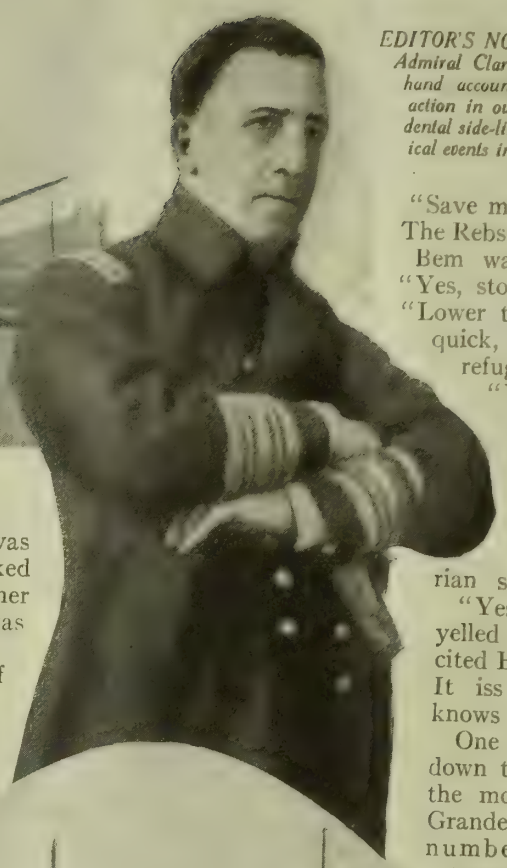
"Wolves? They were jackals. They picked his old bones clean. And (*Continued on page 56*)

My Fifty

By Rear Admiral



The U. S. steam sloop *Ossipee*, seven guns, which took part in the Battle of Mobile Bay, and on which the future Admiral Clark first saw active service.

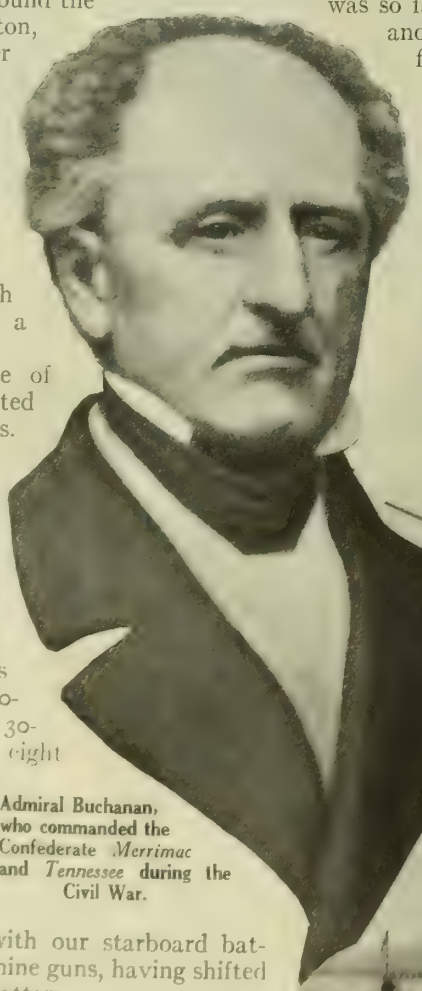


EDITOR'S NOTE—In this instalment Admiral Clark gives us a vivid first-hand account of the greatest naval action in our Civil War, with incidental side-lights on divers other historical events in that memorable struggle.

II.—The Battle of Mobile Bay

UPON reaching New Orleans I reported to Commodore H. H. Bell, and was ordered to continue down the coast in the *Bermuda*.

We found the *Ossipee* lying off Galveston, Texas, and I joined her late in the afternoon of the day before Thanksgiving. The *Bermuda* had brought fresh beef, potatoes, onions and ice, to be issued in place of the salt beef or pork ration, and as I came off with the first boatload I had a hearty welcome.



Admiral Buchanan, who commanded the Confederate *Merrimac* and *Tennessee* during the Civil War.

The *Ossipee* was one of the then lately constructed bark-rigged screw sloops. She was supposed to be high-powered, though I never knew her to make more than eleven knots under full pressure of steam and with topsails, t'gallantsails, and foresail set. She carried three pivot-guns (an eleven-inch, a 100-pound rifle and a 30-pounder rifle) and eight broadside guns (six 32-pounders and two rifled 30-pounders). We thus had seven guns in broadside, and later, during the passing of Fort Morgan, with our starboard battery engaged, we fought nine guns, having shifted two over from the port battery.

The *Ossipee's* captain was John P. Gillis who, while in command of the *Monticello* and the *Semmes*, had acquired the title of "Fighting Gillis." The executive officer was Lieutenant John A. Howe. He and the captain were the only regular line-officers attached to the ship until W. A. Van Vleck, a classmate of mine, and I joined her. The others were volunteer officers appointed from the merchant service, but with already two years' experience in the navy to their credit.

One of the volunteer officers on the fleet off Galveston, whom I recall very distinctly, was Acting Lieutenant Commander Bem. He was said to be a Hungarian, but I rather doubted the idea that he might be a Pole, and so possibly a relative of the illustrious General Bem, whose great services in Hungary had made many forget the fact that he was Polish by birth. I was so fond of my fancy that I never asked Lieutenant-Commander Bem whether he was related to the General. I was afraid he might say he wasn't.

Bem did not have the appearance of belonging to a family of heroes. He was so fat as to be almost unwieldy, and neither spoke our language fluently nor understood it very well. We were told that one day, when his ship



At top: Rear-Admiral H. K. Thatcher, who succeeded Farragut in command of the Gulf Blockading Squadron. In center: the U. S. S. *Richmond* in the attack on Fort Morgan. Below: One of the U. S. Monitors of the type used during the operations in Mobile Bay.

a side-wheeler—was pushing up a narrow river in North Carolina, a sailor, putting his head into one of the paddle-boxes, which made his voice seem to come from the opposite river bank, began to shout, in the most pitiful fashion:

"Save me! Oh, save me! The Rebs are after me!"

Bem was instantly alert. "Yes, stop her!" he cried. "Lower ter boat to once quick, undt safe dot refugee!"

"Yes, hurry! Oh, hurry!" came the call from the bank. "Hurry, you leather-lipped, thick waisted, Hungarian son-of-a-sea-cook!"

"Yes, mine cracious!" yelled the now madly excited Bem. "Hurry up! It iss somepoddy vot knows me!"

One trip we made was down the coast as far as the mouth of the Rio Grande, where a large number of English steamers were loading with cotton which had been carried from Texas across the river into Mexico; but as they kept well to the southward of the river's mouth and within three miles of the Mexican coast, we of course could not touch them.

Years in the Navy

Charles E. Clark, U.S.N. Retired, Hero of the "Oregon".



Deck-gun and gun crew on U. S. man-of-war, 1861-1865.



Statue of Admiral Farragut in Madison Square, New York City.

I remember seeing the blockade broken in broad daylight by a sailing vessel off Galveston. The weather was slightly hazy, and as she had kept close to the land, she was nearly up to the South Battery before being discovered. Her captain, certainly a man of superb courage, had taken desperate chances and was rewarded by success. We had five or six ships, and all ran in promptly, opening fire upon him. He kept close to the breakers, and in such shoal water that an attempt to ram him would have meant the loss of an armed vessel. The South Battery, Fort Magruder, and the Pelican Spit batteries opened on us to cover him as much as possible, but because it was useless to attempt to silence them we devoted our attention solely to him. But I do not think our shots could have troubled him greatly. They were almost bound to be inaccurate, for the ships were rolling deeply in the trough of a heavy sea running from the southeast. I was at the forecastle pivot-gun at this time, and one of the training levers coming adrift, I nearly went overboard with it in a violent roll of the ship. I had no idea until then that guns could be fought in such a seaway.

Soon after this, Captain Gillis was detached and Captain William M. Walker took his place. This officer had found there was quite a comfortable revenue to be derived from the capture of blockade-runners and kept a sharp watch for them. One day off Mobile he went a step further and laid a plan to lure them out. He sent nearly all the ships under his command off in column to the southwest, hoping to persuade the enemy that an attack was to be made upon some Texan port, and that the coast would be comparatively clear for the cotton steamers waiting behind Fort Morgan. It was planned, however, that our ships should turn as soon as they were below the horizon, and take their stations on two concentric arcs, so that any steamer running out would be seen about daylight.

War-time photograph of Admiral Farragut, taken at the height of his fame.

Admiral Farragut was in Pensacola with both the *Hartford* and *Richmond*, and when word came to him of this maneuver he was in a fever of apprehension lest the Confederate gunboats inside Mobile harbor should take advantage of the absence of so many of our vessels to overpower or drive away the few that were left on the blockade. This would mean that it was legally raised and could not be re-established until after sixty days. Farragut's flagship the *Hartford* was rushed away from the Pensacola yard, where she was undergoing slight repairs, and the *Itasca*, commanded by Captain Brown, was sent out to order the offending cruisers to return to their stations. Rear-Admiral Chester, then an ensign on the *Richmond*, says in his interesting account of this incident that it was at Brown's suggestion that the Admiral had a few tons of soft coal tumbled on board the *Itasca* and she went off sending up a column of black smoke. As the blockade-runners, unable to obtain anthracite, always used soft coal, black smoke was what our ships made for whenever it was sighted. Consequently, it was only a matter of a few hours before Brown had all of Walker's ships corralled.



The U. S. S. *Hartford*, flagship of Admiral Farragut, which led our fleet in the bombardment of Fort Morgan and the Confederate ships.

(*Continued on page 53*)

The Man from

By Arthur

Illustrated by

THREE times the knock sounded on my door, low yet distinct. Then came a moment's interval, and the knock was repeated.

I crossed the room, reassured by that signal. But I took no unnecessary chances when I unlocked the door and opened it wide enough to command a view of my visitor.

That visitor, I found, was not the person I had expected. For standing there I saw a middle-aged woman in the dove-gray uniform of the Order of Deaconesses. Her loose-caped shoulders were rounded by a slight stoop and a pair of amber-tinted eye-glasses added in some vague way to the dejectedness of her appearance.

"Might I speak with you for a few moments?" asked this unknown figure, through rather thin lips which were held austerely down at either corner.

"About what?" I inquired without enthusiasm, resenting the manner in which the dove-gray figure had pushed her way forward the moment my hand had dropped from the door-knob.

I stood watching my humble-eyed visitor as she meandered brazenly into the center of the room, surveyed it with a sort of querulous curiosity, and then turned and blinked disapprovingly at me through the amber-tinted glasses. The silence lasted for several seconds.

"What can I do for you?" I finally and none-too-invitingly demanded. I could see the primly held mouth-corners relax, the drooping shoulders become more erect, and the pensively inclined head with its gray-draped hood suddenly thrown back. This was followed by a peal of laughter as light and silvery as it was unexpected.

"Toosey Attrill!" I gasped, still staring at her.

The demure figure in gray settled into one of my wicker club-chairs. The next moment she was busy fumbling under her dun draperies for what I strongly suspected to be a Turkish cigaret.

"You've certainly gotta hand it to me, Balmy," she proudly affirmed.

"For what?" I demanded, as I stood there for a moment or two, continuing to stare rather stupidly at her voluminous draperies, until the fact of her identity had worked its way clearly through my brain.

"F'r pullin' off these make-up stunts on the bobcat of the whole Alliance crowd!" she triumphantly retorted.

"But I thought you'd hurried off to catch a night train for Chamboro," I said as I closed the door and locked it.

Toosey first consulted a watch and then struck a match.

"I've got over an hour before that train slides out," she calmly explained. "And somebody's gotta wise me up before I lose myself in the tall timber."

"About what?" I inquired as I came and sat down across the table from her.

"About this Polar relief woik out into the pie-belt! About this follow-up system the Alliance tries to put over. About how these Maiden Lane diamond-carriers do their work, and about what I'll be bumpin' into when I land out there in that bush-league metropolis o' Chamboro!"

It wasn't an altogether easy task that Toosey was demanding of me. But I could sympathize with her aversion to working in the dark. I'd done enough of that myself. Yet I hesitated a little, wondering where to begin.

"In the first place, Toosey," I told her, "this is more the Protective Union than Alliance work. The diamond business, as you're probably beginning to learn, is one of the biggest businesses in this country. Most of it centers around Maiden Lane. That's headquarters for practically all of the big brokers and dealers and importers. Naturally, they have to send their goods out—out on sale and out to customers. That's where the diamond-carrier comes in."

"I wasn't disputin' it," acknowledged the girl on the other side of the table.

"Spearman, for example, was a drummer for Loeb & Levin's when he was blackjacked and robbed in Detroit. This man Oldershaw, who's just wired in his troubles to the Union, is another traveler, or carrier, for the diamond house of Oppenheim & Son. These big houses, as I've said, have to have travelers. They're trusted men, who've all been tried out, but they're not bonded, for there's no American company will bond a salesman against stealing his company's goods, just as there's no company going to insure those goods against embezzlement. And that's where the Protective Union comes in. It says: 'Touch one of our men and see what you get!' By that

I dropped to the floor of that swaying chariot, clinging to my suitcase, then I flopped off into the road and did an unexpected Annette Kellermann dive into the ditch

Maiden Lane

Stringer

G. Patrick Nelson

they mean they're ready to hound the life out of any crook who tries robbing a carrier. The big crooks know that, and step aside—at least they did until this Pareto gang began to get busy."

"Then who toins the trick on him?" inquired Toosey.

"Most of the thieving is done by hotel-sneaks working as bellboys, by messengers who go bad, or by sleeping-car porters who are willing to take a chance. For a diamond traveler, naturally, has to carry his diamonds with him when he goes on the road. Many a man has started out from Maiden Lane with a hundred thousand dollars' worth of unset stones in his wallet. His heavier stuff he carries in his own special trunk. It has to be checked, of course, the same as any other trunk. It's small, and he usually takes it right with him in a taxicab, checks it a certain time before the train-hour, and personally sees that it gets aboard the baggage-car. At the other end of the run he has to be equally careful. He claims his trunk, has it put in his taxi beside him, and stays with it until it's carried up to his room at the hotel. There he transfers what he wants to his handbag. The other stuff he deposits in the hotel safe. If it's a small city and the hotel hasn't a satisfactory safe, his instructions are to go to his leading customer and use that jeweler's safe for the night. Sometimes, of course, he has to keep his entire stock with him in his room, but those occasions are rare, and also unwelcome."

"But the gink can always carry a gun?" interposed Toosey.

"He gets a police permit from every State, so if his route is a wide one you'll see him with a wad of revolver-permits almost as thick as a pack of cards. But he also has our office protection. If he's a big-stone carrier, he regularly wires in a code message to his house, reporting his lodgings for the night and his next day's move. If he scents danger, or thinks he's being followed, he steps into a telegraph office and sends in a code call. That call at once brings an Alliance officer out to him."

"Such as you and me," interpolated Toosey, "to keep little cutey from gettin' hoit!"

"Then, of course," I went on, "the Alliance itself does what it can to keep tab on him. They can't keep him corralled, of course, the same as the South African miners corral their Kaffirs for three months at a time, but he can be watched, and is being watched, all the time. A lot of hotelmen, for instance, are really Alliance agents. If they spot a carrier acting suspiciously, or being indiscreet, they at once report him. But the Maiden Lane houses try to pick only reliable men. They're usually quiet-moving and quiet-mannered men, men who don't talk. As a rule you'd take any one of them, on the road, for a middle-class storekeeper from a middle-class town, without imagining the peculiar-looking black bag he carries along with him holds a fortune that often runs into six figures."

"But now and then," again interpolated Toosey, "they naturally pick a lemon!"

"Now and then they pick a lemon," I acknowledged. "But I don't think it's often."

Toosey still seemed to be perplexed. "But what d'you s'pose could've given this gink Oldershaw a sudden attack o' cold feet?" she inquired.

"That's what the Inspector is sending you out to Chamboro to find out. Oldershaw's got a hundred and ten thousand dollars' worth of unmounted stones with him on this trip, and he has to be protected. Something has happened to make him suspicious. He wants help. And Sloan thinks you're the right person to take it to him."

"Some little life-line, ain't I?" remarked Toosey, without enthusiasm.

"The thing to remember," I told her, "is that you're acting for all Maiden Lane. You're protecting one of the biggest enterprises in America. And that ought to give dignity to even the undignified things you sometimes have to do."

"They seem to need purtection, all right," she languidly remarked, "seein' they ain't got the foresight of a pushcart peddler! Why, old Wilkins steered me up into one o' those Lane stone-shops where they'd a pinhead of a boy goin' along a line of safes and pullin' out drawers full o' ten-carat diamonds as careless as though they was Mexican kisses. And on the tables behind the railin's they'd enough crown jewels sloppin' around loose to stock a Fift' Avenue store—lyin' around like so much tinware—and nobody, as far as I c'd make out, carin' a rip what happened to 'em!"

I had to smile at Toosey's naïve tone of protest.

"It may have looked that way, Toosey, but every grain of gold and platinum, every quarter-carat emerald, and every by-water diamond-chip, was being protected as royalty itself is protected. In the first place, there's both the Alliance and the Union, with all its secret agents. Then there's the vault-system itself, with its special electrical alarm apparatus. Then there's the deadline that the city police have thrown around the Maiden Lane district: not a crook known to the law is allowed inside that deadline. And every man working inside that district is secretly under espionage, is being kept under the eyes of the Alliance, just as you're going out to keep this man Oldershaw and his friends under your eye!"

Toosey languidly consulted her watch. "Well, I'm not crazy about the job," she announced. "For my idear of excitement ain't stallin' as a choiker in a backwater town where the muskrats'll splash you if you wander off the main street!"

"Things may liven up," I suggested as Toosey stood up and shook out her dove-gray skirts. "And Chamboro may be a busier town than you expect."

"And I'm to wire you, am I, if I bump into something big?" she casually inquired, as she tamped the fire from her cigaret end.

"You're to send for me if you need me," I told her as I crossed to the door and unlocked it.

I unlocked that door more quickly than I had intended. I flung it open, startled by the discovery that someone had been standing outside it. I stepped into the hallway just in time to catch sight of a figure vanishing furtively about the first turn.



The demure figure in gray settled into a wicker chair, reached for a cigaret and struck a match. "Toosey Attrill!" I gasped.



"Now, Mr. Kishinger, sit down in that chair," I commanded, flourishing my blue automatic. "Quick, Toosey, and tie him there!"

"What's the riddle?" asked Toosey as she watched me staring intently along that empty hallway.

"It's not a riddle," I told her. "It's a conviction—a conviction that I'd better change these quarters of mine. And by the way, Toosey, when you're busy shadowing that man Oldershaw's shadow, make it a point to be sure somebody isn't shadowing *you!*"

TWO hours later Inspector Sloan was calling me up from the Alliance offices.

"Balmy," he said over the wire, "I hate to break up your beauty sleep, but I want you to catch the midnight train for Chamboro. A carrier for the Adelstein house named Brescher has swung off his regular route to camp in that town, and from Oldershaw's message I don't like the looks of things there."

"But Toosey Attrill's already on her way out there."

"I know it, and I want you to get right after her. Go to the Lantry House, and remember that a desk-clerk there called MacLean can act for us at a pinch. Brescher matched a string of pearls for his house in Philadelphia and has the goods with him. They're valued at about ninety thousand. The office here isn't altogether satisfied about Brescher. We've had a report that he's been plunging in a Baltimore bucket-shop, and he was twice in Philadelphia with a woman who isn't altogether a Quakeress. And that at least means he's got to be watched."

"But what line am I to follow?"

"I leave that to you. Get in touch with Toosey and act on the evidence you're able to pick up. That's about [illegible]. Good night!"

I tried to hold the [illegible], but my connection was already [illegible] of sleep,

I remembered, and he had to be humored in it. So I scrambled into my clothes, 'phoned for my train-time and a taxicab, flung my things together, and started for the door. I was just taking the key from its lock when my telephone rang again.

"This is Fulner, of Inspector Sloan's office," announced the voice over the wire. "The Inspector's left word for you not to get off at Chamboro, but to go on to the town of Oakville, the next station. A trustworthy man will be waiting there to motor you back to the Lantry House at Chamboro."

"Who is that speaking?" I inquired.

"Mr. Fulner—Fulner—of the Inspector's office."

"Fulner?" I repeated, for the name was new to me.

"Yes, his secretary," came the somewhat impatient answer.

"Will you kindly put Inspector Sloan on the wire for me," I asked.

"The Inspector went home, and to bed, twenty minutes ago. He'll talk with you over long-distance in the morning."

"All right," I said as I rang off. But the more I thought over that message from the Inspector's office the more troubled in mind I became. So troubled did I become, in fact, that I decided to beard the lion in his den. I accordingly dropped into a pay-station booth before climbing aboard my train and called up Sloan at his house. He answered me at once.

"I'm sorry to waken you," I began, knowing his dislike for going into details.

"Who said you wakened me?" he snapped back.

"Fulner did."

"Fulner?"

"Isn't that the name of your new secretary?"

"What does Fulner know about my movements?" demanded the voice at the other end of the line. My suspicions, apparently, weren't so unreasonable as I had tried to make them seem.

"Didn't you ask Fulner to instruct me to go on to Oakville and motor back to Chamboro, motor back with a man who'd be waiting for me when I arrived there?"

"When and how did Fulner give you that message?" demanded the Inspector. There was a new note in his voice.

"He gave it from the Alliance offices, over the wire not more than an hour ago," I explained. My explanation was followed by a moment or two of unbroken silence.

"That's rather interesting," I heard the Inspector's voice saying, "especially as Fulner left the office for the day at about five this afternoon!"

"Then you didn't give him those instructions?"

"Of course I didn't. And Fulner never gave them to you. And what's more, I don't like the look of all this. It points to a bigger mix-up than we've imagined, especially when somebody's taken the trouble to tap your wire."

"Then I'm still to act on your first instructions?"

"Yes, get out there to Chamboro, and don't leave any loose ends or let anything slip away from you. In the meantime I'll hurry Wilkins out to Oakville to follow up the ropes from that point."

So I went straight to Chamboro, as I was instructed to do. I made (*Continued on page 67*)

His Daughter

By Gouverneur Morris

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

SYNOPSIS:— The author presents four vividly contrasted vivacious feminine types, each throbbing with life and personality. First there is Dorothy Grandison, a charming American ingénue who, because of her unsullied youth, is both pure and piquant. Then we have the swarthy Arab dancing-girl, full of the passionate wiles of her sex-ancestry, and as sophisticated as Dorothy is innocent. Next there appears Claire D'Avril, a pretty Parisian midinette, sweet and devoted. And last but not least comes Lady Muriel Strange, by some described as "the wickedest woman in London." These, each in her way, leave their marks on the character and the artistic career of the impressionable Frederick Dayton. The story opens in the railway station at Alexandria, where Mrs. Grandison and her fifteen-year-old daughter Dorothy meet young Dayton, all three being bound for Cairo. Dayton is twenty-four, and admits that if the girl had only been a couple of years older he would have fallen in love on the spot —which is exactly what Dorothy does. They are together day after day; the girl does not attempt to hide her heart, and so it happens on the eve of Frederick's departure for Paris they become tacitly engaged. After Dorothy has gone home he meets Claire D'Avril—and straightaway Dorothy is forgotten. Being summoned home by his mother's illness he perforce leaves Claire behind to face motherhood alone and practically without money; so she sublets the studio. On the train between Paris and Cherbourg the young artist meets Lady Muriel Strange. Arriving in New York, Dayton renews his affection for Dorothy Grandison, and almost at his mother's deathbed they are married. Meantime to Claire D'Avril, left alone in Paris, a daughter is born, and the girl accepts the friendship of Arnold Charnowski, a Polish painter and musician.

Note—The author treats us to a clever bit of musical psychology in telling how Claire D'Avril's little baby is found to possess a sense of "absolute pitch," indicating that some day she may make a great singer. Only musical geniuses, such as Mozart and Handel and Chopin, possessed this precocity; the trait also raises for discussion the interesting question of heredity.

AS nearly as the historian can judge, Nature, who never sleeps, had seized joyously upon the very first occasion which the Daytons had offered her to justify their marriage in the eyes of men and gods and each other.

Dayton must have had prophetic qualities, for he loved his child before she was born. That love came to him even with the first suspicion that there was going to be a child. It became almost emotional with the certainty. Already was established that bond, transcending, perhaps, in beauty and unselfishness all other bonds, which sometimes attaches a father to his daughter.

The historian has failed lamentably if he has not made it very clear that Dayton's emotions were easily led. But it would be difficult to produce a man in whom was no faithfulness whatever. And from the moment of her arrival in the world Dayton had for his daughter a veritable passion of understanding and attachment which was never to become stereotyped or stale. He always regretted that he had not had the daring to see her born. He had missed her first cry, and the first half hour of her existence. That he had failed his wife during the hours when she had most needed him never occurred to him. He had offered to be present. She had said that she would not have him present for anything, and he, average blundering man that he was, had believed her. Not many men subject themselves to the ordeal of seeing a child come into the world. That is a mistake. For when a man asks a girl to marry him he should be able to say: "I love her enough to make up even *that* to her."

She had blue eyes. She yawned in his face calmly and with studied insolence, as a lion yawns. She smiled a wide open, a gummy, a delectable smile. She gripped his finger. The warmth of her hand, shaped like a clinging star-fish, leapt like an electric current to his heart. And this beat like that of an untrained man who has just run swiftly up a steep stair. Still gripping his finger, she slept.

He had been through a great emotional experience. For twenty hours, and for his sake, a woman had been in anguish. From her mouth, the home of a soft and lovely voice, chapped now by chloroform, there came only a hoarse whisper.



For some hours now Claire had been a mother. But it was more as if she had gone out into the streets, seen a baby that she fancied, and brought it home with her.

Dorothy looked so thin and wasted, he thought she must be dying. That the nurse laughed at his fears did not diminish the fact that he had experienced them . . . still gripping his finger, the little daughter slept. Tears gathered in Dayton's eyes, and overflowed and ran down his cheeks.

It was one of those highly concentrated moments when the good that a man has done, the evil, his failures, his success, no longer have a place even in his subconsciousness. There existed for Dayton nothing but the intensity of emotion which had been roused in him by a yawn, a smile, and the grip of a little hand.

If at that moment a spirit had touched him on the shoulder and said: "Your wife is not the only woman who has gone through hell for you, nor is this red and wrinkled thing your only daughter. But you have never seen the other. She too, in the first hour of her life, yawned and smiled, and she would have gripped too, if you had been there to hold out your finger to her. But there was only poor Claire D'Avril and the slovenly old midwife——" it is doubtful if Dayton would have heard.

A JUDGMENT of Dayton should not be without leniency. If he had known that Claire D'Avril was to have a baby he would not have deserted her. He was not the kind of man who makes an open issue with Fate. It is quite likely that, led by emotion and real tenderness, and driven by remorse, he might have married her. We do know that, baby or no baby, he had every intention of keeping her supplied with money and

Copyright, 1917, by International Magazine Co. (Hearst's)—Copyrighted in Great Britain

. even, for a time, with love. Some men would have kept on writing letters longer than Dayton did; for constancy varies in duration, not intensity; but no man, if never an answer came to any of the letters, would have kept on writing them forever. Because he yielded easily to temptation is no proof that Dayton did not know the difference between right and wrong. He knew it perfectly well, and he honestly felt that he had given Claire D'Avril a square deal. He honestly thought that she must have received some of his letters and, for reasons easily guessed, was ashamed to answer them. A girl of her temperament and domestic instincts could not exist for very long without love. Sometimes with an odd feeling of jealousy he wondered what the new lover was like.

But Marie Claire's temperament and domestic instincts had not yet thrown her into the arms of another lover.

There were no loving hearts to give Claire D'Avril support and courage as her time drew near. There was no specialist to come to her at sixty miles an hour in case anything went wrong. With the exception of her own brave, aching heart, she had nothing that Dorothy had —not even money. She would have, when she had paid the greedy old midwife, a dark and narrow room with no rugs upon its stone floor, a hard little bed, a stiff little chair, a jug of water if she chose to fetch it, and her baby.

But one day, sick and frightened, as she sat looking out of her own window at the only pretty thing that was hers to look at—the blue sky—there was a sharp knocking on the door, and a moment later Arnold Charnowski was filling the room with his vivid and spectacular personality.

"You have not come to me lately," he said, "to see if there was any letter. So I became anxious, and came to you."

"How did you find out where I lived?"

"As a rule," said Charnowski, with the most engaging frankness, "I prefer mysteries to facts; but this is a very simple case. I paid a small boy to follow you. Pardon me, but you have come to the end of your money?"

"I shall have nothing to go on with," said Claire, "but I shall find work."

"After some weeks—yes. But in the meantime?"

She did not answer.

"Don't be so distant with me. I wished to be your lover; you did not wish that. Very well, it is over. Now I wish to be your friend. Don't you want my friendship either? . . . You silly child, I ask nothing of you, except the privilege to be of service. God has wished to deceive if he has not written in my face that I have a heart."

"I would like to trust you," said Claire, in a small voice, "but——"

"You are lonely and in trouble, yet it gives you no pleasure to see me. You would rather starve than take the help I offer. It's pathetic. Do you think your baby will feel the same way? How do you know what your baby is going to think about surviving? You're to do not even know whether that baby is to be a boy or a girl? You are absurd."

Claire D'Avril turned her head and seemed to be looking at the blue sky; but she could not see it, because her eyes had filled with tears.

"I refuse," said Charnowski gently, "to puff out my chest and blow about the kind of man I am. There is no use telling you that I am honest and mean to do right. If you do not feel these things instinctively, nothing that I can say is going to change you. It is true that I like pretty women, but I am not a fool. I know perfectly well when a woman is not for me. I have learned to like you and respect you for yourself. That has nothing to do with your good looks. I wish to be your friend, and to help you. But you do not trust me. I read you like a book. You believe that I have a fixed end in view; that offers of disinterested friendship and of help are only a cloak to my inherent baseness. You are even planning to change your habitation, so that the next time I shall not be able to find you. You think that I am a sort of spider who is trying to catch you in a net of hypocrisy. . . . My dear child, I understand perfectly. It is natural that you should feel toward me as you do; and yet it is a great pity. Still, if you will not let me act for you directly, I must do what I can indirectly. I shall speak to your uncle."

Claire D'Avril was on her feet in an instant.

"You mustn't do that. Already he has done more for me than he has any right to do. I have gone out of their lives. They think I have gone away somewhere with my friend. They do not know that I am in want—deserted. . . . If you told them I could find it in my heart to kill you!"

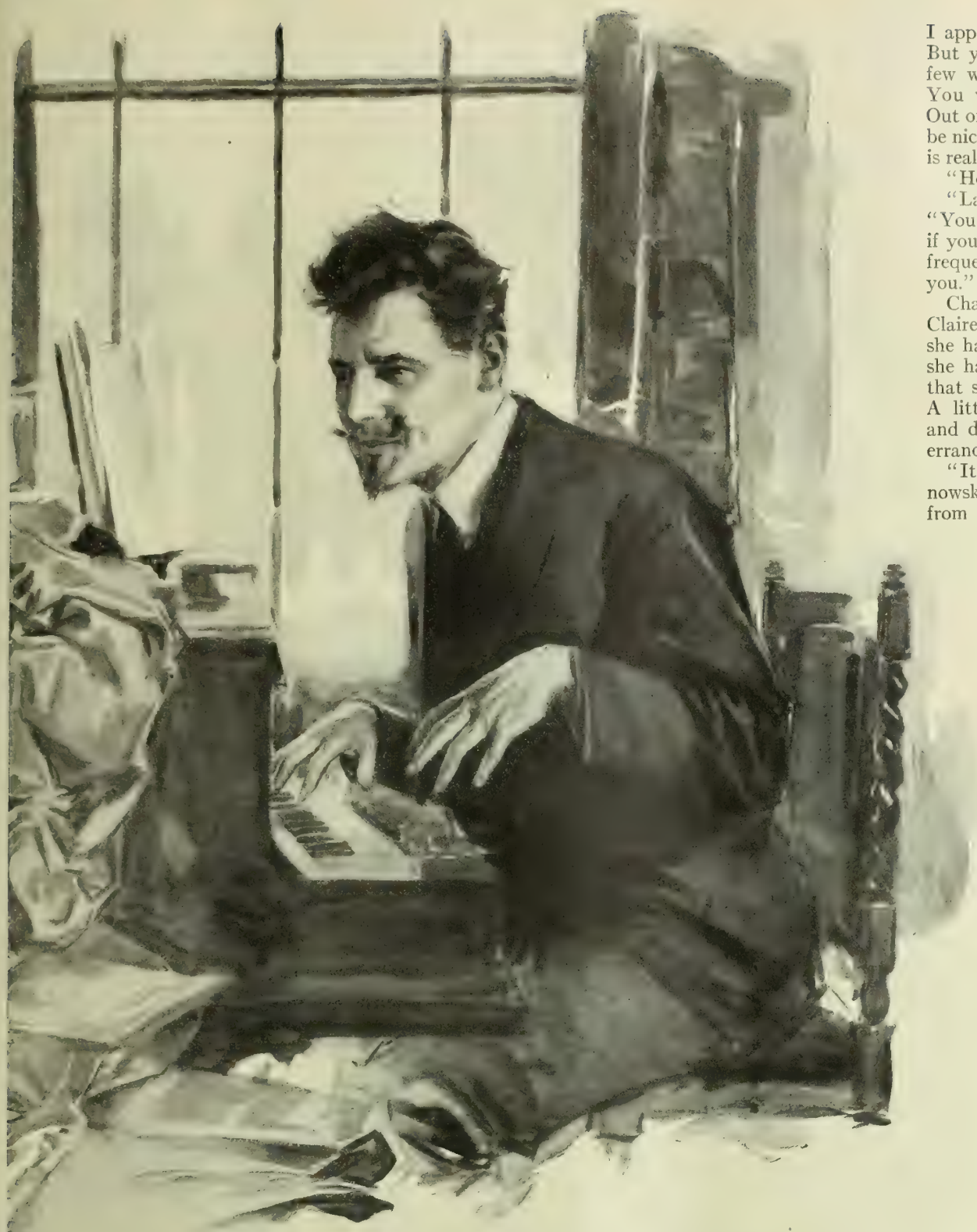
Charnowski nodded gravely, as if he understood perfectly.

"If there were degrees of impossibility," he said, "the most impossible thing would be to go back to that home from which we have set forth so gaily and so confidently and to confess that we have failed utterly. . . ." He struck his right fist energetically into the palm of his left hand, and in a vibrant voice exclaimed: "Catch me going home and confessing that the world has yet to hear me."

"You too?" asked Claire. "Have you failed?"



Arnold Charnowski, so far as Claire was concerned, had played to deaf ears – and he knew it!



But as he rose from the piano Claire's baby, who had been struggling and wriggling, suddenly stretched forth both its tiny hands and crowed with delight. "It's a miracle!" he declared. "Three times she has crowed in the key in which I was playing!"

"Not yet!" said Charnowski, and his voice was like the snapping of a coach whip. He paced the room for half a minute, by turns frowning and smiling. Then he broke into a good-natured laugh.

"You'd rather take help from me than from your uncle; is that a fact?"

"Yes," said Claire.

"We have, then, one bond in common. I would rather touch Satan for a loan than my own father, whom I love and revere, and who would lend gladly, because he still believes in me. Let's have no more nonsense, young lady. I will see you through your trial, and then if you wish no more of my friendship——" he snapped his strong fingers and said "Phtt!"

Every day or so Charnowski came to see her; sometimes he stayed a long time; sometimes he only looked in for a moment. He was kind and practical, but reserved. She began to believe in his friendship. And though she had as yet taken no money from him, she acquired toward him feelings of obligation and gratitude. And she talked very frankly with him about her future.

Deep in Claire D'Avril's heart was the notion that Dayton would come back to her some day, and that when he discovered that there was a child he might wish to marry her. There would be a time of hardship and temptation, but in the end there would be plenty and happiness. In this belief Charnowski encouraged her. He was a subtle man.

One day he could not conceal that he was elated over something.

"We are in luck," he said. "I have found an excellent position for you. That good old Larrousse who conducts the Tête D'Or, where I take most of my meals, has dismissed his *dame du comptoir*. I have spoken to him very strongly on your behalf. He is going to give you a trial. In the meanwhile his daughter has consented to keep the books. The pay is good, the hours are not long. You accept. It is understood."

"But I must have work that I can do here."

Charnowski shook his head. "You will live at the Tête D'Or," he said. "You will have time not only to make the change for the customers, and to keep the old man's books, but to look after your baby as well. All that will arrange itself beautifully. It is one of the reasons why I appear so conceited and pleased with myself. But you shall not work until you are able. A few weeks' rest; that will not cost you much. You will accept that rest as a loan from me. Out of your wages you shall pay me back. Now be nice! Say to yourself: 'This poor Charnowski is really trying to be my friend,' and accept!"

"How kind you are!" exclaimed Claire.

"Larrousse is a good old soul," said Charnowski. "You know his place, of course. Middle-class, if you like, but quiet and respectable. It is not frequented by the type of men who might annoy you."

Charnowski called again the next day; but Claire D'Avril had company. For some hours she had been a mother. But it was more as if she had gone out into the streets, seen a baby that she fancied and brought it home with her. A little pale, a little tremulous, she was up and dressed. And already she had been on an errand.

"It is classic! It is Roman!" exclaimed Charnowski. And his eyes, full of wonder, roved from Claire D'Avril to the tiny emotionless figure, closely swaddled, that lay on one of the pillows at the head of the bed.

Claire D'Avril couldn't help boasting a little.

"In all Madame Aimée's experience," she said, "it has never happened so easily before. What would you? I am not without courage. I did everything she told me to, and never cried out at all. But perhaps you think it was pleasant!"

"May I look?"

Charnowski stepped swiftly to the bed, and Claire D'Avril drew aside the swaddling clothes so that he could see the baby's face.

"But," he exclaimed, "that is not a wrinkled-up monkey; it is a human being. It has hair and dimples. That is not an ordinary baby at all. That is a little cabbage, a treasure."

After that speech Claire D'Avril had no longer any mistrust of Arnold Charnowski. Her heart warmed to him.

"But tell me," he said. "It's a son?"

"Oh, no," she exclaimed indignantly.

"Good," said Charnowski, "I prefer daughters. They do not come home smelling of absinthe and cigarets."

They both laughed. Presently, with gentle gravity, he said:

"And my friendship? You have decided to accept that?"

"Yes," said Claire D'Avril, "I have misjudged you. I am sorry."

"It is nothing," he said.

"And in a very few days," she said, "I can go to the Tête D'Or. And then I can begin paying you back."

Out of her first week's wages she had expected to make a payment to Charnowski; but the destitute conditions in which the baby had come into the world had tempted her into divers extravagances. Charnowski only laughed. He said he did not care if she never paid him. But two months later she owed neither Charnowski nor any other man a penny. If this was a discomfiture to Charnowski he swallowed it with good grace.

"Frankly," he told her. "I am glad. It is difficult to believe in the disinterestedness of those to whom we owe money. But are you happy here?"

"I am secure," said Claire. "Père Larrousse is a good man. My baby has never had a day's illness. The habitués of the place are a decent lot. But happiness? That is a strong word. For more often I feel like crying than laughing."

"I admire your courage," said Charnowski. "It is your finest quality. But I had hoped that with the baby to think about you would soon forget. Tell me, does the wound still smart as cruelly as it did at first?"

"Why, yes," said Claire, "but I have not so much time to think of what I have lost."

"You should try to forget."

"I don't want to forget. Why should I pretend that I have not lived and been happy. It would be a folly and a pose. And besides, I think he will come back. When he knows about the little girl he will come back."

"When he knows, perhaps, yes! But these Americans! How do they ever find out anything? Do you know that if our beautiful country were picked up and dropped on the United States it would resemble only a very small stamp on a very large envelope? And if the years pass, and he does not come back? How will you establish yourself? I speak, not for the purpose of hurting your feelings, but out of friendship. It is your worst fault that you do not try to look far into the future. You do not always expect to be a *dame du comptoir*, I suppose?"

Claire D'Avril shook her head. "I dream," she said smiling "that I shall save enough money to establish myself in a little business. In the meanwhile—thanks to you—I have a position which satisfies me."

Charnowski gathered up the change which she had made for him, and slipped it into his trouser pocket.

"You do not come any more to inquire if there is a letter?"

"I do not expect that one will come now," she said simply.

"But the studio, where you were so happy; nothing is changed. Aren't you ever going to pay me a little visit and drink a cup of tea? I am a little hurt that you haven't come of your own accord. It's as if you did not feel sure of me. Will you come some day and bring the baby? Then I will know that we are really to be friends."

"I will come to-morrow," said Claire. "Between three and five, when I am not needed here."

"I hope you will come at three and stay till five," said Charnowski gallantly.

But it was a little past four when she stepped once more into the familiar room. Her heart was beating quickly. It was not an easy moment for her.

But Charnowski, by behaving as if she was in the habit of coming, made it as easy as he could. He behaved with perfect naturalness.

Over the statue which Dayton had made of Claire a sheet was draped. And for this piece of consideration she was grateful. But neither of them made any reference to the fact. Presently Claire D'Avril began to scold Charnowski.

"You have been idle," she said. "You made me believe that you were only my poor hands left, and I don't see as much as a sketch. Where is the [illegible] for the salon?"

Charnowski silenced her by a gesture.

"It made a fine [illegible] to sold. Indeed I have burned everything. But to-morrow I have a new model coming, and I shall begin again from the beginning." He pointed to a fresh canvas in place on the big easel.

"I have had rotten luck with models," he went on. "Only those, it seems, who are ugly and badly made go into the business. But I am trying a new one to-morrow. Her face is not bad. As for the rest, we shall see what we shall see." He shrugged his shoulders and turned to the piano.

"Fortunately," he said, "I play a little. And when I am utterly discouraged I play and I forget."

And as if one of those moments of depression was upon him he stepped brusquely to the piano, swept the sheets of music with which it was heaped to the floor, flung open the top, seated himself, and struck a chord that was like a clap of thunder. For a quarter of an hour it was as if a storm were raging in the studio.

Even Claire D'Avril, who did not know one note from another, was affected by the power and the virtuosity of Charnowski's playing. There were moments when it seemed as if he had twenty strong hands instead of only two. He took her breath away. But it was not the beauty of the music which affected her; it was the volume and the speed. She would have been similarly affected by seeing a man jump from the top of a high building.

Charnowski had played to deaf ears and he knew it. But, as he turned from the piano, Claire's baby, who had been struggling and wriggling, suddenly stretched forth both its tiny hands and crowed with delight.

Almost roughly Charnowski took the baby from Claire and carried her to the window. She crowed again. And he looked into her mouth. Then he looked at her ears. They were thin and delicate and very flat to her head. He carried her to the piano, and holding her with his left arm, played a charming little accompaniment with his right hand, and sang very softly and sweetly to her. Claire could not understand the words.

While he was singing the baby kept as still as a mouse. But when he had finished she wriggled strongly, and crowed at the top of her lungs. Again he played and sang, and again the baby listened, and again, when he had finished, did her best to applaud.

"It is a miracle," said Charnowski simply; "she is one in ten million. I wish to God she was mine. I wonder if it has ever happened in the world before? They tell extraordinary tales of Mozart and of our own Chopin; but this cabbage three times has crowed on the same key in which I was playing!"



"You'll come, then, and pose for me to-morrow?" exclaimed Charnowski. "Oh, what a load you have taken off my mind! But how shall I thank you?"

As if she had been a precious vase of paper-thin porcelain he returned the baby to her mother's arms.

"The father," he said, "must have had more music in him than I have gathered from his exercise-books. Be very careful of her, Claire D'Avril. It may be that some day she will be famous from one end of Europe to the other. I, myself, when she is a little older, will give her lessons. See, she wants to come to me."

"And that is also a miracle," Claire laughed, "because it is her dinner-time."

Claire colored a little.

"Do you mind?" she said.

"Of course not. I will make some toast for tea."

He went into the little kitchen and closed the door behind him.

THE Countess de Ségour had never heard of Arnold Charnowski; but she liked Poles as a rule and sent word that she would receive him.

Neither the Countess's luxurious surroundings nor the fact that his own clothes were a little shabby troubled Charnowski. He was quite at his ease. He thanked her for receiving him, and gave his excuse for having ventured to call upon her.

"I have rented the studio which was formerly your brother's," he said. "He seems to have left behind him certain belongings of a purely personal nature, and while these things are not actually in my way, I feel a certain responsibility about them. Briefly, madam, I should like his address."

"I will give you that very willingly," said the Countess, and she wrote it out upon a slip of paper. "You knew my brother?"

"I have not that pleasure. And yet I feel as if I know him. He modeled a little, drew a little, painted a little, (*Continued on page 62*)

The Great West that Was

"Buffalo Bill's" Life Story

By Col. William F. Cody

IN THE preceding chapters I have sketched briefly some of the most interesting of my adventures on the Plains. It has been necessary to omit much that I would like to have told. For twenty years my life was one of almost continuous excitement, and to tell the whole story would require many volumes.

It was because of my great interest in the West, and my belief that its development would be assisted by the interest I could awaken in others, that I decided to bring the West to the East through the medium of the Wild West Show. How greatly I was to succeed in this venture I had no idea when it first occurred to me. As I have told you, I had already appeared in a small Western show, and was the first man to bring Indians to the East and exhibit them. But the theater was too small to give any real impression of what Western life was like. Only in an arena where horses could be ridden at full gallop, where lassos could be thrown, and pistols and guns fired without frightening the audience half to death, could such a thing be attempted.

After getting together a remarkable collection of Indians, cowboys, Indian ponies, stage-coach drivers and other typical denizens of my own country under canvas I found myself almost immediately prosperous.



Buffalo Bill's characteristic farewell at the conclusion of his Wild West shows.

We showed in the principal cities of the country, and everywhere the novelty of the exhibition drew great crowds. As owner and principal actor in the enterprise I met the leading citizens of the United States socially, and never lost an opportunity to "talk up" the Western country, which I believed to have a wonderful future. I worked hard on the program of the entertainment, taking care to make it realistic in every detail. The wigwam village, the Indian war-dance, the chant of the Great Spirit as it was sung on the Plains, the rise and fall of the famous tribes, were all pictured accurately.

It was not an easy thing to do. Sometimes I had to send men on journeys of more than a hundred miles to get the right kind of war-bonnets, or to make correct copies of the tepees peculiar to a particular tribe. It was my effort, in depicting the West, to depict it as it was. I was much gratified in after years to find that scientists who had carefully studied the Indians, their traditions and habits, gave me credit for making very valuable contributions to the sum of human knowledge of the American native.

The first presentation of my show was given in May, 1883, at Omaha, which I had then chosen as my home. From there we made our first summer tour, visiting practically every important city in the country.

For my grand entrance I made a spectacle which comprised the most picturesque features of Western life. Sioux, Arapahoes, Brulés, and Cheyennes in war-paint and feathers led the van, shrieking their war-whoops and waving the weapons with which they were armed in a manner to inspire both terror and admiration in the tenderfoot audience.

Next came cowboys and soldiers, all clad exactly as they were when

(*Concluded on page 66*)



The original Wild West Show, taken at Earl's Court, London, 1887. Among the members of the company are Viola Clemmons, Buffalo Bill's daughter, Asta Cody, Nate Salisbury, Jim Mitchell, the head cowboy, Pawnee Bill, and Annie Oakley, called "Little Sure Shot."

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE CO. (HEARST'S)—COPYRIGHTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

A Lady in Distress

by

George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

Illustrated by Clarence F. Underwood

SYNOPSIS:—In a veritable Happy Valley somewhere among the Blue Mountains of the Old Dominion dwelt a few of the aristocratic F. F. V.'s, including three doughty Colonels and Little Linnet Merridell, last of her line—a dreamy, romantic slip of a girl just budding into womanhood. She revels in a trunkful of novels and gloats over a chest of her dead mother's finery in the attic, visioning herself as some bygone beauty and dressing the part accordingly after dark when Aunt Cynthia's safely asleep, and then masquerading in the moonlit old garden as "Lady Linnet Merridell" and wishing some cavalier lover would come. Despite a band of moonshiners on Eagle's Neck all is drowsily peaceful in the attic, visioning herself as some bygone beauty and dressing the part accordingly after dark when Aunt Cynthia's safely asleep, and then masquerading in the moonlit old garden as "Lady Linnet Merridell" and wishing some cavalier lover would come. Despite a band of moonshiners on Eagle's Neck all is drowsily peaceful in the Valley until valuable coal lands are discovered—to which little Linnet is the heir. Then things begin to happen, and best of all a Prince of the Garden really does appear. But Linnet's troubles are just beginning. The Prince fails to reappear, so the girl thinks she is deserted—"betrayed," she tells Louise, who makes a fine champion, although she has troubles of her own, owing to John Gibbing and the coal-lands and the three Colonels. Then the Lord of the Hollyhocks comes to the garden once more and is shot at by the three chivalrous old Colonels. So Linnet's romantic secret is exposed and she runs away to be a trained nurse. But the Colonels and Aunt Cynthia and Louise head her off, and Linnet returns to resume her rightful place in society.

A HEARTY chuckle came from the convalescent Ned Langdon. "My father is president of the Interstate Coal Company, the owner of the new mines down here."

"Sho!" Captain Jedd looked at him in surprise for a moment, and then his brows darkened. "We never did catch a revenuer down hyah yit that he didn't say he was Governor of Texas, or a Baptist preacher, or sumpin like that." Jedd looked about the bungalow, with its strange admixture of roughness and luxury; a silk lounging-robe on the rough board wall, a corncob pipe in an agate tobacco bowl. "Stands to reason you're tellin' a lie," he finally judged. "The son of the president of that thah coal company wouldn't be living hyah in a shack in the woods, a paintin', when he might be dancin' like them other spohts does. An' he wouldn't be prowlin' at night, messin' in other people's business. I'm afraid yo'all's in trouble, young man."

"Trouble has two edges, Cap'n Jedd."

"Sho, now, don't get uppish. If you're who yo' say yo' are, yo' cain't have nothin' agin me if you're square, and if you ain't square they ain't nobody goana hear about our difficulty. Because I won't tell and they ain't goana be nobody else to tell."

The young man studied that perfectly lucid proposition, then he laughed.

"I'll tell you all about it. Will you trade me a pipeful of your sun-cured for a pipeful of my fancy tobacco?"

When Bill Scoville and the white-mustached moonshiner stamped in, two hours later, the room was blue with smoke, and Cap'n Jedd was laughing heartily over Ned Langdon's adventure with a black bear in the wilds of Russia.

"Why, hello!" exclaimed Cap'n Jedd in surprise. "I thought you all was up protectin' some certain pussons?"

"We—ah," grinned Bill Scoville, and his grin spread and spread. "But a certain party came up to get certain pussons an' we put the certain party in whah the certain pussons was; an' they done gone!"

The three drooping-mustached men looked at each other in grinning silence for a moment; then they threw back their heads and laughed long and loud; after which Cap'n Jedd rose and took his rifle.

"Mr. Langdon," introduced Jedd, with a keen glance at his two partners; "leastwise, that's who he says he is. Supposin' yo' keep him company till I come back."

BANG! The two Byrds and the three Colonels stared in stupefaction at the screen-door. Its slam had been the last of Louise Darlton! Long after the little gray car had whizzed up the road toward Hammond, the five continued to stare at the screen-door, motionless. The three Colonels were in a row in front of the long couch, their chests deflated, their goatees drooping, and their mouths open; Aunt Cynthia Byrd stood by the center table, her forefinger still extended but hanging at her side, and the severity out of her neck; Linnet sat stricken in her chair, bent forward, her knees together and her feet together, as she had been taught from childhood; and neither Linnet nor the Colonels nor Aunt Cynthia noticed that the smoke still curled up from the cigaret held between two slender white fingers!

Colonel Buckingham Blake was the first to recover from the shock of the stupendous catastrophe. He looked slowly around from face to face, he drew a deep sigh, and then he said:

"Miss Darlton is gone!"

No one disputed him. Except for that one observation silence pervaded the long, low parlor from end to end, and crept up behind the portraits of the severe old Byrds and Kingstons, and dripped from the picture-molding. It lasted until Colonel Josh removed his Panama from under his left arm and tucked it under his right arm, and sighed, and said:

"Miss Darlton was a good woman!"

Nobody disputed that. The house was so full of emptiness that it seemed hollow. It was like coming home from a funeral. Why, she had sat in that chair often and often. She had always looked at the clock as she came in. How noisily the clock ticked.

A sniffle! Linnet.



"Louise," coaxed John Gibbing, "if you'd only taken a life job with me——" The girl savagely interrupted: "I congratulate you on your nerve, coming to me with that orange-blossom stuff right from the arena!"

Copyright, 1917, by International Magazine Co. (Hearst's)—Copyrighted in Great Britain

Nobody paid any attention. A sniffle at this solemn moment seemed natural and normal. Out in the kitchen there was a clatter of tinware. It seemed sacrilege. Colonel Tom ran his fingers through the gray curls at the back of his neck, sighed deeply, and said:

"Miss Darlton was the sunshine of Magnolia Pass!"

Nobody disputed that either. Combativeness had departed from the Byrd residence with the young business-woman; peace reigned there instead. Oppressive peace. It was peace from which there seemed no escape, peace which settled down like a thick fog! Miss Cynthia Byrd crossed her wrists, sighed, and said:

"Excuse me."

Thereupon Miss Cynthia, in deep thought, walked out of the long, low parlor, and across the hall into the library, and turned up the reading-light, and looked at it. Colonel Buckingham Blake gazed after her a moment, and left the long, low parlor. He paused in front of the library door, but did not say the thing he had felt that he was about to say. Instead, he stepped back to the stairway and leaned against the newel-post to think. Colonel Joshua Peters glanced all around the room until his eyes came to rest on the portrait of the forbidding Ichabod, then he sighed, and stalked out, and stood hesitantly by one of the smooth, round pillars. Presently he strolled around to the side-porch, his head hung in cogitation. Colonel Tom went sadly out and leaned against the gate.

There was a sharp pain in Linnet's finger. Oh! The cigaret. It was burning her. She dropped it in a big empty vase and forgot it. A picture of woe was Linnet as she sat, head drooped, back curved forward in dejection, her arms on her knees, her little white fingers moistly interlacing, and the short gingham slip revealing her pink-clad calves. Oh! oh! oh! Linnet Merridell! You are the little girl who thought so well of herself but a few brief hours ago; you are the little girl who lived such a high-and-mighty life as Lady Linnet; you are the little girl who was the Belle of Magnolia Pass and of Icy Springs, of Crystal Rock and Greenmount, and everywhere within the scope of a six-cylinder motor. You were Miss Merridell! And now who are you? Nobody! Just nobody; a nobody with the manners of the streets! Great waves of shame covered Linnet, and weighted her down, and smothered her. Then they rolled on over into the library, where Miss Cynthia had automatically taken the "Imitation" from the shelf, and opened it upside down.

Why, Cynthia! How are you fallen from your high estate! You raised your voice in anger tonight, Miss Cynthia; you forgot that to have the breeding of a gentlewoman entails certain strict obligations of repression, certain strict obligations of dignity. You rose trembling with rage. You went so far as to point a shaking finger; and you spoke shrill and high like—what? Like a woman of the streets! Why, Cynthia! And you, the daughter of General Byrd, a direct descendant of Governor Kingston! The blush of humiliation mounted to the waxen cheeks of Miss Cynthia. It spread, it enveloped her, it burned on her entire body. There was humiliation and to spare, and it wavered out into the hall, pulsing and vibrating; and it crept up the majestic frame of Colonel Buckingham Blake.

It was Colonel Buckingham Blake who was always vociferously aiding ladies in distress; and yet, when a real need had presented itself, what had Buck Blake done? Stood still and kept his mouth shut! Why, he had allowed a charming young woman to go out of this very house, not five minutes ago, resting under a most unjust accusation! Not a word of defense out of Colonel Buckingham Blake, not a movement to stop that charming young woman! No wonder the hot flush of remorse rose to the face of Colonel Buckingham Blake; and radiating its heat from him, pulsed out to the front gate, and smoked Colonel Thomas Smiley.

By gollies, he was a downcast man! A blundering, bungling old fat fool was Tom Smiley. As fresh as the morning and sweet as a flower had been Miss Darlton, and her heart was gold! What had Tom Smiley done for her in exchange for her sweetness and goodness? Bungled! By gollies, he had bungled every time near the Sunshine of Magnolia Pass! This last was the worst bungle of all. Tom Smiley had stood by and permitted Miss Darlton to be insulted, and just because he had been stupefied by her mentioning his infernal bungling! The mortification which Tom Smiley underwent was so copious that it overflowed in every direction, and trickled around to the side-porch where sat Colonel Joshua Peters, his square chin in his hands, and his somber eyes fixed on his square-toed shoes.



There was a sharp pain in Linnet's finger. Oh! the cigaret was burning her! She dropped it and forgot it. A picture of woe was Linnet as she sat, head drooped, her arms on her knees, and that short gingham slip revealing her pink-clad calves!

Well, so justice was the motto of Josh Peters! Always preaching it and most ostentatiously practising it. Yes, indeed, he was a very just man, was Josh—to hear him talk about it. Yet where had his sense of justice been sleeping when Miss Cynthia had brought that libelous accusation against the most blameless as well as the most exhilarating young woman Josh Peters had ever met? No wonder self-contempt struck in on Josh and consumed him. There was so much of the self-contempt that some of it crept under the eternally-locked side-door and into the parlor; and there it joined the merry circle of shame and humiliation and remorse and mortification. They occupied the entire front of the Byrd residence to-night, leaping and surging and pulsing and burning, running from parlor to hall, and from hall to library, and from library to gate, and from gate to side-porch, and on in again to Linnet—all of them, singly and together: shame, humiliation, remorse, mortification, and self-contempt.

What had she done! What had she done! She was shrunken and shriveled in her misery. It had come to her, now, that she had been the cause of sending Louise away; good, kind Louise! What had she done! What had she done!

After all, what had she done? She raised her



In a small rose-arbor sat a slender young lady in a simple white organdie, when suddenly appeared the Lord of the Hollyhocks, the Prince of the Lady of Night, he who had vanished into the land of the sunset!

head slightly, as she asked herself this question specifically. So far, she had only had the general vague impression of having done something very shocking, disgraceful, and ineradicable. What had she done? She had put on her gingham slip, she had lit a cigaret, she had used a few words of modern small-talk, recited a quotation from Shakespeare, sat in a chair and crossed her knees. The gingham slip! She had worn one most of her life; had worn it to-night because she had been asked to do so. What was there wrong about that? She had lit a cigaret. Nice ladies smoke cigarets; however, Linnet had only lit this one in a spirit of playfulness. In a spirit of playfulness she had done all the rest. And what was wrong about that? It didn't seem so very wrong when she came to look at it in detail; but when she was through looking at it in detail she decided that it was wrong anyhow! Suddenly she knew what was the matter. To use the language of the seven eager entertainers, she had been playing the [illegible] Oh! Oh! Oh!

Aunt Cynthia carefully put a bookmark in the place she had opened at random, and laid the "Imitation" on the table. It had just occurred to her that Louise had not smoked a cigaret in this house, even in the privacy of her own room because of Linnet! Why, Cynthia! Here they come, all five, surging into the room and overwhelming her; all five of those most vicious of fiends: shame and humiliation and remorse and mortification and self-contempt. Then they went leaping round and round the house, the five fiends!

There's Buck Blake, his brow suddenly beading with hot perspiration, as he remembers how set Louise had been on keeping Linnet's secret to themselves.

There's Tom Smiley, fanning himself as he remembers how sweet Miss Darlton was after each and every one of their bunglings; that is, immediately after she had blown them up, which latter was only fine and high-spirited in her, by gollies! And now she was driven away by insult; insult in the house of a gentlewoman! By gollies! The five fiends simply tear around Tom!

There's Josh Peters, cracking his knuckles, as the five fiends pounce on him. The doggoned injustice of it that, through all of them, this fine, warm-hearted young woman should lose her promising legal controversy; and, besides, her fine and lucrative position. Gentlefolk! How had they shown it? By errors and bad counsel, and finally by insult!

Now Linnet. "Go to your room!" The hot blood surged through Linnet's temples and cheeks and eyes and lips, and burned and scalded them. Oh! Oh! Oh! Never had Aunt Cynthia spoken to her like that! Even in Linnet's childhood she had been given the dignified address due to a gentlewoman and a granddaughter of General Byrd. "Go to your room!" Oh! Oh! Oh! She had lost the badge and insignia of her high degree; the courtesy of her only peer!

New shame; fresh shame! The five fiends came gleefully tumbling in with some more of Aunt Cynthia's unrepressed words. "You did this! You brought the manners of the streets to the daughter of gentlefolk!" The manners of the streets! The Byrd code contained three unalterable tenets, viz.: There were certain things which gentlefolk *must* do; There were certain things which gentlefolk *must not* do: There were no things which gentlefolk *might* do! Linnet did not know the manners of the streets; but she did know that her actions in the parlor had transgressed the sternest of the three rules set down for gentlefolk. She had done one of the things she *must not* do! She had been unladylike, and in the house of her fathers! She, a granddaughter of General Byrd, had deliberately, and with full knowledge of what she was doing, flaunted into the parlor, and had brought with her the manners of the streets! She shrank and shrank and shrank. "She had brought the manners of the streets to the child of gentlefolk." Who had? Oh, yes! That had referred to Louise! It was Louise Darlton who had brought the manners of the streets to the child of gentlefolk; and the child of gentlefolk had brought the manners of the streets into the parlor! Linnet sat bolt upright. It had taken her this long to become conscious that to Louise had been given all the blame for the disgraceful action of the granddaughter of General Byrd. Louise! Good, kind-hearted, earnest Louise! The little figure on the chair bent forward again, leaned far down this time, and rested her hot temples between her hot palms, while great waves of shame swept over and over her. About the worst thing to do, after slurring one's family and one's self, was to slur one's friends! And after that the worst thing to do was to allow such a condition to go uncorrected.

The granddaughter of General Byrd rose, her neck stiffened, and her pointed little chin came up; then, with a dignity which not even the shameless little gingham slip could conceal, she walked into the library, where Aunt Cynthia was now using the "Imitation" for an elbow-rest, one hollow temple pressing into the palm of a waxen hand.

"I wish to apologize for my conduct, Aunt Cynthia. I am thoroughly ashamed."

Aunt Cynthia raised her eyes. "Thank you," she returned. "I wish also to apologize for the manner in which I corrected you."

"Thank you," quavered Linnet. "I—I wish to rectify a grave injustice! Miss Darlton was not, in any degree, responsible for my having brought the—the—the manners——"

The falter stopped as Colonel Buckingham Blake stalked into the room, his chest distended and his goatee out.

"Miss Cynthia," said he roundly. "Ah have come to the conclusion that (*Continued on page 70*)



Answer, World!

By Angela Morgan

Decoration by Vincent Aderente

YES, I believe in armies—
Beautiful, sun-bright armies,
Rising out of the ruins of war
As riseth the morning star;
Swift to the world's salvation,
Splendid, equipped and strong,
Not nation armed against nation,
But men arrayed against wrong.
Braving the perilous places
Where evil and war begin,
Where the deadliest woe of the race is—
Smiting the foe within.
O men of the militant hour,
In your trappings of power,
Quick to answer the battle-cry
With your "Here am I!"
Flaming as men should flame
To avenge the shame
Of Belgian mother and maid,
Were your souls afraid
That ye went not forth to battle in time of peace
For daughters of shame who never may know release?

YE had heard of vice defiant,
Ye knew how the traps were set—
Did ye rise as a mighty giant,
Or did your souls forget?
O militant boys, O militant men, in your armored might,
Swift to answer the call of the nation's right;
Burning as men should burn to put to rout
Terror and crime without,
Marching forth with valor fierce
Where the bombs of war are hurled,
Where carrion claws of envy pierce
The flesh of the failing world. . .
When shall ye seek the sources
Where War and Poverty breed,
Fighting the world's real forces
Of Cruelty, Lust and Greed?
When shall ye cry, at the gates of the pitiless strong,
"Enough! Ye have fattened too long!"
When shall ye go where shame and lechery grin,
Break the door, enter in,
Lift the Magdalen's eyes:
"Sister, arise!
Too long for us have you walked the path of the dead,
Too long have our lusts been fed."

Yes, I believe in armies,
Real men to fight real foes;
Striking straight where the harm is,
Where the root of avarice grows.

WOMEN who thrill to the bugle shrill,
Have you ever seen the pitiful, lean
Cheek of a starving child?
Have you heard the wild
Desperate wail of the mother who could not pay
Thrust to the icy street on a brutal day? . . .
Picture it now: a broken bed, a chair,
A wretched shawl to cover her despair—
Poor little wreck of a human mother's nest
Sprawling upon the pavement's hostile breast!
This have I seen, and more than my pen may tell—
Yea, with these eyes have I looked on the depths of hell
Where men and women, better under the sod—
Men and women, made in the likeness of God!—
Rotted in filth and poverty and disease,
While wealth went glittering by in its golden ease!
Answer, world! *When shall we fight for these?*
Which of you shall spring to the people's plight?
Answer, soldiers! You who are trained to fight!
I saw two children, once—their mother in prison, I think—
God! Shall I put it in ink?
My shuddering flesh faints when I think of those children,
Think of their dirt, their red-eyed, horrible plight;
Even now as I write,
With the shield of the years between,
I am sick at what I have seen.
O men, O women, you shrink!
You raise offended hands to your horrified eyes—
Would you cure the sore by disguise?
Would you hide the festering wound with tinsel and lace?
Well, cover your face;
Smile and smother your soul as you may,
There will come a day! . . .

YES, I believe in armies, weaponed with nobler laws,
Marching straight to the enemy's gate
To fight the human cause.
Searching the leprous places
Where sin and pestilence hide,
Where the real foe of the race is,
To smite the leer from the faces
Of Privilege, Lust and Pride.
Hail, men of the future!
The world's real patriots ye;
Above the dead I hear your tread that sets the people free!
And I hear the fife, and I hear the drum,
I hear the shouting wherever you come,
And I see the glory in your face
Who march to save the race!
Justice shall be your weapon and Truth the bomb you hurl,
Flag of united nations the banner you unfurl.
Hail, men of the present—do I hear your answering cry?
"Here am I! Here am I!"

Getting Married

"THERE is no subject on which more dangerous nonsense is talked and thought than marriage," says George Bernard Shaw in his preface to this clever modern comedy. Then, with his wittily trenchant pen, tipped with genial humor, biting satire, and sound logic, he proceeds to expose what he dubs our "inhuman and unreasonable" marriage laws and customs.

The action is continuous, covering a certain lovely morning in spring. The scene is laid in the modernized refectory and study in the Norman palace of the Bishop of Chelsea, the *Rt. Rev. Alfred Bridgenorth* (William Faversham). The immediate occasion is the marriage of the Bishop's youngest daughter *Edith* (Marjorie Eggleston). While the bride is supposed to be dressing, the wedding-breakfast preparing, and the guests gathering in the church, the near relatives and friends drop in one by one to discuss the event and air their own troubles and experiences to *Mrs. Bridgenorth* (Mrs.



The Bishop (William Faversham): "You must take us as we are, Mrs. George." *Mrs. George:* "Take me as I am! I ask no more!"

Mrs. Bridgenorth: "And she says she wants to marry both of them—Reginald and Sinjon—and a lot of other people as well!"

Edmund Gurney) and *Collins* (John Harwood), the latter a greengrocer in private life, who acts as caterer and major-domo upon such occasions, being accorded considerable freedom of speech as an old and trusted retainer.

First come *General* ("Boxer") *Bridgenorth* (Lumsden Hare) and *Lesbia Grantham* (Hilda Spong), a lady of very advanced ideas on marriage, who has long been unsuccessfully wooed by *The General*. *Lesbia* wants children, but hates to give up her freedom to any man. Next to appear are *Reginald Bridgenorth* (George Fitzgerald) and *Mrs. Reginald* ("Leo") *Bridgenorth* (Arleen Hackett); these two are in the divorce-court although the final decree has not been issued. Then come *St. John Hotchkiss* (Charles Cherry) who is in love with *Leo*, and *Cecil Sykes* (Hugh Dillman), *Edith's* fiancé; these twain develop a last-minute attack of conscientious scruples, and refuse to be made one.

To round out the group and the talk there are the Bishop's curate-secretary *Oliver Cromwell Soames*, "Father Anthony" (Edwin Cushman), an ascetic High Churchman who believes in celibacy; *Mrs. George* (Henrietta Crosman), the worldly-wise Lady Mayoress, and that peculiarly British functionary *The Beadle* (Herbert Belmore).

The prejudices and beliefs of all these puppets are as varied as their diverse personalities:

Mrs. Bridgenorth—Good morning, Boxer. Another niece to give away. This is the last of them.

The General—*(very gloomy)* Yes, Alice. Nothing for the old warrior uncle to do but give away brides to luckier men than himself. Has—*(he chokes)* has your sister come yet?

Mrs. Bridgenorth—Why do you always call Lesbia my sister? Don't you know that it annoys her more than any of the rest of your tricks?

The General—Tricks! Ha! Well, I'll try to break myself of it; but I think she might bear with me in a little thing like that. She knows that her name sticks in my throat.

By courtesy of the producer, William Faversham.



Leo: "I didn't say that I *wanted* to marry them, only that I'd *like* to marry them." *The Bishop:* "Quite a nice distinction, my dear!"

telling her so whenever we meet, though I know it makes her avoid me.

Mrs. Bridgenorth—What does she say when you tell her?

The General—Only that she wonders when I am going to grow out of it. I know now that I shall never grow out of it.

Mrs. Bridgenorth—Perhaps you would if you married her. I believe you're better as you are, Boxer.

The General—I'm a miserable man. I'm really sorry to be a ridiculous old bore, Alice; but when I come to this house for a wedding—to these scenes—to—to—recollections of the past—always to give the bride to somebody else, and never to have my bride given to me—(*he rises abruptly*) May I go into the garden and smoke it off?

Mrs. Bridgenorth—Do, Boxer.

Henrietta Crosman as *Mrs. George*, leading woman in "Getting Married."

Mrs. Bridgenorth—(*rallying him*) Oh come, Boxer! Really, really! We are no longer boys and girls. You can't keep up a broken heart all your life. It must be nearly twenty years since she first refused you. And you know that it's not because she dislikes you, but only that she's not a marrying woman.

The General—It's no use. I love her still. And I can't help

The Bishop to *Mrs. George:* "A little pluck, a little gaiety of heart, a little prayer, and you'll be laughing!" *Mrs. George:* "Never fear; I have all that!"

Collins enters with the wedding-cake.

Mrs. Bridgenorth—Oh, here's the cake. I believe it's the same one we had for Florence's wedding.

The Bishop: **"Don't hit him, Mrs. George, I beg of you.**

The General—I can't bear it (*hurries out through the garden door*)

Collins—(*putting cake on table*) Well, look at that, ma'am! Ain't it odd that after all the weddings he's given away at, the General can't stand the sight of a wedding-cake yet. It always seems to give him the same shock.

Mrs. Bridgenorth—Well, it's his last shock. You have married the whole family now, Collins.

Collins—Except your sister, ma'am. A fine character of a lady, ma'am, is Miss Grantham. I have an ambition to arrange her wedding breakfast.

Mrs. Bridgenorth — She won't marry, Collins.

Collins—Bless you, ma'am, they all say that. You and me said it, I'll lay. I did, anyhow. (*Lesbia and The General enter*)

Lesbia—How are you, Boxer? You look almost as yellow as the wedding-cake.

The General—I must a-going of appearing in uniform [illegible] a hero to [illegible]. It is not the custom in England; but it ought to be.

Lesbia—You look very fine, Boxer. What a frightful lot of [illegible] represent!

Mrs. George **to** *Hotchkiss* **(Charles Cherry): "You dare kiss me again, you young blackguard, and I'll jab this chair in your face!"**

The General—No, Lesbia. They represent despair and cowardice. I won all the early ones by trying to get killed. You know why.

Lesbia—But you had a charmed life?

The General—Yes, a charmed life. Bayonets bent on my buckles. Bullet passed through me and left no trace: that's the worst of modern bullet: I've never been hit by a dum-dum. When I was only a company officer I had at least the right to expose myself to death in the field. Now

Remember that Mr. Hotchkiss is my guest!"

I'm a General even that resource is cut off. (*Persuasively drawing his chair nearer to her*) Listen to me, Lesbia. For the tenth and last time——

Lesbia (*interrupting*) On Florence's wedding morning, two years ago, you said "For the ninth and last time."

The General—We are two years older, Lesbia. I'm fifty: you are—

Lesbia—Yes, I know. It's no use, Boxer. When will you be old enough to take No for an answer?

The General (*somewhat dazed*) Well, but—excuse my mentioning it—don't you want children?

Lesbia—I ought to have children. I should be a good mother to children. I believe it would pay the country very well to pay me very well to have children. But the country tells me that I can't have a child in my house without a man in it too; so I tell the country that it will have to do without my children. If I am to be a mother, I really cannot have a man bothering me to be a wife at the same time.

Mrs. Bridgenorth—Lesbia: Boxer: here's a pretty mess!

The General—What's the matter?

Mrs. Bridgenorth—Reginald's in London, and wants to come to the wedding.

The General (*stupefied*) Well, dash my buttons!

(*Concluded on page 79*)

The Cinema Murder

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrated by Armand Both

SYNOPSIS: Philip Romilly, an indigent young Englishman of good family, is making a bare living by teaching art in a cheap London school, and trying to write a play. His cousin, Douglas Romilly, is the wealthy head of a shoe company wherein the money that should have been Philip's has been lost. Beatrice Wenderly is almost as poor as Philip, yet they are tacitly engaged. But Douglas tempts the girl and wins her away, which so infuriates Philip that when the two meet on a canal path under a bridge there is a savage struggle and Douglas Romilly sinks beneath the filthy waters. During the fight Douglas's wallet is dropped, containing a large amount of money in notes, a draft on New York for twenty thousand pounds, and a steamer saloon ticket. Philip coolly resolves to shed his poverty and impersonate his cousin. His first successful adventures as Douglas are at the latter's previously engaged hotel rooms. Next day he goes aboard an Atlantic liner, and makes many shipboard acquaintances, among them a very clever American actress, Elizabeth Dalstan. She and a cinema producer had accidentally seen Douglas and Philip go under the bridge. They had seen only one man emerge. And now these two meet Philip on shipboard—not as Philip—but as Douglas; yet of course names mean nothing to them. The producer only thought he recognized Philip as the lone man of the canal path, but Elizabeth was sure she did. However, Philip is safe; she becomes his good friend and before the steamer lands she has promised to produce his play. Upon arriving in New York, Philip proceeds to "disappear" and becomes Mr. Merton Ware. While Elizabeth is in Chicago he works furiously at his play, but has some difficulty in avoiding recognition. In less than three months the play is produced and scores a great success. Meantime, Miss Dalstan and Philip become engaged. But on the night of the play's première, Inspector Dane, a detective from Headquarters, visits "Mr. Merton Ware" with hostile intentions, but Philip stands him off. Suddenly there is injected into his relations with Elizabeth a third personality—Sylvanus Power, owner of the theater where she is playing and a masterful millionaire. Power has some sort of a hold on the actress, and in his jealous rage attacks Philip. Then Beatrice Wenderly appears in New York, brought over by Inspector Dane



While Philip and Elizabeth sat there, without knock or ring the door was flung open and Beatrice appeared, accusing, gloveless, breathless. "You liar!" she shrieked at Philip. "You've had my money! You've spent it! Thief! Murderer!"

LATE though it was when Philip reached his rooms, he found on his writing-table a message addressed to him from the telephone booth in the building. He tore it open:

Kindly ring up Number 551 Avenue immediately you return, whatever the time.

He glanced at the clock, hesitated, and finally, approaching the instrument, called up Elizabeth's number. For a few moments he waited. The silence in the streets outside seemed somehow to have become communicated to the line, the space between them emptied of all the jarring sounds of the day. It was across a deep gulf of silence that he heard at last her voice.

"Yes? Is that you, Philip?"

"I am here," he answered. "I am sorry it is so late."

"Have you only just come in?"

"This moment."

"Has that girl kept you out till now?" she asked reprovingly.

"I couldn't help it," he replied. "It was her first night over here. I took her to Burrill's for supper."

"Is everything—all right with her? She doesn't mean to make trouble?" The unconscious irony of the question almost forced a smile to his lips.

"I don't think so," he answered. "She is thoroughly excited at the idea of possessing the money. I believe she thought that Douglas would have drawn it all. She is going straight to the bank early in the morning, to get hold of it."

"What about the man Dane?"

"He has gone to Chicago. He won't be back for several days."

There was a moment's pause. "Have you anything to ask me?" she inquired.

"Nothing."

"I have had the most extraordinary letter from Sylvanus. You and he have met?"

"Yes," he admitted.

"Philip, we must make up our minds."

"You mean that you must make up your mind," he answered gently.

There was another silence. Then she spoke a little abruptly:

"I wonder whether you really love me, Philip. No! . . . Don't, please—don't try to answer such a foolish question. Go to bed and sleep well now. You've had a trying day. Good-night, dear!"

He had barely time to say good-night before he heard her ring off. He set down the receiver. Somehow, there was a sensation of relief in having been, although indirectly, in touch with her. The idea of the letter from Sylvanus affected him only hazily. The crowded events of the day had somehow or other dulled his power of concentrated thought. He felt a curious sense of passivity. He undressed without conscious effort, closed his eyes, and slept until he was awakened by the movements of the valet about the room.

PHILIP was still seated over his breakfast, reading the paper and finishing his coffee, when the door was thrown suddenly open and Beatrice entered tumultuously. She laughed at his air of blank surprise.

"You silly!" she exclaimed. "I couldn't help coming in to wish you good-morning. I have just discovered that my hotel is quite close here. Lucky, isn't it, except that I am going to move. Good-morning, Mr. Serious Face!" she went on, leaning toward him, her hands behind her, her lips held out invitingly.

He set down his paper, kissed her on the cheek and looked inside the coffee-pot.

"Have you had your breakfast?"

"Hours ago. I was too excited to sleep when I got to bed, and yet I feel so well. Philip, where's Wall Street? Won't you take me there?"

He shook his head. "I am expecting a visitor and I have piles of work to do."

She made a grimace. "I know I shall be terrified when I march up to the counter of the bank and say I've come for twenty thousand pounds!"

"You must transfer it to a current account," he explained, "in your own name. Have you any papers with you—for identification, I mean?"

She nodded. "I've thought of all that. I've a photograph and a passport and some letters. It isn't that I'm really afraid, but I hate being alone, and you look so nice, Philip dear. I always loved you in blue serge and I adore your eyeglass. You really have been clever in the small things you have done to change your appearance. Perhaps you are right not to come, though," she went on, looking in the mirror. "These clothes are the best I could get at a minute's notice. Mr. Dane was really quite nice, but he hadn't the least idea how long it takes a woman to prepare for a journey. Never mind, you wait until I get back here this afternoon! I am going round to all the shops and I am going to bring away with me the clothes I buy. Then I am going to lock myself in my room and change everything. I am going to have some of those funny little patent-leather shoes, and silk stockings—and oh, well, all sorts of things you wouldn't understand about. And do try and cheer up before I get back, please, Philip. Twelve months ago you would have thought all this Paradise. . . . Oh, I can't stop a moment longer!" she wound up, throwing away

Copyright, 1917, by International Magazine Co (Hearst's). Copyrighted in Great Britain

the cigaret she had taken from the box and lit. "I'm off now. And, Philip, don't you dare to go out of these rooms until I come back!"

She turned toward the door—she was half-way there, in fact, when they were both aware of a ring at the bell. She stopped short and looked around inquiringly.

"Who's that?" she whispered.

Philip glanced at the clock. It was too early for Elizabeth.

"No idea," he answered. "Come in."

The door opened and closed. Philip sat as though turned to stone, Beatrice remained in the middle of the room, her fingers clasping the back of a chair. Mr. Dane, hat in hand, had entered.

"Good-morning, Miss Wenderly!" he said. "Good-morning, Mr. Ware!"

Philip said nothing. He had a horrible feeling that this was some trap. Beatrice at first could only stare at the unexpected visitor. His sudden appearance had disconcerted her.

"I thought you were in Chicago, Mr. Dane!" she exclaimed at last.

"My plans were altered at the last moment," he told her. "No, I won't sit down, thanks," he added, waving away the chair toward which Philip had pointed. "As a matter of fact, I haven't been out of New York. I decided to wait and hear your news, Miss Wenderly."

"Well, you're going to be disappointed, then," she said bluntly. "I haven't any."

Mr. Dane was politely incredulous. He was also a little stern.

"You mean," he protested, "that you cannot identify this gentleman—that you don't recognize him as Mr. Douglas Romilly?"

"I cannot identify him," she repeated. "He is not Mr. Douglas Romilly."

"I have brought you all this way, then, to confront you with a stranger?"

"Absolutely," she insisted. "It wasn't my fault. I didn't want to come."

Mr. Dane's expression suddenly changed. His hard knuckles were pressed on a corner of the table, he leaned forward toward her. Even his tone was altered. His blandness had all vanished, his gray eyes were as hard as flint.

"A stranger!" he exclaimed derisively. "Yet you come here to his rooms early in the evening, you stay here, you go to the theater with him the same night, you go on to supper at Burrill's and stay there till three o'clock in the morning, you are here with him again at nine o'clock—at breakfast-time. A stranger, Miss Wenderly? Think again! A story like this might do for Scotland Yard. It won't do for us over here."

She knew at once that she had fallen into a trap but she was not wholly dismayed. The position was one which they had half-anticipated. She told herself that he was bluffing, that it was simply the outburst of a disappointed man. On the whole, she behaved extraordinarily well.

"You brought me out here," she said, "to confront me with this man—to identify him, if I could, as Mr. Douglas Romilly. Well, he isn't Mr. Douglas Romilly, and that's all there is about it. As to my going out with him last evening, I can't see that that's any concern of any one. He was kind to me, cheered me up when he saw that I was disappointed. I told him my whole story and that I didn't know a soul in New York, and we became friends. That's all there is about it."

"That so?" the detective observed, with quiet sarcasm. "You seem to have a knack of making friends easily, Miss Wenderly."

"It is not your business if I have," she snapped.

"Well, we'll pass that, then," he conceded. "I haven't quite finished with you yet, though. There are just one or two more points I am going to put before you—and this gentleman who is not Mr. Douglas Romilly," he added, with a little bow to Philip. "The first is this: There is one fact which we can all three take for granted, because I know it—I can prove it a hundred times over—and you both know it; and that is that the Mr. Merton Ware of to-day traveled from Liverpool on the *Elletania* as Mr. Douglas Romilly, occupied a room at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel as Mr. Douglas Romilly, and absconded from there, leaving his luggage and his identity behind him, to blossom out in a cheap apartment in the Monmouth House as Mr. Merton Ware, a young writer of plays. Now, I don't think," Mr. Dane went on, leaning a little further over the table, "that the Mr. Douglas Romilly who has disappeared was ever capable of writing a play. I don't think he was a man of talent at all. I don't think he could have written, for instance, 'The House of Shams.' Let us, however, leave the subject of Douglas Romilly for a moment. Let us go a little further back—to Detton Magna, let us say. Curiously enough, there was another young man who disappeared from that little Derbyshire village about the same time, who has never been heard of since. His name, too, was Romilly. I gathered, during the course of my recent inquiries, that he was a poor relation, a cousin of Mr. Douglas Romilly."

"He was drowned in the canal," Beatrice faltered. "His body has been found."

"*A* body has been found," Mr. Dane corrected, "but it was in an

(*Continued on page 76*)



Philip's eyes, filled with the light of supreme terror, were fastened upon the new-comer. "Take him away!" he shrieked. "Don't be a fool!" cried Beatrice. "He's the most wonderful thing that ever happened! You'll never write a play like it, Philip! Now, Mr. Dane, shake hands with Mr. Douglas Romilly!"

Personal Adventures in the Spirit World

By Stephen Leacock

Illustrated by F. Strothmann



At this point, right in the middle of my conversation with Napoleon, the attendant touched me on the shoulder. "Your time is up," he said.

I DO not write what follows with the expectation of convincing or converting anybody. We Spiritualists—or Spiritists (we call ourselves both, or either)—never ask anybody to believe us. If they do, well and good. If not, all right. Our attitude simply is that facts are facts There they are, believe them or not as you like. As I said the other night, in conversation with Aristotle and John Bunyan and George Washington and a few others, why should anybody believe us? Aristotle, I recollect, said that all that he wished was that everybody should know how happy he was; and Washington said that for his part, if people only knew how bright and beautiful it all was where he was, they would willingly, indeed gladly, pay the mere dollar—itself only a nominal fee—that it cost to talk to him. Bunyan, I remember, added that he himself was quite happy.

But, as I say, I never ask anybody to believe me; the more so as I was once an absolute sceptic myself. As I see it now, I was prejudiced. The mere fact that spiritual *séances* and the services of a medium involved the payment of money condemned the whole thing in my eyes. I did not realize, as I do now, that these *medii*, like anybody else, have got to live; otherwise they would die and become spirits.

Nor would I now place these disclosures before the public were it not that I think that in the present crisis they will prove of value to the Allied cause.

But let me begin at the beginning. My own conversion to spiritualism came about, like that of so many others, through the more-or-less casual remark of a Friend.

Noticing me one day gloomy and depressed, this Friend remarked to me: "Have you any belief in Spiritualism?" Had it come from any one else, I should have turned the question aside with a sneer.

But it so happens that I owe a great deal of gratitude to this particular Friend. It was he who, at a time when I was so afflicted with rheumatism that I could scarcely leap five feet into the air without pain, said to me one day quite casually: "Have you ever tried PYRO for your rheumatism?" One month later I could leap ten feet in the air (had I been able to) without the slightest malaise. The same man, I may add, hearing me one day exclaiming to myself: "Oh! If there were anything that would remove the stains from my clothes!" said to me very simply and quietly: "Have you ever washed them in LUXO?" It was he too who, noticing a haggard look on my face after breakfast one morning, inquired immediately what I had been eating for breakfast; after which, with a simplicity and directness which I shall never forget, he said: "Why not eat HUMPO?"

Nor can I ever forget my feeling on another occasion when, hearing me exclaim aloud: "Oh! If there were only something invented for removing the proteins and amygdaloids from a carbonized diet and leaving only the pure nitrogenous life-giving elements!" seized my hand in his, and said in a voice thrilled with emotion: "There is! It has!"

The reader will understand, therefore, that a question, or query, from such a Friend was not to be put lightly aside. When he asked: "Do you believe in Spiritualism?" I answered with perfect courtesy: "To be quite frank, I do not."

There was silence between us for a time, and then my Friend said: "Have you ever given it a trial?"

I paused a moment as the idea was a novel one

"No," I answered, "to be quite candid, I have not."

Neither of us spoke for perhaps twenty minutes after this, when my Friend said: "Have you anything against it?"

I thought awhile and then: "Yes," I said, "I have."

My Friend remained silent for perhaps half an hour. Then he asked: "What?" I meditated for some time. Then I said:

"This: It seems to me that the whole thing is done for money. How utterly unnatural it is to call up the dead—one's great-grandfather, let us say—and pay money for talking to him."

"Precisely," said my Friend without a moment's pause. "I thought so. Now suppose I could bring you into contact with the spirit world through a medium, or through different *medii*, without there being any question of money, other than a merely nominal fee—the money being, as it were, left out of count, and regarded as only, so to speak, nominal, something given merely *pro forma* and *ad interim*. Under these circumstances, will you try the experiment?"

I rose and took my Friend's hand.

"My dear fellow," I said, "I not only will, but I shall"

From this conversation dated my connection with Spiritualism, which has since opened for me a new world.

IT would be out of place for me to indicate the particular address or the particular methods employed by the Agency to which my Friend introduced me. I am anxious to avoid anything approaching a commercial tinge in what I write. Moreover, their advertisement can be seen along with many others—all, I am sure, just as honorable and just as trustworthy—in the columns of any daily newspaper. As everybody knows, many methods are employed. The tapping of a table, the movement of a ouija board, or the voice of a trance medium, are only a few among the many devices by which the spirits now enter into communication with us. But in my own case the method used was not only simplicity itself, but was so framed as to carry with it the proof of its own genuineness. One had merely to speak into the receiver of a telephone, and the voice of the spirit was heard through the transmitter as in an ordinary telephone conversation.

It was only natural, after the scoffing remark that I had made, that I should begin with my Great-grandfather. Nor can I ever forget the peculiar thrill that went through me when I was informed by the head of the Agency that a tracer was being sent out for Great-grandfather to call him to the 'phone.

Great-grandfather—let me do him this justice—was prompt. He was there in three minutes. Whatever his line of business was in the spirit world—and I was never able to learn it—he must have left it immediately and hurried to the telephone. Whatever later dissatisfaction I may have had with Great-grandfather, let me state it fairly and honestly, he is at least a punctual man. Every time I called he came right away without delay. Let those who are inclined to cavil at the methods of the Spiritualists reflect how impossible it would be to secure such punctuality on anything but a basis of absolute honesty.

In my first conversation with Great-grandfather I found myself so absurdly nervous at the thought of the vast gulf of space and time across which we were speaking that I perhaps framed my questions somewhat too crudely.

"How are you, Great-grandfather?" I asked.

His voice came back to me as distinctly as if he were in the next room:

"I am happy, very happy. Please tell everybody that I am *happy*."

"Great-grandfather," I said, "I will. I'll see that everybody knows it. Where are you, Great-grandfather?"

(*Concluded on page 52*)



© 1911 BACHRACH

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Although many of the thoughts and conclusions herein were voiced several years ago, the great truths enunciated by Cardinal Gibbons possess an especially timely significance in view of those recent events which have proved a capital test of loyalty among citizens of all nationalities in these United States.

"For Altars and for Firesides"

Milestones in a Busy Life

By James Cardinal Gibbons

By COURTESY JOHN MURPHY COMPANY

"THERE are few Americans living now who can remember the things which I can. I have lived a long time, and I have lived through a very critical time. Not only have I held office many years, but I have held office during a time of transition, when the old order was changed." These are early statements made by James Cardinal Gibbons in the introduction to his latest publication, "A Retrospect of Fifty Years," published in two volumes by the John Murphy Company. The volumes comprise selections from the essays and sermons of His Eminence; and the following excerpts in turn have been taken here and there from these selections and fitted together into a mosaic, so to speak, as best seemed to meet the purposes of the present department.

"I followed Mr. Lincoln's dead body in procession when it was brought to this city [Baltimore]; I have seen every President since his death, and have known most of them personally; I was a grown man and a priest during the Civil War when it seemed as if our country were to be permanently divided. Very few people now living have seen the country in such distress as I have seen it. But I have lived, thank God, to see it in wonderful prosperity and to behold it grown into one of the great Powers of the earth. Younger men may tremble for the future of this country, but I can have nothing but hope when I think what we have already passed through, for I can see no troubles in the future which could equal, much less surpass, those which have afflicted us in bygone days. If only the American people will hold fast to that instrument which has been bequeathed to them as the palladium of their liberties—the Constitution of the United States—and fear and distrust the man who would touch that ark with profane hands, the permanence of our institutions is assured.

"Men have learned in this country to disagree profoundly without rancor or bitterness. With no compromise of principle on either side, moral worth, sterling character, kindly qualities of mind and heart bind together in goodwill, admiration and friendship the lives of those who do not worship at the same altar. For ourselves, we thank God we live in America, 'in this happy country of ours,' to quote Mr. Roosevelt, where 'religion and liberty are natural allies.'

"The great social problem is that of capital and labor; many are the schemes that have been put out to solve the problem. But they are all partial and incomplete remedies, because they look only to the material and temporal interests of man, and man after all is something more than a being of matter and time. He is a being under a higher dispensation, under the law of Christian charity. All social schemes based on the assumption that man's good lies in the natural order alone, must fail. The brotherhood of man is a dream unless it be founded in the Fatherhood of God.

"Our immigration laws are becoming more exacting as the nation awakens to certain dangers inevitable from the uncontrolled inpouring of European and Asiatic humanity. It is not likely, however, that the doors of the United States will ever be shut to those human elements that have brought growth and greatness in the past, and are in harmony with the fundamental principles and the spirit of the principles of the American State; whose responsibilities it is true grow greater with every decade.

[illegible] Gibbons is speaking in the following, but his word of [illegible]

"He [the immigrant] must adapt himself to the land [illegible] wide its doors to him, and places within easy reach what [illegible] that his race or religion, or both, prevent him from enjoying. He comes into the chief State of the New World, and in five years he walks a king among men, clothed [illegible] suffrage, active and passive, eligible to every office but the highest, from which, however, his children are not debarred. The very magnificence of this American political generosity makes many foreigners forget that it is a boon pure and simple, to which they have no right, and which may be curtailed or denied as easily as it has been lavished.

"LET us glory in the title of American citizen. We owe our allegiance to one country, and that country is America. We must be in harmony with our political institutions. It matters not whether this is the land of our birth or the land of our adoption. It is the land of our destiny. Here we intend to live and here we hope to die. When our brethren across the Atlantic resolve to come to our shores, may they be animated by the sentiments of Ruth when she determined to join her husband's kindred in the land of Israel and may they say to you, as she said to her relations: 'Whither thou hast gone, I also shall go—where thou dwellest, I also shall dwell, thy people shall be my people and thy God, my God. The land that shall receive thee dying, in the same will I die, and there will I be buried.'

"Woe to him who could breed dissension among the leaders of Israel by introducing a spirit of nationalism into the camps of the Lord! Brothers we are, whatever may be our nationality, and brothers we shall remain—we [illegible] prove to our country men that the ties formed by race and faith are stronger than flesh and blood—God and our country!

"Every man in the Commonwealth leads a dual life [illegible] under the shadow of the home, and a public [illegible] under the eye of the State. As a father, a husband, or a son, he owes certain duties to the family; as a citizen, he owes certain obligations to his country. These civic [illegible] are all comprised under the name, patriotism.

"Patriotism implies not only love of soil and of fellow citizens, but also and principally, attachment to the laws, institutions and government of one's country. It includes also an ardent zeal for the maintenance of those sacred principles that secure to the citizen freedom of conscience, and an earnest determination to consecrate his life, if necessary, *pro aris et focis*, in defense of altar and fireside.

"The truth is, it is a rational instinct placed by the Creator in the breast of man. When God made man a social being, He gave him a sentiment that urges him to sacrifice himself for his family and his country, which is, as it were, his larger family.

"God calls every one of us, as He called Joseph, to a trial of obedience. He gives every one of us a mission to fulfil. No matter, then, how difficult may be the task assigned to us. When the voice of duty or obedience speaks to us, let us fear nothing; for, God Who calls us will bring light out of darkness; joy out of sorrow; He will make the rough ways smooth. 'Though we sow in tears, we shall reap in joy.'

"The American people admire thrift, perseverance, business honor, faith of contracts. Theirs is a mighty commercial state; but it is no nation of shopkeepers, if by that be meant a 'gross, vulgarian' soul. They love the virtues that adorn the days of peace, but they are not deficient in those that befit the strenuous period of war.

"NO man should be a drone in the social beehive. No man should be an indifferent spectator of the political and economic questions which confront him. Indifference and apathy in civic and political life is as hurtful to the State as indifference in religion is hurtful to the Christian Commonwealth.

"In the individual man, conscience is that inner light which directs him in the knowledge and choice of good and evil, that practical judgment which pronounces over every one of his acts, that it is right or wrong, moral or immoral. Now, this light and judgment which direct man in the ordinary personal affairs of life must be his guide also in the affairs of his political life; for he is answerable to God for his political, as well as his private life.

"A vigilant and fearless press that will reflect and create a healthy public opinion, guided by the laws of justice and the spirit of American institutions, is the organ and the reflection of national thought, the outer bulwark of the rights and liberties of the citizen against the usurpations of authority and the injustice of parties, the speediest and most direct castigator of vice and dishonesty. It is a duty of the citizens of a free country not only to encourage the press, but to coöperate with it; and it is a misfortune for any land when its leading men neglect to instruct their country and to act on public opinion through this powerful instrument for good.

"Our country enjoys liberty regulated by law, and exercises authority without despotism. She rears no wall to exclude the stranger from coming among us. She rests secure in the consciousness of her strength and her goodwill toward all.

"Yes, our nation is strong, and her strength lies, under the overruling guidance of Providence, in the majesty and supremacy of the law, in the loyalty of her citizens, in the affection of her people for her free institutions. There are indeed grave social problems engaging the attention of the citizens of the United States; but I have no doubt that, with God's blessing, these problems will be solved by the calm judgment and sound sense of the American people, without violence or revolution or any injury to individual rights.

"A strong ground of confidence I have in the stability and permanence of the Republic, rests on the enlightenment, the good sense and patriotism of the American people. You and your fathers have now for nearly a century and a half experienced and enjoyed the blessings of a strong and free government. And if you compare the results of our political system with those of other civilized nations, I do not think that our Republic, with all its drawbacks and shortcomings, will suffer in the comparison. You can say: 'America, with all thy faults, I love thee still.'

"It is my profound conviction that if ever the Republic is doomed to decay, if the future historian shall ever record the decline and fall of the American Republic, its downfall will be due, not to a hostile invasion, but to the indifference, lethargy and political apostasy of her own sons."

War Finances and Hysterical Economy

How the People can Help Sanely in the National Crisis

By B. C. Forbes

EACH and every family in the United States must buy an average of $350 of Government bonds if the $7,000,000,000 authorized are to be raised.

How can this financial feat, so much greater than anything ever before attempted, be accomplished? It is difficult for the average mind to grasp what $7,000,000,000 means. America has never had occasion to talk in such a figure. Let's try to convey some idea of the immensity of this sum. $7,000,000,000 is:

Equal to $4 for every human being on earth.

More than the total amount in America's savings-banks placed there by 11,000,000 depositors.

Is more than twice the total amount of gold in the country.

Once and a half as much as all the money in circulation in the United States.

Seven times our previous national debt.

Fifty-six times the total deposits in the nation's postal savings-banks.

Fifteen times all the gold won from the earth annually.

Twice the estimated combined fortunes of the thirty richest multi-millionaires in America.

Twice the total amount of merchandise exported and imported by the United States in the busiest year before the war.

More than all the gold held in this country and in all the great banks of Europe combined.

Seven times the net earnings of all the railroads in the United States.

Three times the entire amount of wages paid by the billion-dollar United States Steel Corporation since its organization more than sixteen years ago.

About twice the amount America's entire population is estimated to save in a year.

NOW, it is evident that common sense must be exercised if Americans are to absorb the $7,000,000,000 without undue injury to industry and commerce and labor.

The banks cannot begin to purchase even half this amount. The business of a bank is to receive the savings of the people and lend them out to keep commerce going so as to earn interest on the money. Banks do not exist for simply accepting deposits and investing them.

War bonds must be bought by the multitude, by myriads of people who have never purchased a bond before and who know little or nothing about any form of investment. Over 8,000,000 persons subscribed to the last British war-loan, while a similar number helped to take one of Germany's national issues. To-day there are not 5,000,000 bondholders or stockholders in the United States.

If it has taken a century to accumulate in American savings-banks only about $5,000,000,000, and if the Government Postal-Savings Banks have attracted only $130,000,000 in seven years, how can the Treasury Department expect to attract $7,000,000,000 in a short period? The interest allowed is 3½ per cent., or the same rate as paid by many savings-banks, although the new war-bonds cannot be taxed, a very important consideration for the wealthy who have to pay not only the normal 2 per cent. income-tax, but a super-tax running to very high figures.

Is it not obvious that, in order to raise this $7,000,000,000, the American people must either make more or save more than heretofore?

President Wilson sounded the economy tocsin in his proclamation of April 15. After enumerating the principal tasks confronting the people, particularly the vital need for increasing our production of foodstuffs, he made this closing appeal:

"Let me suggest, also, that every one who creates or cultivates a garden helps, and helps greatly, to solve the problem of the feeding of the nations; and that every housewife who practices strict economy puts herself in the ranks of those who serve the nation. This is the time for America to correct her unpardonable fault of wastefulness and extravagance. Let every man and every woman assume the duty of careful, provident use and expenditure as a public duty, as a dictate of patriotism which no one can now expect ever to be excused or forgiven for ignoring. . . . The supreme test of the nation has come. We must all speak, act, and serve together."

In a flash the wife of the President and the wives of Cabinet members came out with an announcement that as an example to the women of the nation, they had agreed to stop buying elaborate clothing, that they would cease giving costly dinners and other forms of entertainment and that they would inaugurate the severest economy in the running of their households.

The slogan "Economize! Economize! Economize!" was taken up all over the country. Every newspaper gave it prominence, many speakers exhorted audiences on the subject, women's associations began pledging themselves to further the campaign, and the edict went forth in many establishments and homes to cut down all expenditures drastically.

Manufacturers, department-store heads, grocers, clothiers, women's-wear shops, etc., became thoroughly alarmed. They feared a sudden and severe shrinkage in their business, entailing heavy losses, the discharge of many employees and grave dislocation of their business. Protests were sent to Washington and pressure brought to bear upon Governmental authorities.

Then Howard E. Coffin, of the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense, issued a ringing warning against "Hysterical Economy." His statement was given great prominence by the newspapers under such captions as "Hysterical Saving a Burden to the Nation," "Indiscriminate Economy Worse than Waste," "Now is the Time to Open the Throttle." Here are passages from his warning, which was sent out from Washington by the recently formed "Committee on Public Information:"

"Because of an impending and possible shortage of foodstuffs we have hysterical demands for economy in every line of human endeavor. Waste is bad, but an indiscriminating economy is worse."

This public admonition against excessive economy elicited many interviews with merchants, who strongly endorsed the sentiments expressed. One department-store head declared: "If customers stop buying, shops will have to lay off employees, the manufacturers will have to give up business and throw many more people out of work, and from them it will reach the mills. There will be great economic depression and the people will have only themselves to blame." Said another: "If people practice too strict economy it will be a calamity. We hear this call for people to stop spending money and it is not patriotism to do so." Other merchants and manufacturers commented in similar vein, all protesting against any dislocation of the normal flow of business.

That is one side of the question. Now let us hear the other; let us see what is said by bankers, investment brokers and others upon whom will devolve very largely the task of raising the $7,000,000,000 to carry on the war. Instead of quoting a number of statements it will suffice to print what Frank A. Vanderlip, a former Treasury official and now head of the largest bank in the country, said when I sought, for HEARST'S, his analysis of the situation:

"TO warn against 'hysterical economy' among Americans is worse than ridiculous. Are we to repeat the original blunder made by Britain in raising its slogan 'Business as Usual'? To sound a cry of 'Business as Usual' or 'Better Business' and to protest against any economies which would diminish or dislocate certain businesses or industries is the height of economic ignorance.

"We want disruption of business. We want dislocation of certain industries.

"We are not fighting a paper war, but a real war. We are confronted with grave and pressing problems.

"Take the food situation. It is serious throughout the world. It embodies two factors, production and consumption. Production cannot be increased very much, but consumption can be decreased tremendously to the benefit of the people, not to their harm. The man or woman who says 'I can afford to buy as much as I want, not only of food, but of clothes, automobiles or anything else I fancy,' and goes ahead and buys anything he does not really need, but simply would like to have, does what? He employs labor to do an unnecessary thing when there is the most crying demand for labor to do necessary things. He may reply: 'But I don't want to disrupt the general situation. I would like a new automobile; I have plenty of money and I will buy it and keep things going at Detroit.'

"Now, Detroit *has* to be disrupted. If we are to get an adequate number of men on the farms, sufficient labor to build hundreds of steel and wooden ships, workers to make munitions and the thousand and one other necessities entailed by war, it is imperative that there be dislocation and disruption of numbers of industries and businesses whose operations can be cut down for the benefit of national necessities.

"Certain heads of department-stores are warning women against economizing in their purchases. They explain that if their trade falls off they must reduce their force and this would mean unemployment.

"We could cut consumption of foodstuffs one-third if we eliminate all waste and conserve our supplies reasonably. If there is no economy here, we may find ourselves face to face with a world tragedy—the lack of sufficient food for the human race. Instead of preaching 'Business as Usual,' we must preach and practice the strictest economy."

WHEN we receive such contradictory counsel what are you or I to think? What should we do? What should we not do? Should we go on spending as usual? Or should we start economizing and saving every cent we can?

Let us see if we cannot arrive at some sensible, rational agreement as to what the situation demands from loyal citizens anxious to adjust their mode of living to a basis best calculated to furnish the sinews of war without so demoralizing general trade as to bring on widespread unemployment and depression.

We all will agree, I think, on these points: (1)—The $7,000,000,000 must be raised. (2)—This can be done only by the citizens of America saving more money than they have ever saved before. (3)—This saving must entail thrift.

Where can we and should we begin to practice thrift, to exercise economy? Don't these figures, showing some of America's annual expenditures, suggest possible avenues of retrenching? (*Concluded on page 79*)



THE MENACE TO DEMOCRACY IN THE PACIFIC

(*Concluded from page 11*)

policy which had formed the conditions of China's fate, promoted among the Powers and in China since 1784, and known as: Chinese sovereignty, integrity of territory, and independence for the Chinese, and equality of right of all nations in China's development.

Ere friendship with Japan declined it was Japan and Russia who were enemies. Thereafter Japan warned America that her ideals respecting China were not in keeping with the times, that they had come too late.

It was the deliberately calculated, carefully planned and executed blow, aptly and significantly delivered by Japanese autocracy against the chief representative of democracy and freedom.

Japan could not longer be friends with America; she was friends with Russia and despotism. The reasons were clear as light itself; the two began at once to divide up China and her dependencies and suzerainties. Japan annexed Korea; Russia alienated Outer Mongolia, a region several times larger than Korea; and Japan advanced into Inner Mongolia in extension of her satrapital *régime* in Manchuria, and expanded her pretensions in Fukien and elsewhere.

In still another four years came the world-war of the hour. By this time Japan, from having been America's pupil in many things, was not only wielding over her with ferocity the ferule and the rod, but was school-mastering Europe. She took the German leased territory in the new Republic of China and added the province of Shantung to her holdings, setting herself up as the legatee of Germany there. And suddenly, as the clock struck the year 1915, Japan imposed upon China, secretly and under threat, twenty-one demands in five groups, for the subversion in favor of Japan of sovereign control of China's vital affairs. These were merely added to other blows to Chinese democracy.

The world-war had gone so far as evidently to persuade Japan that, militarily and defensively, she was paramount and unopposed in East Asia. Her contempt for the decent opinions of free peoples previously shown was even more intensively expressed in these demands against the struggling democracy of China. They unquestionably showed that Japan rated democratic America's force and influence respecting China—low. America had been a thorn to her, but Japan believed that by her predatory pact with the Romanoffs she had eliminated America from a position of influence with China or the Great Powers in East Asia.

The insuperable resentment of China showed Japan that in America she had struck a snag, the snag of democracy, of sympathy for struggling peoples, of principles of free right for unhampered self-progress, liberty and the pursuit of peace and advancement without the intervention of overlords. And America entered the mutations of another four years, more or less, with Japan.

Japan's Waiting Policy

WHAT did Japan do? One great fact to Japan stood out from destruction, death and realignment of nations, as does the rock of Gibraltar from the fustian of the surf. By summer, 1915, America was becoming the banker of the world, the repository of the world's mobile wealth, the apparent creditor of a probably still poor and truculent Japan. On the other hand, war-supplies profits had begun to accumulate in Japan, who was becoming relatively opulent on money surpluses, and, as China would have none of her, was beginning to worry about where to invest them. With republican China potentially the greatest of all borrowers and the richest of all billets for surplus capital, autocratic Japan saw [illegible] America the richest of nations, the colossus at the door of her [illegible] and loot.

The answer as to what Japan did must be universally obvious. Following her withdrawal [illegible] May, [illegible] when the Powers including America were absent from the Pacific, when blood was flowing in the ditches of Europe as money was flowing into the coffers of America and Japan, the latter found it within range of her revised, hide-a-wee policy, to aspire to the ranks of the creditor countries, and under the eagle's wings to thrust a wedge into the opening which she had been making in China by forty years of aggression, which until now was nothing but a gaping wound.

Japan, therefore, leaving her threat at China's door, turned to give her undivided attention to America. She sent the venerable banker-statesman Baron Shibusawa bearing the olive-branch of peace. It was the same well-worn branch used in connection with China, Russia, Korea and other countries represented in Japan's conquests, and there was, in all Japan, no one more fitting, perhaps, to bear it hither than the man who undoubtedly had been advisedly chosen in advance. He brought terms. They were for the joint exploitation of China with American money and Japanese science, experience, and capacity for dealing with China. Thought of the Chinese was wholly absent except as hewers of wood and drawers of water. Shibusawa voiced Japanese overlordship of the Chinese.

When Shibusawa came to America, Japan had allies, but among all the nations of the world she had no friend unless it was Germany herself, while she faced the prospect of losing her allies at the end of the world-war. Shibusawa made many speeches in praise of peace between Japan and America, and the benefits inestimable which would accrue to both from close coöperation and the main chance in China (in the absence and disability of the Powers) *for the good of China.*

Statesmen on the Job

THEREUPON the organization which his mission had screened began to move. Japan carefully cleared the ground behind her in North China. Premier Count Okuma appointed to China as Counsellor of Legation one of the most-quoted men of the time, in the world, ranking in this respect with Kaiser Wilhelm, Von Bethmann-Hollweg, or Von Bissing himself. Kenkichi Yoshizawa, of the Japanese Foreign Office at the Foreign Office Press Club, before he left Tokio, told clearly what Japan was doing, regarding the menace of democracy as it was exhibited in the Chinese Republic. He said: "There are only two Powers now which can give attention to China in any appreciable degree. They are Japan and the United States, but Japan is in a more convenient position than America to assist China. The responsibility of Japan, therefore, is very great. Japan must care for China as a mother cares for her child. If she listens to our friendly suggestions she should be encouraged; if she does not, she should be chastised as a father punishes his wayward son. . . . We should take careful steps, whatever we do, always taking care that we are not suspected by others while steadily pushing on our work."

Japan's ministerial autocracy as represented in Terauchi's cabinet did not command the support of the Diet or people. But imperialistic policy was at stake, and autocracy was forced into the saddle. Two great facts confronted Japan. One was China's resentment and hatred of her policy and aims. The other was America's financial elevation as banker of the world.

Having lodged her gloved threats at America's door, wisdom began to flow from the lips of her eminent insiders. The President of the Yokohama Specie Bank said: "The United States and Japan should make it a joint mission to assist China to develop her natural resources. . . . it would be to their mutual profit." Thereupon bankers and financiers, on government, private, and public missions, created a chorus of cries for joint exploitation of China, remarkable alone in showing that there was a formula recognized in advance respecting the method of attack here. Kishakira Kana came, Y. Bryan Yamashiti came. Michiyoshi Sugawara, vice-Minister of Finance in Okuma's cabinet, arrived in March. His statement of the formula contained the unconcealed threat that "cooperation in Chinese loans would be the best means of avoiding conflict in industrial policy" and the two countries "had better go hand in hand in helping China and thus bring about a material friendship."

The pen was not less active than the uninvested increment. Vice-Admiral Sato, Director of the Naval Staff College, and Baron Shibusawa, expressed opinions on the "great mission" of the two nations in the Pacific, and on the foolishness of a belief in war between them—being representative of the interested utterances of formularies and insiders. And lay opinion, consciously or unconsciously, told what it was all about. I quote from the most recent Japanese magazines and reviews, translated by Japanese.

Dr. Masao Kambe of the Imperial Univerisity of Kyoto said: "The Japanese are confronted with the question of how best to dispose of the overflow of capital, increasing at the rate of 40,000,000 yen per month. The Chinese want neither Japanese nor their money. Their attitude is often so antagonistic that they return Japanese capital and take Western money instead. . . . It is a mistaken idea that China can depend entirely upon the United States to hold down Japan in China."

Ungrateful Chinese! They show no more gratitude to the Japanese than the Belgians do to the Prussians and Germans.

With Germany's gorgeous proposal to Mexico to bring Japan to the attack of America, these same officials and agents could not be too prompt to disclaim the imputation which it presupposed, and this spirit was enforced throughout the Tokio-Washington line. The "Hawaii Hochi" at Honolulu warned the Japanese in that territory there would be no watchful waiting if any Japanese was caught betraying the United States. In California and Washington Japanese societies marched in patriotic parades when a state of war with Germany was declared, and in some places passed resolutions of support in fighting Germany.

It was making an impression in some quarters. The New York "Times," speaking for Japan, March 18, 1917, said: "She invites a friendly grasp of the hand and our assistance in work for the benefit of China which will be distinctly to the advantage of those who do it." Profit for us, and benefit for China, without hurting us more than it does her. This was the exact formula of the Japanese-Russian courtship.

An Ordeal with Democracy

THE victory for autocracy threw into relief the whole position of Japan, for the Terauchi cabinet is only Japanese autocracy fencing for place in a world of outraged, aggrieved, and ferocious democracies, and trying to find where Japan is coming out, to say nothing of making a place for her to come out. Its great foreign policies are: Wholehearted support of the Entente Allies (in Europe), the placating of China, and the winning of America. It is this emergency which has brought reaction from constitutional ideals, and returned in the Diet a majority for the Cabinet in support of the conquest of America. Japan is gathering herself for the ordeal with democracy.

Japan's plans for her ordeal with democracy in the Pacific center in the necessity of holding on to her German principles and organic law of autocracy. At the beginning of the world-war Japan had already taken stock of the world with reference to the world bulwark of militaristic despotism. This bulwark consisted of the triple Prusso-Austrian, Russian and Japanese autocracies and oligarchies with their constituted institutions of armament and policies of force. Japan had her compact with the house of Romanoff, as described, and this house was closely allied by sentiment, by a large German element in Russia, and by marriage, with the Hohenzollern. Japan went as far on the German road of aggression and domination by force as she deemed prudent, which was very far indeed, as I have shown. When it was pointed out to Japan's minister at Peking that the program expressed by Japan's demands on China would fail, he exclaimed:

"I believe we have gone too far in the German policy."

The mercenary character of Japan's world-war policy was understood by the Allied democracies of Europe. Her depredations in China, up-turning the balance of power there on the assumption of being Germany's legatee, and through dominating Russia, to say nothing of over-riding American rights, led them to the consideration of a defensive course which if taken would have been as magnificent as has been known in all the relations of the West with China. And here comes, on the stage the truly immense figure of world democracy, immense because it is dressed in the cotton shoe and the blue gown of "400,000,000 dissatisfied souls." China, on account of war conditions, had defaulted in her foreign debt, and she was menaced by a possible coalition of American-Japanese capital for her exploitation which would force her into a corner with Japan. In this situation it was suggested among the European Entente Allies that China be jointly asked to join in the fight against Germany for world democracy and secure for herself a place in the councils of peace and the world henceforth, equal with Japan, equal with all.

China's Isolation

CHINA never had been able to make an alliance the one essential to her in world politics. Nothing within human conception could have made such a thing possible unless it was a world-war such as, though incredible, unbelievable, and impossible, yet existed. And the impossible, incredible and unbelievable still seemed realizable. The great Powers invited China to become their ally, and from being the butt and shuttlecock of most of the fourth- and fifth-rate nations of the world, she entered the lists in opposition to the greatest military aggregation ever conceived, the prototype of autocratic, living Japan, Germany the model of the state and government of her enemy.

The achievement involved some practical considerations which were possible of being met by a remission to China of the Boxer indemnity bond representing a drain upon China, totaling over $30,000,000 annually until 1940, and other considerations. Parliament approved the break with Germany, and strongly favored war. The movement represented a majority against Japan in China, as well as a strengthening of the Entente cause of world democracy against world autocracy.

Yet a more marvelous thing happened. Democracy received a new recruit in Russia. Following the *coup-de-grâce* by the European Allies came one of the greatest revolutions known to history, the collapse without resistance, without defense of any kind, and without warning, of Romanoff [illegible] and despotism. In a few days Ru[illegible] like China, had chosen the American R[illegible]blic as the model for its government, a[illegible] on the side of liberty.

This is the crisis of the world, and it is not to be wondered at that autocracy in the Pacific, surrounded by 700,000,000 of peoples aspiring to republican ideals, is looking for bulwark in strange places. But perhaps, engrossed in the Atlantic, America will be blinded by Japan's blandishments, and grasp her baubles and her gaff.

Character of the Conflict

"THE world," said President Wilson, "must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the trusted foundations of political liberty." His words were placed on the billboards of France and read in all schools, lyceums, and colleges. In England they were received as in the world's republics. Premier Lloyd George in a public speech said: "I rejoice as a democrat that the advent of the United States into this war gives the final stamp to the character of the conflict as a struggle against military autocracy throughout the world." Even Russia declared for an ultimate peace without annexation or indemnity.

Imagine any of those words coming from Premier General Count Terauchi, the vicegerent of military autocracy in the Pacific, building up and consolidating empire from other and helpless peoples' territories! It is this "old man of the sea" which the Cabinet assembled for the conquest of America bears upon its back, before the tribunal of outraged, aggrieved, and ferocious democracy, and which it carries to the shores of America. All observers agree that Japan's tendency has been more and more toward the German system. Before the republics of the Pacific—American, Chinese, and Russian—can the case for Japanese autocracy be "put over"? Before America, which has sprung to the rescue of democracy from the onslaughts of the despots of the world, will the offer of a kingdom in China go through? If it should, the fame of John Hay, to East Asia, as the last American in the Pacific, will be complete.



Djer-Kiss

Made in France only

TALC

Voilà le talc charmant!

And Madame, Mademoiselle,—have you known yet how completely exquisite talc may be? How infinitely fine? How surpassingly refreshing?

No—bien sur,—if you have not yet used my Djer-Kiss Talc. For it expresses the *dernier cri*—quite the last word—in toilet exquisiteness.

What soothingness for the skin dainty, what softness *après le bain.* Made in France,—packed and sealed for you in my *atelier* in Paris,—my Djer-Kiss Talc breathes the very essence itself of Parisian *excellence.*

My importers have placed Djer-Kiss Talc Powder for you in every shop, big and little. It will delight you.

I do urge you try it.
—Kerkoff, Paris.

ALFRED H. SMITH COMPANY
Sole Importers
NEW YORK CITY



"Scat! I am saving this for VELVET!"

Mother Nature Protects Your Tobacco If You Smoke VELVET

She sees to it that Velvet's mellowness and aroma are not created by artificial methods, but by her very own. That is—

A complete natural curing for two years, during which time the tobacco remains, untouched, in its original wooden hogsheads. At the end of two years it is made into Velvet and is as smooth as its name implies.

Men have tried—and will try—to beat this method by quick curing or artificial processes, but Mother Nature's way—the Velvet way—remains the very best.

It costs us more money to prepare Velvet in this way—it will cost you only 10 cents at the first store you come to—to prove Velvet!



Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

A MIGHTY good doctor says to me once: "When it comes to curin' folks, Nature is the REAL M. D.—I'm only her assistant." That's the way I feel about curin' tobacco.

Velvet Joe.

SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT

(Continued from page 18)

accomplished it, his hat fell and rolled across the Promenade. He dashed after it with a stately air, fixing his eyeglass in his eye again.

Laurence smiled. "Look at that Frenchman!"

"Frenchman? He's an American!"

"An American kissing a woman's hand!"

"Well, you'll see Bob kissing women's hands if he stays here long."

"Oh, no! Not Bob!"

And Laurence praised Bob's prowess in athletics. He had played on the 'varsity football and baseball teams four years running. He had rowed and wrestled, put the shot and thrown the hammer. He was over six feet in height. His chest measured forty-two inches. Here, plainly, was no hand-kissing type of young American.

Then she described the good times she had had with Bob in London and Paris, the music-halls they had visited, the antics of George Graves and Wilkie Bard, the gay suppers at the Savoy and the Café Riche. And to think of the good times that now lay before them in this winter paradise! To think—— But she broke off with a little cry:

"Oh, what a beauty!"

"You're just as beautiful," her cousin grumbled.

A tall, slim girl sauntered past. Her green wig brought out the delicate purity of her profile. With her gracious movements her skirt (it was the winter before the war) kept opening to the knees. Two tiny dogs gamboled before her. Her huge gray motor-car, with two attendants on the box, followed at a snail's pace.

"Aren't her clothes stunning!"

"Stunning? They're dreadful. But yours are just as dreadful. Why do you dress so?"

"Don't you remember the minister, Yanek, who said the devil wasn't to have all the best tunes? Well, I say the devil shouldn't have all the best clothes either. To please Bob I'm going to wear the very prettiest—oh, here he comes now!"

She waved her hand gaily, but Bob, as he advanced, saw neither her hand nor her. Bob's eyes were fixed on the tall, slim, lovely girl in the green wig.

"He doesn't see you," said Yanek. "Wave again."

Laurence, biting her lip, waved again, but Bob again failed to see her. He had stopped quite still now. He was watching the girl in the green wig enter her motor-car. She entered it and, turning, she gave the fascinated youth a friendly little smile.

"Get him away," said Yanek, "quick."

Laurence made no reply. Perhaps, indeed, she did not hear her cousin. Laurence's face was very red. A frown wrinkled her brow. She bit her lip distractedly.

LAURENCE, seated in the white-and-gold lounge with her paid chaperon, Lady Melrose, bit her lip again, for Bob was half an hour late for tea.

"Stop biting your lip, child."

Laurence started. She gave Lady Melrose a flurried, meek smile. She stopped biting her lip. Then, after an absent look round the splendid hall with its gay tea-tables and its noisy tea-concert, she began to dream again. Yes, Yanek de Falicon had been right. The Riviera was corrupting Bob.

Laurence's table stood between two marble columns in the embrasure of a huge window which fronted the sea. The sun's red disk sank in the restless waters. A girl came out on the little stage and sang a vulgar song about a young married woman's flirtation with a young married man: "But, sweetheart, if you talk in your sleep, hush, hush, don't mention my name." The twilight turned a dusky blue, the sea was a dusky blue, and in the dusky blue sky a few stars twinkled feebly.

She thought of the foppery that a month on the Riviera had brought out in Bob. His hair, for instance. He had beautiful hair, but of late a slight wave had appeared in it. Some barber, in short, was curling his hair for him on a curling-iron.

She thought of the wrist-watch that he had bought. The watch was not even round. No, it was hexagonal. What would the mill hands back home say to such a watch as that?

She thought of his English accent. He called candy "sweets" now, he called a shoe a "boot," and a store a "shop." He said "So sorry" for "Excuse me," "loff" for "laugh," and "hoff" for "half." Why, once he had even spoken of a rat and a cat as a "rot" and a "cot"!

But these things were nothing beside the main thing. The main thing was that he had almost ceased to love her. The Riviera had so changed him that he had almost come to place debauchery above her love.

"Stop biting your lip!"

"Excuse me," said Laurence, with her meek, flurried smile. Lady Melrose sent for her tea, but Laurence decided to wait a little longer.

Bob at last. He swaggered down the hall in one of his new London suits. How tall and strong he seemed. He walked vigorously, hunching forward like a prize-fighter, and on his bright, attractive, sunburnt face he tried to keep a look of evil pride, the look cultivated by Cortlandt and Bleecker Ruthven; but this look was hard, very hard, to maintain. It continually gave way to a gay, eager look which showed what an innocent and charming boy Bob really was at heart.

"Bob, you're forty minutes late."

"I'm awfully sorry. Cortlandt and Bleecker motored me back from Cannes, and their car broke down at Californie."

Lady Melrose, hurriedly finishing her tea—Lady Melrose knew a paid chaperon's duties well—retired to Laurence's apartment on the seventh floor.

"I think I'll have a whisky and soda instead of tea," said Bob. "It was rather a wet night last night at Cortlandt and Bleecker's. In fact, we didn't turn in till four o'clock."

"Oh, Bob!"

"I feel pretty rotten," he confessed.

"Did you sit up till four just drinking?"

"Oh, no. We played roulette. I dropped a thousand francs to Cortlandt and Bleecker."

"Bob, will you spend to-morrow at Monte Carlo with Yanek and me?"

He looked worried. He flushed. He said in worried, halting tones:

"I'm sorry, but the fact is, Laurence, I'm going skiing back in the mountains with Cortlandt and Bleecker for a few days."

"Oh!"

Sadly, sadly, she regarded him. Then she turned and gazed out of the window at the sea. The sea tumbled in the blue dusk restlessly. Far out, like tarnished silver, a smudge of moonlight glistened. A sad and desolate scene, but Laurence was sadder and more desolate, for she knew that Bob had lied.

There is something magical about true love. True love reads the heart. Thus, with absolute certainty, Laurence knew that Bob had lied to her for the first time.

"Stop biting your lip." He gave an uneasy laugh. "You're always biting your lip lately."

"Bob, I like skiing, too," she said. "To think that in an hour you can motor from palms and roses up into deep snow! If Yanek and I——"

"It is to be a stag party," said Bob quickly. "I wouldn't dare ask any girls."

"Oh!"

Her elbow on the table, her chin on her hand, she fell into a dream. In her new Callot gown of pale gray she looked her very best. Her necklace of small, pure pearls was not more translucent than the round throat which it encircled. All the men in the room stared at her slim, flushed face, at her beautiful mouth, at her clear, soft eyes full of dreams and fire, but of all the men in the room, of all the men in the world, only Bob existed for Laurence.

"Bob," she said, "tell me something about the mill. You never talk about the mill any more."

"The mill seems very far away somehow."

"Oh, Bob, you've changed so, haven't you?"

"I've changed."

"Don't you like the mill now?"

"Bang!" sounded the bass drum in the little orchestra. "Bang! Bang!" And in their whirlwind dance on the little stage the seven Palace Girls, with each bang, crashed to the floor in the "split." Bang! Bang! Bang! The tea-drinkers clapped madly Bob watched the dance with worried eyes. Then suddenly said:

"I hate the mill! Smelly, greasy joint! Why can't father retire and come over here to live? It's living over here."

Vest Pocket Autographic Kodak

The vest pocket camera that will really go in the vest pocket.

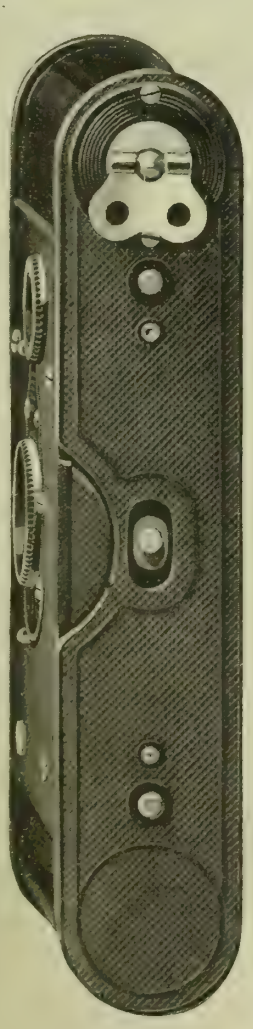


The contact prints are this size:



The enlarged prints, at fifteen cents each, are this size:





The Kodak is this size:

The Prices are this size:

Vest Pocket Autographic Kodak, with meniscus achromatic lens and Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter,	$ 6.00
Vest Pocket Autographic Kodak, *Special*, with Kodak Anastigmat lens, *f.* 7.7, ...	10.00
Ditto, with Kodak Anastigmat lens, *f.* 6.9, . .	20.00
Ditto, with Bausch & Lomb Kodak Anastigmat lens, *f.* 6.9, ...	22.50

A Bit of Detail:

You don't carry a Vest Pocket Kodak, you wear it, like your watch.

It's so small, so smooth, so unobtrusive that you always have it with you, ready for the unexpected that is sure to happen. The films are small and inexpensive, a roll of 8 exposures costs but 20 cents, and enlargements from the subjects that you care most about, are readily made at small cost. The $6.00 Model is entirely of metal in a handsome black enamel finish, the *Specials*, are covered with a pin grain Morocco, just suited to the dainty little instruments and their anastigmat lenses are fully corrected and carefully tested.

Both models have a fixed focus, finders for both horizontal and vertical pictures, efficient shutters and have the Autographic feature. The Vest Pocket Kodak is as right as a watch.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

"No, it isn't, Bob." His brooding eyes questioned her. She went on:

"And there isn't any happiness in it, either. I know there isn't, for I studied such living at close range for a good many years in my——" her voice fell——"in my own home."

He listened moodily, his moody eye on the Palace Girls. Bang! Bang!

"Bob, this Riviera has turned your head. Oh, I wish you could see it as I do! These men and women think of nothing but their own selfish pleasure. They are spoiled babies. Look at old Washington Carey, following pretty girls in his barouche every morning on the Promenade! A spoiled baby!"

Bob nodded moodily.

"I want you to turn out a good man, a man like your father," said Laurence; "not a spoiled baby like old Mr. Carey; and work——"

"Work!" he hissed. "That's it! Back home it's nothing but work, work, work, all the time. Why work my life out back there in the cold and mud, when I might be happy here in the sunshine?"

"Bob, are these people happy? Look at them! Look at old Mr. Carey following his pretty girls. Look at old Franklin Fales lounging all day in his dressing-gown half drunk on his balcony. That is what idleness has brought them to. It's what idleness always brings you to. And you're not happy. Don't think it."

Bob regarded her doubtfully. He began to explain doubtfully that Cortlandt and Bleecker had loaned him certain famous books—the books of Anatole France, Octave Mirbeau and Pierre Louys—which took a view of life far different from her own. Virtue, according to these books, was a mistake, and—but she interrupted him passionately.

"Bob, promise not to go to that skiing party!"

"I can't," he said.

"Yes, promise!" she persisted, in a low and passionate voice, leaning toward him. "And then start off for your technical school in Germany right away! If you will," she said tremulously, "I'll come and see you there, perhaps, one of these days."

He hesitated. "N-no, I can't promise that."

Laurence, with a brusque movement, turned her face toward the window. She looked out of the window a little while in silence. Then:

"Bob," she said, "I want you to stop sending me those flowers and chocolates. They don't mean anything. At least they don't mean anything now. They may have meant something once."

Moved, troubled, he laid his hand on hers. Then suddenly he abandoned her hand and scrambled to his feet.

"Cortlandt and Bleecker," he said, in a strangled voice, "are beckoning from the bar." He stifled a vast yawn. "You'll excuse me, won't you? I'll see you after dinner."

And he made off, yawning violently.

Laurence, left alone, dreamed at her table for a little while before going upstairs to her room. If she could only save him! For he was not yet lost. He still wavered on the brink. Oh, horrible to think that with a word she might make a good and happy man of him, while, if she failed, his life and hers would both be ruined.

A stir caused her to look around. The green-wig girl was advancing with two other girls. They took the table next her own. All three were pretty, but the green-wig girl was beautiful.

Laurence kept glancing at her. How [illegible]. No wonder Bob admired her. And mustn't she be somehow fine, somehow good, with all that beauty? If a beautiful horse was the best horse, if a beautiful dog was the best dog, then, surely, a beautiful girl [illegible].

But, heavens, what was the green-wig girl saying?

"[illegible] will be disappointed. You see, Bob [illegible] Cortlandt and Bleecker [illegible] oh a party of skiers [illegible] are meeting in Marseille for a three days' junket on the [illegible] and Bob has engaged a compartment [illegible] this afternoon's *rapide* [illegible]. But when Bob climbs into his compartment [illegible] the green-wig girl [illegible] disappointed, but I won't be there."

She laughed. Her friends, albeit a little [illegible], laughed with her.

"[illegible] I won't like Bob."

"[illegible]" asked a girl who was pushing back a long chinchilla coat from her supple and robust shoulders.

"I don't know. I just don't like him."

"Poor Bob! Climbing with his luggage into that empty compartment! What a shame!"

The three girls, picturing Bob's chagrin, laughed heartily. Laurence gave them a cold and scornful glance. She could have wrung their necks.

"Oh, Bob, Bob, that you should stoop to be the plaything of such girls as these!"

Laurence no longer bit her lip. Her lip, on the contrary, was firmly, even rashly, set. She had made a very rash resolve.

IT might be thought that delight would have possessed Bob as, yawning heavily, he approached, behind two luggage-laden porters, the compartment in the *rapide* which he had reserved for himself and the girl in the green wig.

He had expected to be possessed by delight: he had expected it on retiring last night, and he had expected it on awaking this morning; but, to his astonishment, delight had not turned up.

He had breakfasted, though without appetite, in bed. After breakfast, while shaving, he cut his chin, a sign of nervous flurry. He bathed. Then he packed his luggage. A clock struck nine somewhere. Five hours till train time.

To while away those five long hours he sat down by his bedroom window with yesterday's newspaper.

Laurence, no doubt, in some wonderful new rig, would soon be starting, beautiful and gay, for Monte Carlo with her cousin Yanek. What would Laurence say if she knew he had lied to her, had repulsed her Monte Carlo invitation with a lie? He wouldn't have believed a little while ago that he could ever lie to Laurence.

Ten o'clock. Still no delight. Quite the contrary in fact.

Shame turned up. His shame at the thought of his parents! If his parents, who had always been so proud of him, knew the corrupt views that he had lately adopted! And he had dared to air those views before a good young girl!

Rage turned up. He raged terribly against Cortlandt and Bleecker. There was nothing in them and their muddy ways. Why had he let them, then, lead him from his own clean ways? They had won three thousand francs from him, too.

Remorse turned up. He had lied to Laurence. The pity of it! For Laurence was a white temple to which he could retire from all the ugliness of life—and he had desecrated his white temple.

And Laurence's ghost turned up. Laurence's ghost sat at a little tea-table between two marble columns. She did not look at him. She looked out of the great window at the dusky blue twilight and the dusky blue sea with its smudge of moonlight. Her air was sad, she bit her lip, and in a low voice she said:

"You've changed so, haven't you?"

But, hang it, had he changed, after all?

"Stop sending me those flowers and chocolates. They don't mean anything. At least they don't mean anything now. They may have meant something once."

But, hang it, they meant as much now as they ever did.

Why not back out—pretend to be ill—something of that sort? The thought rejoiced him, but he remembered the green-wig girl, and his heart sank again. For the green-wig girl had taken a fancy to him. He could not disappoint her. It would be too mean.

In imagination he saw her awaiting him, first on the station platform, then in the compartment labeled with his name. He saw her distress as the train got under way at last without him. She leaned forth from the window looking back. She wrung her hands. She wept. Strange to see a girl so beautiful and elegant weeping. Here, for the first time that day, he smiled. A foolish smile.

If only she hadn't taken a fancy to him, it would be the easiest thing in the world to back out. But he remembered her whispered "I like you" the night he loaned her five hundred francs at Cortlandt and Bleecker's. She lost the five hundred francs in one turn of the wheel, plumped the whole thing on the red, and then asked him for five hundred more. He had, however, only four hundred more with him.

The station. The girl in the green wig was nowhere to be seen. A burden seemed to roll from off him, but he espied the *rapide* on the far platform, and the burden rolled back again at once. She had, of course, already entered his compartment.

A yawn racked him.

Two porters shouldered his luggage, led the way down the station platform, and pointed to his name upon the window.

Another yawn. He halted distractedly. He halted as men halt before suicide, dishonor or perdition. But something kind and youthful in his breast urged him on again, and, as men advance toward suicide, dishonor or perdition, so he, to spare the green-wig girl pain, advanced toward his reserved compartment.

The porters threw open the door, they climbed in, and Laurence, seated in the compartment's furthest corner, looked up demurely into a pale and dismal countenance rising behind the porter's shoulders—a pale and dismal countenance which, as she regarded it, lengthened, opened, in an enormous yawn.

"HELLO, Bob!"

"Why, Laurence!"

His yawn vanished as by magic. He looked pleased, then he looked horrified.

"Why, Laurence, what a delightful surprise!"

And he motioned stealthily to the porters not to set down his luggage yet, but the two men, mistaking his motion, briskly stowed kit-bag and dressing-case beside the young girl's belongings in the rack.

Laurence looked on from her corner. She leaned far back, she almost seemed to be lying down, a pose singularly easy and graceful, her knees crossed, swinging her foot, while one hand played with the tassel of the window curtain. She wore a voluminous traveling coat of golden brown. Her face above the deep collar of golden-brown fur was slim and flushed and beautiful. A little turban-like brown hat slanted over her delicate temple. Thus she reclined at ease, exaggeratedly at ease, and yet her air was tense and desperate somehow. Somehow it suggested the air of a young jockey who will take very dreadful risks to win.

For Laurence, a good girl, believed that, loving Bob with all her heart, she would never love again. She believed that, if she did not win Bob back to virtue now, if she did not now marry him, she was doomed to die a lonely, sad old maid. Year after year of loneliness and sadness, a withered, gray old maid, mourning year after year for the profligate and drunken wreck that had once been Bob—Laurence, to save them both from such a fate as that, believed she was entitled to take very dreadful risks indeed.

"Well, pay your porters, Bob, and let them go."

But the green-wig girl!

"No," he said hoarsely; "there's some mistake."

"Mistake? Look at your name there on the window."

"Yes, that's my name, all right."

"Your porters are getting impatient, Bob."

He reluctantly paid the chafing men, and they withdrew. He glanced at his wrist-watch. Still seven minutes before the train departed. What would happen when the green-wig girl came bursting in gaily?

He seated himself uneasily. He turned uneasily to Laurence. She still lounged in her corner, playing with the tassel and swinging her foot. Could anything be more beautiful than her foot as it swung to and fro, pushing her skirt back from her ankle? Her slim ankle glistened in bronze-silk hose which precisely matched in hue her high-heeled shoe of bronze leather. Four minutes now.

"What good luck brings you here, Laurence? I thought you were in Monte Carlo with your cousin."

"What good luck brings you here yourself?"

"Our skiing party——"

"But, Bob, this is the *rapide* for Marseille."

"No! Is it?"

And he pretended to be dumfounded, rising, reaching up to the rack, sweeping his luggage hurriedly together as if about to leap from the train. But Laurence broke into clear laughter that had a discordant undertone.

"Oh, Bob!"

He looked at her uneasily.

"I know all, Bob."

"What?"

"I know all."

And she laughed again—but again he could detect that undertone—and the train, with a French train's musical soprano shriek, drew out.

"Bob, the green-wig girl isn't coming."

"What's that?" he shouted.

"The green-wig girl," she repeated, "isn't coming."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Then I'll tell you." Laurence spoke calmly. Little jerks and twitches, however, kept manifesting themselves in the slim hand at play with the tassel. "After you left me yesterday afternoon, the green-wig girl and two other girls came in and took the table next to mine. They began to talk about you over their tea. The green-wig girl said you had reserved a compartment in this train for yourself and her. She said you and she and the Ruthvens and a crowd of a dozen or more were going to Marseille for a junket on the Cannebière. That was your skiing party, Bob."

"Laurence, I—I——" But his voice died away.

"Somehow I'd known from the beginning what your skiing party was. When you refused my invitation to Monte Carlo on account of it I could have cried, for there was something in your eyes, there was something in your voice, that told me the truth."

Troubled, she gazed out of the window. The sea shimmered in the sun. A wind rocked the palms.

"But what I want to know is," said Bob, in a low, horrified tone, "how do you happen to be here?"

"How do I happen to be here"—she looked at him strangely—"in the green-wig girl's place?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's easy to explain. The green-wig girl said she was going to disappoint you. She said she was going to break her engagement with you because she didn't like you."

"What!"

"——because she didn't like you. Oh, Bob, if you could have heard how all three girls laughed at the picture of you climbing aboard the train with your luggage and finding your compartment empty!"

"They laughed, did they?" Bob, red and confused, laughed in turn. It was bitter laughter. Then he went on:

"But this joke—you here in her place, you know—I don't quite see the point."

Her eyes looked straight into his. Her slim hand continued to play with the tassel, and her slim foot continued to swing carelessly. Her coat was opened and flung back a little. Her supple and beautiful and young body, hardly veiled by the blouse of thin white silk!

"It's no joke, Bob." He saw the young bosom under the thin silk rise suddenly. "It's serious."

"What?"

"You were right about virtue and work and all that. What good are they? They only waste our youth for us, and then, all of a sudden, we're old, and it's too late."

"Humph."

"So I'm going to your party, if you'll let me, in the green-wig girl's place."

"Why, Laurence!"

He understood at last, and he was profoundly moved, profoundly ashamed.

"Why, Laurence, I can't accept such a sacrifice as that." He gazed in awe and pity at her beauty—at her serene profile, her delicately brilliant coloring, her red mouth which trembled a little. "You dear creature, how I must have tormented you before you could dream of such a sacrifice as that."

Happy tears welled up into her eyes. She thought she had won. She joyously awaited his proposal of marriage. But now, somehow, his proposal of marriage got side-tracked.

"This Riviera!" he cried. "The way it has degraded me!"

"Oh, never mind that," said Laurence in tender impatience. She could not get him back, however, to the main line from his side-track.

"This Riviera! It corrupts everybody. But I little thought it would ever get you."

"What's the difference," she said lightly, "since virtue is a mistake?"

"Virtue a mistake! Laurence, I never expected to hear such words from your lips."

"They sound the same from my lips as from your own."

"No."

"Yes, they do," she insisted. "They do."

He turned upon her fiercely.

"But from your lips," he said, "such words are a horrible surrender to evil. They're the triumph of evil. Why, don't you know that in all men's dreams girls like you fight on and on for the right, they never yield to evil, they never with so much as one

Keep Youthful!

"A woman can be young but once, but she can be youthful always." It is the face that tells the tale of time. Faithful use of

There is Beauty in Every Jar



Ingram's Milkweed Cream

will keep the skin fresh and youthful. Sarah Bernhardt began its use twenty years ago—today she is proclaimed "young at seventy-one"

50c and $1

Milkweed Cream is a time-proven preparation. More than a "face cream" of the ordinary sort. A skin-health cream. There is no substitute.

"Just to show the proper glow" use Ingram's Rouge. A safe preparation. Solid cake—no porcelain. Three shades—50c. (11)

Send us 6c in stamps for our Guest Room Package containing Ingram's Face Powder and Rouge in novel purse packets, and Milkweed Cream, Zodenta Tooth Powder, and Perfume in Guest Room Sizes.

Frederick F. Ingram Company

Windsor, Ont. 89 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

IF YOU WEAR GLASSES YOU NEED

Shur-on

EYEGLASSES - SPECTACLES



They stick tight *comfortably,* hold the lenses in the correct optical position and are the most becoming because least conspicuous.



SHELLTEX RIMS (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)

—the latest in Shur-ons. Stylish and elegant, made to meet the mode. Like all Shur-ons, quality guaranteed.

At most high-grade optometrists, opticians and oculists, or write us. Look for the name Shur-on or Shelltex in the bridge.

E. KIRSTEIN SONS CO.

246 Andrew Street, Rochester, N.Y.

←Trade Mark *Established 1864*

HOTEL CUMBERLAND

New York BROADWAY AT 54TH ST.



Broadway cars from Grand Central Depot. 7th Avenue Cars from Pennsylvania Station

New and Fireproof

Strictly First-Class Rates Reasonable

Rooms with Adjoining Bath **$1.50** up

Rooms with Private Bath **$2.00** up

Suites **$4.00** up

Ten minutes walk to 40 theatres

Send for Booklet

HARRY P. STIMSON

Only New York Hotel Window-Screened Throughout

glance acknowledge evil's presence near them! Men sunk in the lowest depths dream of some girl or other fighting on, fighting for them, never yielding—and that dream is their one sole hope and inspiration. It may save them. But, if you surrender, if you give your beauty up to evil, then there's nothing left, nothing but a morass, where we must all wallow together."

"You talk like a preacher, Bob."

"I feel like a preacher."

"You've got no right to feel like a preacher, though, have you?"

"N—no," he admitted.

"Flowery preacher's talk. 'Fighting for them, never surrendering,' eh? Well, that only means that you men would like to be sure, when you go off for your good times on the Cannebière, that some beautiful, faithful creature mourns at home for your return. I suppose it's pleasant, when too much of the Cannebière's wine and tobacco sicken you, to think there's some one waiting to welcome you back to a clean and temperate life again."

The train glided in and out of innumerable tunnels. The sea shimmered like turquoise satin. Here ivory-colored villas rose amid palm gardens. There olive groves uplifted into the blue air their foliage of frosted silver. How could she recall him from these tiresome side-tracks to the main line?

"What are you thinking of, Bob?"

"I was thinking just now about the mill."

"Tell me about it. I love the mill, you know."

He sighed.

"Well, you remember those teasles and heddles that the alizarine swatches from the *farbenfabriken*——"

Thus, with abstruse learning, with fervor and a kind of vague melancholy, he discoursed on the mill a long while, and, as Laurence listened, the sun sank lower and the light took on a gold tone faintly brushed with pink.

"It's like old times, Bob, to hear all this mill talk."

"Old times! Ah, if we could only bring the old times back again!"

"Can't we?"

"Oh, Laurence, if only you hadn't—hadn't——"

"But I haven't!" she cried.

The sunset light transfigured her. She had never seemed so beautiful. Tears of vexation glistened in her eyes.

"You were a white temple to me," he said, "but now the temple is destroyed."

She gave a worried laugh. "More preacher's talk."

"The temple," he repeated, "is destroyed."

The gold faded from the sunset, giving place to mists and veils of dull rose and blue. The rose in its turn disappeared. The dull blue deepened over sky and sea. Two or three little stars came out.

Bob, lost in melancholy, sat with his elbow on his knee and his cheek on his hand. Laurence lounged in her corner carelessly, but her brow was knitted in deep thought. She studied the unconscious youth very hard, as a puzzled young mother studies a rebellious child. What to do?

She had thought to shock him into matrimony, but she had shocked him, so to speak, altogether beyond it. Her shock, an earthquake one, had destroyed the temple. Should she not tell him that she had only been pretending, that she had hoped with this pretense to win him for her husband? No, her maiden modesty would not let her tell him that. Besides, what good would it do to tell him?

"Marseille! Marseille!"

"Well, here we are," said Bob, in a gloomy voice.

"Here we are," said Laurence, springing lightly to her feet with a shrill laugh. She was as pale as death. "Now," she said, "for the Cannebière." And she leaned against the door, seized with a sudden vertigo.

Bob handed their luggage out of the window to a porter. Then he hurried forth to choose a carriage. Laurence, still dizzy, followed more slowly. The directions to the driver were completed by the time she took her seat.

The night was black. In the teeth of a bitter wind the carriage descended a steep, wide street bordered by plane-trees whose bare boughs moved stiffly above them with lugubrious creaking. So she had lost, eh? Oh, to think of some fresh ruse that would give her yet another chance of winning! But she could think of nothing. Her brain was like a roaring fire in her head. At her side Bob sat as still as a corpse.

The carriage halted before a quiet house in a dark street. The driver got down and rang. But Bob made no move to rise. A black, still, corpselike figure in his dark corner, he said, in a lifeless voice which seemed to float through the night from a great way off:

"This is an American clergyman's. I've brought you here in the hope that you'll marry me. Will you?"

"Oh, Bob, dear!"

All her horrible, sick tension ended in a gush of tears, and she laid her forehead on his arm. But his arm, somehow, seemed curiously unresponsive.

"Oh," she said, "I knew—but I was afraid at the end. Still, I knew——"

In the same lifeless voice he rambled on:

"A sacrifice like that—no, I'd never accept it. You made a dreadful mistake, but wasn't it my fault? Didn't I corrupt you? Oh, I'll make restitution, every restitution in my power. All my life——" But here his voice broke, his massive frame ceased to be unresponsive, and he snatched her to him with sudden rough tenderness, hurting, crushing, yet unspeakably delighting her. "Hang it," he groaned, "I love you. Take me away from all this wickedness."

But the door opened, the coachman called, and Bob, relapsing again into his gloomy torpor, led her into the reception-room of the Rev. Dr. Hunter.

"A pair of young elopers, eh? Well, young man, let me see your papers."

"I thought—er—I thought we could get the necessary papers to-morrow, doctor."

"Ho, ho! I guess not. The authorities are very strict over here."

"But the fact is—well, we've got no papers."

"Then I can't marry you, of course."

"Oh, come now, doctor, stretch a point for once."

"It can't be done, I tell you."

"When a young lady's good name is involved? Stretch a point, do."

But Dr. Hunter only shook his head.

"I thought we'd need something of the sort," said Laurence, "so I visited the American consulate, and this morning they sent me these." Still smiling in that timid yet triumphant way, she handed a packet of official-looking documents to the astonished Bob. Bob handed the documents in his turn to Dr. Hunter. The doctor said that, stretching a point, he'd make them do.

Husband and wife now, they came forth again into the dark, cold, windy night.

"The Cannebière!" the young man called. "Grand Hotel Bouillabaisse!"

The carriage hurried up and down precipitous streets toward a great light which threw a yellow glare over the sky.

"Laurence, about those papers—what the deuce does it mean?"

She laughed gently. "It means I knew—at least I hoped—I'd win."

"Win?"

"Why, to this, of course." And she put her arm round his neck, drew down his head, and brushed her lips lightly across his in a kiss which suggested to him a warm and perfumed snowflake. "Win you over to virtue, matrimony, and all the rest of it."

"Vixen! Did you actually count on our getting married to-night?"

"Yes, I did. For I knew, if I pretended to be what you wanted to be really, you'd see at once how horrible such things were."

"I didn't want to be really. I'd lost my head. Such remorse! Why, all the time I was pining for you."

"Oh, Bob, I'm glad to hear that."

"Suppose I'd failed you?"

"If you'd failed me, I had arranged to take the midnight train back."

He folded her, a fragrant and glittering burden, to his heart.

"My white temple is restored," he said.

"But how I shocked you, eh?" She lifted her head from his breast and looked up into his face. "With such a shocking wife, you didn't count on a very happy marriage, did you, dear?"

"Well, I know better now," said he.

"It was a shocking ruse to try, though, wasn't it, Bob?"

"Shocking?" He hesitated, then declared: "No! it was a piece of scientific management, that's what it was!"

"Oh, Bob, was it, really?"

He folded her, fragrant and glittering, to his heart again for answer. The carriage entered a splendid avenue, an avenue radiant with light and resonant with music.

"The Cannebière," said the driver, turning to them proudly.

But they had no eyes for the glamour of the Cannebière. They were lost in the glamour of each other.



A Cool Drink With A Reason

Something more than mere icing is required in a cool drink, to bring the comfort wished for on a hot day.

The "body" of the beverage must be of character to lend efficiency to the temperature of the drink.

What then, more wholesome, pure and cooling than a true food-drink made of grains;

That's

ICED POSTUM

It is convenient, too, especially if you have Postum on hand for the regular morning hot cup.

To make Iced Postum, prepare Postum in the usual way, let cool, serve with cracked ice, sugar, and lemon—or, if you prefer, sugar and cream.

Iced Postum Is a Revelation of Goodness.



Think Beyond Your Job!"

"There is not a man in power at the Bethlehem Steel Works today," says Charles M. Schwab, in the American Magazine, "who did not begin at the bottom and work his way up. Eight years ago Eugene Grace was switching engines. His ability to *out-think* his job, coupled with his sterling integrity, lifted him to the presidency of our corporation. Last year he earned more than a million dollars. . . . . Jimmie Ward, one of our vice-presidents, used to be a stenographer. The fifteen men in charge of the plants were selected, not because of some startling stroke of genius, but because day in and day out they were *thinking beyond their jobs.*"

If you want to be somebody, to climb to a position of responsibility, *get ready for it.* Do what you are doing *now* better than the men beside you, and *train for the job ahead.* You can do it—in spare time—through the International Correspondence Schools.

For 25 years men with ambition and I. C. S. help have been making spare hours the stepping-stones to successful careers. Last year more than 5,000 reported that their studies had won for them advancement and increased salaries. Over 130,000 men in offices, shops, stores, mines and mills and on railroads all over America are preparing in the I. C. S. way to take the next step upward.

Join them! All you need is just ordinary brains, the will to do, and the firm resolve to *think ahead of the job you now hold.* The I. C. S. are ready to make the rest easy. Make your start. Mark and mail this coupon.

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX. 2821, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, *before* which I mark X.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEER	SALESMANSHIP
Electric Lighting	ADVERTISING
Electric Railways	Window Trimmer
Electric Wiring	Show Card Writer
Telegraph Engineer	Sign Painter
Telephone Work	Railroad Trainman
MECHANICAL ENGINEER	ILLUSTRATING
Mechanical Draftsman	Cartooning
Machine Shop Practice	BOOKKEEPER
Gas Engine Operating	Stenographer and Typist
CIVIL ENGINEER	Cert. Pub. Accountant
Surveying and Mapping	TRAFFIC MANAGER
MINE FOREM'N OR ENGR	Railway Accountant
Metallurgist or Prospector	Commercial Law
STATIONARY ENGINEER	GOOD ENGLISH
Marine Engineer	Teacher
ARCHITECT	Common School Subjects
Contractor and Builder	Mathematics
Architectural Draftsman	CIVIL SERVICE
Concrete Builder	Railway Mail Clerk
Structural Engineer	AUTOMOBILE OPERATING
PLUMBING AND HEATING	Auto Repairing
Sheet Metal Worker	Navigation
Textile Overseer or Supt.	AGRICULTURE
CHEMIST	Poultry Raising

Spanish	
German	
French	
Italian	

Name_____

Present Occupation_____

Street and No._____

City_____ State_____

"Mum"

(as easy to use as to say)

keeps you fresh and dainty

and free from embarrassment because it takes all the odor out of perspiration. "Mum" won't harm your skin or stain your clothes.

25 [illegible]

[illegible] Trade Mark registered U. S. Patent Office

"MUM" MFG CO 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia

SPEAK A FOREIGN LANGUAGE!!!



LANGUAGE PHONE METHOD

[illegible] Practical Linguistry

[illegible], during spare

LANGUAGE PHONE METHOD

[illegible] 2 W. 45th St., N. Y.

PERSONAL ADVENTURES IN THE SPIRIT WORLD

(*Concluded from page 43*)

"Here," he answered, "beyond."

"Beyond what?"

"Here on the other side."

"Side of which?" I asked.

"Of the great vastness," he answered. "The other end of the Illimitable."

"Oh, I see," I said, "that's where you are." We were silent for some time. It is amazing how difficult it is to find things to talk about with one's Great-grandfather. For the life of me I could think of nothing better than: "What sort of weather have you been having?"

"There is no weather here," said Great-grandfather. "It's all bright and beautiful all the time."

"You mean bright sunshine?" I said.

"There is no sun here," said Great-grandfather.

"Then how do you mean——" I began.

But at this moment the Head of the Agency tapped me on the shoulder to remind me that the two minutes' conversation for which I had deposited, as a nominal fee, five dollars, had expired. The Agency was courteous enough to inform me that for five dollars more Great-grandfather would talk another two minutes.

But I thought it preferable to stop for the moment.

Now I do not wish to say a word against my own Great-grandfather. Yet in the conversations which followed on successive days I found him—how shall I put it?—unsatisfactory. He had been, when on this side—to use the term which we Spiritualists prefer—a singularly able man—an English judge; so at least I have always been given to understand. But somehow Great-grandfather's brain, on the other side, seemed to have got badly damaged. My own theory is that, living always in the bright sunshine, he had got sunstroke. But I may wrong him. Perhaps it was locomotor ataxia that he had. That he was very, very happy where he was is beyond all doubt. He said so at every conversation. But I have noticed that feeble-minded people are often happy. He said, too, that he was glad to be where he was; and on the whole I felt glad that he was too. Once or twice I thought that possibly Great-grandfather felt so happy because he had been drinking: his voice, even across the great gulf, seemed somehow to suggest it. But on being questioned he told me that where he was there was no drink and no thirst, because it was all so bright and beautiful. I asked him if he meant that it was "bone-dry" like Kansas, or whether the rich could still get it? But he didn't answer.

Our intercourse ended in a quarrel. No doubt it was my fault. But it *did* seem to me that Great-grandfather, who had been one of the greatest English lawyers of his day, might have handed out an opinion.

The matter came up thus: I had had an argument—it was in the middle of last winter—with some men at my club about the legal interpretation of the Adamson Law. The dispute grew bitter. "I'm right," I said, "and I'll prove it if you give me time to consult the authorities."

"Consult your Great-grandfather!" sneered one of the men.

"All right," I said, "I will."

I walked straight across the room to the telephone and called up the Agency. "Give me my Great-grandfather," I said. "I want him right away."

He was there. Good, punctual old soul, I'll say that for him. He was there.

"Great-grandfather," I said, "I'm in a discussion here about the constitutionality of the Adamson Law, involving the power of Congress under the Constitution. Now, you remember the Constitution when they made it. Is the law all right?"

There was silence.

"How does it stand, Great-grandfather?" I said. "Will it hold water?"

Then he spoke.

"Over here," he said, "there are no laws, no members of Congress and no Adamsons; it's all bright and beautiful and——"

"Great-grandfather," I said, as I hung up the receiver in disgust, "you are a Mutt!" I never spoke to him again.

Yet I feel sorry for him, feeble old soul, flitting about in the Illimitable, and always so pleased to hear, to the telephone—so happy, so feeble witted and so courteous; a better man, perhaps, take it all in all, than he was in life: lonely, too, it may be, out there in the Vastness. Yet I never called him up again. He is happy. Let him stay.

INDEED, my acquaintance with the spirit world might have ended at that point but for the good offices, once more, of my Friend.

"You find your Great-grandfather a little slow, a little dull?" he said. "Well, then, if you want brains, power, energy, why not call up some of the spirits of the great men, some of the leading men, for instance, of your Great-grandfather's time?"

"You've said it!" I exclaimed. "I'll call up Napoleon Bonaparte."

I hurried to the Agency.

"Is it possible," I asked, "for me to call up the Emperor Napoleon and talk to him?"

Possible? Certainly. It appeared that nothing was easier. In the case of Napoleon Bonaparte the nominal fee had to be ten dollars in place of five: but it seemed to me that if Great-grandfather cost five, Napoleon Bonaparte at ten was cheapness itself.

The versatile Rupert Hughes is to the fore in "Hearst's" for August with a witty short story entitled "Mrs. McKibbeny Jermyn in Heaven." Those who have followed Sir Oliver Lodge's recent revelations about "the over there"—and even those who haven't—will enjoy this clever skit. Published everywhere on July 28.

"Will it take long to get him?" I asked anxiously.

"We'll send out a tracer for him right away," they said.

Like Great-grandfather, Napoleon was punctual. That I will say for him. If in any way I think less of Napoleon Bonaparte now than I did, let me at least admit that a more punctual, obliging, willing man I never talked with.

He came in two minutes. "He's on the line now," they said. I took up the receiver, trembling.

"Hello!" I called. "*Est-ce que c'est l'Empereur Napoleon à qui j'ai l'honneur de parler?*"

"How's that?" said Napoleon.

"*Je demand si je suis en communication avec l'Empereur Napoleon*——"

"Oh!" said Napoleon, "that's all right; speak English."

"What!" I said in surprise. "You know English? I always thought you couldn't speak a word of it."

He was silent for a minute. Then he said: "I picked it up over here. It's all right. Go right ahead."

"Well," I continued, "I've always admired you so much, your wonderful brain and genius, that I felt I wanted to speak to you and ask you how you are."

Recent verse in "Hearst's" has been noteworthy, whether from the standpoint of authorship or of the beautiful illustrations. In August we shall print "When Nature Wants a Man" by Angela Morgan, another clever poem.

"Happy," said Napoleon, "very happy."

"That's good," I said, "that's fine!

"And how is it out there? All bright and beautiful, eh?"

"Very beautiful," said the Emperor.

"And just where are you," I continued. "Somewhere out in the Unspeakable, I suppose, eh?"

"Yes," he answered, "out here beyond."

"That's good," I said, "pretty happy, eh?"

"Very happy," said Napoleon. "Tell everybody how happy I am."

"I know," I answered, "I'll tell them all. But just now I've a particular thing to ask. We've got a big war on, pretty well the whole world in it, and I thought perhaps a few pointers from a man like you——"

But at this point the attendant touched me on the shoulder. "Your time is up," he said.

I was about to offer to pay at once for two minutes more when a better idea struck me. Talk with Napoleon? I'd do better than that. I'd call a whole War Council of great spirits, lay the war crisis before them and get the biggest brains that the world ever produced to work on how to win the war.

Who should I have? Let me see! Napoleon himself, of course. I'd bring him back. And for the sea business, the submarine problem, I'd have Admiral Nelson. George Washington, naturally, for the American end; for politics, say, good old Ben Franklin, the wisest old head that ever walked on American legs, and witty, too; yes, Franklin certainly, if only for his wit to keep the council from getting gloomy; Lincoln—honest old Abe—him certainly I must have. Those and perhaps a few others.

I reckoned that a consultation at ten dollars apiece with spirits of that class was cheap to the verge of the ludicrous. Their advice ought to be worth millions—yes, billions—to the cause.

The Agency got them for me without trouble. There is no doubt they are a punctual crowd, over there beyond in the Unthinkable.

I gathered them all in and talked to them, all and severally, the payment, a merely nominal matter, being made, *pro forma*, in advance.

I have in front of me in my rough notes the result of their advice. When properly drafted it will be, I feel sure, one of the most important state documents produced in the war.

In the personal sense—I have to admit it—I found them just a trifle disappointing. Franklin, poor fellow, has apparently lost his wit. The spirit of Lincoln seemed to me to have none of that homely wisdom that he used to have. And it appears that we were quite mistaken in thinking Benjamin Disraeli a brilliant man; it is clear to me now that he was dull—just about as dull as Great-grandfather, I should say. Washington, too, is not at all the kind of man we thought him.

Still, these are only personal impressions. They detract nothing from the extraordinary value of the advice given, which seems to me to settle once and forever any lingering doubt about the value of communications with the Other Side.

My draft of their advice runs in part as follows:

The Spirit of Admiral Nelson, on being questioned on the submarine problem, holds that if all the men on the submarines were where he is everything would be bright and happy. This seems to me an invaluable hint. There is nothing needed now except to put them there.

The advice of the Spirit of Napoleon about the campaign on land seemed to me, if possible, of lower value than that of Nelson on the campaign at sea. It is hardly conceivable that Napoleon has forgotten where the Marne is. But it may have changed since his day. At any rate, he says that if ever the Russians cross the Marne, all is over. Coming from such a master-strategist, this ought to be attended to.

Franklin, on being asked whether the United States had done right in going into the war, said Yes; asked whether the country could with honor have stayed out, he said No. There is guidance here for thinking men of all ranks.

Lincoln is very happy where he is. So too, I was amazed to find, is Disraeli. In fact, it was most gratifying to learn that all of the great spirits consulted are very happy, and want everybody to know how happy they are. Where they are, I may say, it is all bright and beautiful.

Fear of trespassing on their time prevented me from questioning each of them up to the full limit of the period contracted for.

I understand that I have still to my credit at the Agency five minutes' talk with Napoleon, available at any time, and similarly five minutes each with Franklin and Washington, to say nothing of ten minutes' unexpired time with Great-grandfather.

All of these opportunities I am willing to dispose of at a reduced rate to anyone still skeptical of the reality of the spirit world.

MY FIFTY YEARS IN THE NAVY

(*Continued from page 25*)

Captain Walker was at once sent for, to on board the flagship, where he must have ssed a very bad half-hour. If the Admiral l not relieve him at once, I have no doubt it was only because there was no other icer then available. That was his last rformance at sea, and I never heard of his ployment on any duty again. When he urned from the *Hartford* he was in a wering rage, and vented his wrath on Mr. owell, the executive officer, for some glect of duty, actually mine, but for nich the executive was at least partially sponsible.

The *Ossipee* was for some time out of vor with the Admiral. He regarded—or fected to—everyone on board her as mem- rs of a trust attempting to control the tput of cotton. Having been sent over to e *Hartford* one day with a requisition, I was ld to go to the cabin, where Captain Dray- n and Flag-Lieutenant John C. Watson gan to question me about the articles quired. It was a little difficult for me to ep my mind on the business in hand, I was interested in watching the Admiral, who as seated at his desk further aft. I had ever before had as close a view of this man hom the London "Times" had spoken of s "the doughty Admiral whose deeds in ar had placed him at the head of the utical profession upon the earth." So it as not surprising that I, who was not then f age, and expected soon to follow him into attle, should have been gazing at his strong et kindly face with admiration and affec- on. All at once he glanced in my direction, nd broke in with: "Brass plate, eh? What's nat for?"

"To cover the socket of the after eleven- nch pivot, sir," I explained, greatly pleased hat he had spoken to me.

"There's nothing in the Ordnance Manual roviding for that," he remarked.

"No, sir, but you see, on board the *Ossipee*——"

"Ah-ha!" he interrupted, "so that's where ou come from, is it? There's a great deal oo much brass already on board that *Ossipee*, oung man!"

He ended his speech with a threatening esture and a wave of his hand, as if to clear ne out. Somehow, he did not look exactly angerous, and I had to account to my own aptain for the success of my mission, so I ersisted: "But, Admiral, you see Captain Walker——" The mention of that name inished my case. I suddenly found myself naking for the companionway, hastened by he knowledge that my ears were to be cut off, ulled, or in some way sacrificed. This was he only marked attention I ever received rom the great Admiral. Probably he only meant to let our captain understand that any request coming from him would be summarily dealt with. At any rate, when Commander William E. LeRoy relieved Captain Walker, a few days later, the ban was removed.

It was the morning of August fifth when we fell into line to pass the forts and attack the Confederate fleet at the entrance of Mobile Bay. The Admiral had inspected our ship a few days before. He had shown particular anxiety to have the guns trained as far forward as possible, and when the eleven- inch pivot had been trained forward until it was almost against the side of the port he was still not quite satisfied, and in his impetuous fashion again called: "Haul away!"

"But if it's fired in that position it's liable to blow away the main-chains, Admiral," objected the officer in command.

"Well, blow them away then! Any way to get a shot in first thing!"

The eleven-inch pivot did not belong in my division, but I overheard this remark of the Admiral's because, with a desire to keep as near him as possible, I had joined the little group of officers following him about the ship. A look of recognition in his eye as it happened to glance in my direction almost tempted me to say: "That gun would have trained easier, Admiral, if you had allowed us the brass plate for the socket," for I had begun to regret very much not being able to boast that he had pulled my ears.

In my own division I had four guns—the forecastle pivot, two 30-pounder rifles, and one 32-pounder, which was under and just abaft the forecastle.

The *Brooklyn* led the line that memorable morning, the *Hartford* second, with Farragut's blue pennant at her mizzen. The *Ossipee* had sixth place, there being only one ship after her. All our ships had their largest flags floating from peak, staff, and every masthead. From my position on the forecastle I counted nearly sixty. It was a beautiful and inspiring sight. The monitors were to starboard of the line of ships and a little in advance, the *Tecumseh* leading and opening the ball. The plan was for each ship to keep a little on the starboard quarter of the next ahead, until nearly up to the forts and batteries, so as to get into action at the earliest possible moment.

The forecastle pivot was the first gun fired on the *Ossipee* and a moment later another of my guns in the bridle-port let go. The men aft began cheering as wildly as if we were putting down the Confederacy then and there. When one of our leading ships sheered a little and poured in a whole broadside there were cheers for the *Brooklyn*, *Richmond*, or whichever vessel it was. All at once an officer who had climbed into the rigging called out something about the *Tecumseh*. Those below, catching only the name of the ship, started another cheer, but Mr. Howell, waving his trumpet, shouted: "Great heavens, men! Are you cheering, when your own companions are lost?"

I believe that the statement has been made that the fire of Fort Morgan and the water batteries slackened when the *Brooklyn*, *Hartford*, and *Richmond*, with their powerful broadside batteries, were just opposite, but if this were so they had certainly recovered by the time we came along. Before we fairly got into action our smokestack guys were shot away, and when I remarked upon this to our game little boatswain, Mr. Milne, he shrugged his shoulders, and said: "That doesn't trouble me. The engineers will have to attend to it."

"How about that?" I asked, as a shot struck the forestays. He become very vehement then about the appearance they would make when spliced. I thought myself we had come off very luckily, for one stay, entirely cut through, was only held by the snaking, while of the other but a single strand remained, and this was all that kept the whole length of them from crushing down upon us on the forecastle.

Our consort the gunboat, lashed to our port side, to carry us through if disabled, was the *Itasca*, her commander that same George Brown who had once decoyed our ships with black smoke. As we approached Fort Morgan, Brown began firing to the westward, over toward Dauphin Island, and Captain LeRoy shouted to him from the bridge: "Do you think, Brown, you're going to reach Fort Gaines from here?"

"No!" was the answer, "but I can add to the smoke and bother Fort Morgan for you."

A little later a shot that came through our side, just at the angle of the deck and waterways, sent a lot of splinters flying, and one of them went over on board the *Itasca* and struck Brown on the leg. Fortunately, the flat side hit him, so he escaped with only a painful bruise. LeRoy saw him jumping about the bridge, and called out: "Did one of those splinters hit you, Brown?"

"Well, you might call it a splinter on your big ship," returned the aggrieved Brown, "but over here it ranks as a log of wood!"

The smoke lifted a little, as we were passing the water batteries, and their men could plainly be seen, frantically loading and training the guns. Our fire at point-blank range must have confused them somewhat, for they only succeeded in hulling us a couple of times with nine or ten inch round-shot. Even with this small percentage of hits, however, the casualties at our Number 5 gun were enough to silence it for a time. Just after we passed the forts, the ironclad *Tennessee* came out of the smoke on our starboard bow. Before I could report her, the Captain and Mr. Howell had taken in the situation, and a critical one it was. It seemed to me there was really no escape for us. Howell, who was on the bridge, shouted to the captain: "Shall we port and ram?" but LeRoy, who was aft, coolly answered: "No, steady! I think we'll go clear."

That question having been officially settled, and as none of my guns would bear until the *Tennessee* came further aft, my attention centered on a big rifled gun that was projecting from her bow, the hole in it looking ominously large. The projectile, when it came, raked



Like Toy-Foods

In Appearance—Yet the Greatest Foods Created

Prof. Anderson's foods—Puffed Wheat and Rice—would seem like toy-foods if you did not know.

Light, airy bubbles, snow-flake like in texture.

But these are whole grains, steam exploded. After an hour of fearful heat, the grains were shot from guns.

Over 100 million food cells in each grain have been separately exploded. All to give you whole-grain foods in which every atom feeds.

Other grain foods may seem more substantial. But some are only part-grain foods. And all have countless food cells left unbroken.

Here every food element is present, and every granule counts. Each ounce is an ounce of clear food.

And here are suitable foods for any hour, because of their ease of digestion.

These bubbled grains, which seem like tidbits, are the greatest wheat and rice foods children ever get.

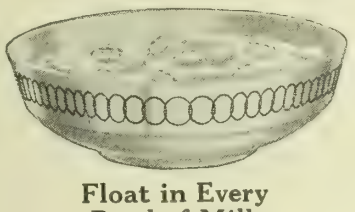
Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

and Corn Puffs

Each 15c Except in Far West

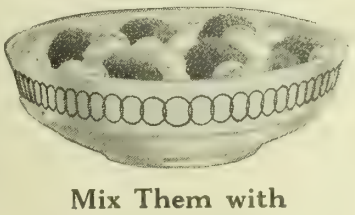
In Summertime



Float in Every Bowl of Milk



Let Children Eat Like Peanuts



Mix Them with Your Berries



Use Like Nut-Meats On Ice Cream

Don't confine Puffed Grains to breakfast. They are all-day food confections. And every ounce supplies an ounce of whole-grain nutriment.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(1612)

our berth-deck, and as the big ironclad was almost alongside by that time, we returned it with the muzzles of our guns depressed, but I imagine all our shot simply struck her casemate and bounded off. I was glad to see that she had the rammer in one of her broadside guns, and could therefore only give us one more in passing. It fortunately missed the boilers, going through just forward of them. Her stern gun, which could have raked us, was not fired, and Lieutenant Wharton, the officer who was training it, told me afterward that the primers failed. Our narrowest escape was from a ten-inch shot that grazed our main steam-pipe, tearing off the fearnaught and wooden battens in which it was encased.

Our ships having run up the bay, beyond the range of the forts, several had anchored, and their captains were preparing to go on board the flagship. I believe the thought had come to many of us—and it was not a comforting one—that the *Tennessee*, which had proved that she could fight her way through our fleet from van to rear, might, when darkness fell, steam up into our midst, and while we were hampered by the fear of injuring our friends she would feel free to ram and fire in any direction. We learned afterward that Farragut, fully aware of the advantages his enemy would have in a night battle, had determined, after a short respite, to attack the *Tennessee*, even though it had to be under the guns of Fort Morgan. The gunboat *Morgan* was still with her, but we had destroyed the *Gaines*, and the *Selma* had been captured after a running fight with the *Metacomet* commanded by the intrepid Captain Jouett.

Those of us who did not know of Farragut's decision were still wondering what was to come next, when all uncertainty was ended by Admiral Buchanan, who resolved to attack at once. When it was seen that the *Tennessee* was steaming back, up the bay, Farragut hoisted his famous signal: "Run down the enemy's principal vessel at full speed!" The distinguishing pennants of three ships followed this signal, the *Monongahela's*, the *Lackawanna's* and our own. Farragut, after referring to the signal in his detailed report, calls the combat that followed "One of the fiercest on record."

The first to attack was *Monongahela*. I saw her strike the *Tennessee* going at full speed, and then pass on, her bow badly crushed. The *Lackawanna* made the next attempt, dashing against the ironclad with a force that it seemed must fairly ride her down, but the *Tennessee* shook her off as a baited bull might one of the dogs tormenting him. Then the grand old *Hartford* rushed at her, but the blow was a glancing one, and broadsides were exchanged with the muzzles of the guns almost touching. The guns of the *Hartford* went off at about two-second intervals, a salute never to be forgotten.

The monitor *Chickasaw*, Commander Perkins, had been dogging the *Tennessee* everywhere, battering her casements at close quarters. Her colors had been shot away, and as the *Richmond* or the *Brooklyn* passed, letting go a whole broadside, overboard went her smokestack. In the rush, as the ships were circling about, the *Lackawanna* struck the *Hartford*, cutting her down almost to the water's edge. We were then preparing to ram, but our captain, fearing the *Hartford* might go down altogether, was about to check his ship to go to her assistance, when the Admiral, who was storming at the rail, observed his intention, and waved him on. We were pointed straight for the *Tennessee* with throttle wide open.

All at once I saw an officer with a white flag appear above her casemate. Turning about I started aft shouting: "The ram has surrendered! She's showing a white flag!"

Perhaps the captain and executive saw this [illegible] anything ahead, and I was, of course, excited. As I ran forward again from the break of the forecastle, I heard our boatswain, Mr. Andrew Milne, calling to the Confederate officer: "Put your helm to starboard!" This direction, if complied with, would have [illegible] "I [illegible]. Our shot [illegible] or the *Tennessee* to have aided in averting the collision. Our captain and executive reached the forecastle just as the ships struck and began to swing alongside. It seemed to me as if the whole ship's company were on deck by that time. They came swarming up from below, wild with excitement. An Irishman from the fireroom, in a perfectly frenzied state—and little else—dashed forward, yelling: "Board her! Board her!" I caught him by his undershirt, knowing if he leaped the rail he would slide down the slope of the casemate and be crushed between the two ships, and with some assistance dragged him back and down on deck.

As soon as order could be restored, Captain LeRoy hailed and asked: "Do you surrender?" The officer answered: "Yes, we surrender. This is the Confederate States ship *Tennessee*. I am the commanding officer. Admiral Buchanan is wounded."

Captain LeRoy replied: "This is the United States steamer *Ossipee*. I accept the surrender for Admiral Farragut."

We lowered and sent over a boat for the Confederate captain. As he came on board he was nervously handling his sword, but LeRoy ignored this, shook him warmly by the hand, and said in his cordial way: "My poor fellow, have a glass of ice-water. You see my steward has it ready for you. Wasn't it fortunate our supply steamer came in a day or two ago?"

The other bowed his head to hide his emotion, and taking LeRoy's arm the two went aft to the cabin.

In arranging to take over the surrendered *Tennessee* Captain LeRoy, so habitually thoughtful and considerate of others, did a great wrong to Lieutenant Howell, which he immediately and deeply regretted. To that officer naturally belonged the honor of taking possession of the ram, and no one had as much reason as LeRoy for feeling that he was highly deserving of it. At the moment of sending off our boat, however, other vessels were closing in, and in the haste and excitement LeRoy, seeing Acting-Lieutenant Girard standing near, asked him to go over and take charge. Girard, a zealous officer, was not a regular member of our ship's company. He had been very desirous of coming in with the fleet, and having received permission from the Admiral had applied to LeRoy to be taken aboard the *Ossipee*, where he had not been assigned to any duty. When questioned afterward about this matter, LeRoy said he knew that our ships had drifted down nearer the forts, and fearing the battle might be renewed he felt that Mr. Howell could ill be spared from the *Ossipee*. He acted on this thought before other considerations had entered his mind.

The *Morgan*, the only Confederate vessel that had escaped destruction or capture, and which had taken refuge under the guns of Fort Morgan, slipped away in the night time, and keeping well over to the eastward in shallow water, reached Mobile in safety.

Grant's Pass, a shallow entrance to Mobile Bay from the west, had depended for its defense upon a small fortification in midchannel, which must have been built on piles, and was called Fort Powell. It had withstood repeated attacks from our light-draught gunboats in Mississippi Sound, and our prisoners from the *Selma* and *Tennessee* were confident of its ability to hold out. We were now behind it, however, and the small garrison soon learning what it meant to be shelled from the rear, it was abandoned and blown up during the night. This not only opened a door for us to receive supplies, but cut off the solitary chance of escape for the garrison of Fort Gaines on Dauphin Island. A Union force under General Gordon Granger had landed to besiege this fort, and as we too could easily reach it with our guns, Colonel Anderson, who was in command, recognized the hopelessness of the case, and surrendered with over eight hundred men.

This left only Fort Morgan to be dealt with, and accordingly our troops were landed on Mobile Point, in its rear. As their flanks could be protected by our ships, and any attack upon their rear fully guarded against, the reduction of the fort was only a question of time. The troops were backed by heavy guns, which were landed on the Point. A number were sent from the ships, in charge of Lieutenant Tyson of the *Hartford*. The soldiers ran zigzag trenches up toward the fort, and the riflemen, to protect themselves while shooting, placed sandbags in pairs a few inches apart, with a third bag on top, on the edge of the trench toward the enemy. Pushing their rifles through the openings between the bags, they were able to pick off those of the garrison who ventured to show themselves in an embrasure or above the parapet. During the last few days of the siege these approaches were carried close up to the ditch of the fort.

By keeping low in the trenches, operations could be observed with reasonable safety and a number of officers from the fleet landed for this purpose.

The commander of Fort Morgan was General Randolph Page, formerly an officer in our navy, where he had been known as "Ramrod" Page. He put on a bold front during the siege, but one of his assumptions amused us greatly. Admiral Farragut, one day, sent in a flag of truce, asking for permission to despatch some of our seriously wounded men in the *Metacomet* to Pensacola, where they could be cared for in the hospital. General Page humanely acceded to this request, but also stipulated that the *Metacomet* should return at once from Pensacola, since he regarded all the ships in the Bay as his prizes and the crews as his prisoners. We did not use the expression "bluff" in those days, but this was certainly a superb instance of it.

On the 22d of August the army was ready to open with its batteries, and several ships—the *Ossipee* among them—took position in Bon Secour Bay to assist in the bombardment. At this time I was in command of the quarterdeck division, Lieutenant Chew, who had formerly held that position, having just been promoted to that of navigator. We expected to be more severely punished than on the 5th, for then the ships had simply run past the batteries, while we knew that the Admiral meant to make this a stand-up fight to a finish. To our surprise the guns of the fort on this occasion did comparatively little execution. Either the fire from our ships and shore batteries combined was overpowering, or else the Northern sharpshooters may have made it almost impossible for the Confederates to work their guns. At night our ships ceased action, but a fire, which had broken out in the fort, making it a glowing mark, the shore-batteries kept on more furiously than ever. There was an inside work, called the citadel, which was completely burned out, and the garrison, unable to extinguish it, was forced to retire into the casemates. The column of fire, going straight up to heaven, and the flashes and roar of the guns, made the scene an appalling one, and as I watched it from the deck of our ship I wondered what means the poor fellows in that inferno could take to communicate with their enemies had they wished to surrender. In the morning a white flag waving from the ramparts bore witness that the last line of outer defenses for the city had fallen.

The consideration that would have been shown the vanquished was at first withheld when it was found that they had spiked their guns, and that General Page and several of his officers had either broken their swords or thrown them into the fort's well. The commander of the *Lackawanna*, Marchand, had been a former shipmate of the General, and had asked permission of Admiral Farragut to take him as a guest on board his ship until the prisoners were sent north or to New Orleans; but learning of this violation of the laws of war he said: "Admiral, if you send General Page to me now I shall put him in irons in the coal-bunker." Strange that men whose only escape was through the forbearance of their captors could have persuaded themselves that such a performance was chivalrous.

This feeling of indignation gradually wore away. At least I never heard that the Fort Morgan prisoners were subjected to any unusually rigorous treatment.

This period of stirring action was followed by a little outside cruising and another tour of blockading duty at our former station off Galveston. We then returned to Mobile Bay. Its upper portion was still held by the enemy, but as we were in possession of the entrance and the anchorage inside, no great exercise of vigilance was required, and the men had little to occupy them.

During the last few months of the war the men accepted by the recruiting officers, or those for whom the Government paid bounties, were often physically weak or too aged to be serviceable. One day a draft of men came on board the *Ossipee* to fill vacancies, and our captain, recognizing one of them, exclaimed: "Well, if there isn't old Paul Jones! How could they have allowed him to leave the Naval Asylum? Why, I remember his being called 'old Paul Jones' when I was a midshipman!"

As some occupation had to be provided for this ancient mariner, Mr. Howell made him captain of the starboard watch of the afterguard, a position which gave him little to do but plenty of opportunity to be in evidence. He used to toddle about the deck at all hours with a paint-swab and bucket, cursing for the benefit of the officer of the deck all the lazy lubbers who just [illegible] signed to him, and whose work he was doing to do. If you offered to send for the "lazy lubbers" he promptly objected, swearing he would rather do all the work himself than have to instruct such haymakers. There was always a most piratical expression in his bleared old eyes as he made these complaints which showed he particularly enjoyed breaking the regulations about profanity in the presence of authority.

I once tried to stem the tide of complaint by asking him if he had ever seen the Admiral in any of his cruises.

"Seen him?" he sneered contemptuously. "Knowed him when he was a cussed little squirt of a midshipman, dependin' on me and other smart topmen to steer him straight!" and with this tribute to Farragut's early abilities our conversation ended.

Just before the final surrender of the Confederate armies, the *Ossipee* was sent to New Orleans, where we had a chance to observe what a great relief a little bloodletting may be to a strongly-felt hatred. New Orleans, which had not suffered the hardships of four years' virtual siege, like Richmond, Mobile, Charleston and Savannah, was more inclined than these cities to show her dislike of the hated North. I remember hearing of a tremendous commotion one evening at the Varieties Theater, because after "The Bonny Blue Flag" had been played, some one rose and asked for "The Star-Spangled Banner." There was such a riot that the performance had to stop. Finally the manager came out on the stage, stated that the money paid for admission that night would be refunded and assured his audience that no Yankee air would ever be played in the Varieties Theater. His announcement was followed the next day by an order from Gen. Butler, who was then military governor: "The orchestra must open with 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' close with 'Hail Columbia,' and 'Yankee Doodle' must be played at least once during the evening."

In spite of the detestation of New Orleans for the Yankees, no other city, North or South, made such a display of mourning for the death of Lincoln. We did not receive news of the assassination until the morning after it had occurred, and as we heard that Secretary Seward had also been attacked, the idea for the moment prevailed that there was a widespread plot. Four or five wretches—it is safe to say they had never been near the firing-line—ventured to call for cheers for this crime against the nation, and were promptly shot or cut down. So great was the excitement and resentment that for a time it seemed as if the soldiers would break loose from all restraint. I remember some army officers asked me and my companions: "Where are your side-arms? There will be no arrests made for slashing any scoundrel to-day. This comes straight from the Provost-Marshal's."

Of course there were many citizens who deplored the atrocity that had taken place, not only because it was a crime, but because they felt too great provocation might convert a merciful into a merciless North. They needed no suggestion to hang out mourning, but even those not so inclined were very quick to take a hint from the bands of soldiery parading the streets, keenly on the alert for any lapses of this sort. Indeed, by sunset, there probably never was a city more thoroughly draped in black than New Orleans.

Care was taken that there should be no object to offend a Northern eye. Even the gallant survivors of the Washington Artillery, who had been heartily greeted by our veterans and whose war-worn uniforms were the delight of the fair sex, went into temporary retirement.

When the hero of the Southern Navy, "Savez" Reed, made his astonishing attempt to escape with the ram *Webb* after the Confederate armies had surrendered, the *Ossipee* was one of the ships that pursued. Anchored furthest down the river when he ran past the city her guns were probably the last fired during the Civil War.

Soon after this, the *Ossipee* was sent north, as were nearly all the other ships in the Western Gulf Blockading Squadron. Admiral Farragut had been succeeded some time before by Rear-Admiral H. K. Thatcher. We left Lieutenant Howell in the hospital at New Orleans, and Lieutenant Chew became executive officer. I was then second watch and division officer, having been advanced gradually from the fifth. When we reached Philadelphia I was detached and ordered home. It was a year and eight months since I had sailed from that port to join the *Ossipee*.

(To be Continued)

SAVE THE FRUIT CROP

We said this LAST YEAR—
We say it again

This is a year for thrift and service. We must feed not only our own people, but also millions in Europe. The frightful waste of fruit is a national reproach. Help stop this unpardonable extravagance. The fruit we waste would feed Belgium.

THE United States Government urges preserving as a home duty. Preserved fruits are energizing and nourishing. They vary your menus. They reduce the cost of your table.

America's canning and preserving industries are models for the world. Their products are pure, appetizing and wholesome. Support them.

If you preserve at home, put up more fruit than ever before. Get jars and glasses, bottles and crocks ready to save the fruit crop. Put away dried vegetables. The American housewife who practices thrift places herself in the ranks of those who serve their country.

You can show your thrift in no more convincing way than by combating the national tendency to squander this country's wonderful fruit crop. Whether you buy preserved fruits from your grocer or preserve at home you perform a service to your own family and to the Nation.

American Sugar Refining Company



"Sweeten it with Domino"

Granulated, Tablet, Powdered, Confectioners, Brown

Domino Granulated Sugar is sold in convenient-sized bags and cartons

The increased cost of preserving because of the higher price of sugar is less than the increased cost of most other foods

Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they peel off



Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

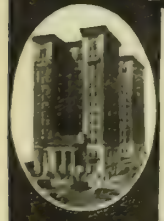
Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the United States or Canada.

The Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, O.

BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST



THIS bank has depositors in all parts of the world. Our plan of Banking by Mail brings this institution — the oldest trust company in Ohio — right into your home, affording you safety and 4% interest, compounded semi-annually, — yielding one-third greater income than 3%.

Write today for a copy of our free booklet "H"

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, O. • • • • CAPITAL & SURPLUS $8,000,000.00
ASSETS OVER SIXTY-FIVE MILLION DOLLARS



An Excellent Tonic for Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair

BALDPATE

Registered in U. S. and Canada

HAIR TONIC

NEVER FAILS

Nourishes and strengthens the follicle and thus promotes the growth of the hair. Relieves the scalp of [illegible] and stops falling hair. Gives a rich glow, is highly perfumed and free from oil. Makes the hair light and fluffy.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send $1.00 and 10c for Trial Size

BALDPATE CO., NEW YORK
167 West 24th Street, Dept. X

Wanted—Ideas

[illegible] FREE [illegible]

Richard B. Owen, 56 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Posse Normal School of Gymnastics

ONE CLEAR CALL

(*Continued from page 23*)

that is what I mean by Steele's legacy, that and what the daily papers had to say about his father's smash. 'Just retribution,' they called it. 'A staggerin' blow against a lately upsprung, savage autocracy.' And that boy alone in the big, brick mausoleum of a house that Hutch Steele had bought up-town, to be 'neighborly'—alone with his dad, whom he'd hunted with and fished with since the years when the old man had had to carry him on his shoulders, wadin' for trout, to keep him from being washed away by knee-high rapids. They'd slept under the same blankets on the Saskatchewan—sat together in the front row of the Winter Garden. Men together they'd been—just kids.

"Do you understand what I'm trying to get at? No, I ain't listenin' yet to remarks concerning the psychology of it. I'm answering one argument as best I can, a little at a time. I'm telling you how Steele came to be the man he was when I first met him. Facts! Sort of mean, dirty facts, but them that follow are cleaner.

"If that boy had been a prospector and found his pardner, on a Yukon trail, shot down from behind by men he'd trusted, he'd have gone out and cleaned the score, and they'd have made a verse about it, and called it the shootin' of someone or other.

"I don't have to tell you, do I, that that's just what that boy did? Oh, he went out—and he got 'em!

"The day after his father's funeral he dropped in at the Cosmos Club, and I don't take it that they were expecting him, for there was surprise on the faces of some of those present. One look at him gave 'em to believe that a blow was comin', but he spoke gentle enough, and quiet.

"'You were friends of my father,' he said, 'most of you. Trusted friends, he called you. I just wanted to tell you, before I left, that I wouldn't forget.'

"The office of Hutchins Steele had never closed. They sold rugs off the floor of the house they buried him from, but the gold letterin' stayed on that office door. And one day, close following the gossip of the Robin deal, the same old secretary who had crept up to tell his boss what had happened heard the buzzer ring in the inner room. Habit was strong, and he answered it—mechanical, it was, I suppose—without even remembering that the man who used to signal so had been five years gone. And he was near-sighted. Steele was waiting for him, sitting behind his father's old black desk, when he entered.

"'I'll want you to take care of some important title matters, as early as you can this morning,' a voice like old Hutch's said. 'And let me know how the market opens.'

"And the secretary? He fumbled for a chair-back to save his sagging knees. 'Yes, sir,' he gulped. 'Yes, sir—I, sir— Good gad!'"

Cap'n Eben paused. The riding-light of the *Mary Ann* looked like a huge glowfly through the dark. He was smiling with odd content as he turned back and went on.

"There's no use makin' it longer than need be," he said slowly. "Nor is it either here nor there how he did it. Facts. That's the main issue, eh?

"Well, he broke King, just when he'd grown to be such a familiar figure at dinners and dances that they'd begun to think he'd forgotten, in spite of his quiet and the way he smiled, just with his lips. He played the game their way, you see. He stripped King on a consolidation of the Robin with three other properties, till there was only one thing for King to do, unless he was a man. And King, bein' less, did it. He walked out of his office and home, locked a door on himself and finished it right there.

"The morning editions printed the story. Brierson owned 'The News.' Aye, they printed it! Steele stayed two days in the old place he'd bought back, without coming out at all, after he read the things they remembered about his father. What they said about him personally didn't matter so much, even though they argued that there were many degrees of murder and regretted to admit that some of them were beyond the reach of the extreme penalty.

"It took him three years to get Benson, and at that it was Benson himself who helped most. For Benson was afraid—afraid of that man's son who smiled as friendly as you please, and nodded, whenever they chanced to meet. Why, sometimes he'd even force Benson to stop and chat a bit on the street—ask his advice as an old friend of his father's! Can you picture Benson waiting? And watching over his shoulder, like a man afraid in the dark? Caution did for him. If he had dared to strike first——

"But Steele broke him. He smashed and trampled him. They tell how Benson lay across his desk and shuddered, till they carried him down and took him home. This time the papers called for 'drastic action.' They demanded to know how much longer one of a predatory breed would be allowed to hunt at large, while lesser offenders were punished. A reporter called upon Steele. The copy he got didn't amount to much, but they ran his description under a photograph of Steele himself.

"'Thin, hard-eyed, silent,' those were the words.

"And Benson, in a day, was an old, wrecked man who walked with a stick and talked to himself.

"Brierson was last, and he took longer. He was the head of the pack, since old Hutch's going, and he'd learned by what he'd seen that 'twas safer to run alone. No one knows even now, I reckon, quite how it was done. Brierson must have been outside the law, of course. That was no new thing for him. And Steele bought judges. Wrong? Mebby, if it suits you that way best. He bought Congressmen, and some whispered that he went even higher than that. Knowin' the man a little, I know that he went up and up, without haggling over the price, till he was sure he had what he wanted. And then there came the night when Brierson stood and waited, while his butler ushered Steele into his drawing-room—stood waiting the night before the last day of the trial that would put him in the penitentiary for longer than it was ever believed you could jail a millionaire.

"And he knew how little chance he had; knew what mercy he might expect. But there was stuff in Brierson, too. He stood up to his; took it on his two feet. A man's a fine thing, even a rascal, if he's all man.

"'Well, sir?' was all he said, and that was quite a bit. And then Steele let him have it, just as quietly, smilin' all the while his little, friendly-seemin' smile that made a man's back crawl sometimes.

"'Three years, Brierson, he told him. 'That's not so very long, yet long enough, for a man of your age. And there'll be no favors in your particular case. You'll work with your hands, and your back—and wear stripes, I believe.'

"Brierson stayed standing. He even tried to smile back.

"'There's no alternative, I suppose?' he husked at last. 'If I were to——'

"But he dared not hope, even when Steele nodded. So Steele explained.

"I suppose it's happened a good many times—oftener than the public ever hears of. It's happening all the time in plays and things, but it always struck me as foolish and unreal before. Steele told him that the announcement of his daughter's engagement to himself would bring a month's postponement of proceedings, and the marriage itself, if it took place within a month, quite likely a disagreement and no verdict.

"Brierson cursed him then, to the very door, till he was purple and wheezing. But he had breath enough left to beg him to wait and come back and discuss it. And when they turned the girl herself was standing there, halfway down the stairs, listening."

A pulse of triumph shot across Lyman-Bryant's face. Cap'n Eben's expression held a wistful sweetness as he reached out and checked his exclamation.

"Family trees never did interest me much," he began again. "There's so much prunin' been done, and the rotten branches lopped away leave ugly scars that can't be hid. And what do three or four generations—or five—amount to, if it's heredity you want to consider? How old is good—and bad?

"I'm not the one to tell you well the picture she made that night. But if you've ever seen her you understand why she hadn't married one of the others—'her own kind,' were my words, weren't they? The very whiteness of her bespoke a fastidiousness that had kept her the fine thing she was. Not the pallid coldness of over-breeding. Don't think that. She was like a cool, thin candle-flame.

"Did he care for her?"

Cap'n Eben laughed, grimly, for him. "I've told you that he didn't care for anything on God's footstool, save the memory of one man. And I believed it, for a long while myself.

"He married her two weeks later, and I reckon it gave more than one society editor a bad night, wondering how to reconcile an account of the wedding with the front-page stuff. But Brierson's name didn't appear—not on the front page. That was part of the bargain they made, the same night she sat with her father and Steele, while Steele made the terms.

"'I'd rather not have my wife's name soiled by such an incident,' was the way he put it to Brierson, candid enough, with him sitting gray as old putty, watching his daughter. Brierson shrank like a whip had been laid across his shoulders, but she never flinched. Nor did she speak after that until he was leaving and they were alone.

"'Hate is no new thing to you,' she said then, watching him smile as he talked. She had watched him, too, from the stands, that last game, the day his father wired for him to hurry home. 'I'd rather tell you that I am sorry for you. And now—may I ask why I am a part of the purchase price?'

"A long time he stood looking down at her, before he answered: 'The gentleman who was my father left me all that was his to leave,' he said levelly. 'A certain creed and code of conduct, and his name. And I, in turn——'

"She wrenched back from him. This time she winced. She gasped and flung the back of her hand across her eyes.

"Ten days later, when they came aboard the *Buccaneer*, I was in the captain's cabin."

Cap'n Eben stopped, and his silence endured so long that Berkeley's Boy's tense face grew painful to watch.

"She said she was sorry for him," he murmured then, as though he were thinking aloud. "That was the truth."

"It's a strange thing, isn't it, what living with just one thought—greed or lust or hate—will do for a man if he stays with it long enough? I've watched slow poisons kill good men, and it's the same slow process, and just as subtle and sure.

"In the beginning no one would have thought to blame him much for the task he set himself, any more than one could have foreseen how it would change the big, sunny boy he had been. In the beginning it was just Benson and Brierson and King that he hated—their kind that he mistrusted. And in the end? Why, the day they came aboard he was a man alone in all the world, without faith in man or woman, or anything else I guess, save himself. He was only like his name. Steele. Not case-hardened, but heat-treated tungsten. And she was white, with warm lips and emotions as quickly sensitive as a taut wire that hums to every wind. She had told him that she was sorry for him, and that was indeed so. Indirectly she'd told him that she hated him. That was as far as any spoken word could ever be, from what I knew to be the truth, before the cruise was a month old."

Berkeley's Boy gasped, incredulously, aloud: "You don't mean that she——' he began. And Cap'n Eben, with a twinkle in his eye, nodded his head.

"Maybe I've given you a wrong idea of the man," he ventured gravely. "You mustn't think that he was just an amateur cynic who advertised his bitterness, and felt aggrieved if somebody didn't take issue with him, and try to make him see the error of his views. He—he was Steele!" Cap'n Eben couldn't help but smile. "I haven't tried to describe the man himself. I didn't think it was necessary. Mebby it is.

"Always, to me, there was an eagle look in his face. Winds had bitten and tanned it; there were little wrinkles at the corners cut by a desert sun. And he had a habit of lying stretched back, one knee thrown over the other, his hands behind his head. And his muscles had never lost the lazy ease of men who live in the open. He was the most deliberately courteous gentleman that I have ever known.

"No, she didn't hate him. I've often wondered when she first realized that she cared—the way she cared. One day, after we'd put a boat over maybe, she was swimming alongside, when a man-eater's fins

cut across the *Buccaneer's* bow. At first I thought it was she who had screamed. That was foolish; she was not the screaming kind. It was one of the crew. And at that cry, from where he sat ten feet from the rail, Steele lifted from his chair and shot overboard in a long, flat arch. He brought her aboard before she knew quite what the fuss was about. She was more interested in the blue welts that his fingers had left on her bare arm than the danger she'd been in.

"After that I was sure. I used to watch her look at him, when she didn't know I was watching, and I kind of got to wondering how long it would be before her pride would straighten that hungry little twist in her lips.

"Sorry for her? Aye, but I was sorrier for Steele. For I knew that it had to come—and come mebby too late for him. At that it happened sooner than I believed it could. It wasn't a fortnight later that she told him she was tired of the sea, and uneasy for the ground under foot again. And he was, too, I reckon, for he gave me my orders on the spot.

"He owned a shootin' place on the Maine coast, with a fair-weather berth for the *Buccaneer* and good depth a hand-line's length from the wharf, where a speed-boat lay tied up. And there we anchored and went ashore, they and a hand or two, and the cook and myself. I would rather have stayed aboard, but she insisted that I come. Just why I don't know, unless she liked, sometimes, to badger me at table.

"And so I was there to see it happen, like one watching a play that fairly grips one by the throat, and just about as helpless to take a hand. For she tried, don't doubt that! She fought that little smile of his, and all that she knew lay behind it, with every woman trick, every gesture, every note of her voice. Whatever he did she was with him. She hunted with him, and fished with him, and swam with him off the dock, sometimes so far out that I'd lose the dots that were their heads and get uneasy, and cast off the speed-boat and run out, careless-like, as if I'd just happened that way. She tried. And Steele? He met her always with his deliberate courtesy that anticipated her littlest whim, and the smile that had no mirth behind it, until a glint came at last into her eyes and she changed her tactics.

"She hunted alone for three days, and by then I knew how hopeless it was—I knew it was only a question of time before she realized it, too. And the morning of the third day I was sitting with him on the veranda when she came around the corner of the lodge, dressed in a short velvet skirt and a jacket like a boy's, a dog at heel, her gun in the hollow of her arm. And she stopped a moment and smiled up at him.

"'Coming?' she called. Steele was on his feet.

"'Why—if you wish it," he said.

She flushed ever so little, but she shook her head gaily enough.

"'If *you* wish it,' she corrected him.

"It's odd how much two people can put into words as simple as those. In themselves they were commonplace—aye, it's the spirit, not the letter. For, man, it was like a challenge! I could hear my pulses pound. And Steele—he waited too long; just the fraction of a second too long.

"For suddenly she had wheeled and was gone, marching stiff and straight up the cleared side of a hill that ran into deeper timber, with only his eyes following her. That was the first time I ever saw the queer look creep over his face, as if he'd run into a bewildering question to which he didn't know the answer. I sat some time without speaking. If I had, I'd have mentioned things that were no affair of mine. After a while I mumbled an excuse and got away.

"And that day luck played straight into her hands, or at least so it must have seemed to her, for she seized the chance eagerly enough and tried to turn it to her purpose. Toward noon, hunting the same cover, she ran across a man she'd known before she married Steele. Red Jacket I'd been calling him to myself, ever since I'd sighted him, a ways up the coast near a shack he was livin' in. Charlton was his right name, and he was up there trying to get his nerves halfway steady again.

"On the Avenue she had been failin' to see him, whenever they passed, for nearly a year. She knew his record. So you can guess what his first thought was, when she told him how glad she was to see him, and insisted, there in the brush, that he invite her to share the lunch bulging his pocket. He knew of her marriage, of course. Why, even daughters of the very set he belonged to wouldn't marry him!

"That afternoon she was late getting back to the lodge, and Red Jacket came with her—at least, he came as far as the top of the last hill, where they stood a minute, his red coat as brilliant as a splash of blood against the black of the evergreens. Steele couldn't have failed to see him, for he was lounging in the doorway when she ran up the steps.

"You know right now what she expected him to say. You know what she *wanted* him to say, more than she'd ever wanted to hear anything from any man's lips. Why, he knew what Charlton was. And instead he just smiled, and nodded and asked of her 'What luck?'

"'Better than usual,' she answered him. She omitted to mention Red Jacket, too. Right there Steele lost his biggest chance—she only gave him one other.

"At dinner that night her eyes were bright, and she laughed more readily than usual. With her it hadn't been a gradual process. All in an instant he'd cut deep to the pride of her. She hunted alone the next day and was late; and the next day later still. And all I could think of, whenever I looked at her, was how red her mouth was against the pallor of her skin.

"And then, the third morning, as she came around the corner from the direction of the kennels, and I saw what dog was following her, my heart thumped. I dared to hope that, even yet, she had not stopped trying—that is, until I glimpsed her face. I should have known better.

"I've told you that there was nothing on God's footstool that Steele loved save the memory of one man. That was not so. He loved that red-setter pup she had at heel the way you might expect a man to love a dog when a dog was the only thing for which he'd let himself care. And that was Steele's case. He wouldn't let himself care.

"He'd raised the puppy himself. No one else had ever been allowed to fire a gun over him. And once she'd learned that from the keeper . . . Why, she didn't care now *how* she hurt him—even through his dog! And yet—and yet, all that came of it was beyond her power, or the power of any living person, to anticipate.

"Steele put in some bad hours that day. Twice he walked to the crest of the rise; and the third time, late in the afternoon, he waited till she came. And Red Jacket was with her, close beside her, helping her over the rough spots. And behind them the red-setter pup, tearing here and there, reveling in a freedom that his master had never let him know, tired and contented, with his tongue lolling out.

"Perhaps they didn't see Steele until they were close upon him. Not Charlton, anyway, for his start of surprise was too well done to be feigned. And it was too furtive to be pleasant for Steele to see. His greeting was over-cordial—noisier than need be.

"'H'ware yuh, Steele?' he exclaimed, and held out a hand.

"Steele never looked at him, or the hand either, as he turned his back. And the girl? Why, she just nodded good-by to Red Jacket as unconcerned as if it was nothing but the most ordinary situation under the sun, and skipped along to keep pace with her husband.

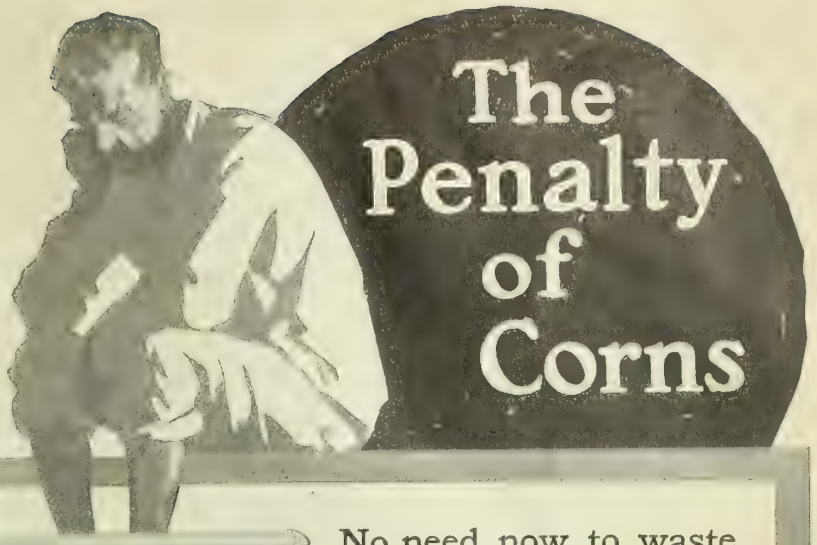
"And they had come twenty or thirty paces, toward the lodge, before she remembered the dog. But Steele must have been thinking of him, for he stopped when she did, and turned. Charlton was still standing where they had left him, his lips curled nastily. And half-way between them, his ears cocked, the red-setter pup had paused, undecided.

"Steele had raised him, now understand. Yes, and taught him to be everything that a canine gentleman should be. Steele loved that dog—but Red Jacket had rubbed his ears and fed him a sandwich with salt in it, and failed to switch him for his dereliction when he rushed a rabbit scuttling into the brush. Red Jacket had been 'good to him'! And he was only a pup, remember—a fool, green pup, hungry to run.

"Mebby it'll sound trivial and childish in the telling, but it was neither trivial nor childish to me as I watched—no, nor to Steele, either. And to the girl . . . Symbolic, is that the word?

"Steele waited motionless so long that it hit her like a blow. What was going on behind his stillness? Her face had been warm from walking. It blanched now. She stood watching him, eyes wide and fascinated, while he watched his dog.

"The puppy had stopped, one paw lifted, puzzled, not just clear yet in his own brain what to do. And something in the incident —something of a rotten parallel—must have



No need now to waste time soaking your feet so often. Nor run the risk of paring.

BLUE-JAY plasters have ended millions of corns. This very night thousands of people will say good-bye to painful corns forever. Touchy corns are needless, even foolish.

Blue-jay brings instant relief. And in 48 hours the average corn is gone. Only a few stubborn ones require a second or third treatment.

A Blue-jay plaster, with its healing wax, is applied in a jiffy. No soreness, no inconvenience. The pain is not temporarily eased, as with paring. There is no danger, as with harsh liquids. Decide to join the happy crowd tonight which has won freedom the Blue-jay way.

BAUER & BLACK
Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Blue-jay
Stops Pain — Ends Corns

For Sale by All Druggists

Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters



Get out into the quiet places with one of the

SENECA CAMERAS

A fine companion is the extremely thin, light-weight

NEW 2C SENECA CHIEF

(illustrated below)

Takes pictures 2⅞ x 4⅞—slips into your pocket—does anything any camera will do and then does more.

We guarantee its ability with a money-back trial and you are the Judge.

Price, $22

Ask your dealer or send for FREE SENECA CATALOG describing all Senecas and showing the picture each takes.

Seneca Camera Mfg. Company
171 State St. Rochester, N. Y.

suggested itself to Charlton, for he laughed softly before he raised his voice.

"'Better call your dog!' he called.

"At the sound the puppy turned and took a step or two in his direction, and stopped again. His swung 'round, and he met Steele's eyes upon him. It was plain enough where his inclination lay, but he was waiting for the word of command—and no word came. And then, slowly, his muzzle dropped. Tail tucked against his legs he went slowly up the hill, following Red Jacket, who was already crashing away through the thicket. And Steele let him go!

"She was up to the veranda a little in front of him, head up, her eyes fixed straight before her. Twice, on the way, she hesitated, as if to speak, but it was not until she reached the top step that she whirled on him. Her breathing made speech hard for her.

"'He waited,' she choked. 'You had only —to speak to him!'

"And then I understood that queer look that I had seen, just once, upon his face. Why, months before, sitting out on deck, he'd told me the answer to it when I was too blind to comprehend.

"'Everything I have, I've bought,' he'd said, speaking out of an hour's unbroken silence, and I'd not realized what he was talking about, or that he was talking to himself. 'Everything I have, I've bought—and paid for at the market price. And why not? That was the one sure way!'

"And now he stood looking up at her—whom he'd bought! And there on his lips was his quiet smile. But her face was no whiter than his.

"'He was ready to come—willing to come!' This she flung at him, bitterly, wildly. 'And you didn't care enough to call him back—not even with one word.'

"Steele wet his lips with the tip of his tongue. Man, his voice was steady.

"'Not if he wanted—to follow *that!*' He jerked his head, stiffly, over his shoulder.

"And suddenly she wasn't tense any longer. Hysteria was gone from her tight fists and from her voice.

"'Not even a dog,' she barely murmured.

"'Not even a dog,' he said.

"And then—then *she* was smiling. Defiant? Proud? Hers wasn't the strength of hardness. That was the dreariest smile I ever saw upon the lips of a woman. She seemed only little and crumpled, as she groped for the door-frame; she stopped and turned back, and her face was sorry and sorry, as if lighted from within.

"'Some day,' she told him, 'some day *you'll* come to *me*—yes, and without even one word to bring you, if only I care to call . . . '

"The setter pup returned in the morning, with a dozen raw welts across his head and muzzle. Red Jacket had drunk hard during the night, in his shack up the coast, perhaps in expectation of a visitor he dared not meet sober. The pup came back . . . and limped up to Steele who stood at the foot of the steps, waiting for him. But the dog's tail wasn't down between his legs now. He was a thoroughbred. Steele didn't know that the girl was behind him, until he heard her voice, just little and weary, like the night before.

"'You aren't going to whip him?' she quavered.

"Steele dropped one hand upon the puppy's head, and the latter whined a little.

"'Whip him?' Steele echoed, as if the words had no meaning for him. 'Whip him . . . ?' By three that afternoon the speed-boat was gone from the wharf, and she was gone with it."

Cap'n Eben frowned at Berkeley's Boy. "To Red Jacket!" he echoed the boy's hated question. "Haven't I given you to know her, even a little bit well? . . . To the first town down the coast where there was a railway junction. It was barely thirty miles —little more than an hour—and she could handle that speed-boat better than a man. Yes, he let her go without a word. At least, he wasn't about to stop her when she left. Just before dusk he came tramping back through the brush, seeming to know without being told what had taken place. Later, aboard the *Buccaneer*, I washed out his knuckles and painted the cuts with iodine. Charlton must have been very, very drunk to have beaten a dog like that.

"Two weeks later I was back aboard the *Mary Ann*. They'd finished work on her; she looked nice with her new rigging. And the day before I cleared for the Mediterranean I saw *her* name in a list of passengers sailing on the Fastnet Line that week. There was but very little in the papers about it . . . her delicate health was mentioned briefly . . . a few months in the south of France—

This time Cap'n Eben was so long silent that even Lyman-Bryant grew uneasy.

"Well?" he temporized, for he hadn't forgotten what Cap'n Eben had called the "main issue," even though, I noticed, a certain matter-of-fact note was gone from his challenge.

Cap'n Eben gave him a short nod. "Yes," he said, "I'm comin' to that; and the rest tells quickly, as it should. Nor do you have to be told that I thought about them both pretty often in the days that followed. I—somehow to me it didn't seem finished. I couldn't even bring myself to believe that it would come to the usual sordid end. So I got into the habit of hunting the papers through, whenever I had a chance, watching for his name—looking for I don't know just what. Anyway, I wasn't much surprised when I read six months later, in a sheet already two months old, that Steele—Steele who was like his name—had broken down and been ordered away for an indefinite period by his doctor. I'd been expectin' some such thing. Overwork, it said, and nerve-strain, and I suppose that was as good a diagnosis as any. Only after that, nights on deck, I used to catch myself repeatin' aloud the last words almost she'd spoke to him.

"'Some day you'll come, yes, and without even a word to bring you—some day, if I only care to call.'

"And that was all the news I had of him for quite a spell, save once I heard him reported in Yokohama—once, six months later, I learned that a long, black yacht had called, a week or ten days ahead of me, when I touched at the Islands for shell.

"Honolulu . . . Hong-Kong!

"I got to picturin' him, moving from port to port, never stayin' long in one place, never finding the next one quite what he hoped it might be. That was the season I swung the *Mary Ann* down from San Francisco, and all the way around, and up this coast. And she was lying in here—the black, familiar yacht—the day that we dropped anchor.

"When I came here to Mendoza's that night he caught sight of me first, and at that I was looking for him. He was up and leading me to his table, holding to my arm with a grip that hurt. And then—then I saw how it really was with him.

"Sick! He was sick in body and brain and bone. There was a bad, dry glitter in his eyes, and twin stains upon his cheeks that told of the fever in him, picked up at some filthy, native port below. He had been alone, before my coming, but there could be no mistaking how glad he was to see me. Aye, you have guessed why.

"He was starved for some one to talk to, but there was only one thing he wanted to hear. And I—I did not know how to speak of her. From every other topic I could suggest his attention wandered. At first I thought it was what he had to drink, until I saw Mendoza watching us, from far down the room.

"Mendoza is a good cook. He is a better student of the souls of men. And Mendoza's face was grave—concerned. He shook his head slowly to me, from side to side—soberly —like that. And in the same instant the orchestra, behind those plants that smell too sweet, stopped playing of a sudden. You know how quiet it becomes here, sometimes, when those strings hush their wailing. For a breath everything seemed to wait, the music and the laughter and the tinkle of glasses, till there was just the lisp of the wind and the swish of the sea to be heard.

"Something in Mendoza's stare made me turn. There, across the table from me, Steele was leaning forward, rigid in his chair, his head tilted to one side, lost to everything about him. He was *listening*—listening, eagerly, like a man who strains to catch a faint, still voice from far, far off! It made my hair creep. I knew! Would you have been slow to understand? Then, little by little, a change came over him—a gray look—and he shivered as if he was cold. And then—crash! it was Mendoza's again. Somehow, with his face in his hands, he pulled himself together.

"I went back to the *Buccaneer* with him that night, even though I did not like the look of the sky, streaked with long, ragged wisps of cloud, though the air was heavy and dead. I'd rather have gone back to the *Mary Ann!* This is no harbor in a blow. But I went with him, not because he was too sick to ask. And it was well I did, for at the pier-end, without a sound of warning, he folded up like a wet paper. When we hailed the *Buccaneer*, MacLaren was waiting. He helped me lift him aboard. And that moment I marveled most I think. I am not a strong man, as strong men go, but I needed no help. I could have lifted him easily, alone. MacLaren had been chief-engineer in my day. He had his papers; he was captain now. Together we carried Steele below.

"I could not leave him after that. For fever came and swept him like a flame. He had stood up to the last; watching in Mendoza's his efforts to hang onto himself I'd learned how he had resisted, till there was nothing left in him upon which he could call to fight. And that's the way he broke. Everything went—his strength—his sanity—even the mastery of his tongue. For now he talked only of her. He tossed and mumbled thickly; her name I heard, plainly again and again. And once, when I had turned away for a moment and turned back to him, he was sitting erect, his face as sane as any man's. But when I took a step toward him he held up one hand and checked me—so! He was listening I tell you! His delirium was easier to bear. Yet, at my hand on his shoulder, he knew me. He shivered, and lay down, obediently enough, and asked me if he was sick.

"MacLaren went for a doctor, who came and stayed that night and the next day. At nine o'clock in the evening, when he left, Steele was lying quiet. And MacLaren, coming below after putting the doctor into a boat, crossed and spoke softly to me.

"'Go on deck, and have a look,' said he, 'Mony a bad one I've seen, but never the like o' this.'

"So I went up. To the west the sky was the color of hammered copper—a hammered copper bowl, ripped here and there with darting molten cracks. And there wasn't a breath of air, not a breath. It was stifling quiet, stifling hard to breathe. I stayed on deck an hour, until I heard it coming, a low, hungry hum, rising and dying down, and rising louder than before.

"It was MacLaren's vessel. He'd done all there was need to do. I was below with them, when the *Buccaneer* first rose a little and heeled, gently, and tugged a bit at her cable.

"It came with a rush and a lunatic shout, and then—a lull! You know what such moments are like, down here in the tropics. It was still, as though things were closing in on us in the dark, gathering themselves to spring. My eyes sought MacLaren's, I don't know why, only every nerve of me was singing. And then I saw his hand go to the back of his head, and knew that his hair, crawling up, had drawn it there. I whirled and looked at Steele.

"I've told you how sick he was—how quiet he'd lain for hours. Why, he was standing there beside us, on his feet, with all his old-time ease of muscle, staring hard out over our heads.

"And then, out of the lull, there came the wind—one clear call from afar, rising higher and higher, thinner and thinner, like the treble of a violin, until it seemed to sweep directly toward us, above us, and pass on and die away. Something of savage gladness swept Steele's face. And then all hell broke loose!

"How should I know what he flung at us. Logic! Explanation! Do you think I listened to *words* that night? Why, all the words I needed were pounding, sledge-hammer, in my brain. 'You'll come . . . if only I care to call!'

"Delirious? The man who snapped commands at us that night was the man who broke Benson and King. A madman! Then there were three of us. For MacLaren didn't ask why. He—he just lifted his fingers to his cap—so!—when Steele ordered him to take her out, and turned as calm as you please. But his face was white as that plate.

"'Ye'll take the wheel, sir,' he said to me. 'Ye ken what she can do. This night—pray God this night she understands. And now I —weel, now!—I'll be gettin' me down to me engines.' Cap'n Eben shook his head, defiantly, as one who clears his eyes.

"Facts!" he muttered. "Why, I tell you it's *men* make facts—men and women!" And then his head flung up.

"We took her out!" he cried softly. "Aye, we took her out, into a sea that ran hills high, and a smother as thick as the Pit. The night of the twenty-fourth, and you all remember that date! There have been bad storms on this coast—there never was a worse.

"Bearings! Course! Steele gave me the course we steered that night. 'A little by north,' he'd shout, and I'd catch the words like a whisper, and ease her off a spoke It was open ocean ahead!"

"And the *Buccaneer?* She was all steel, too. They'd hurl her back, and she'd shudder and hold, and come lungin' in again. Mountains thundered over her bows, and she staggered and shook herself, and leaped half her own length clear. Up and up, with her searchlight splinterin' like a crazy lance against the black wall where Heaven should have been. Up, and a giddy minute, and s-s-s-s-s-! . . . plunge . . . br-r-r-a-a-m! And lurchin' ahead again!

"Through the night we drove her—through the vortex of that storm that tried to beat her back. And when the gleam of the searchlight went stale against a sickly sun there came a change. The wind no longer tore at us; an hour and it was still rollin' high, but even and green, and then Steele clutched my arm and pointed. On the smooth side of a wave, like a great, sodden doughnut, a white life-preserver went scudding by.

"At the bell MacLaren eased her then, and so we swung at quarter speed, in a wide circle strewn with bits of wreckage—a spar—a chair—a bit of rail.

"And I—I sighted her first!"

Cap'n Eben had forgotten everything but the memory of that moment. The light in that weathered face!

"I saw her, close in on our port bow, clinging to a life raft. At first I didn't recognize her; I thought it was a stripling boy. And with the screw barely turning (it was no landsman's job) twice we swung to the windward of her, and twice we had to sheer off. The third time her husband went over for her. In his arms she came up out of the sea."

Cap'n Eben turned squarely to Lyman-Bryant. "You recall the accident: the *Charlemagne* . . . Buenos Aires bound . . . blown off the coast . . . submerged, derelict hulk. She sank in less than an hour. Then mebby you'll remember the story that the papers printed—a different story than any they'd ever printed before—about the man named Steele.

"'Sheer, indomitable will,' they called it, 'typical of the man himself, that had snatched a score of lives from the ocean's maw.'

"And that was true. Cruising about until nightfall we picked up nineteen others, still clinging to bits of wreckage. None of the boats had lived.

"But they told, too, of the wireless operator of the *Charlemagne*, who stuck and went down at his key; of our man, who plucked their first cry for help from the wind, and flung back word that we heard and were coming, and bade him tell us where they lay. And it was a brave, brave tale. No doubt it was the truth, so far as the boy on the *Charlemagne* was concerned. No doubt he stuck. They always do—those boys! Only we—*we carried no wireless equipment!* Steele had torn the dynamo out of her, and the aërials, almost two years before, the day he left New York."

"And she—she wasn't hurt?" he asked unsteadily. "She was all right?"

Cap'n Eben bobbed his head. "She wasn't hurt," he echoed. "She even had strength enough left to speak to him, as he crushed her to him, the little figure in silken vest and knickerbockers and black stockings, that I'd thought was a boy. The rest of her clothing she had discarded before she went overboard alone. Slim and soft and white, and she lived that whole night through!

"'I knew you'd find me!' And there was that hungry little twist in her lips. 'I knew you'd come . . . even when I couldn't hang on much longer . . . and called to you to hurry, please . . . if you could!'

"She managed to get one arm about his neck, as he lifted her and carried her below."

AND even then Berkeley's Boy had not guessed it. He'd not been able to speak until now. He reached out and touched Cap'n Eben's hand diffidently.

"And they," he faltered. "Did they—did they——"

Mendoza paused at our table, smiling his brilliant, friendly smile and pointing toward the sea. A low, lean silhouette, like a vessel cut from black cardboard, was creeping into the bay.

"The yacht of Señor Valiant," Mendoza gossiped cheerily. "She has been a week away. But to-night, eh, the Señor will be going back aboard?" Then Berkeley's Boy knew.

"Valiant!" he blurted. "Steele Valiant!" And whirled toward the table where she had been sitting—the girl with the ashen hair and blue eyes smudged with gray. And when he turned slowly back, at last, Cap'n Eben was still waiting, patiently, to answer his unfinished question.

"Did they live happily ever after?" The little skipper of the *Mary Ann* could not but laugh a little, but there was no malice in his mirth. "My boy—my boy! That's old, old stuff. Perhaps you'd better ask them, to-morrow, yourself!"

A STOIC—John Galsworthy

(*Concluded from page 10*)

air, red cheeks, large round heads, excellent eeth and poor morals. They had done their est for the population of any county in which hey settled; the offshoots swarmed. Born in he early twenties of the nineteenth century, ylvanus Heythorp, after an education broken y escapades both at school and college, had etched up in that simple London of the late orties, where claret, opera, and eight per cent. or your money made life cheery. Admitted s partner in his shipping firm well before e was thirty, he had sailed with a wet sheet nd a flowing tide; dancers, claret, Cliquot nd piquet, a cab with a tiger; sport, some ravel—all that delicious Early-Victorian onsciousness of nothing save a golden time. t was all so full and mellow that he was orty before he had his first love-affair of any lepth—with the daughter of one of his own lerks, a *liaison* so awkward as to necessitate sedulous concealment. The death of that irl after three years, leaving a baby boy of wo, had been the chief, perhaps the only eal, grief of his life. Five years later he narried. What for? God only knew! as e was in the habit of remarking. His wife ad been a hard, worldly, well-connected woman, who presented him in two years with a girl and a boy, and grew harder, more worldly, and less handsome in the process. The migration to Liverpool, which took place when he was sixty and she forty-two, broke what she still had of heart, but she lingered on twelve years, finding solace in Bridge and in being haughty toward Liverpool. Old Heythorp saw her to her rest without regret. He had felt no love for her whatever, and practically none for her two children—they were in his view colorless, pragmatical, very unexpected characters. His son Ernest—in the Admiralty—he thought a poor, careful stick. His daughter Adela, an excellent manager, delighting in spiritual conversation and the society of tame men, rarely failed to show him that she considered him a hopeless heathen. They saw as little as need be of each other. She was provided for under that settlement he had made on her mother fifteen years ago, well before the not-altogether-unexpected crisis in his affairs. All the sentiment of which he was capable had been bestowed on that son of his born "under the rose." The boy, who had always gone by his mother's name of Larne, had, on her death, been sent to some relations of hers in Ireland, and there brought up. He had been called to the Dublin Bar, and married young a girl half-Cornish and half-Irish; and presently, having cost old Heythorp in all a pretty penny, he had died impecunious, leaving his fair Rosamund at thirty with a girl of eight and a boy of five. She had not spent six months of widowhood before she came over from Dublin to claim the old man's guardianship. A remarkably pretty woman, like a full-blown rose, with greenish-hazel eyes, she had turned up one morning at the offices of The Island Navigation Company, accompanied by her two children—for old Heythorp had never divulged to them his private address. And ever since they had always been more or less on his hands, occupying a small house in a suburb of Liverpool. He visited them there, but never asked them to the house in Sefton Park which was in fact his daughter's; so that his proper family were unaware of the existence of Rosamund and her youngsters.

Rosamund Larne was one of those precarious ladies who make uncertain incomes by writing full-bodied storiettes. In the most dismal circumstances she enjoyed a buoyancy bordering on the indecent that always amused old Heythorp's cynicism. Of both of his grandchildren, Phyllis and Jock (wild as colts), he had become fond. And this chance of getting six thousand pounds settled on them at a stroke had seemed to him nothing but heaven-sent. As things were, if he "went off"—as, of course, he might at any moment—there wouldn't be a penny for them; for he would "cut up" a good fifteen thousand to the bad. He was now giving them some three hundred a year out of his fees; but dead Directors earned no fees! Six thousand pounds at four-and-a-half per cent., settled so that their mother couldn't "blue it," would give them a certain two hundred and fifty a year—better than beggary.

And the more he thought the better he liked the notion, if only that shaky chap, Joe Pillin, didn't shy off when he'd bitten his nails short enough over it!

Four evenings later the "shaky chap" had again appeared.

"I've thought it over, Sylvanus. I don't like it."

"No; but you'll do it."

"It's a sacrifice. Fifty-four thousand for four ships—it means a considerable reduction in my income."

"It means security, my boy."

"Well, there is that, but you know I really can't be a party to a secret commission. If it came out, think of my name and goodness knows what."

"It won't come out."

"Yes, yes, so you say, but——"

"All you've got to do's to execute a settlement on some third parties that I'll name. I'm not going to take a penny by it myself. Get your own lawyer to draw it up and make him trustee. You can sign it when the purchase has gone through. I'll trust you, Joe. What stock have you got that gives four-and-a-half per cent."

"Midland——"

"That'll do. You needn't sell."

"Yes, but who *are* these people?"

"Woman and her children I want to do a good turn to." What a face the fellow had made! "Afraid of being connected with a woman, Joe?"

"Yes, you may laugh—I *am* afraid of being connected with someone else's woman. I don't like it—I don't like it at all. I've not led your life, Sylvanus."

"Lucky for you; you'd have been dead long ago. Tell your lawyer it's an old flame of yours, you old dog!"

"Yes, there it is at once, you see. I might be subject to blackmail."

"Tell him to keep it dark, and just pay over the income quarterly. They'll think I'm their benefactor, and so I am."

"I don't like it, Sylvanus—I don't like it."

"Then leave it, and be hanged to you. Have a cigar."

"You know I never smoke. Is there no other way?"

"Yes. Sell stock in London, bank the proceeds there, and bring me six thousand pounds in notes. I'll hold 'em till after the General Meeting. If the thing doesn't go through, I'll hand 'em back to you."

"No; I like that even less."

"Rather I trusted *you*, eh!"

"No, not at all, Sylvanus, not at all. But it's all playing round the law."

"There's no law to prevent you doing what you like with your money. What I do's nothing to you. And mind you, I'm taking nothing from it—not a mag. You assist the widowed and the fatherless—just your line, Joe!"

"What a fellow you are, Sylvanus; you don't seem capable of taking anything seriously."

"Care killed the cat!"

Left alone after this second interview he had thought: "The beggar'll jump."

And the beggar *had*. That settlement was drawn and only awaited signature. The board to-day had decided on the purchase; and all that remained was to get it ratified at the General Meeting. Let him but get that over, and this provision for his grandchildren made, and he would snap his fingers at Brownbee and his crew—the canting humbugs! "Hope you have many years of this life before you!" As if they cared for anything but his money—*their* money, rather!

And, becoming conscious of the length of his reverie, he grasped the arms of his chair and heaved at his own bulk in an effort to rise, growing redder and redder in face and neck. It was one of the hundred things his doctor had told him not to do for fear of apoplexy! Humbug! Why didn't Farney or one of the young fellows come and help him up? Was he to sit there all night? Three times he failed, and after each failure sat motionless again, crimson and exhausted; the fourth time he succeeded, and slowly made for the office. Passing through, he stopped and said in his extinct voice:

"You young gentlemen had forgotten me."

"Mr. Farney said you didn't wish to be disturbed, sir."

"Very good of him. Give me my hat and coat."

"Yes, sir."



Hardly a Handful

Quality all Through

PREMOETTE JR.

A camera that's just a trifle larger than the pictures it makes, and is so easy to operate, so carefully equipped and tested, that the merest beginner can use a Premoette Jr. and get the best of pictures from the very start.

And the negatives are of excellent enlarging quality, so that with this little instrument, by the simple process of enlargement, it is possible to get perfectly satisfactory pictures as large as those made with the most bulky view cameras.

Using the Premo Film Pack, it can be loaded or unloaded in any light in an instant. It permits the removal of one or more films for development at any time—in a word, it has all those unusual features found only in the film pack system of photography.

Fitted with Kodak Ball Bearing shutter and a choice of meniscus achromatic, rapid rectilinear or Kodak Anastigmat lens, *f*.7.7. Sizes, 2¼ x 3¼ and 2½ x 4¼. Prices, $5.00 to $14.00.

Also furnished in Special style with exceptionally rich finish, high speed Compound shutter and Bausch & Lomb Kodak Anastigmat lens, *f*.6.3, at $36.00 for the 2¼ x 3¼, and $40.00 for the 2½ x 4¼ size.

Premo catalogue free at the dealer's, or mailed on request.

ROCHESTER OPTICAL DEPARTMENT

EASTMAN KODAK CO. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

"Thank you. What time is it?"

"Six o'clock, sir."

"Tell Mr. Farney to come and see me to-morrow at noon about my speech for the General Meeting."

"Yes, sir."

"Good-night to you."

"Good-night, sir."

At his tortoise gait he passed between the office stools to the door, opened it feebly, and slowly vanished. Shutting the door behind him, a clerk said:

"Poor old Chairman! He's on his last!"

Another answered: "Gosh! He's a tough old hulk. He'll go down fightin'!"

ISSUING from the offices of The Island Navigation Co., Sylvanus Heythorp moved toward the corner whence he always took tram to Sefton Park. The crowded street had all that air of catching or missing something which characterizes the town where London and New York and Dublin meet. Old Heythorp had to cross to the far side, and he sallied forth without regard to traffic. That snail-like passage had in it a touch of the sublime; the old man seemed saying: "Knock me down and be hanged to you—I'm not going to hurry." His life was saved perhaps ten times a day by the British character at large, compounded of phlegm and a liking to take something under its protection. The tram-conductors on that line were especially used to him, never failing to catch him under the arms and heave him like a sack of coals, while with trembling hands he pulled hard at the rail and strap.

"All right, sir?"

"Thank you."

He moved into the body of the tram, where somebody would always get up from kindness and the fear that he might sit down on them; and there he stayed motionless, his little eyes tight closed. With his red face, tuft of white hairs above his square, cleft block of chin, and big high-crowned bowler hat, which yet seemed too petty for his head—he looked like some kind of an idol dug up and decked out in gear a size too small. One of those voices of young men from public schools and exchanges where things are bought and sold, said:

"How-de-do, Mr. Heythorp?"

Old Heythorp opened his eyes. That sleek cub, Joe Pillin's son! What a young pup—with his round eyes and his round cheeks and his little moustache, his fur coat, his spats, his diamond pin! And he said:

"How's your father?"

"Thanks; he's rather below par, worryin' about his ships. Suppose you haven't any news for him, sir?"

Old Heythorp nodded. The young man was one of his pet abominations, embodying all the complacent, little-headed mediocrity of this new generation; natty fellows all turned out of the same mold, sippers and tasters, chaps without drive or capacity, without even vices; and he did not intend to gratify his curiosity.

"Come to my house," he said. "I'll give you a note for him."

"Tha-anks; I'd like to cheer the old man up."

The old man! Cheeky brat! And closing his eyes he relapsed into immobility. The tram wound and ground its upward way and old Heythorp mused. When he was that cub's age—twenty-eight or whatever it was—he had done most things; been up Vesuvius, driven four-in-hand, lost his last penny on the Derby and won it back on the Oaks, known all the dancers and operatic stars of the day, fought a duel with a Yankee at Dieppe and winged him for saying Old England was played out; been a controlling voice already in his shipping firm; drunk five other of the best men in London under the table; broken his collar-bone steeple-chasing; shot a burglar in the legs; been nearly drowned, for a bet; killed snipe in Chelsea; been to Court—but never again!—; stared a ghost out of countenance; and traveled with a lady of Spain. If this young pup had done the last, it would be all he had; and yet, no doubt, he would call himself a

The conductor touched his arm.

"'Ere you are, sir."

He lowered himself to the ground, and moved in the bluish darkness toward the [illegible] Bob Pillin walked beside him, thinking: "Poor old josser, he *is* getting a back number!" And he said: "I should have thought you ought to [illegible] My old [illegible] would know it [illegible] if he were there at night like [illegible]

The answer rumbled out into the night air: "Your father's got no chest—never had."

Bob Pillin gave vent to one of those fat cackles which come so readily from a certain type of man; and old Heythorp thought: "Laughing at his father! Young parrot!"

They had reached the porch. A woman, with dark hair and a thin, straight face and figure, was arranging some flowers in the hall. She turned and said:

"You really ought not to be so late, father! It's wicked at this time of year. Who is it—oh! Mr. Pillin, how do you do? Have you had tea? Won't you come to the drawing-room; or do you want to see my father?"

"Tha-anks! I believe your father——" And he was thinking: "By Jove! The old chap *is* a caution!" For old Heythorp was crossing the hall without having paid the faintest attention to his daughter. Murmuring again:

"Tha-anks awfully; he wants to give me something," he followed. Miss Heythorp was not his style at all; he had a kind of dread of that thin woman who looked as if she could never be unbuttoned. They said she was a great church-goer and all that sort of thing.

In his sanctum, old Heythorp had moved to his writing-table, and was evidently anxious to sit down.

"Shall I give you a hand, sir?"

Receiving a shake of the head, Bob Pillin stood by the fire and watched. The "old sport" liked to paddle his own canoe. Fancy having to lower yourself into a chair like that! When an old Johnny got to such a state it was really a mercy when he snuffed out and made way for younger men. How Companies could go on putting up with such a fossil for Chairman was a marvel! The fossil rumbled and said in that almost inaudible voice:

"I suppose you're beginning to look forward to your father's shoes!"

Bob Pillin's mouth opened. The voice went on:

"Dibs and no responsibility. Tell him from me to drink port—add five years to his life."

Bob Pillin had no resource save a laugh against this unwarranted attack. And he perceived that a man-servant had entered the room.

"A Mrs. Larne, sir. Will you see her?"

At this announcement the old man seemed to try and start; then he nodded, and held out the note he had written. Bob Pillin received it together with the impression of a murmur that sounded like: "Scratch-a-poll, Poll!" And, passing the fine figure of a woman in a fur coat, who seemed to warm the air as she went by, he was in the hall again before he perceived that he had left his hat.

A young and pretty girl was standing on the bearskin before the fire, looking at him with round-eyed innocence. He thought: "This is better; I certainly won't disturb them for my hat;" and approaching the fire, said:

"Jolly cold, isn't it?"

The girl smiled: "Yes—jolly."

He noticed that she had a large bunch of violets at her breast, a lot of fair hair, a short straight nose, and round blue-gray eyes very frank and open. "Er—" he said, "I've left my hat in there."

"What larks!" And at her little clear laugh something moved within Bob Pillin.

"You know this house well?"

She shook her head. "It's rather scrummy, isn't it?"

Bob Pillin, who had never yet thought so, answered: "Quite O. K."

The girl threw up her head to laugh. "O. K. What's that?"

Bob Pillin saw her white, round throat, and thought: "She *is* a ripper!" And he said with a certain desperation:

"My name's Pillin. Yours is Larne, isn't it? Are you a relation here?"

"He's our Guardy. Isn't he a chook?"

That rumbling whisper like "Scratch-a-poll, Poll!" recurring to Bob Pillin, he said with reservation:

"You know him better than I do."

"Oh! Aren't you his grandson, or something?"

Bob Pillin did not cross himself, but he said hastily: "Not much! My Dad's an old friend of his; that's all."

"Is your Dad like him?"

"Rather not!"

"What a pity! It would have been lovely if they'd been Tweedles."

Bob Pillin thought: "This 'bit' is something new. I wonder what her Christian name is." And he said:

"What did your godfather and godmother in your baptism——?"

The girl laughed; she seemed to laugh at everything.

"Phyllis."

Could he say: "Is my only joy?" Better keep it! But—for what? He wouldn't see her again if he didn't look out! And he remarked:

"I live at the last house in the Park—the red one. D'you know it? Where do you?"

"Oh! a long way. 23 Millicent Villas. It's a poky little house. I hate it. We have awful larks, though."

"Who are we?"

"Mother and myself and Jock—he's an awful boy. You can't conceive what an awful boy he is. He's got nearly red hair; I think he'll be just like Guardy when he gets old. He's *awful!*"

Bob Pillin murmured: "I should like to see him."

"Would you? I'll ask mother if you can. You won't want to again; he goes off all the time like a squib." She threw back her head, and again Bob Pillin felt a little giddy. He collected himself, and drawled:

"Are you going in to see your Guardy?"

"No. Mother's got something special to say. We've never been here before, you see. Isn't it fun?"

"Fun!"

"I think he's the greatest lark; he's awfully nice to me. Jock calls him the Last of the Stoic'uns."

A voice called from old Heythorp's den: "Phyllis!" It had a particular ring, that voice, as if coming from beautifully-formed red lips, of which the lower one would curve the least bit over; it had, too, a caressing vitality, a kind of warm falsity.

The girl threw a laughing look back over her shoulder, and vanished through the door into the room.

Bob Pillin remained with his back to the fire and his puppy-round eyes fixed on the air that her figure had last occupied. He was experiencing a sensation never felt before. Those travels with a lady of Spain, charitably conceded him by old Heythorp, had so far satisfied the emotional side of this young man; they had stopped short at Brighton and Scarborough, and been preserved from even the slightest intrusion of love. A calculated and hygienic career had caused no anxiety either to himself or his father; and this sudden swoop of something more than admiration gave him an uncomfortable choky feeling just above his high, round collar, and in the temples a sort of buzzing—those first symptoms of chivalry. A man of the world does not, however, succumb without a struggle; and if his hat had not been out of reach who knows whether he would not have left the house hurriedly, saying to himself: "No, no, my boy; Millicent Villas is hardly your form when your intentions are honorable." For somehow that round and laughing face, bob of glistening hair, and wide-opened gray eyes refused to awaken the beginnings of other intentions—such is the effect of youth and innocence on even the steadiest young men. With a kind of moral stammer he was thinking: "Can I—dare I—offer to see them to their tram? Couldn't I even nip out and get the car round and send them home in it? No, I might miss them—better stick it out here! What a jolly laugh! What a ripping face—strawberries and cream, hay, and all that! Millicent Villas!" And he wrote it on his cuff.

The door was opening; he heard that warm vibrating voice:

"Come along, Phyllis!" and that other voice and laugh so high and fresh: "Right-o! Coming!" And with perhaps the first real tremor he had ever known he crossed to the front door. All the more chivalrous to escort them to the tram without a hat! And suddenly he heard:

"I've got your hat, young man!" And her mother's voice, warm, and simulating shock: "Phyllis, you awful gairl! Did you ever see such an awful gairl, Mr. ——"

"Pillin, mother."

And then—he did not quite know how—insulated from the January air by laughter and the scent of fur and violets, he was between them walking to their tram. It was like an experience out of the "Arabian Nights," or something of that sort, an intoxication that made one say one was going their way, though one would have to come all the way back in the same beastly tram. Nothing so warming had ever happened to him as sitting between them on that drive, so that he forgot the note in his pocket and his desire to relieve the anxiety of the "old man" his father. At the tram's terminus they all got out. There came a purring invitation to come and see them some time; a clear: "Jock'll love to see you!" a low laugh: "You awful gairl!" Then a flame coming zigzagged across his brain, so that taking off his hat, he said:

"Thanks awfully; rather!" and put his foot back on the step of the tram. He had delicately exposed the depths of his chivalry.

"Oh! You *said* you were going our way. What one-ers you do tell!" The words were as music; the sight—of those eyes growing rounder—the most perfect he had ever seen—and Mrs. Larne's low laugh; so warm, yet so preoccupied; and the tips of the girl's fingers waving back above her head. He heaved a sigh, and knew no more till he was seated at his club before a bottle of champagne. Home! Not he! He wished to drink and dream. "The old man" would get his news all right to-morrow!

THE words: "A Mrs. Larne to see you, sir," had been of a nature to astonish weaker nerves. What had brought her here? She knew she mustn't come! And old Heythorp had watched her entrance with cynical amusement. The way she whiffed herself at that young pup in passing, the way her eyes slid round! He had a very just appreciation of his son's widow; and a smile settled deep between his chin tuft and moustache. She lifted his hand, kissed it, pressed it to her splendid bust, and said:

"So here I am at last, you see, Guardy. Aren't you surprised?"

Old Heythorp shook his head.

"I really had to come and see you; we haven't had a sight of you for such an age. And in this awful weather! How are you, dear old Guardy?"

"Never better." And, watching her green-gray eyes, he added: "Haven't a penny for you!"

Her face did not fall; she gave her feather laugh.

"How dreadful of you to think I came for that! But I *am* in an awful fix, Guardy."

"Never knew you not to be."

"Just let me tell you, dear; it'll be some relief. I'm having the most terrible time."

She sank into a low chair, disengaging an overpowering scent of violets, while melancholy struggled to subdue her face and body.

"The most awful fix. I expect to be sold up any moment. We may be on the streets to-morrow. I daren't tell the children; they're so happy, poor darlings. I shall be obliged to take Jock away from school. And Phyllis will have to stop her piano and dancing; it's an absolute crisis. And all due to those Midland Syndicate people. I've been counting on at least two hundred for my new story, and the wretches have refused it."

With a tiny handkerchief she removed one tear from the corner of each eye. "It *is* hard, Guardy; I worked my brain silly over that story."

From old Heythorp came a mutter that sounded suspiciously like: "Rats!"

Heaving a sigh, which conveyed nothing but the generosity of her breathing apparatus, Mrs. Larne said:

"You couldn't, I suppose, let me have just one hundred?"

"Not a bob!"

She sighed again, her eyes slid round the room; then in her warm voice she murmured:

"Guardy, you *were* my dear Philip's father, weren't you? I've never said anything, but *of course* you were. He was so like you, and so is Jock."

Nothing moved in old Heythorp's face. No pagan image consulted with flowers and song and sacrifice could have returned less answer. Her dear Philip! She had led him the devil of a life, or he was a Dutchman! And what the deuce made her suddenly trot out the skeleton like this? But Mrs. Larne's eyes were still wandering.

"What a lovely house! You know, I think you ought, Guardy. Just imagine if your grandchildren were thrown out into the street!"

The old man grinned. He was not going to deny his relationship—that was her look-out, not his. But neither was he going to let her rush him.

"And they will be; you simply *couldn't* look on and see it. Do come to my rescue this once. You really might do something for them."

With a rumbling sigh he answered: "Wait. Can't give you a penny now. Poor as a church mouse."

"Oh! Guardy!"

"Fact."

Mrs. Larne heaved one of her most buoyant sighs. She certainly did not believe him.

"Well!" she said. "You'll be sorry when

we come round one night and sing for pennies under your window. Wouldn't you like to see Phyllis? I left her in the hall. She's growing such a sweet gairl. Guardy—just fifty!"

"Not a rap."

Mrs. Larne threw up her hands. "Well! You'll repent it. I'm at my last gasp." She sighed profoundly and violet perfume escaped in a cloud. Then, getting up, she went to the door and called: "Phyllis!"

When the girl entered, old Heythorp felt the nearest approach to a flutter of the heart for many years. She had put her hair up! She was like a spring day in January; such a relief from that scented humbug her mother. Pleasant was the touch of her lips on his bald head, the sound of her clear voice, the sight of her supple movements, the feeling that she did him credit—clean-run stock, she and that young scamp Jock—better than the "holy woman," his own daughter, would produce, if anyone were ever fool enough to marry her, or that pragmatical fellow, his son Ernest.

And when they were gone he reflected with added zest on the six thousand pounds he was getting for them out of Joe Pillin and his ships. He would have to pitch it strong in his speech at the General Meeting. With freights so low, there was bound to be opposition. No dash nowadays; nothing but flabby caution! They were a scrimshanking lot on the Board—he had had to pull them round one by one—the deuce of a tug getting this thing through! And yet, the business was sound enough. Those ships would earn money, properly handled—good money!

His valet, coming in to prepare him for dinner, found him asleep. He had for the old man as much admiration as may be felt for one who cannot put on his own trousers. Meller would say to the housemaid, Molly: "He's a game old blighter—must have been a rare one in his day. Gives *you* the glad eye now, I see!" To which the girl, an Irish one, and pretty, would reply: "Well? An' sure I don't mind, if it gives um pleasure. 'Tis better annyway than the sour eye I get from herself."

At dinner, old Heythorp always sat at one end of the rosewood table and his daughter at the other. It was the eminent moment of the day. With napkin tucked high into his waistcoat he gave himself to the meal with passion. His palate was undimmed, his digestion unimpaired. He could still eat as much as two men and drink more than one. And while he savored each mouthful he never spoke if he could help it. The "holy woman" had nothing to say he cared to hear, and he nothing to say she cared to listen to! She had a horror, too, of what she called "the pleasures of the table"—lusts of the flesh! She was always longing to dock his grub, he knew. Would see her hanged first! What other pleasures were there at his age? Let her wait till *she* was eighty. But she never would be; too thin and holy!

This evening, however, with the advent of the partridge, she *did* speak.

"Who were your visitors, father?"

Trust her for nosing anything out! Fixing his little blue eyes on her, he mumbled with a very full mouth: "Ladies."

"So I saw; what ladies?"

He had a longing to say: "Part of one of my families under the rose." As a fact, it was the best part of the only one, but the temptation to multiply exceedingly was almost overpowering. He checked himself, however, and went on eating partridge, his secret irritation crimsoning his cheeks; he could see her eyes, those cold, precise and round gray eyes, noting it, and knew she was thinking: "He eats too much."

She said: "I'm sorry I'm not considered fit to be told. You ought not to be drinking hock."

Old Heythorp took up the long, green glass, drained it, and, repressing fumes and emotion, went on with his partridge. His daughter pursed her lips, took a sip of water, and said:

"I know their name is Larne, but it conveyed nothing to me; perhaps that's just as well."

The old man, mastering a spasm, said with a grin:

"My daughter-in-law and my granddaughter."

"What! Ernest? Oh, nonsense!"

He chuckled and shook his head.

"Then do you mean to say, father, that you were married before you married my mother?"

"No."

The expression on her face was as good as a play. She said with a sort of disgust:

"I see. I suppose those people are hanging round your neck then; no wonder you're always in difficulties. Are there any more of them?"

Again the old man suppressed that spasm, and the veins in his neck and forehead swelled alarmingly. If he had spoken he would infallibly have choked. He ceased eating, and putting his hands on the table tried to raise himself. He could not, and subsiding in his chair sat glaring at the stiff, quiet figure of his daughter.

"Don't be silly, father, and make a scene before Meller. Finish your dinner."

He did not answer. He was not going to sit there to be dragooned and insulted! His helplessness had never so weighed on him before. It was like a revelation. A log—that had to put up with anything! A log! And, waiting for his valet to return, he cunningly took up his fork.

In that saintly voice of hers she said: "I suppose you don't realize that it's a shock to me. I don't know what Ernest will think——"

"Ernest be hanged!"

"I do wish, father, you wouldn't swear."

Old Heythorp's rage found vent in a sort of rumble. How the devil had he gone on all these years in the same house with that woman, dining with her day after day! But the servant had come back now, and putting down his fork he said:

"Help me up!"

The man paused, and the green *soufflé* in his hands trembled. To leave dinner unfinished—it was a portent!

"Help me up!"

"Mr. Heythorp's not very well, Meller; take his other arm."

The old man shook off her hand. "I'm very well. Help me up. Dine in my own room in future."

Raised to his feet, he walked slowly out; but in his sanctum he did not sit down, obsessed by this first overwhelming realization of his helplessness. He stood swaying a little, holding onto the table, till the servant, having finished serving dinner, brought in his port.

"Are you waiting to sit down, sir?"

He shook his head. Hang it, he could do that for himself, anyway. He must think of something to fortify his position against that woman! And he said:

"Send me Molly!"

"Yes, sir." The man put down the port and went.

Old Heythorp filled his glass, drank, and filled again. He took a cigar from the box and lighted it. The girl came in, a gray-eyed, dark-haired damsel, and stood with her hands folded, her head a little to one side, her lips a little parted. The old man said:

"You're a human being."

"I would hope so, sir."

"I'm going to ask you something as a human being—not as a servant, see?"

"No, sir, but I will be glad to do anything you like."

"Then put your nose in here every now and then to see if I want anything. Meller goes out sometimes. Don't say anything; just put your nose in."

"Sure an' I will; 'tis a pleasure 't will be to do ut."

He nodded, and when she had gone, lowered himself into his chair with a sense of appeasement. Pretty girl! Comfort to see a pretty face—not a pale, peaky thing like Adela's. His anger burned up anew. So she counted on his helplessness—had begun to harp on that, had she? She should see that there was life in the old dog yet! And his sacrifice of the uneaten *soufflé*, the still-less-eaten mushrooms, the peppermint sweetmeat with which he usually concluded dinner, seemed to consecrate that purpose. They all thought he was a hulk, without a shot left in the locker! He had seen a couple of them at the Board that afternoon shrugging at each other, as much as to say: "Look at him!" And young Farney pitying him. Pity, forsooth! And that coarse-grained solicitor chap at the Creditors' Meeting curling his lip as much as to say: "One foot in the grave!" He had seen the clerks dowsing the glim of their grins; and that young pup, Bob Pillin, screwing up his supercilious mug over his dog-collar. He knew that scented humbug, Rosamund, was getting scared that he'd drop off before she'd squeezed him dry. And his valet was always looking him up and down queerly. As to that "holy woman"——! Not quite so fast though. Not quite so fast! And filling his glass for the fourth time, he slowly sucked down the dark-red fluid, with the "old boots" flavor that his soul loved, and drawing deep at his cigar, closed his eyes.

(To be Continued)



"Oh, it's just your nerves!"

MOTHERLIKE, clinging to the hope that "a good night's rest will right matters." But truthfully, isn't it more than a mere passing nerve irritation—are not the nerves really *starving?* Nature is signalling for help. And unless help comes . . !

Over-strain, worry or shock has used up the nerves' reserve. *This*, physicians affirm, *must be replaced!* And it should be done in the simplest, safest, most effective way—by giving those essential cell FOODS, albumen and organic phosphorus, in such a readily assimilable union as in Sanatogen.

For, as Lady Henry Somerset, the noted social reform advocate, says:

"Sanatogen has an invigorating power on worn-out nerves, giving tone to exhausted tissues to surprising extent."

How well Sanatogen gives this help, physicians in every land—21,000 have endorsed Sanatogen in writing—know from actual observation.

Is not this the best possible assurance that when *you* call on Sanatogen for help, it will not be in vain?

* * *

FREE SAMPLE OFFER: Sanatogen is sold by all good druggists, in three sizes from $1.00 up. To readers of this magazine a free sample will be sent, together with a charming little book by Richard Le Gallienne entitled "The Art of Living." Address The Bauer Chemical Company, 34-M Irving Place, New York City.

Grand Prize, International Congress of Medicine, London, 1913

THE FOOD-TONIC

SANATOGEN

ENDORSED BY OVER 21,000 PHYSICIANS

LE PAGE'S CHINA CEMENT

STANDS HOT AND COLD WATER 10c

PIGEONS PAY

Better Than Chickens

Young pigeons (squabs) bring 40 to 60c each when 3 to 4 weeks old. Big demand in city markets. Each pair of pigeons easily clear $4 per year. Always penned up. Very little space and money needed to start. Free Book explains all.

FREE BOOK

Majestic Squab Co., Dept. 70, Adel, Iowa

PATENTS

Write for How to Obtain a Patent, list of Patent Buyers, and Inventions Wanted. $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Send Sketch for free opinion as to patentability. Our Four Books sent free. Patents advertised Free. We assist inventors to sell their inventions.

FREE

VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., 764 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

ALVIENE SCHOOLS—Est. 20 Years

The Acknowledged Authority on

Each department a large school in itself. Academic, Technical and Practical Training. Students' School Theatre and Stock Co. Afford New York appearances. Write for catalogue, mentioning study desired.

DRAMATIC STAGE PHOTO-PLAY AND DANCE ARTS

T. C. IRWIN, Secretary

225 West 57th Street, near Broadway, New York

Are You Doing Your Bit?

Keep Patriotism alive by displaying

Patriotic Pictures

Every Red Cross Nurse Wants Harrison Fisher's Picture

"COMPENSATION"

12 x 16 inches—price 35c postpaid

The finest Nurse picture on the market

All deliveries guaranteed. If outside of U. S. add 10c for registration

FREE *Our new large size catalog—7 x 10 inches, containing over 100 pictures in miniature, by world famous artists, mailed you on receipt of postage.*

Cosmopolitan Print Dept.

119 West 40th Street New York City



No. 714—"Compensation"

HIS DAUGHTER—Gouverneur Morris

(*Concluded from page 32*)

played a little, composed a little, and left Paris suddenly, owing no man money. And so I have pictured to myself an honest, hard-working young man who will perhaps make a name for himself. You have good reports of him, I hope."

"Excellent," said the Countess.

"We may look for his return one of these days?"

"I think he will settle in America. He has married a charming girl, and I suppose for the rest of his life will think more about his income than his art."

"Married?" said Charnowski, and there came into his eyes a sudden flash of elation. This did not escape Dayton's sister.

"She was little more than a child," she said, "but my mother, who was dying, wished it, and the marriage was made. It is turning out very happily."

"I am glad to hear that," said Charnowski. "But he will find that marriage is not good for art."

"You believe that?"

"Yes, madam."

"Why?"

"Marriage," he said, "is a commercialism of youth, ardor and ambitions. The difference between a work of art and a pot-boiler may be no more than the price of a couple of seats in the gallery or a new blouse."

"You are an artist, of course?"

"*I* think so," said Charnowski, "but I have never been heard of."

"You paint?"

"For fun only. Unless I am greatly mistaken I am a musician. You like music?"

"I even studied for years," said the Countess, "but there was something lacking."

"Always," said Charnowski, "there is something lacking. The painter cannot draw; the composer cannot play; the well-beloved loves another; there is a worm in the peach. One is at peace reading the latest scandal in yellow covers, and one is interrupted by an importunate *rôle*."

He rose, and held out his hand.

"I thank you," he said, "for your graciousness to me."

"It is so easy," said the Countess, "to be gracious to charming people."

When he had gone she wished that she had asked him to call again. She was always drawn to people who were not affected by their surroundings. And in addition she wanted to know why Charnowski had received the news of her brother's marriage with evidences of pleasure.

CHARNOWSKI carried away from the interview a light heart. He was now great friends with Claire D'Avril, and he believed that, upon the definite news of Dayton's faithlessness, this friendship might soon ripen into something else. But he put off telling her for several days. He was afraid that the elation which he felt might show in his face and spoil everything. He actually rehearsed what he should say to her, watching his expression in the looking-glass over the bureau.

One day he dropped into the Tête D'Or between hours, and hurried at once to her tall desk in the corner.

"My dear friend," he said, "I have bad news for you. If I haven't proved to you that I have your interest at heart, it isn't for want of trying. When I learned that Frederick Dayton had a sister living in Paris, I called upon her. I made the excuse that he had left behind him certain personal belongings, for which I did not care to be responsible. I asked boldly for his address. She wrote it for me on a piece of paper. Here it is, if you wish to write to him."

Claire D'Avril was trembling all over.

"My poor friend," said Charnowski, "you will need all your courage. Fate has been [illegible] Frederick Dayton was called suddenly back to America by the illness of his mother. Literally on her death-bed she forced him to contract a marriage with the young lady she had picked out for him."

Claire D'Avril's eyes filled with tears, and she said gently:

"It is right for her to do what his mother [illegible]

"Yes," said Charnowski, "it would not be fair to say that he has acted badly. But [illegible] you have the right address you will, I hope, be businesslike. You should tell him about the little daughter, and hope that he will do the right thing."

But Claire D'Avril shook her head, and after one despairing look at the piece of paper with Dayton's address, she tore it into small pieces.

"Perhaps life is hard for him too," she said.

FROM this time, Charnowski noted a new restlessness in Claire D'Avril. She seemed no longer content to cast up accounts for old Larrousse and to make change for his customers.

"It will get me nowhere," she said. "The little daughter has no one to look to but me. Somehow I must earn more money, so that she will never want for anything."

"But you are saving money."

"Even if I saved, as I am saving now, for ten years, I should have very little. Life is hard for a woman."

"It will be no easier in ten years," said Charnowski, "unless in the meantime you strike it rich."

He sighed wearily, and added:

"Life is hard for men too. Look at me. I have talent, and yet if it were not for the rent of a little house in Warsaw I should starve. I have inexhaustible energy and I cannot make a living. My heart is tender, but I do not inspire affection."

He tossed his head and laughed.

A day or two later Claire wheeled her baby to the studio on Charnowski's invitation. The place smelt of burnt paint, and the fireplace contained a wreck of canvas and framework three parts consumed.

"Your new picture?" asked Claire, full of pity and sympathy.

"My model turned out a fool," he said. "It was a pleasure to burn even the image I had made of her. I shall not waste any more money on experiments. I am good for nothing except to amuse children." He held out his hands for the baby and she crowed with delight. He carried her to the piano and played for her and sang to her.

On this afternoon, while Claire nursed her baby, Charnowski did not go out of the room; but he turned his back frankly and made a great show of bringing order among the massed and messed sheets of music under which the piano was half-buried. But the mere knowledge that in the same room with him the woman he desired sat with her breast bare drove the blood into his face, and made his hands tremble.

If he had looked directly at her Claire would not have minded. For it was the custom of her class to nurse its babies in public.

"Well, has she finished?"

"And getting ready for her nap."

"Let me hold her."

The baby went to sleep in Charnowski's arms; but for some time he continued to pace the studio slowly, his eyes intent upon the child's face. After a time he made a nest for her among the sofa-cushions and laid her in it.

"Now it's our turn," he said, and he pulled his tea-table into the middle of the room, and lighted the spirit-lamp.

"It is nice here," said Claire D'Avril. "At first it hurt me terribly to come; but I am glad now that I have broken the ice."

"It is fine for me," said Charnowski. "I have few friends. I look forward to your visits and back upon them. Also I love the little daughter. But I think you should give her a name. We could have a christening—just ourselves and the priest and two or three friends. I shall be godfather. What are you going to name her? Remember that she is going to be a famous musician."

"Then she mustn't have my name," said Claire. "You yourself have said that I don't know the difference between do and fa."

"And that is true," Charnowski laughed boyishly, "you don't. You have no music in you at all. It is quite a distinction. It is almost as distinguished and rare as to be a musician of the very first water."

"It is fortunate that you have pretty ears."

"Have I?"

"Everything about you is pretty, and you know it."

He turned abruptly, walked to the window and looked out. After a moment he returned with a look of resolution.

"Do you want to do me a favor, Claire?"

"Of course."

"You won't misunderstand me? If it's a favor that you can't grant, just say No, and forget that it was asked. Will you pose for me?"

She did not answer at once.

"I've tried a dozen models," he went on in a matter-of-fact tone. "And you know the results. It amounts to this: I have wasted months of time and oceans of energy, and have nothing to show. It is vital that I paint a successful picture. With you for a model I should not fail. It is only one friend asking help of another."

NOT once, but many times, out of gratitude for the way in which he had stood by her, Claire had said to Charnowski: "If there is ever any way in which I can help you, you will tell me."

Now he had told her in what way she could help him; and because it was a way the idea of which was disagreeable to her, it looked as if professions of friendship and of service were going to fail at the first test. Her face and neck turned a dull red.

Charnowski shrugged his shoulders.

"We will say no more about it," he said a little stiffly. "But it is hard for an artist to see things from the point of view of a person who is not an artist; to me a beautiful body is merely a thing of beauty; to you it is a brazen piece of immodesty."

For the second time he shrugged his shoulders, but ever so slightly.

"It isn't that I don't want to help you," said Claire; "you know that. But—why it's almost as if you asked me for something that I haven't got."

"You wouldn't mind as much as you think," said Charnowski. "There would be the first little shock, like getting into cold water—but we will say no more about it."

Claire nodded toward the statue of herself, swathed in the dusty sheet.

"Couldn't you paint from that?" she asked.

"Is your body the color of dry clay?" he asked, "or is it some other color? But I understand your point of view. I myself am as modest as the next man. I should not be capable of taking off my clothes and going for a stroll in the Luxemburg Gardens. Even if a friend asked me to pose for him as an act of friendship, the idea would embarrass me. But surely if it was a question of his career, or if he thought it was, I should swallow my embarrassment—and pose."

No more was said about the matter at that time. Charnowski even seemed to have dismissed it entirely from his mind. But Claire thought of it often, and it troubled her. For she felt that through her squeamishness she was failing a tried friend in friendship.

CLAIRE had a friend who was a model. One day she met her in the street, and after greetings:

"Tell me," said Claire, "you who pose for artists, was it very terrible the first time?"

Puriette La Soule laughed.

"I was sixteen," she said. "My mother went with me. I was to pose for Papa Gouriot, who was a million years old. But I was frightened to death, and while I screamed and kicked they undressed me by force. Even then I would not pose. Papa Gouriot cleared everything out of the studio behind which I could hide or with which I could cover myself. Then he sat down before his canvas with an air of patience and waited. My mother was for action, but after a time he made her go into an adjoining room and locked the door. He had done the same by the street door, and he had both the keys in his pocket. As for me, I had tried to blot myself out in the darkest corner of the room. Then he began to talk very gently:

"'The good Lord made you, my poor little Puriette,' he said, 'with infinite pains.'

"And then he told me a million things about my bones and lungs and my heart and my joints that I had never dreamed before.

"'And all this,' he said, 'the Lord God covered with the most wonderful and beautiful of all fabrics. But you, sitting in judgment on the Lord's work, have said, "Only my face and hands are fit to be seen. There is something shameful about the rest of me, something indecent." Is it not so?' But I only glared at him.

"'It is of course true,' he said, 'that your back has a few blemishes——'

"'I twisted my head and tried to see my back; but he chuckled, and I knew that he had been dangling a bait and that I had jumped for it. I couldn't help laughing.

"'Stand over in that ray of sunlight,' he said, 'and look at me over your shoulder.'

"I did not move or answer.

"'Very well, then,' he said, 'stay as you are.' And he began to draw.

"Then of course I moved, and I said: 'I hate you; you are an old beast. I want to go away.' And I began to howl. When I had finished howling, he let my mother out of the room in which she was locked, and they went round the corner to have lunch, leaving me naked and hungry and locked in.

"'I will throw myself out of the window,' I shouted after them, but I did no such thing. The studio was up three flights. They did not come back till late—late. It was no longer nice and warm. And I was weak with rage and hunger. I was like a little wild animal that had been brought into the woods, and I was beginning to wish that I was tame."

"Papa Gouriot went at once to his easel.

"'Stand over there,' he said, 'and look at me over your shoulder.'

"To my own surprise, but very sullenly, I did as he told me. And as I stood my eyes filled with tears and I emitted a frightful sneeze.

"Papa Gouriot put back his head and roared with laughter. Then he bustled about and made my mother get my clothes, and he himself pretended to be a *femme de chambre* and was so funny that I had to laugh. But adroit! My dear, what he didn't know about a girl's clothes wasn't worth knowing. He painted me for the Salon; I got so that I didn't mind him any more than I minded myself. And now? Well, the other day I started for the street just as I was! It's gotten so that I have to think hard to remember whether I am dressed or undressed. One thinks only of the fatigue now—keeping in one position for such long times. But what is all this to you? Are you thinking of turning model?"

"I think of it sometimes; but not because of the money. There is a good friend who wishes very much for me to pose for him, and I would like to out of friendship, only I am ashamed and embarrassed."

Puriette La Soule laughed.

"There is nothing to be ashamed of," she said. "And there is nothing to be embarrassed about. Who is he?"

"Arnold Charnowski. Have you ever posed for him?"

"Never."

"We are something alike. Maybe you would do as well. I will speak to him about you."

"That isn't necessary. Give me his address."

Two or three days later, Charnowski thanked Claire for sending Puriette to him.

"She hasn't the legs I want," he said, "but her head and shoulders are charming; and better, she is a real character, she makes me laugh."

"It is ridiculous to suppose," said Claire, "that in all Paris no one has the right figure for you except me."

She laughed loudly and nervously and grew red in the face.

"You'll do it?" Charnowski almost snapped the question at her, so great was his eagerness.

"If I don't, you will say that I have spoiled your career."

"When?" he asked.

"The sooner the better. I don't want to have to think about it."

"You are free between nine and eleven. You will come, then, to-morrow? Oh, what a load you have taken off my heart. You are a true friend. You will be glad. But how shall I thank you?"

The next morning, at a few minutes past nine o'clock, Claire arrived at Charnowski's studio. She laughed a good deal with unnatural loudness, and made a pretense of swagger and bluster. She was suffering badly from a sort of stage-fright.

She disrobed behind the screen; when she was ready she burst into tears.

(*To be Continued in "Hearst's" for August*)

The Albatross

(*Continued from page 13*)

speak so) of the leather box that hung from the strap about his neck. First he appeared with a box only two-thirds the size of the original one; then with one only half the size; and so on, until he had reduced it as far as he seemed able. But it still remained his inseparable companion. I had never seen him make even a pretense of laying it aside, even at night.

Dr. Morton had been living in my house for almost a year, absorbed as I have said in his experiments, when late one night we heard noises so unusual on the floor above that my wife decided I ought to make inquiries. I thereupon hastily ran up the stairs and knocked

The young man had evidently been dancing on the table. He jumped to the floor with a jar, ran across the room, and admitted me. Barring an accepted lover or two, I think I have never seen anyone so radiantly happy.

"I have it!" he cried, seizing my hand. "I have it at last!"

"What is it you have at last?"

He backed away from me to the center of the room. "Don't you see?"

"The leather box? The strap around your neck? Is that it?"

"Yes!' he cried. "Yes! I'm rid of my albatross for ever!"

"I confess," I said, "I don't see why you shouldn't have got rid of it long ago."

"I? How?"

"By simply unbuckling the strap and throwing the thing into the corner."

He looked at me curiously. "Ah!" he said "If life were but as simple as you suggest!"

He crossed to me, took my hand, and pressed it snugly against his coat.

"What do you feel?"

"Is it a belt?"

"Yes."

He threw open his coat and showed me. The belt, broad and thick, and supplied with hundreds of perpendicular closed compartments resembling elongated cartridges, was strapped tightly about his waist.

"No more albatross forever! Now to my work!"

"But the belt?"

"Light as a feather! I wonder I didn't think of it before!"

"I don't understand the belt any better than I did the heavy leather box," I said, "but I suppose it does seem lighter."

"Infinitely lighter! Light enough to last me until I die!" And then he laughed and continued: "I'll explain about that to-morrow!"

But he did not explain about that, nor anything else, on the morrow. Instead he spent the day in stowing away his costly pieces of apparatus in their cabinets, where they were to remain untouched during the next nineteen years.

DR. MORTON remained in my house, and during the years that followed I saw him every day. His marvelous industry did not in the least abate; but instead of working for himself he now worked for others. He had again taken up the practice of surgery. I can best suggest his professional position if I say that when Mayor Hinton was shot by a defective, it was Dr. Morton who was called upon to save his life. The greatest surgeon of his time, some called him. How he was able to work the hours he did was a mystery. He seemed literally tireless. As for nerves, he had none. And he retained the appearance of youth while his friends grew old about him.

Yet during all the years of his success his wife remained in Italy. She wrote to him twice a year. At intervals of four or five years she also wrote me, inquiring about her husband's health, of which she seemed solicitous. She herself, however, preferred to live her life at a distance. Or so I inferred.

"Twice a year—perfect letters!" Dr. Morton once remarked bitterly. "I don't know what I should do without them. She shows each one to her lawyer before sending it, and retains a letter-press copy."

Another time he spoke of her with actual hatred: "Ever notice? My bad luck always follows my wife's letters. She sends me evil wishes, I think."

These outbursts, I should explain, were early in our acquaintance. Later, Dr. Morton ceased speaking of her, and I never disturbed the waters.

Nineteen years passed thus. It was a Saturday evening in late July, and my wife had invited the people in our house to make





HOW do you know the Lilacs are in bloom?

"Your Nose Knows"

—by the *fragrance.* And how appealingly delicious those first great bunches of purple and white blossoms! As if Nature had mobilized all her stored perfumes in one great burst of fragrance to overwhelm us with the fact that Spring was here. When Nature wants to express anything *very* desirable she resorts to *fragrance.* Just so she stores in her best tobacco a *pure fragrance* that is proof positive of supreme excellence. It is *her* guarantee of smoke satisfaction.

Such a guarantee you will find in

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

It has the *fragrance* of Nature—the pure, sunny Blue Grass fragrance of Old Kentucky where Tuxedo's Burley leaves are ripened, and carefully blended—a *pure fragrance* that has no equal—"Your Nose Knows."



Try this Test:—Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious, *pure fragrance* will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment—

"Your Nose Knows"

Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co.



up a little party. Dr. Morton, of course, was present—our oldest tenant—as were Mr. and Mrs. Amery, our newest tenants. Dr. Morton that afternoon had received his semi-annual letter from his wife, so that in a sense she was present also. Among those expected were a brilliant young metallurgist named Burns, a street-railway superintendent named Meaghers, and a mechanical engineer from the waterworks, named Baker, none of whom had yet appeared.

"What time have you?" I asked Dr. Morton.

He took out his watch and showed me. It was the watch he had worn when he came to our house, but it still kept excellent time. My own watch seemed to be four minutes fast.

"They told me to expect them on the minute," I said, changing my time to correspond to his.

A little later when I again approached him he was engaged in a spirited conversation with pretty Mrs. Amery.

"I don't believe it!" Mrs. Amery was saying.

"Believe what?"

"That you are Dr. Morton, the surgeon; the Dr. Morton who cured little Adèle Garfield of her crooked back. That is, unless——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless you began as a child."

"How old do you think I am?"

"You?" She looked at him appraisingly. "You're younger than my husband."

"How young is that?"

"He was twenty-eight last December."

Dr. Morton laughed. "You're wrong," he said. "I'm older than your husband."

"How old *are* you?"

"I was ninety-one years old the fifteenth of last August."

That was stretching exaggeration into paradox, and we all joined in the laughter.

"Turn the figures around and I'll believe you," said Mrs. Amery. "Call it nineteen."

"Ninety-one at 9:47 P.M. on the fifteenth of last August, to be exact."

He pulled out his watch, looked at it with a quizzical smile, and then, as though startled, at me. But whatever he saw, he returned the watch to his pocket without explanation.

"What does mine host say?"

"You? You're more than nineteen that I know of, and add some that I don't know of; as for instance, Monday will be the twentieth anniversary of your entering this house, and you were a married man then. That's five years longer than you gave yourself to live when you came, and you're younger now than you were then."

"How long did I give myself to live?" he asked quickly.

"'A man is as old as his heart,' you said. If your heart lasted as long as your watch you would be satisfied, you said. If your watch lasted fifteen years you would be surprised, you said. That makes fifteen years you gave yourself to live."

His smiles died away. The light in his eyes went down. He remained silent for a moment as though he had seen some sudden and sinister significance in my words.

"Fifteen years!" he said at last. "Didn't I say longer if I was careful?"

"No. You said as long as your watch."

He again reached for his watch, but instead of looking at it held it in his palm. It was as though the watch had become a symbol to him of the passing of man.

"Didn't I quote Brenner to you?"

"Brenner? No. You mentioned no such name. You carried a heavy leather casket and went at once to your room."

"Brenner's the man who made it," he explained somberly.

I can give the words, but not the tone in which he spoke. That was indescribably aloof and dead. Somehow the change in his mood communicated itself to the others of the party. The merriment died away during [illegible]

"What time have you now?" he asked.

I took out my watch and looked. "Nine thirty-three."

He opened his hand so that I could see the [illegible]. The watch had stopped. The hands had not moved a fraction of an inch since I last looked at them.

"Worn out," he said. "It lasted twenty years because I was careful with it. But it had to go at last. A watch is a machine, [illegible]

It was at this uneasy moment that the metallurgist Burns came in. He had been detained, he told us, by a defaulting tire. He went on to explain; but whether because of [illegible] or for some other reason, his words all seemed fitted over other contours that made them almost mean deeper things than they said.

"My fault. I knew the tire was old. A tire is much like a man. It's good for just about so much work, and that's all. You can wear it out in a month or make it last for years."

Burns was followed with singular closeness by Superintendent Meaghers. He had been detained, he said, by a traction breakdown. A motor had suddenly died of old age. Any fool could have told the breakdown was coming. Date of installation known; work known; service limits known; but instead they kept on using the thing.

"A motor is like a man," he said. "You can wear it out in a few years, or it will run for a long while. It's all according to the work you give it. A motor is good for just about so much work, and then it's done."

Loafers' philosophy, and false, all of it, but containing just enough truth to make a flare. Burns and Meaghers belonged to the race of men who like to prick ideas with a pin to see them twitch. A man's strength is not decreased by its exercise.

At this point Baker, of the water-works, made his appearance.

"Have you had a breakdown also?" asked Mrs. Amery, who perhaps felt the charged condition of the atmosphere rather less than some of the others.

"Breakdown! I should say so! A miserable little pump, that had been running day and night for twenty years without giving anyone the slightest trouble! No flaws of any kind; just old age. A pump is something like a man. It will lift about so many pounds and then it's done!"

That broke the tension, and we all laughed, except Baker, who did not in the least see the joke. I must except young Dr. Morton, also. He did not laugh.

THE next day Dr. Morton did not leave for the operating-room until late, and he returned early. From his bent shoulders and faltering step I thought him unwell. Although the time was early afternoon, he retired at once to his bedroom, where, for all I could hear, he lay motionless during the better part of the next eighteen hours.

The morning after, I knocked at his door to make inquiries. I suppose I must have made an exclamation at his appearance.

"Are you surprised?" he asked, seeing my astonishment. "I'm glad you called. I'm about to make a great change."

"Another?" I asked.

He almost smiled. "The changes you see are not changes; only continuations."

He felt he was wearing out, he said. The events of the other evening had vividly recalled to him the fact that he had already exceeded his expectation of life. He was likely to break down without warning at any moment, just as his watch had done. There was no avoiding the ultimate catastrophe; it could, however, be deferred by a slowing down of the vital processes, since a slowly operated machine will last longer than one operated at high speed. Fortunately he was able through his technical knowledge to slow down his vital processes more effectively than most.

"But surely an organism isn't a machine! Idleness in an organism results in weakness, not in conservation of strength."

"Not in my case," he said.

He went on to state his intentions. He had wasted too much energy already—more than he could afford. A man had to look out for himself in this world. He thought that from that hour he would seek only rest and quiet; physical rest, mental rest also; an absolute cessation of activity, if that could be attained. I might call it what I would: selfishness, fear, maybe; instinct of self-preservation surely; anyhow he was through. Hereafter he intended to do nothing except live. He had hired a housekeeper to cook for him, and in the morning there would be a Japanese boy to hand him the salt.

"Plenty of people are doing it," he said. "Just living! Why shouldn't I?"

In my ignorance I thought I understood the physical change. I had seen him look old before. A nostologic seizure, he had called it. We are always confusing the familiar with the intelligible. But the moral change? I remembered the vivid young master-surgeon of yesterday, ready for any adventure in life or in death; no labor too great for him, no problem too knotty.

"Surely you don't mean to abandon your ideals of life," I said.

"I shall not have to," and he indicated a little table at his side.

I looked. The table contained two objects. One was the letter from his wife in Italy; the other, the always-present chambered belt. Ideals of life! Was he speaking ironically, this young man with the old face?

As the weeks passed, Dr. Morton became a greater mystery (as I thought) than ever. The physical change persisted. The seizure that before had passed away during five minutes, this time did not pass away. His face retained the lines of extreme old age; his voice was querulous and cracked; and his hands trembled when he lifted them.

The moral change persisted also. He still remained withdrawn into his shell for selfish rest and quiet.

DURING the next twelve years, that is to say until two weeks ago, Dr. Morton continued to occupy his rooms on the terms I have indicated. He did not read, because reading involved mental effort and therefore expenditure of vital force. His physical movements he reduced to those which were imperatively necessary. In short, his every effort, however slight, became the result of a weighing of gain and loss. I can imagine no more horrible existence.

But at last his stay in the House of Impossibilities came to an end. His wife, who had returned to America five or six years before, still wrote or telegraphed him semi-annually. By a strange coincidence a telegram from her had arrived during the afternoon. The next morning—it was Good Friday—I was brought to the door by the cry of the Japanese boy.

"Mr. Weller!" he called. "Please to come upstairs!"

"What's wrong?"

"It's the Doctor, sir!"

I at once ran upstairs and through Dr. Morton's suite to his bedroom, where the boy was standing.

"I knock, but he don't answer; and he always want his breakfast served very prompt."

I also knocked, and then tried the latch. But there was no result. I thereupon, for the second time since I had known him, burst in his door.

He was lying with closed eyes in bed, as if asleep. Upon a chair at his pillow lay the unopened telegram, beside the never-absent chambered belt. His face was furrowed deeply in every direction—I had never seen him nor any other man looking so aged. I touched his forehead. It was as cold as stone. I pulled back the bedclothes to feel his heart; but at the first glance I hastily pulled them up again.

"Fetch me a hot-water bottle," I said to the boy, to get him out of the room.

When he had gone I again laid back the bedclothes. The heart had long ceased to beat. My tenant had been dead for hours.

What was it I did not wish the boy to see? Dr. Morton had thrown open the coat of his pajamas so as to expose his breast; and lying there on the white flesh, and seemingly grown firmly into it, was a small rod-end of polished jet, the core of which was connected with the chambered belt on the chair by a cord.

I have spoken of the telegram from his wife. I instinctively knew why he had not read it—in order to save the expenditure of vital force. I now decided not to open it myself but to leave it for others. Then I looked about the room. The first object to attract my attention was a long envelope, stood prominently against the glass on the dresser, with my name printed across the face. The envelope contained a number of important notes in my tenant's own hand, apparently written within a few weeks. I give such passages from these as bear upon my story.

I WAS born in Ohio in 1812, one hundred and four years ago. With the exception of the last twelve years, and one other short period thirty-two years ago, my mature life has been devoted to the practice of surgery. I have followed the development of modern surgery with profoundest interest, and have myself participated in many radical operations; among others, some that now bear my name. These latter, however, fall within my later period. Prior to thirty years or so ago I was a surgeon of competence, but not of unusual brilliance.

Two facts in my earlier life seem now to be especially significant: One was that while still a young man I inherited considerable money and land, which later I had the good fortune to multiply many times. The other was that I did not marry until I was fifty-nine, and then a woman thirty-five years my junior—a trained nurse of twenty-four whom I had come to know. I believed that the match was a love-match until one day when angry she told me that she had married me for my money.

My wife and I lived together, in the eyes of the world, for five years. In reality, during most of that time I lived alone with my books, and she alone with the cats and dogs that had won her love. Toward the last, however, even the sight of me seemed to irritate her. She began to be annoying in eccentric ways suggested by my profession. Once she asked me to subscribe twenty thousand dollars toward a propaganda against vaccination. Another time she abhorred the practice of vivisection upon dumb animals, and her request was for thirty thousand dollars. Later still she felt that a society should be formed for the discouragement of surgery for cancer; she had one of her former admirers in mind as its director, and the amount needed from me was fifty thousand dollars. She took pains to tell me she knew I would not give her the money during my life, but that she wished me to know her ambitions. She was careful to be correct in her procedure—she did not intend to give me grounds for divorce—but she did not conceal the fact that she hated me. I reciprocated her hatred most bitterly.

We had it out one day. I agreed to give her a stipulated allowance and permit her to live temporarily abroad. Since then I have not seen her. She carefully writes me every six months, offering to return to my home, but I have never sent for her. She has already spent more than half of her life waiting for me to die; I hope she may but spend the remainder of it so.

My wife had been thus waiting in Italy for eight years when an incident occurred that nearly gave her her wish. I was seventy-two, but had not yet begun to think of retiring from practice, when one afternoon at the top of a stiff flight of stairs I was seized with a severe angina. Upon examination it was found that my heart was abnormal, and that I was likely to drop dead at any moment. From that hour I began thinking of myself as a surgeon will think of a patient. Could anything be done for me? If so, what, when, and by whom?

It was perhaps six months after this diagnosis that I became acquainted with an inventor named Brenner. Brenner at one time had been a medical student. My position as dean of the profession in my little city had brought him to me with a new metal that he wished me to try. It had great toughness, considerable resilience, and was not difficult to work. He called it black steel. The special qualities that might render it valuable (he thought) to a surgeon were first, that it never corroded, and second, that it seemed to have a sympathetic or soothing action upon live tissue, instead of an irritating or poisonous action. He thought it might do to replace injured bone-tissue.

By means of experiments I found that not only was its action as soothing as he had claimed, but that living flesh would actually attach itself upon it as firmly as upon live tissue.

Brenner, however, had invented a more important use than this for his metal. One evening after I had gained his confidence he explained it to me. The heart, of all the organs of the human body, is the most nearly mechanical in its functions; and, although the most necessary, and therefore the most vital, it is necessary only in this machine sense. The heart pumps blood through the arteries just as a pump pumps water through a pipe. That is all there is to it. Every surgeon in the world knows it. If a method could be devised of pumping the blood through the arteries independently of the heart's action, the heart might be torn out and thrown away for all the use it would be. Brenner's invention supplied such a method.

The mechanism of the device, he told me, was extremely simple. It consisted of a new-principle electric pump, and had the outward form of a closed cylinder, of the same black steel I had been using. Its capacity ranged from nothing to twenty pints a minute at the blood-pressure. The natural heart is required to pump but nine pints a minute.

"And it is absolutely under control. You can instantly increase its speed and instantly decrease it. The natural heart has to be excited to increased speed by some sort of stimulus, such as exercise, or emotion, or a drug like strychnine; and once stimulated it is hard to throttle it down. This heart also has a far greater range. It can be made to beat as slowly as that of a hibernating bear, and as swiftly as that of a swallow in full flight."

I became absorbingly interested in the

black cylinder, and at once began planning the rather difficult arterial and venous connections for it. Brenner at my suggestion devised a portable storage battery that could be charged and was of sufficient capacity to run the mechanism for ten or twelve hours.

"It has only one fault," said Brenner, "and that is, like any machine, it will wear out."

"In how long?" I asked.

"Maybe fifteen years, maybe twenty. Sooner or later. It depends on the use it has. A machine will do just about so much work and then it is done. The lighter the work, the longer the life."

"Fifteen years is a long time," I replied. "Any man ought to be glad to have his life prolonged for fifteen years, if only for the sake of his wife. Besides, even if it should wear out it can be replaced."

"True!" remarked Brenner. "True! And be good for another fifteen years."

We were speaking of the working mechanism. The battery of course could be charged at any time.

I did not tell Brenner just then, but it was in my mind to make the experiment upon myself. I was thinking of the woman I hated, patiently waiting in Italy for news of my death. My heart was worse—that I knew. I gnashed my teeth over her prospective joy. I therefore proposed to arrange as speedily as possible for the substitution of Brenner's cylinder. I knew the odds—none better. Nevertheless there was a chance. In order to understand the daring of the idea it must be remembered that this was in 1884, eleven years before Salomoni and Del Vecchio had demonstrated the possibility of even suturing wounds in the hearts of the lower animals, and twelve years before Cappelen, Farina and Rehn had attempted the radical cardiac operation upon man.

At this point I took my friend Dr. Williamson into my confidence—one of the most careful and fearless surgeons I have ever known. I explained my ideas to him, showed him the Brenner cylinder of black steel; in short, enlisted his eager coöperation.

"There is the technical danger from a possible air-bubble; but that danger can be obviated by using the immersion method. We shall have no anæsthetic complications, for ether will not be needed beyond the preliminary stages if at all, since life will be suspended; and recovery will be positive, for we shall have absolute control over our circulation when we are ready. Even shock can't affect our circulation; and the residual danger from shock is not greater than in amputating a limb. There remains only the danger from the clotting of the blood."

"Negligible," he said. "The blood in the body will not clot for seven minutes. I can make the fundamental connections in three or four, with no blood-stream to bother about."

It was clear that I had not long to live at the best; and I might pass off at any moment. I therefore suggested an immediate operation.

"To-morrow," I suggested. "Why not?"

"Have you made your will?"

"In favor of my wife," I said between my teeth. "An old agreement."

After a little thought he assented. I told him that I intended to invite Brenner to be present. But it was not to be. That afternoon, while alone with Dr. Williamson preparing the appliances for the operation, I suddenly became strangled and sank to the floor. That is all I remember until I awoke a week later, swathed in bandages,

The first definite thing I noticed was a silk cord lying across my chest, that rose and fell with my regular breathing. One end of it disappeared among the bandages. I followed it with my eye. It was caught up in a loop over my head, and from there seemed to extend to a black-leather box on a chair near my pillow. For an instant I wondered idly what the box was for. Then I recognized it. And then I became aware that Dr. Williamson was bending over me, and I remembered everything.

"How long have I been lying here?" I asked.

"One week," was the reply. "How do you feel?"

"Fine!" I said. "Strong as an ox!"

And in truth I did feel strong. My voice was as resonant as that of a young man. I hardly recognized it.

"Look in the glass."

I held up the small mirror he handed me, looked into it, and laid it down quickly.

"Williamson," I said, "you are jesting! That's a trick glass!"

"I'm not jesting. The glass is true."

The face that I saw in the glass was that of a man still in the twenties. I thought of my waiting wife and chuckled.

"Where's Brenner?" I asked. "I'd like to have him see what he has done for me."

"He hasn't been down to-day," he said.

"I wish you'd send for him."

But Dr. Williamson did not reply. Three days later, when I was considered really strong, I was told more about him. Brenner had not been warned that I intended using his miracle cylinder upon myself; there had not been time. When he learned of it the operation had already succeeded. The sudden triumph seemed to daze him. He pressed Dr. Williamson's hand, shouted some hysterical nonsense, snatched up his hat, and rushed out. The next they heard of him he had been found roaming the streets in a condition of delirious exaltation and placed in a sanatorium. Later there was a further breakdown; his condition became hopeless; and after lingering a year or so he died. Although a prompt search of his rooms was made, no notes nor drawings of any kind were found—neither the formula for the so-called black steel, nor the description of the mechanism inside the cylinder. We concluded that he had returned for them and destroyed them.

I NOW had fifteen years of youth in which to live and work. Looking forward, fifteen years is an eternity. With Dr. Williamson's connivance the operation was kept secret; we both clearly perceived that an old man of seventy-two cannot suddenly become a young man of twenty-five and continue his work in comfort where he is known. I therefore removed to Chicago. My wife in Italy merely knew that I had changed my address. She remained in Italy twenty-seven years after that, wondering, I suppose, why old men die so slowly.

In Chicago I entered upon my new life with vast zest. My first care was to devise lighter storage batteries—batteries so light that I should not feel oppressed by their weight. In this I succeeded beyond my hopes, although my chambered belt still seems very heavy. After that success, opportunity met me, and power such as I had never dreamed of was given me, and unmeasured content and happiness, and I forgot Brenner's warning. Instead of fifteen years, twenty had passed before I was reminded that I was approaching the end.

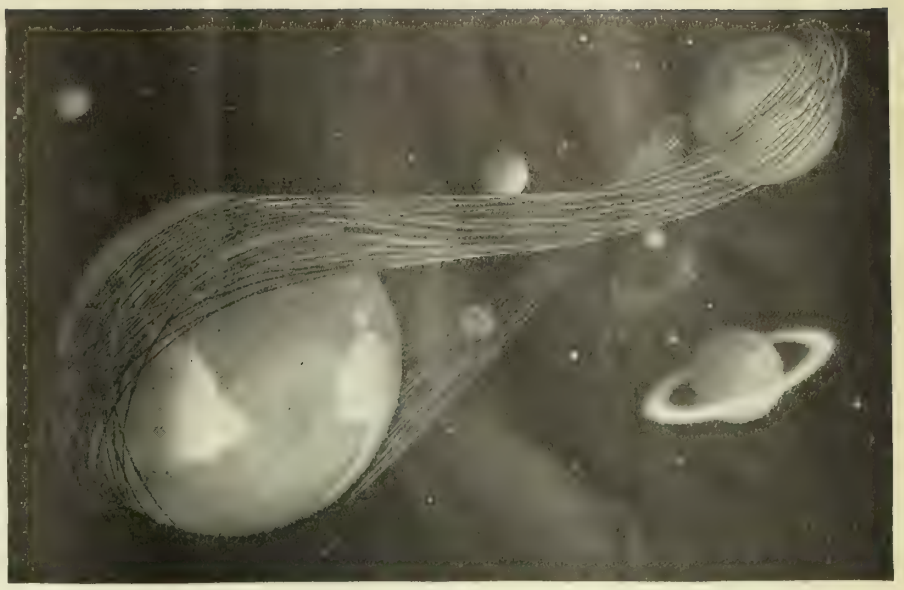
I am human. My wife is still alive and still waiting for me to die. I therefore especially wish to live. I have done what I could to save myself. If I possessed the needed material, and knew Brenner's construction, I could have a duplicate made of the black cylinder and replace the wornout mechanism with new. For ten years I have had skilled men working upon these problems. Eventually they will solve them, but they have not yet done so. To this day I do not know what it is that is pumping my blood, nor what it is made of. I only know that it is steadily wearing out.

Meanwhile I am slowing up my life in every possible way, so as to reduce the wear upon what is left of the steel cylinder. I do not ask fifteen years more of life, but perhaps if I am careful I may live as long as my wife. She will be sixty-nine years old in August. She married me forty-five years ago for my money, and is still waiting for it.

HERE the notes ended. It was all intelligible and logical. He had vitality and youth. But death was impending—how far distant he did not know. The more work he gave the black cylinder the sooner it would wear out; the less work, the longer it would last. What else was there to do but slow down?

A post-mortem was held in the presence of a few technical men. Brenner's cylinder, when sawn apart, as it had to be, proved to be as good as new. Not the least wear was observable. It would have lasted under full duty for fifty years, if not for a thousand and fifty, at that rate, it was said.

The cause of Dr Morton's death (or second death) was simple enough. In the first place, he had reduced the weight he was obliged to carry until the storage-battery was excessively light; and in the second, impelled by his desire to slow down and so outlive his wife, he had throttled back the current until the working margin was very small, and this once had gone a shade too far. The battery had no great capacity, and during the night its action had become slightly weaker. After a while there ceased to be a working margin. When that point was reached, the danger of losing his life too soon ceased forever. The irony of it all was increased by the fact that the telegram which he had refused to read, was from his wife's physician, and was the terse announcement of her death. He had killed himself trying to outlive a dead woman!



Twenty Million Miles of Telephone Wire

The telephone wire in use in the Bell System is long enough to run from the earth to the moon and back again forty times.

The Bell System has about twice as much telephone wire as all Europe.

More than 500,000 new telephones are being added to the Bell System yearly—almost as many as the total number of telephones in England.

In twelve months the Bell System adds enough telephones to duplicate the entire telephone systems of France, Italy and Switzerland combined.

In proportion to population the extension of the Bell System in the United States is equal in two years to the total telephone progress of Europe since the telephone was invented—a period of about forty years.

The Bell System fills the telephone needs of the American people with a thoroughness and a spirit of public service which are without parallel the world over.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS
Franklin H. Sargent, President
33rd Year
Detailed catalog from the Secretary Room 163, Carnegie Hall New York
Connected with CHARLES FROHMAN'S Empire Theatre & Companies

MONEY IN PATENTS
We secure your patent or return our fee. Send sketch or model for free search of Patent Office Records and report on patentability. Manufacturers are writing for patents secured through us. Write for free book, "How to Secure Your Patent," and list of patents wanted. We assist in selling your patent.
P. H. PATTISON & CO., U. S. Patent Attorneys
420 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D.C.



Typewriter Prices Smashed!
We will sell you Underwoods, Remingtons, Royals, L. C. Smiths, Monarchs, etc., at a saving from 50 to 70 per cent. Your choice of any standard new built machine at a bargain. Every one perfect and guaranteed for five years. Write today for our free circulars and price list.
$12 AND UP
DEARBORN TYPEWRITER CO., Dept. I-2, Chicago

Driver Agents Wanted
Drive and demonstrate the Bush Car. Pay for it out of your commissions on sales. My agents are making money. Shipments are prompt. Bush Cars guaranteed or money back. Write at once for my 48-page catalog and all particulars. Address J. H. Bush Pres. Dept. 779



BUSH MOTOR COMPANY, Bush Temple, Chicago, Illinois



DO YOU WANT TO
—remind a friend that you are still alive?
—continue a pleasant acquaintance that distance threatens to kill?
—send something to somebody that will make a hit?
THEN MAIL HARRISON FISHER POSTCARDS
There are three sets of these cards, each containing six postals: Series A is decorated with a single girl; Series B with two or more figures; while Series C has one or two figures against softly shaded backgrounds. The reproduction is in every instance in the exact colouring of the original painting, and when framed, singly or in the set, makes a satisfying decoration for either house or bungalow.
Send these cards to your friends who are on vacations—they'll like them to cover bare walls; take them with you when you go away to mail to the folk back home—they'll carry the spirit of vacation.
SERIES A (6 cards), - - 25c, postpaid.
" B " - - 25c, "
" C " - - 25c, "
SOLD IN SERIES ONLY
ALL DELIVERIES GUARANTEED; IF OUTSIDE OF U. S. ADD 10c FOR POSTAGE
Cosmopolitan Print Dept.
119 West 40th St. New York City

THE GREAT WEST THAT WAS

(Concluded from page 33)

engaged in their campaigns against the Indians, and lumbering along in the rear were the old stage-coaches which carried the settlers to the West in the days before the railroad made the journey easy and pleasant.

I am sure the people enjoyed this spectacle, for they flocked in crowds to see it. I know I enjoyed it. There was never a day when, looking back over the red and white men in my cavalcade, I did not know the thrill of the trail, and feel a little sorry that my Western adventures would thereafter have to be lived in spectacles.

Without desiring to dim the glory of any individual I can truthfully state that the expression "rough riders," which afterward became so famous, was my own coinage. As I rode out at the front of my parade I would bow to the audience, circled about on the circus benches, and shout at the top of my voice:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, permit me to introduce you to the rough riders of the world!"

For three years we toured the United States with great success. One day an Englishman, whose name I never learned, came to see me after the show.

"That is a wonderful performance," he told me. "Here in America it meets with great appreciation, but you have no idea what a sensation it would be in the Old World, where such things are unheard of."

That set me to thinking. In a few days, after spending hours together considering the matter, I had made up my mind that Europe should have an opportunity to study America as nearly at first-hand as possible through the medium of my entertainment.

Details were soon arranged. In March, 1886, I chartered the steamer *State of Nebraska*, loaded my Indians, cowboys, horses and stage-coaches on board, and set sail for another continent.

It was a strange voyage. The Indians had never been to sea before, and had never dreamed that such an expanse of water existed on the planet. They would stand at the rail, after the first days of seasickness were over, gazing out across the waves, and trying to descry something that looked like land, or a tree, or anything that seemed familiar and like home. Then they would shake their heads disconsolately and go below, to brood and muse and be an extremely unhappy and forlorn lot of savages. The joy that seized them when at last they came in sight of land, and were assured that we did not intend to keep on sailing till we fell over the edge of the earth, was something worth looking at.

At Gravesend we sighted a tug flying the American colors, and when the band on board responded to our cheers with 'The Star-Spangled Banner" even the Indians tried to sing. Our band replied with "Yankee Doodle," and as we moved toward port there was more noise on board than I had ever heard in any battle on the Plains.

When the landing was made the members of the party were sent in special coaches to London. Crowds stared at us from every station. The guards on the train were a little afraid of the solemn and surly-looking Indians, but they were a friendly and jovial crowd, and when they had recovered from their own fright at the strange surroundings they were soon on good terms with the Britishers.

Major John M. Burke, who was my lifetime associate in the show business, had made all arrangements for housing the big troupe. We went to work at our leisure with our preparations to astonish the British public, and succeeded beyond our wildest dreams. The big London amphitheater, a third of a mile in circumference, was just the place for such an exhibition. The artist's brush was employed on a lavish scale to reproduce the scenery of the Western Plains. I was busy for many days with preparations, and when our spectacle was finally given it was received with such a burst of enthusiasm as I had never witnessed anywhere.

THE show began after the grand entry, with the [illegible] on the Plains. Wild animals were scattered about. Within [illegible] the Indians sleeping. As the scene changed the Indians came out of their tents and went through one of their [illegible]. While this was going on the British audience held its breath. You could have heard a whisper in almost any part of the arena.

Then in came a courier to announce the neighborhood of a hostile tribe. Instantly there was a wild scramble for mounts and weapons. The enemy rushed in, and for ten minutes there was a sham battle which filled the place with noise and confusion. This battle was copied as exactly as it could be copied from one of the scrimmages in which I had taken part in my first days as a scout. Then we gave them a buffalo hunt, in which I had a hand, and did a little fancy shooting. As a finish there was a Wild Western cyclone, and a whole Indian village was blown out of existence for the delectation of the English audience.

The initial performance was given before the Prince and Princess of Wales, afterward King Edward and his Queen, and their suite. At the close of the program the Prince and Princess at their own request were introduced to all the leading members of the company, including many of the Indians. When the cowgirls of the show were presented to the Princess they stepped forward and offered their hands, which were taken and well shaken in true democratic fashion.

Red Shirt, the most important chief in the outfit, was highly pleased when he learned that a princess was to visit him in his camp. He had the Indian gift of oratory, and he replied to her greeting with a long and eloquent speech, in which his gestures, if not his words, expressed plainly the honor he felt in receiving so distinguished a lady. The fact that he referred to Alexandra as a squaw did not seem to mar her enjoyment.

That the Prince was really pleased with the exhibition was shown by the fact that he made an immediate report of it to his mother. Shortly thereafter I received a command from Queen Victoria to appear before her.

This troubled me a good deal—not that I was not more than eager to obey this flattering command, but that I was totally at a loss how to take my show to any of the great residences occupied by Her Majesty.

Finally, after many cautious inquiries, I discovered that she would be willing to visit the show if a special box was prepared for her. This we did to the best of our ability. The box was placed upon a dais covered with crimson velvet and handsomely decorated. When the Queen arrived I met her at the door of the box, with my sombrero in my hand and welcomed her to "the Wild West of America."

One of the first acts in the performance was to carry the flag to the front. This was done by a soldier. Walking around the arena he offered the Stars and Stripes as an emblem of the friendship of America to all the world. On this occasion he carried the flag directly to the royal box, and dipped it three times before the Queen.

Absolute silence fell over the great throng. Then the Queen rose and saluted the flag with a bow, her suite following her example. There was a wild cheer from every one in the show, Indians included, and soon all the audience was on its feet, cheering and waving flags and handkerchiefs.

This gave us a fine start and we never put on a better performance. When it was all over Her Majesty sent for me, and paid me many compliments as well as to my country and the West. I found her a most gracious and charming woman, with none of the haughtiness which I had supposed was inseparable from a person of such exalted rank. My subsequent experiences with royalty convinced me that there is more real democracy among the rulers of the countries of Europe than you will find among the petty officials of a village.

It was interesting to watch old Red Shirt when he was presented to the Queen. He clearly felt that this was a ceremony between one ruler and another, and the dignity with which he went through the introduction was wonderful to behold. One would have thought to watch him that most of his life was spent in introductions to kings and queens, and that he was really a little bored with the effort required to go through with them. A second command from the Queen resulted in an exhibition before a number of her royal guests, including the Kings of Saxony, Denmark and Greece, the Queen of the Belgians, and the Crown Prince of Austria.

The Deadwood coach, one of the features of the show, was of particular interest to my royal guests. This was a coach with a history. It was built in Concord, N. H., and sent by water to San Francisco to run over a route infested with road-agents. A number of times it was held up and robbed. Finally, both driver and passengers were killed and the coach abandoned on the trail. It remained for a long time a derelict, but was afterward brought into San Francisco by an old stage-driver and placed on the Overland trail.

As it worked its way East over the Overland route its old luck held steadily. Again were driver and passengers massacred; again it was abandoned. At last, when it was "hoodooed" all over the West and no independent driver or company would have anything to do with it I discovered it, bought it and used it for my show.

ONE of the incidents of my program, as all who have seen it will remember, was an Indian attack on this coach. The royal visitors wanted a real taste of Western life—insisted on it, in fact, and the Kings of Denmark, Greece, Saxony, and the Crown Prince of Austria climbed to the box with me.

I had secretly instructed the Indians to throw a little real energy into their pursuit of the coach, and they followed my instructions rather more completely than I expected. The coach was surrounded by a demoniac band of shooting and shouting Indians. Blank cartridges were discharged at perilously close proximity to the rulers of four great nations. Looking around to quiet my followers I saw that the guests of the occasion were a trifle pale, but they were all of them game, and came out of the affair far less scared than were the absolutely terrified members of the royal suites, who sat in their boxes and wrung their hands in wild alarm.

In recognition of this performance the Prince of Wales sent me a souvenir consisting of a feathered crest, outlined in diamonds, with the words "Ich dien" worked in jewels underneath. A note in the Prince's own hand expressed the pleasure of his guests in the entertainment I had provided for them.

After a tour of the principal cities we returned to America, proud of our success, and well rewarded in purse for our effort.

The welcome to America was almost as elaborate as that from England. I quote from the description of it printed in the New York "World":

"The harbor probably has never witnessed a more picturesque scene than that of yesterday, when the *Persian Monarch* steamed up from Quarantine. Buffalo Bill stood on the captain's bridge, his tall and striking figure clearly outlined, and his long hair waving in the wind; the gayly painted and blanketed Indians leaned over the ship's rail; the flags of all nations fluttered from the masts and connecting cables. The cowboy band played 'Yankee Doodle' with a vim and enthusiasm which faintly indicated the joy felt by everybody connected with the 'Wild West' over the sight of home."

Shortly after my arrival I was much pleased by the receipt of the following letter:

"Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York.

"Colonel Wm. F. Cody:

"*Dear Sir*—In common with all your countrymen, I want to let you know that I am not only gratified but proud of your management and success. So far as I can make out, you have been modest, graceful, and dignified in all you have done to illustrate the history of civilization on this continent during the past century. I am especially pleased with the compliment paid you by the Prince of Wales, who rode with you in the Deadwood coach while it was attacked by Indians and rescued by cowboys. Such things did occur in our days, but they never will again.

"As nearly as I can estimate, there were in 1865 about nine and one-half million of buffaloes on the Plains between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains; all are now gone, killed for their meat, their skins, and their bones. This seems like desecration, cruelty, and murder, yet they have been replaced by twice as many cattle. At that date there were about 165,000 Pawnees, Sioux, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes, who depended upon these buffaloes for their yearly food. They, too, have gone, but they have been replaced by twice or thrice as many white men and women, who have made the earth to blossom as the rose, and who can be counted, taxed, and governed by the laws of Nature and civilization. This change has been salutary, and will go on to the end. You have caught one epoch of this country's history, and have illustrated it in the very heart of the modern world—London, and I want you to feel that on this side of the water we appreciate it.

"This drama must end; days, years, and centuries follow fast; even the drama of civilization must have an end. All I aim to accomplish on this sheet of paper is to assure you that I fully recognize your work. The presence of the Queen, the beautiful Princess of Wales, the Prince, and the British public are marks of favor which reflect back on America sparks of light which illuminate many a home and cabin in the land where once you guided me honestly and faithfully, in 1865-66, from Fort Riley to Kearney, in Kansas and Nebraska.

"Sincerely your friend,

"W. T. Sherman."

Our next descent on Europe was made in the steamer *Persian Monarch*, which was again chartered. This time our destination was France. The Parisians received the show with as much favor as had the Londoners.

Everything American became the fad during our stay. Fashionable young men bought American and Mexican saddles for their rides in the Bois. Cowboy hats appeared everywhere on the street. There was a great cry for stories of the Plains and all the books that could be found that dealt with the West were translated into the French language. Relics from the Plains and mountains, bows, moccasins, and Indian baskets sold like hot cakes in the souvenir stores.

While in the city I accepted an invitation from Rosa Bonheur to visit her at her superb chateau. In return I extended her the freedom of the show and she made many studies from life of the fine animals I had brought over with me. She also painted a portrait of me on my favorite horse—a picture which I immediately sent home to my wife.

Our sojourn in Rome was lively with incident. The Prince of Simonetta who visited the show declared that he had some wild horses in his stable which no cowboy could ride. The challenge was promptly taken up by some of the daredevils in my party. That the horses might not run amuck and injure anyone, special booths were erected in the show arena, where the trial was to be made.

The greatest enthusiasm was manifested by the Romans in the performance, and it was clear to me that most of them looked eagerly forward to the mortal injury of some of the members of my company. The Latin delight in sports like those of the old Roman arena had by no means died out.

When the horses were loosed in the ring they sprang into the air, snorted, kicked up their heels, and plainly defied any of the cowboys to do so much as to lay a hand on them. But in less time than I can tell it the plainsmen had sent their lassos hurtling through the air, and the horses discovered that they had met their masters. The audience, always strong for the winners, forgot their disappointment in the absence of fatalities, and howled with delight as the cowboys, one after another, mounted the fractious horses and trotted them submissively about the arena. We closed this tour of Europe, which was successful to the end, with a second visit to England.

I HAVE now come to the end of my story. It is a story of "The Great West that Was," a West that is gone forever.

All my interests are still with the West—the modern West. I have a number of homes there, the one I love best being in the wonderful Big Horn Valley, which I hope one day to see one of the garden spots of the world.

In concluding, I want to express the hope that the dealings of this Government of ours with the Indians will always be just and fair. They were the inheritors of the land that we live in. They were not capable of developing it, or of really appreciating its possibilities, but they owned it when the White Man came, and the White Man took it away from them. It was natural that they should resist. It was natural that they employed the only means of warfare known to them against those whom they regarded as usurpers. It was our business, as scouts, to be continually on the warpath against them when they committed depredations. But no scout ever hated the Indians in general.

There have been times when the Government policy toward the Indians has been unwise and unjust. That time, I trust, has passed forever. There are still many thousand Indians in the country, most of them engaged in agricultural pursuits. Indian blood has added a certain rugged strength to the characters of many of our Western citizens. At least two United States Senators are part Indian, and proud of it.

The Indian makes a good citizen, a good farmer, a good soldier. He is a real American, and all those of us who have come to share with him the great land that was his heritage should do their share toward seeing that he is dealt with justly and fairly, and that his rights and liberties are never infringed by the scheming politician or the short-sighted administration of law.

(The End.)

MAN FROM MAIDEN LANE

(*Continued from page 28*)

that altogether dreary night-trip, still further depressed by a vague consciousness of conspiracies weaving themselves about me, to say nothing of the disappointment at my discovery that Wilkins was to intrude his officious and altogether unwelcome personality into my case. For it was seldom that Wilkins and I could keep step in such work.

Yet when I alighted from my train at Chamboro, instead of finding a sleeping city lying tranquilly under the paling stars, I saw through the faint light of earliest morning a scene of unexpected movement and color. The railway's yards beyond the station, I found, were crowded with strings of gaily painted cars. Eight wrinkled-skinned elephants swayed ponderously along a road already dusty with traffic. Six-teamed tent-wagons went lurching and clattering across one corner of Chamboro to an open "lot" already busy with workmen.

Shuttered animal cages on wheels were being tooled down the ramps from the yellow-painted flats, whips were cracking, men were giving orders, and hastily-clad small boys were staring hungrily at a disembarking bevy of Shetland ponies. That musky smell which came to me on the morning air took me back twenty years at a bound. But I had scant time to brood over it, for the next moment I was climbing into a ramshackle old bus emblazoned with the faded but significant legend of "The Lantry House." My one and only fellow-passenger was a fat drummer with a bulky handbag and an even bulkier sample-carrier of papier-maché known as a "telescope."

We soon left the circus tumult behind us, and went rumbling somnolently up through equally somnolent streets, passing nothing but a truck-gardener high on his wagon-seat, and a lone furnace-room worker with a dinner-pail under his arm.

Chamboro, in fact, looked anything but ominous as its last street-lamps blinked up at the pearl-tinted skies which were slowly turning to pink. There was a reviving smell of freshness in the air. The well-trimmed lawns, I could see, were still wet with dew. Now and then, above the dull rumble of our wagon-wheels, I could hear the song of an awakened bird. And it all seemed to speak of peace, of a peace that was almost oppressive, reminding me as it did how seldom the harried children of great cities were allowed to skirt the fringes of anything so Edenic. It sent a wave of self-pity through my tired body, and made me wonder if Winkie, my poor lost Winkie, ever thought of me and my tangled life during the moments when he walked in that peace which must remain forever foreign to me.

But once I'd been duly installed at the Lantry House I found no time to feel sorry for myself. My first move was to send out feelers for Toosey Attrill. I discovered, to my surprise, that she was under the same roof with me. So in two minutes I was at her door, quietly sounding our code-knock.

There was both wonder and weariness on her face as she opened that door and squinted out at me.

"Lock who's here!" she said in a relieved sort of whisper, as she relocked the door and wriggled into a kimono.

"What's happened?" I promptly inquired as she reached for a cigaret. Toosey, without her warpaint, looked disturbingly withered and tired about the eyes. The years, I could see, had left their footprints on that pert young face.

"Nothin's hit this town but a two-ring circus!" she announced as she struck a match.

"Then you've not done anything?" I demanded, wordlessly and foolishly depressed, as I backed discreetly away out of Toosey's smoke cloud.

"There's nothin' I *could* do," she complained, "except sit around and wait f'r the kangaroo to jump!"

I assumed the kangaroo in this case to be Oldershaw, so I demanded particulars as to that gentleman.

"Oh, that boob's as shy as a she-antelope. He hit this town about six hours before I did, and took a room here, but he wouldn't even give a choich-woiker the glad hand. He got cold feet as soon as he found the house-safe was out of kilter and couldn't hold his stone-trays!"

"Then what did he do?"

"He took 'em back to his room, and double-locked everything, and got his gat out, and ordered his supper sent up. He even sat on that Taylor chest while he fed his face. And when he went down to use long-distance and call on a couple of his customers, he put the night-porter on the door, with an army-revolver in his side-pocket about the size of a rollin' pin!"

"And that's all?"

"That's all I've been able to lamp," acknowledged Toosey.

I could see that I had considerable work ahead of me. So I slipped back to my room, freshened up with a cold bath, breakfasted in solitude on toast and black coffee, and began to consider my case.

Then I got busy. My first work was with the night-porter, a chambermaid, and two of the bellboys. The desk-clerk called MacLean I preferred saving until later on. It involved a number of palms to grease and a good deal of guarded questioning, but it brought in results, trivial as they might seem to the casual eye. Oldershaw, I found, was still in his room. But the startling part of it turned out to be that he was not there alone. Another man had spent the night with him. He and this unknown second man had sat up until morning playing "rummy." They had smoked a good deal and had made away with a few bottles of beer. But they had been sober as judges, and very guarded about answering door-knocks, according to the bell-hop who handed me my information. Once, the bellhop also acknowledged, he'd seen an automatic pistol lying on the card table. They'd also kept the two windows closed and locked, although the room was pretty smoky.

The second man, I found out from the porter, had come with a handbag, but without a trunk. It was true, he also informed me, that the hotel safe was out of order. A tumbler of the combination-lock had worked loose and until an expert arrived from New York the house was using a little hand-safe that afforded no room for outside deposits. So Oldershaw had put the porter on guard at his room door when the former went out with a handbag, about five o'clock in the afternoon of the day before. The second man he must have met somewhere outside, but they were both back in the room before seven.

"Did that second man register when he came to the hotel?" I asked.

"Sure he did," was the answer.

"Have you any idea of under what name?"

"His own name, the same name Oldershaw used when he spoke to him."

"What was that name?"

"Brescher," was the offhanded but somewhat disturbing answer.

I WENT back to my room and stood at an open window, trying to organize the information that I'd gathered. Chamboro, lying so tranquilly under the slowly mounting sun, gave one the impression that nothing much could ever happen in so calm and orderly a little city. I could see where a slow-moving watering-cart left Main Street freckled with pools of silver light. I could even see where the sparrows were bathing lazily about the fountain-rim in City Hall Park. And somewhere outside my door a maid was humming "Poor Butterfly" as she worked.

But appearances, I knew, weren't always to be depended upon. I had my work to do. And my first step in that work, I decided, was to confront Oldershaw himself. So I went straight to his room, and knocked. There was no response. I waited, listened, and knocked still again. And still there was no response. Then I moved on down the hall, for I saw a bellboy approaching with a yellow-enveloped telegram in his hand. He stopped at Oldershaw's door and knocked. But instead of knocking on the panels, with his knuckles, he took a coin from his pocket, and with the edge of this tapped lightly yet distinctly on the door-frame. The door was opened and the boy was admitted.

Two minutes later I returned to that door, with a nickel in my hand. There I repeated the maneuver of the bellboy. It was successful. I was standing close in beside the door when it swung back. The man called Oldershaw blinked out at me with startled eyes. His attitude, I could see, as he stood there holding the door-knob, was a distinctly hostile one. Nor could I find anything prepossessing in his flaccid and yellowed face.

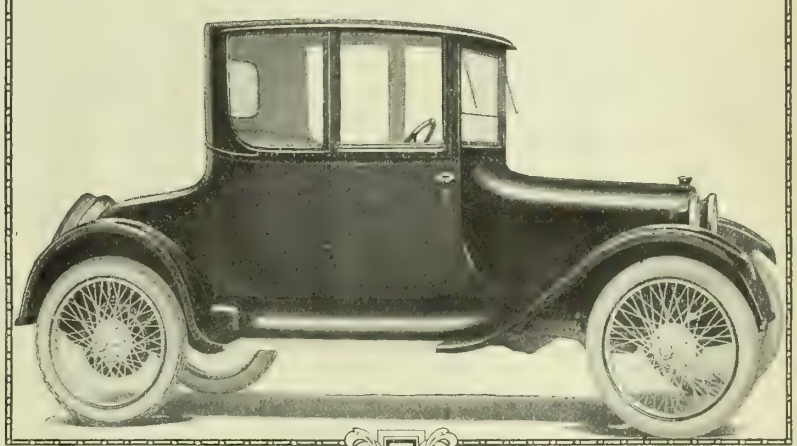
DODGE BROTHERS
CLOSED CAR

Its uncommon beauty appeals to feminine good taste

The convertible coupe is well designed, well finished, well upholstered, roomy — and suited for use the year 'round

Coupe or Sedan, $1265 In Canada, $1800
Touring Car or Roadster, $835 In Canada, $1185
All prices f. o. b. Detroit

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT





TRAVELING SALESMEN WANTED

Hundreds of good positions open. Experience unnecessary. Earn while you learn. Write today for large list of openings and testimonials from hundreds of our Members we have placed in good positions paying $100 to $500 a month. Address nearest office.

Dept. 6117, NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRADING ASS'N.
CHICAGO NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO

Get a Government Job

Railway Mail Service Pays up to $1800	Positions for Women Pay up to $1800
P. O. Clerk or Carrier Pays up to $1200	Government Clerk Pays up to $1800
Customs or Revenue Service Up to $2190—$2500	Stenographer or Bookkeeper Up to $1800—$2500

TEAR THIS OUT—MARK POSITION (X)

Mail it to me, with your name and address. I'll advise you (free) about Civil Service examination and getting place on eligible list for early appointment. With my coaching I give guarantee of position or money back, issued by Washington Civil Service School.

292,296 protected positions under Civil Service: permanent places, sure pay, short hours, regular promotions, annual vacations. It's great to work for Uncle Sam. Learn all about it by Writing for "Book JG 1067". EARL HOPKINS, Washington, D. C.

A guaranteed salary

The demand for HEARST'S MAGAZINE has become so great that we must have at once a representative in every community to look after our increasing subscription business, and we offer a Guaranteed Monthly Salary to every person who qualifies for the position.

The work is simple, attractive and dignified, and the amount of money any representative can earn is limited only by the time which can be devoted to our interests. We will gladly pay $25.00—$50.00—$100.00, and more, each month to the person who can take care of our business.

Address all inquiries to Manager, Agents' Department,

HEARST'S MAGAZINE
119 West 40th Street New York City

"Well?" he demanded, with a razor-edge to the word that made it almost a bark.

"You sent for me!" I calmly announced.

He swept me with his openly combative stare.

"I guess you've made a mistake in the room number!" And he would have shut the door in my face if I hadn't in the meantime pushed too far forward to prevent any such movement. The man, I could see, was as nervous as a cat.

"I'm afraid it's you who are struggling under a slight misapprehension," I told him, with all the dignity at my command.

"What makes you think that?" he queried, still blocking my way.

"Because I'm Miss Rymal of the Protective Alliance, and I've been sent here to cover your case."

"The Alliance doesn't use women agents," he retorted, after a full five seconds of silence.

"Then you'll at least recognize their shield," I ventured as I smilingly exhibited my badge of office to his gaze.

He inspected both my badge and my person without the slightest degree of enthusiasm. But he was compelled to admit me to his presence. He did so, however, plainly under protest.

"What can I do for you?" he demanded.

"That's precisely the question which I came here to ask!" I retorted. The barricaded look that crossed his face did not escape me.

"There's nothing a woman can do in this particular situation," he stolidly announced.

"Then what would you advise?"

"Giving advice isn't my business," he retorted, apparently at the end of his patience.

"Then suppose you give me information instead," I quietly suggested, determined to hold my ground against him. By this time I'd pretty well sized up both the room and the man. And there were certain other things to be appraised. "You've about a hundred and ten thousand dollars' worth of unmounted stones in that trunk, I believe?"

He merely stood batting his slightly bloodshot eyes down at me.

"And you've complained to the Alliance office about being shadowed. Were you shadowed to this hotel?"

He stood pondering that simple enough question.

"I've been trailed for three or four days. Whether I was followed right here or not I can't tell."

"What did he look like, that man who was shadowing you?"

Still again Oldershaw hesitated. And the values in all such talk as ours, I remembered, lay in these apparent trivialities of conduct.

"He was a tall man, clean-shaven, and rather awkward and rawboned. He made me think of a country minister who'd kind of run to seed."

I stood digesting this information. It was not along the lines I had expected.

"And when you found you were without the protection of the hotel safe here, what did you do?"

"I kept my stuff shut up here," he finally acknowledged.

"Then you haven't covered your customers in this town?" I prompted.

"No," he replied, after a moment's hesitation. And I knew in a flash that the man had lied to me.

"And Louis Brescher, who has the pearls for the Adelsteins?" I inquired.

"What about him?" was the other's quick and querulous interrogation.

"You called him up in Philadelphia and had him swing over here and join you?"

The man studied me with covert intentness. My knowledge of his movements, apparently, was beginning to make some slight impression on him. He nodded in assent after I'd repeated my question.

"And you know Brescher quite well?"

"Well enough to trust him when I saw trouble ahead."

And Brescher, of course, reciprocates [illegible]

"Sufficiently to leave *that* with me!" [illegible] Oldershaw with a significant [illegible] at a professional looking black handbag which stood close beside his own [illegible]

I made a movement to step over to that bag, but he intercepted me, promptly and coldly. My smile seemed to puzzle him.

"Still holding, among other things, some [illegible] dollars' worth of unstrung [illegible]" I prompted.

[illegible] me a frown as he nodded [illegible]

"What time do you start back to New [illegible] this evening?" I still again I noticed his hesitancy, and remembered that a part of his training had been to keep his movements unannounced. But professional instinct, I felt, wasn't operating in this instance.

"That all depends on my house. They're to send me wire instructions some time to-day."

"And in the meantime you propose to stay right here with your valuables?" My accent on that last word seemed to nettle him.

"Can you suggest anything better?"

"I could suggest nothing more sedentary," I retorted, resenting his altogether unnecessary curtness of tone.

"Thanks for the suggestion," he said, showing his teeth.

"And thank you for the information," I added, moving toward the door. For about all I could do now was to withdraw with dignity.

"What information?" he inquired, obviously relieved at my retreat.

"The information which you gave me, quite without suspecting it," I announced as I stepped out through the door. And I closed the door and left him to meditate over that Parthian arrow.

The case, I realized, as I made my way back to my room, was after all becoming interesting. I spent ten minutes in getting trace of Toosey, who'd been quietly shadowing Brescher while he indulged in the luxury of a shave and haircut, and despatched her to Chamboro's telephone exchange to call up Oakville and establish communication with Wilkins there. And I engineered my way down to the Lantry House office and made myself known to MacLean, the desk-clerk. I knew he was on the Alliance list, but I was in doubt as to how far he might be trusted. His smile, however, was a broad one as he motioned me back to the check-room door where we could talk unobserved.

"I guess you haven't made much of a hit with our friend Oldershaw," he surprised me by announcing.

"Why do you say that?"

"Oldershaw's just telephoned to the city authorities to see if a couple of policemen in plain clothes couldn't be sent up to keep him company. And he's sent a wire to the Alliance office complaining that he has good reason to believe a woman crook is shadowing him."

"A woman crook?" I echoed.

"Yes; he's got an idea you're the queen of the Chamboro highbinders and are trying to do him out of his stock."

"Why should he think that?"

"Well, my own impression is that the man's kind of lost his nerve. Our house-safe is out of order, you see, and he's had to sit up with a quart or two of diamonds."

"Then why didn't he make use of some jeweler's safe?"

"He *did* call up Landon Brothers, our biggest jewelers here, and got permission to caché his goods with them over-night. But when Brescher turned up he said he felt easier in his mind and called it off."

"Of course he called it off," I concurred.

"I really think it's circus-day that's got his goat," proclaimed my friend the desk-clerk. "For he's sure got the Willies if he's sending for a couple of cops to keep the ribs away from his turkey!"

"Perhaps," I ventured, "he wants those cops for an altogether different purpose."

"Such as?" suggested my unofficial confederate.

"I'll tell you that when I pay my bill," I said as I made for the street. I went straight to the jewelry store of Landon Brothers. There the younger member of the firm proved only too willing to vary the tedium of watch-mending with something more exciting.

Oldershaw, I found, had placed a small order with him, but had not deposited any sample-trays in the firm's vault for safe keeping. He had spoken of doing so over the telephone, it was true, but he had called up later on and explained that a friend of his named Brescher had found a safe without troubling them after hours.

This novel information rather took my breath away, even though I tried hard not to show it. For here, somewhere, was still another lie. So I demurely asked for a list of Chamboro's remaining jewelers and, having obtained that list, set out for a discreet canvass of the same.

The second store I visited was kept by one Max Kishinger, a sallow and sharp-eyed man of about thirty, with a prematurely bald head and an extremely inhospitable manner. When I innocently informed him that I'd like to look at something in garnet rings, he [illegible] me up with those circuitous Hester-Street eyes of his and announced he wasn't doing any business that day.

"Why not?" I demanded, with a pout of disappointment.

"Because I'm busy taking stock," he brusquely informed me.

"But you're still going to do business here?" I asked, with purely assumed artlessness, for both the type and the promised predicament were not altogether unfamiliar to me.

"I can't tell you anything, lady, this morning," proclaimed the proprietor of that shop of loudly ticking clocks and gaudy-looking plate. I stared vacuously around, notwithstanding the note of finality in the man's voice. I wanted a clear-cut picture of that establishment of his, for something told me that some time in the near future we might be meeting again. Then I made my way, only outwardly disconsolate, back to Main Street. There was at last some slight promise of order in all those accidental and unco-ordinated notes of the morning, like an orchestra tuning up. This impression was strengthened when I caught sight of Toosey within a block of the Lantry House and she discreetly motioned me under cover.

"That boob Wilkins is dead to the woild over there in Oakville, so I've been tailin' Brescher around town," she explained. "And what's more, you've just handed him the shock of his promisin' young life!"

"When?"

"When you strolled into that Kike gem-shop," she announced.

"You're sure of that?" I demanded, knowing that Toosey could scarcely realize the value of her information.

"Dead sure!" she averred. "And dead sure of still another move. For I've just followed that guy Oldershaw into a drug-store and lamped him buy a two-ounce bottle o' collodion."

I stopped short. For collodion, I had long since learned, was a very valuable asset to the busy workers of the underworld. Both safe-breakers and jewel thieves used it for varnishing the tips of their fingers. It did away with the danger of finger-print identification. It left no telltale marks on any polished surface with which a criminal's hand might come in touch. A finger-coating of it could be worn on occasions where a pair of gloves would have at once excited suspicion. And it was a precaution which only the professional would be apt to exercise.

"Then here, Toosey, is where we get busy!" I announced as we circled back for the Lantry House. Once there I found MacLean, the desk-clerk, throwing me the high-sign to drift to the check-room door.

"Both your men have slipped out," he confided to me, clearly betraying that the mystery of the thing was not altogether repugnant to him.

"Did they take anything with them?"

"Nothing that I could see. And they put the porter back on their door upstairs!"

I looked him right in the eye.

"I want you to take me into that room for five minutes," I told him.

It rather took his breath away, and left him silent for a moment or two. But he was game.

"All right," he said, as he began to search for a pass-key.

We went to my own room first, where I took my "spider" from where I kept it hidden in my handbag. MacLean, plainly excited, posted the porter at the stair-head, gave a word or two of instructions to the elevator-boy, and then unlocked Oldershaw's door with the pass-key. Then we stepped inside.

The next moment my heart went down, for neither the sample-trunk nor the black handbag were in the room. But the closet door of that room we found to be locked, and with that discovery our mystery was solved. Two minutes' work with my "spider" had that door open. Another five minutes' work over the trunk had its lock conquered. We opened the trunk. It held nothing of value.

Then I tried the handbag. My "spider" proved ineffectual, in this case, and a look of concern crossed MacLean's moist face as I deliberately forced the lock. The bag, we soon found, was not exactly empty, but what it held was of comparatively small value. And the Adelstein pearls were not in it.

"I want you to send that porter up to the police-station for a couple of officers," I said to the desk-clerk.

He shook his head.

"Oldershaw tried to get a couple of men, but the Chief told him this was circus-day and he was already short-handed for his city work."

I thought this over.

"All right," I said. "But at least get that porter off the door before Oldershaw and Brescher come back. And now tell me what you know about a jeweler here named Kishinger."

We were back in the hall by this time, with the room door once more locked behind us.

"Kishinger," meditated the desk-clerk. "Why, that's the Main Street jeweler who went bankrupt this week. Max came here about a year ago from Newark."

In two minutes I was down in the booth talking over long-distance to Scullard of Newark. In another five minutes he had given me Kishinger's record, the consolingly unsatisfactory one of two assignments and a safe-robbery within a space of twenty-two months.

My friend the desk-clerk stopped me on the way out. That eagle-beaked bird known as Curiosity was plainly clawing at his vitals.

"What's going to happen?" he inquired with the confidential whisper of a fellow-conspirator.

"It looks as though it was going to be quite a big circus to-day," I casually remarked. But my clerical friend's chance to dig anything pregnant out of that apparently commonplace remark was cut short. A newly arrived guest, powdered with road-dust, was standing before the register and obviously demanding official attention.

I waited until that dusty newcomer had registered, and followed him into the elevator. I continued after him, in fact, as he proceeded to his duly assigned room number. As he stepped into the room I somewhat scandalized a crafty-eyed bellboy by silently yet brazenly stepping into that room after the newly arrived guest. For this arrival was Wilkins of the Alliance office.

"What's happened?" I demanded.

"Well, I've combed out this tangle all right," proclaimed Wilkins as he locked the door. He seemed quite proud of himself.

"What is the tangle?" I meekly inquired.

"I've just followed a yegg and boxman called Humpy Jansen over here from Oakville. He's laying low in Moran's livery-stable until he can get in touch with his confederate here. And I'm going to work the ropes around 'em and pull 'em both in!"

"What confederate?" I asked.

"Curate Sam," was Wilkins's reply. I sat down on the edge of the bed and let this sink in.

"So he's in this too!" I ruminated aloud.

"No wonder this man Oldershaw's scared out of a week's growth, with a crook like that shadowing him around the country!" declared the man from Sloan's office.

But I scarcely heard him for a moment or two, for I'd been following my own line of thought.

"Then what are we going to do about Brescher?" I asked.

"I guess those two carriers can take care of themselves," announced Wilkins.

"But who's going to take care of that two hundred thousand dollars' worth of Maiden Lane stones?" I next inquired.

"They'll also take care of themselves, once we've rounded up Humpy and Sam!" retorted the triumphant Wilkins.

"But where *are* those stones?" I somewhat excitedly demanded.

"That's not what's botherin' me just now, Balmy. What's interesting me just now is Humpy and Curate Sam."

"But if those stones, nearly a quarter of a million dollars' worth of them, ever get loose, where'll we ever see them again?"

Wilkins looked at me over his shoulder. It was a patronizing sort of look which I couldn't help resenting.

"You've kind of got this doped out a little different to what I've done it," he suggested.

"I have."

"Then we both can't be right."

"I agree with you."

"Then what do you propose doing?"

"I intend to try and save those stones," I told him.

"And who'll help you?" he inquired, with the air of announcing that he at least could be counted out.

"Toosey Attrill!" I said, with sudden decision. His smile broadened. It broadened into almost a grimace of scorn. Then his face grew sober.

"Say, Balmy, this isn't movie stuff we're mixed up with; it's serious work!"

"That's what I've been trying to tell you," I said. "And as every minute from now on is precious, here's where I get busy!"

A CIRCUS ballyhoo was already scattering handbills along Main Street as I caught Toosey on the wing at the telephone-booth and sent her up to her room for an empty suitcase and a couple of hand-towels, while I dodged out and duly invested in a cotton clothes-line. I met Toosey on the corner and pushed on through the crowd, for all Chamboro was gathered along Main Street and up and down that carnival curb sped flying rumors as to the procession having already passed "the Dépôt."

"Toosey," I said when I was able to talk, "we've got to take this case in our own hands. Wilkins thinks he's working overtime for the Alliance, but we've got to jump in and trump his ace!"

"But where are we beatin' it to?" gasped the somewhat breathless Toosey.

"We're going straight to Max Kishinger's shop. And we're going to get there before certain other parties," I announced. "For there's a man from Maiden Lane, Toosey, who's trying to double-cross his house. He's been waiting for a big clean-up, and he's figured on hitting this town on circus-day with a stock worth well over a hundred thousand dollars. He's even coaxed another carrier to swing in with him, with another ninety thousand dollars' worth of stuff for the haul. They've cachéd that stock in Kishinger's safe. Kishinger's a bankrupt. He sweetens the pot with anything worth while from his own stock. Then Humpy Jansen walks in and makes it a daylight robbery, cleaning out that safe and breaking for the railway yards and hitting for the open on a rattler while that man from Maiden Lane is sitting up with his chum and two cops over at the Lantry to make their alibi clear!"

"For the love o' Mike!" said Toosey, with rounded eyes.

"Now this is no day, Toosey, to let nearly a quarter of a million in Maiden Lane stuff get loose. This is a haystack all around us here, ready for the needle to get lost in, and Oldershaw knows it."

"But what're you goin' to do?" demanded Toosey.

"I'm going to take Humpy's job off his hands," I announced as I took the suitcase from the other's hand and dropped my clothes-line into it.

"Then what d'you want me to do?" was her next question, for we were already within a stone's throw of Kishinger's place of business.

"You've got to be doorman for this little sideshow," I told her as I gave my final instructions and then stepped, bag in hand, into the abode of ticking clocks, presided over by Max Kishinger.

The latter, I was in no way surprised to discover, remained quite uninterested in the excitement without. He was, in fact, deeply engrossed in a double column of figures as I stepped into his store. He was leaning across the plate-glass top of one of his showcases as I advanced, with my right hand releasing the three snaps in my waist-front where my gun-holster hung.

If Kishinger actually saw me approaching, he gave no evidence of that fact. Yet he must have known I was there, even though he never once directly looked at me. But I saw that he was the only person in the place, and I also saw that Toosey had carried out her instructions and quietly closed the door and locked it with its spring catch. But still the man leaning over the plate-glass showcase betrayed no interest in that quiet invasion.

"You remember me?" I finally inquired, stepping quite close to him.

He looked up slowly, almost abstractedly. But his glance soon became a distinctly hostile one.

"What if I do?" he demanded.

"Mr. Kishinger," I said, speaking as calmly as I could, "I want you to keep cool, and act quickly. Things haven't gone right, and our whole *coup* depends on the next ten minutes!"

He stared at me with an abstracted sort of disapproval.

"Say, lady, what're you raving about, anyway?" he wearily demanded. He was, I could see, an uncommonly good actor.

"Don't be a fool and waste time," I told him with a sharpness that made his sleepy-looking eyes wide a little. "A New York bull tailed Humpy Jansen to Moran's stable here and has him rounded up. Both Brescher and Oldershaw are being shadowed over there at the Lantry, and Curate Sam's had to duck back to Oakville."

"And what's all that to me?"

"It means we've got to put the job through ourselves, and put it through on the run."

"What job?" he asked, still guarded, as he stood there rolling his eyes between me and the shop-front.

"The job of cleaning out that safe and getting away with the stuff," I told him as I rested my right hand on the plate glass of the case-top. "No, don't move!" I warned him as he made an effort to step back along the counter. It was ten to one, I knew, that he had a revolver hidden there.

It wasn't until I spoke that he noticed my automatic pointing across the minutely scratched top of his showcase. "We both know you'd look more convincing with a hole in your ribs, but you don't want it, of course, and you don't need it!"

"What t'hell is this, anyway?" he demanded, squinting down at the automatic.

"My Gawd, man, aren't you jerry to what's happened?" I cried with all the coarseness I could command. "Can't you see Brescher and Oldershaw have to depend on their ribs to put this *coup* through, and that we can't waste time over it?"

I made an impatient signal to Toosey. "Bring that work-chair out from behind the watch-bench there! And you, Mister Kishinger, just step out from behind that counter. Right out, if you please, with your hands up. And sit down in that chair. Right back, please. Now, Toosey, quick, tie him there. The arms behind him first. Then close across his back. That's right; don't let it look like a phony job. Draw your rope tight and double those knots. And now the feet. Each foot to a chair-leg, as close as you can truss 'em. Now knot your towel. No, Toosey, don't put in that gag until we've made sure Brescher was right about the safe door being left open. . . . Ah, yes; I see he was quite right. So you can give him that nice big knot to bite on. Tie it close behind the ears. It may hurt a little, of course, Mister Kishinger, but we've all got to do our part before we can expect our rake-off. And it's a haul, I see, that will pay us quite handsomely!"

For by this time I had the safe doors swung back and was on my knees, lifting the orderly pile of stone trays into my open suit-case beside me. Then came the pearls, Brescher's pearls, in a case of French kid, and several chamois bags, and still another tray or two, and a black-velvet fold holding several dozen unmounted diamonds of varying sizes. Dimly, from behind me, through the closed shop-doors, I could hear the braying of a circus-band shot through with the quick pulse of drums and the thin and distant scattering of cheering crowds.

"Toosey," I called out to the girl still on guard, "you slip out and see if you can find a cab, or a taxi, or anything on wheels. Have 'em wait at the first side-street corner, and let me know when you've got 'em!"

I turned back and completed my search, stowed the last of my haul in the waiting suitcase, and then swung shut the safe doors and carefully locked them, for I remembered that during the next few hours I might be held personally responsible for what that safe held or failed to hold. I realized, as I closed my bag and caught it up, that my well-trussed friend on the chair was indulging in frantic but ineffectual efforts to make himself heard.

But I paid scant attention to those guttural and animal-like noises he was making in his throat, for I had other things to worry about. The circus procession was already lumbering past, and above the sea of heads I could discern gilded floats with heavily clucking wheel-hubs, and spangled figures on vermilion-colored wagons, and canopied elephants and tasseled horses and a clown on a trick mule, and bunting and pennons and flags and an all-pervading golden fog of street dust.

I could smell this dust as I stepped out through the door and quietly closed it after me. But I was not interested in the passing glories which were enthralling the attention of the crowds along the curbs. I wanted to make sure that Toosey had captured a taxi for me. And I wanted to make sure of getting safely away from that store of ticking clocks and rifled safe-drawers.

So I peered cautiously out along that preoccupied street before daring to venture into the open. I caught sight of a somewhat ramshackle one-horse cab standing at the street corner, and was ready to hurry toward its open and welcoming door when I caught sight of something else.

Standing in the shadow of a doorway, half way between me and the corner, was a tall and melancholy figure, intently watching the cab which Toosey had stationed there for my escape. There was no mistaking that figure. It was Curate Sam. And the sight of him sent a little army of mice-feet scampering icily up and down my backbone.



HERE is a trim-looking, easy-fitting shoe of latest style that you can wear all day with greatest comfort. Keds have springy rubber soles and rubber heels in varying heights, with tops of flexible canvas of a specially woven, fine grade.

For women Keds are correct and attractive for any informal wear. They add to the daintiness of the prettiest white frocks. They make walking easy and refreshing.

Thousands of women will wear this smart, restful footwear this summer. It is a shoe that can be worn anywhere—at home—downtown—for recreation—any time. It's the all-wear, all-day, all-style and comfort shoe.

Keds

Canvas Rubber-soled Footwear for the Family

Children delight in wearing these soft, silent shoes. They are next to going barefoot. Keds are light and the sturdy rubber soles stand the patter-patter-patter of hard-playing feet.

There's negligee comfort for men in Keds. They are soft and restful for evening and recreation wear, "dressy" and durable for all-day wear.

Cost considered, Keds outwear any other footwear yet devised. Keds are made for every member of the family in many shapes and styles—there are Keds for every fancy.

You can buy Keds in three grades. Each grade carries with it the reputation of the largest rubber manufacturer in the world.

NATIONAL Keds $1.50 up

CAMPFIRE Keds $1.25 to $2.00

CHAMPION Keds $1.00 to $1.50

Ask your dealer to show you Keds for each member of the family.

United States Rubber Company
New York

Wanted: An Idea

Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and list of Patent Buyers.

RANDOLPH & CO., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 43, Washington, D. C.

50c TRIAL OFFER FOR 10c

BEST KODAK FINISHING. Any size roll developed, 10c. Six prints free with first roll. OR, send six negatives, any size, and 10c (stamps) for six prints. 8 x 10 Enlargements, 30c.

ROANOKE PHOTO FINISHING CO.
(Formerly Roanoke Cycle Co.)
52 Bell Ave. - - - ROANOKE, Va.



$2.50 A MONTH BUYS *Visible Writing* *L. C. SMITH*

Perfect machines only of standard size with keyboard of standard universal arrangement—has Backspacer—Tabulator—two color ribbon—Ball Bearing construction, every operating convenience. **Five days free trial.** Fully guaranteed. Catalog and special price sent **free.**

H. A. SMITH
506-231 N. Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System—written with only nine characters. No "positions"—no "ruled lines"—no "shading"—no "word signs"—no "cold notes." Speedy, practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study, utilizing spare time. For full descriptive matter, free, address CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, 958 Unity Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

JOFFRE SAVED FRANCE

How?

By one of the Greatest Strategic Movements in History
EVERY EFFICIENT ARMY MAN MUST KNOW
that strategic movement in detail, and there is only one way—

READ—HILAIRE BELLOC'S
ELEMENTS OF THE GREAT WAR

The 1st Phase, Vol. 1, deals with the hidden causes of the war and Joffre's famous retreat from Mons.
The 2nd Phase, Vol. 2, covers the Battle of the Marne.

These books are not emotional, inadequate records of personal experiences, but authoritative surveys of the whole field of war. The world's best critics have pronounced them THE GREATEST BOOKS YET WRITTEN ON THE WAR.

Other Volumes to follow shortly Complete in Six Volumes
PRICE $1.50 A VOLUME *Postage 15 cents extra*

HEARST'S INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY CO.
119 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK

I took a firmer grip of my suitcase handle and sidled away from that telltale door, keeping close in under the shadow of the shop fronts, and at every step watching Curate Sam over my shoulder. If I could only duck in through another shop door, without being seen, I could, I told myself, either slip away through a back entrance or even persuade the shopkeeper to hide my handbag until I could return with proper protection.

But there was no such luck for me. I was within five steps of a pleasant-eyed groceryman in a white apron, viewing the parade from beside a window-shelf of salted fish, when Curate Sam turned about, squinted up the sunlit street, and caught sight of me. The next moment he started in pursuit. And as he did so I could see his hand swing back to his hip-pocket, with a motion which sent a second army of mice scampering up my spinal column.

I had to think quickly. And I also had to act quickly. At that moment a Roman chariot was shaking and cluttering along the center of Main Street. It was drawn by four bespangled horses, side by side. It was painted a Pompeian red, with broad gilt stripes that flashed in the dusty sunlight. In the chariot, braced against the double-reins which he held in each muscular hand, stood the driver, in a flowing toga of blue and white cotton and a sort of Castle-band about his well-bronzed brow, with his head quite bare to the sun. There was strength in that face, I promptly concluded, and also honesty. And the sight of him, enthroned there above the populace, gave me an idea.

So I caught my breath and pushed bodily through the street-crowd and through the scattering of small boys who trudged along beside those cluttering wheels of red and gold. My hair was blowing loose across my face and my hat was on crooked. And a small cheer of derision went up from the crowd as I leaped hurriedly yet determinedly on the open lip of that Pompeian red chariot and pushed in beside the classic figure in the flowing toga.

"Git out o' here!" commanded the statuesque figure in white-and-blue cotton, without so much as turning a glance in my direction. "Git!" But with one hand I clung to my suitcase and with the other I clung to the lacquered rim of the chariot-box. The four horses, I could see, were spirited animals. It was taking about all of their driver's attention to hold them down to their duly appointed pace in that long line of dust-crowded color and noise. I knew what might happen at any moment. I could see that tall and ministerial-looking figure as it strode along the fringe of the street-crowd, with its eye always on me. Curate Sam, I remembered, was a man who would never resort to half-measures.

"Git out o' here!" repeated the circus Roman with the Castle-band about his sunburnt forehead.

"Don't let him get me!" I wailed aloud, with a sob which I made no effort to control. "Oh, don't let him get me!"

The preoccupied chariot-driver gave me one quick glance over his shoulder. It startled him a little, plainly, to find a young woman in distress crouching there so close beside him. And the derisive cheers of the street crowds weren't leaving his double team any easier to handle.

"Let who git you?" he demanded as he braced himself against the taut reins.

"He'll kill me if ever catches me," I declared as I stared along that sea of gaping faces in a vain search for Wilkins, for an officer, for anybody who could come to my help.

"Who'll kill you?" demanded the man at my side, with a touch of defiance in his voice.

I had no time and no chance to answer. For a revolver shot rang out, quick and clear above the street tumult. There was a scattering and scream of women, a shout of men, and at the same time a cascade of red-colored splinters from the curving bowl of the chariot-body itself. Whether it was the shot or the shouting that started the four champing chariot-horses, I am unable to say. Perhaps it was the flying splinters. The horse nearest to me, at any rate, crouched low like a cat for a second and the next moment sprang forward with a lurch that threw the entire harnessed quartet out of line. That infection of panic spread to them all, and the driver, with his feet well apart, saved a collision with the hyena-wagon in front of him by turning his chariot sharply out over the car-tracks to the right.

There was a scurrying of spectators to one side as the four plunging horses, refusing to answer to the bit, struck out at a tangent from that long line of circus floats. A street opening luckily stood directly in front of them, for by this time they were out of control and intent on only their own wild way.

It made me think of Cyrus descending on Babylon, toward the end of "Intolerance." For before me, as I stood there hanging on for dear life, I could see a long and undulating avenue of elms, a placid and wide-paved avenue of green-lawned residences and well-trimmed hedges and neat-looking geranium-beds, flowing past on either side like a highly colored ribbon. And we went thundering on, far beyond the sound of braying bands and the shouting street crowds. But it wasn't long before another sound smote on my ear and caused me to look back quickly. Then I shouted to the driver who still sawed on his reins.

"They're after us!" I called as I crowded closer to his swaying body. "They're coming—in a car! Don't try to stop! Don't—don't stop!"

I don't know what he really intended to do. But at that moment a bullet whined overhead, not three feet above us. And that must have settled his doubts. For he gave those galloping horses their heads. He let them race like wildfire up the long slope of a suburban hill, scattering dust and gravel as we went, nearly shaking and jiggling the life out of me. Again I saw a puff of smoke from the pursuing car, but this time the shot fell short, for I couldn't even hear the sound of the bullet. And then I remembered that two could play at that little game. Before we reached the hill-top and the open country I'd my automatic out and was taking pot shots at the car-front thundering and swaying and careening after us.

I shot sparingly, for I couldn't have hit a barn from a platform with Saint Vitus's Dance like that, and besides, I had no ammunition to waste. The only result of those shots, in fact, was to add to the terror of the flying squadron in harness ahead of me. Eliza on the ice, I began to feel, had rather easy going compared to traveling in a circus chariot without springs. And we must have made little more than a splash of red along that country road, for the pursuing motor-car failed to gain on us during the next few minutes. A hay-tosser or two, past whom we thundered, stood transfixed, with eyes and mouth agape. But my brain was beginning to work again by this time. We couldn't, I realized, hold our lead for long. The second slope up which we were careening was already beginning to tell on the horses, and there was no saying what might happen, once that motor-car overhauled us. On the other hand, I knew, a chariot and four flashily caparisoned horses couldn't clear away from a circus without leaving a well-advertised trail and without slightly disturbing somebody's peace of mind. There must have been still other pursuers on the heels of our own immediate pursuers. But the one thing I didn't want to happen, I knew, could only too easily occur before any outsiders might interfere. So I acted with promptness, if not altogether with dignity.

I dropped to the dusty floor of that swaying chariot, clinging all the while to my suitcase. Then, as we went swaying over the brow of the hill, momentarily cut off from a view of the car behind, I slipped off the edge of the dancing and jiggling and cluttering platform. The force of that fall caused me to do an unexpected Annette Kellermann dive into the road-ditch, along which I pirouetted and rolled like a top. I came to a stop, still clinging to my precious bag, within four feet of a wire fence. Under this I wormed my way, like a woodchuck, crawling into the underbrush on all fours.

Once under cover I scrambled to my feet, stooped low, and scurried on. I could hear the pulse of the pursuing motor-car, and I paused only long enough to make sure that it had kept on its way.

The underbrush deepened into heavier timber, until I found myself in a thick woodland, but even the fear of snakes didn't keep me back. I pushed on right through those whispering and echoing woods, skirted a meadow whose proprietorship I had no wish to dispute with the half-dozen cows grazing therein, negotiated a barbed-wire fence, and pushed on again through a field of corn. Then I circled still another open field, caught sight of a distant farmhouse, and paused to make myself half-way presentable before once more facing civilization. I straightened my hat, brushed the dust from my clothes, and mopped some of the perspiration from my overheated face. I still had three wide fields to cross before reaching that farmhouse. There I found a somewhat slatternly-looking woman drawing a pail of water from a curb-well. Her eyes seemed very tired, but they rounded with wonder as I stepped up and asked for a drink. She studied me in utter silence as I gulped down a half-pint of that cool well water.

"Do I look like a respectable woman to you?" I asked her, as coolly as I could.

"I guess so," she finally acknowledged.

"Then will you be willing to help me, without bothering to ask questions, if I pay you well for it?"

Again she was silent.

"The men folks is all to town," she finally and somewhat vacuously explained.

"Could you take *me* there?" I asked, as I opened my purse. The tired eyes grew still rounder as she stared down at the bill I held out to her.

"I want something to eat," I explained to her. "And five dollars' worth of old clothes, and somebody to drive me back to Chamboro. Can you do it?"

"It's circus day t' Chamboro," she said, with a hungry look in her tired eyes.

"So I've just discovered!" I acknowledged, not without a touch of bitterness. But the toil-wearied woman at the well responded to that unexpected call of adventure, and while she caught and harnessed a pluggy gray mare I dined on a wide slice of apple pie washed down with a glass of milk, arrayed myself in a well-worn Paisley shawl, a black straw bonnet and a pair of specks, and expressed my willingness to hold the woman's two-year-old child on that return trip to Chamboro, by way of what my guide and saviour called the "Back Road."

"You can drive me straight to the police-station," I announced, after approaching the city without either accident or interference.

There I found a fat man in his shirt-sleeves and blue trousers, laboriously penning entries in a blotter. He was using a very scratchy pen. He reminded me of a hospital probationer trying to make out her first chart.

"Well?" he finally demanded, viewing me with open disfavor. But I was used to such things by this time.

"Kishinger's safe has been robbed of nearly a quarter of a million dollars' worth of jewels," I announced as I stood there hanging onto my precious suitcase.

"I know it!" he promptly and placidly acknowledged.

"Then please lock me up," I requested, for I'm the person who stole that stuff!"

"Oh, no, you didn't!" ponderously and unexpectedly countered the fat man at the desk. "We've *got* the guy who pulled off that job!"

"Got him?" I echoed. "Got him where?"

"Right here behind the bars where he belongs," was that officer-of-the-law's announcement.

"You mean Curate Sam?" I gasped.

"They say he calls hisself Humpy Jansen," was the second altogether unexpected reply.

I sat down on a wooden bench that stood on one side of the room. I still had my dust-covered suitcase in my hand.

"And who arrested him?" I asked.

The man at the desk chuckled abstractedly to himself, like a hen investigating a straw-stack for a nest hole.

"A slick she-slooth from Noo York," he announced between scratches of his pen, "and got him right as he was slopin' out of Kishinger's shop!"

"A woman named Toosey Attrill?" I demanded.

The officer at the desk lifted his head and swung slowly about in his chair.

"Say, who *air* you, anyhow?" he pointedly inquired.

But I had no chance to answer that question, for the next moment the room was invaded by two uniformed policemen and three men in plain clothes. One of the men, who stood just behind the officers, was Wilkins himself. The other two were Oldershaw and Brescher. They all looked tired, and they all looked troubled. And all of them, intent on their own ends, seemed to ignore the rather dowdy-looking old woman in the Paisley shawl on the wooden bench.

"Where's the Chief?" demanded Wilkins

"Chief's took his family to the circus," blithely announced the man at the desk.

"Well, these two men have got to get back to New York to-night, and want to make a deposition. Who is there around here to take care of them?"

The man in his shirtsleeves rose with ponderous briskness to his feet.

"Just a minute, gentlemen, and I'll get Colonel Lowrie f'r you," he announced as he toddled away. But in the doorway he stopped and turned back. "I s'pose there's no trace of them diamonds that yegg got out o' Kishinger's safe?" he impersonally inquired.

"None!" was Wilkins's morosely impatient retort. And the fat figure shuffled out into the hall, clicking his tongue against his teeth as he went. As he did so I slipped from my bench and moved over to the doorway which he had so recently vacated. I didn't even bother to keep my shawl on. I was afraid it might interfere with my right hand, in which I held my automatic, balanced and ready.

"Wilkins," I shrilled out, "watch your two men there, for they're both armed!"

The five heads turned in my direction. But not one of the men moved from where he stood. It was Wilkins who spoke first.

"What're you barking about, any way, Balmy?" he demanded in a tone of heavy reproof. "These two men aren't my prisoners!"

"No," I said with decision. "*But they're mine!*"

(The next story in this series will appear in August)

A LADY IN DISTRESS

(Continued from page 36)

we, each and all of us, have been remiss in [illegible] but of ordinary [illegible]

"Oh, [illegible]" interrupted Colonel Tyne, [illegible] "He means Miss Darlton, Cynthia. It's my opinion we-all treated that [illegible]"

"Scandalously!" completed the heavy voice of Colonel Jim.

Miss Cynthia Byrd rose. She crossed her [illegible] and her neck, and her chin came up.

"I should like, if you please, to start for Hammond to-morrow morning an hour earlier than we had arranged. I wish to apologize to Miss Darlton."

Hammond! Hammond! Would Louise be in Hammond, since she had resigned? This was the first they had thought of the coal case!

"OYEZ oyez oyez!" A little fat court-crier, whose face turned scarlet when he lifted up his voice: "Blmpagoyowbllgtdakspcuffspllldlankeseveruwhyotlugll Court of Hammond County now in session! Oyez, oyez, oyez!"

Court was open, and there was a mighty stir and bustle of settling down; for the highly important case of Blake vs. the Interstate Coal Company was first on the docket. There sat the judge who was to try the case, a baby-skinned old judge, with twinkling eyes which twinkled at no one, and a judge-like appearance of total deafness. There was the jury-box, with its ancient walnut carving and its twelve tortuous chairs in two stiff rows, There the painfully vertical witness-box, with more of the walnut carving. There the railings, and there the long, cluttered tables for the plaintiff's side and the defendant's side; and there the clerks; and out there the crowd, rows on rows of hard benches, bearing rows on rows of tousled heads alternating with bonnets, the latter chiefly black with roses or daisies. On the rear bench, and the highest one, right under the big octagonal clock, three impressive gentlemen, a large

one, a square one, and a round one, all with goatees, all with white-linen suits, and all pervaded by intense gloom; their eyes are fixed in mournful dejection on the empty chair at the plaintiff's table. Miss Darlton was not there!

Miss Darlton was not at the hotel! She had registered last night, but was gone this morning! Therefore, the Colonels three were somber and melancholy, and aching with the undelivered apologies which are in their systems. Faithful to the last, though; here to do their duty for the missing young businesswoman and for two certain dejected gentlewomen now spending the day at Dr. Burbane's, just out across the Run.

At the defendant's table a fat local lawyer, a keen-eyed city lawyer, a large gentleman with mutton-chops, and a solid-looking young man who is dejected. His eyes are on the empty chair at the plaintiff's table! Darlton Old Top is not there, and the fight will lose all its zest. Where is Darlton Old Top? She registered at the hotel late last night; but this morning she was gone!

At the plaintiff's table, a florid gentleman with an appearance of great unction, a leathery lawyer from the city, and a local lawyer who was morose because he felt perfectly competent to conduct this case without New York assistance. Also, at the plaintiff's table, the empty chair! The city lawyer, the local lawyer, and the unctuous florid gentleman, all regard that chair with concern; two of them dejectedly and one not. The unctuous man, the man who was sent down to help Louise out of her mess, bears her absence comfortably; but the leathery-skinned city lawyer, who has worked with her before, is intensely dejected. Miss Darlton had registered at the hotel late last night, but was gone this morning! Where could Miss Darlton be?

Ah! The case is called. A flurry of disappointment goes through the expectant audience, and they gaze reproachfully at the empty chair. They had heard all about the dashing young New York business-woman who was to have charge of this case. Where was she? Why wasn't she here!

A mighty dry and uninteresting trial, in spite of its importance to all the people who own property on one side or other of the Rapahoochie, or have friends who own some. A jury impanelled in a jiffy. No challenges. Then the courtroom is half-emptied because the witnesses have been told to leave.

Somehow there was no life in this trial which had promised to be exciting. Witnesses galore were called to prove that the property owned by Governor Kingston, and passed directly to his descendant, Linnet Merridell, was still known as Kingston's Patch. No disputes. No lively little squabbles. No cross-examinations. Testimony admitted. Witnesses passed out of the box and out of the room almost as quickly as they had entered it. Witnesses galore to prove that the worthless ground had always been considered Kingston's property, if any one thought about it at all; even Henry Pegram had never laid claim to it until it was discovered that it contained coal; although he had, at various times, left disused farm implements out there to rust; which was considered a point by the defense, since it seemed to establish undisputed possession.

All one-sided, this trial. The defendants pointed to the law of precedence, and the original grant, and their good faith in purchase, and their good faith in the matter of development, and their general value to the community. No triumph in John Gibbing, however, as his worried brow is bent on the empty chair. He had himself excused from the witness-box, and he had Bjack Bjackson excused, much to that giant's distress of soul.

The unctuous man for the plaintiff was the finishing blow. He had re-subpœnaed old Townsend, by way of helping Louise out of the mess into which she had gotten the firm; and the four ghouls at the defendant's table just sat and chuckled and chuckled.

"TESTIFY against the governor! I won't do it!" Ned had his foot on the running-board, but now he took it off.

"Oh, yes, you will," Louise cordially informed him. "You have in your hand the mandate of this great Commonwealth, and I've had Cap'n Jedd made a deputy to see that you get to the courthouse. When you get on the stand, you're the kind of a boy who'll tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!" and she honked her horn in gleeful salute to the distant John Gibbing. Oh, howdy do, Mr. Gibbing? Howdy-do, howdy-do! greetings, John Gibbing, and many happy returns of the day! And is there a bakeshop in your tank-town where they bake humble-pie? A thin entertainment, perhaps, Mr. Langdon, but my dear old friend, Cap'n Jedd, will amuse himself in the witness-room until such time as you may be called."

"Beg yo'-all's pahdon, miss." Cap'n Jedd lanked forward in his wrinkled leather boots. "I'll deliver the prisoner to the door of the court, but thah I quit. If ever I go inside that courthouse it'll be because I'm handcuffed and my ammunition's given out."

"Never mind, Cap'n Jedd," and Louise sparkled down at the lanky mountaineer as she saw his distrust of the little gray runabout. "I think the prisoner will go peaceably, but I always carry a gun. By the way, Cap'n, I forgot to mention that this young man is the person he said he was."

"Correct." Cap'n Jedd exchanged a grin with Ned Langdon. "I got to say this furthermore: He's the fightin'est young man I ever tussled with, a gentleman in every respect, and the best gosh-hanged painter in the universe!"

They shook hands on that, all around; then the little gray runabout headed for Hammond at its merriest clip, and the sun was shining brightly on the Rapahoochie, and the pleasant valley, and Eagle's Neck, up there against the blue sky, and Magnolia Pass nestling mellow-white beneath its green foliage; and it was delightful weather. My kindest regards to you, Mr. Gibbing. No matter what you are doing at your poky old trial, when we arrive the party will begin!

"Now for the sad story," smiled Louise, as they shot past the post-office corner. "It was a dark and stormy night last night, and there drove along a lovely country road a lone, lorn woman. (Giggle.) It was I. Plodding on before her was a sinister figure. (Giggle.) Cap'n Jedd. Where was he going, my young friend? To Hammond, to hunt up John Gibbing, to have him identify you. Walking all that way, poor Jedd! I gave him a ride, poor Jedd; and I ask you to accept my word, Mr. Langdon, that when I heard your name I pumped him dry."

"I didn't tell Cap'n Jedd anything about this trial," objected Mr. Langdon, puzzled.

"No, no," agreed Louise. "You talked about bears and tigers, says Cap'n Jedd, and he's an honest man. Also, you incidentally, in leaping point to point, dropped the mosaics of your entire personal history. You were sent down here with John Gibbing to take charge of this mine, because Corliss Langdon wanted you to amount to something, which means making money."

"Oh, say!" Ned had a sudden uncomfortable thought. "The governor won't be at that trial, will he?"

"Laugh!" giggled Louise. "He will! He is! He's there now, hearing them prove that Kingston's Patch is Kingston's Patch! Oh, John Gibbing, wait for me; just wait! Well, in the meantime, you resigned, and Corliss H. wouldn't accept the resignation, so you ducked into the wilds of Magnolia range. Now, why did you resign, aside from the fact that you'd rather do anything than work; and have money enough to indulge in a choice? Because you had helped John buy that land from Henry Pegram and had come into contact with such aspects of business as made you do as you did. Now! As we proceed pleasantly on our way, we'll rehearse your testimony."

An electric shock passed over the courtroom as the young business woman pulsed into the place, her cheeks radiant, her bright-blue eyes snapping and scintillating and coruscating, and vitality flicking and crackling from every swishing fold of her blue-and-white linen. She was here at last; the young business-woman! The rows on rows of tousled heads, and bonnets mostly black with roses or daisies, turned toward her with a sound which in the aggregate was like the rush of a brook. The baby-skinned old judge twinkled. John Gibbing brightened out of his dejection, then scowled ferociously as the lust of battle came on him, then frowned with concern as he saw the jubilant assurance of that resourceful young woman. The leathery lawyer for the plaintiff placed his ten finger-tips together in satisfaction, and Colonel Buckingham Blake, who was towering majestically in the witness-stand, and appealing vociferously to high heaven on behalf of justice, stopped abruptly with his mouth open, then turned, and bowed profoundly to the radiant vision.

Colonel Buckingham Blake, eh? Oh, very well. Miss Darlton could stand even that. Bless their old hearts, if they wanted to save the day let them do it! So they testified, all three, loudly and violently, about the "orneriness" of Henry Pegram, and the iniquity of John Gibbing, Bjack Bjackson and the Interstate Coal Company; and they proudly

If it hasn't this Red Woven Label

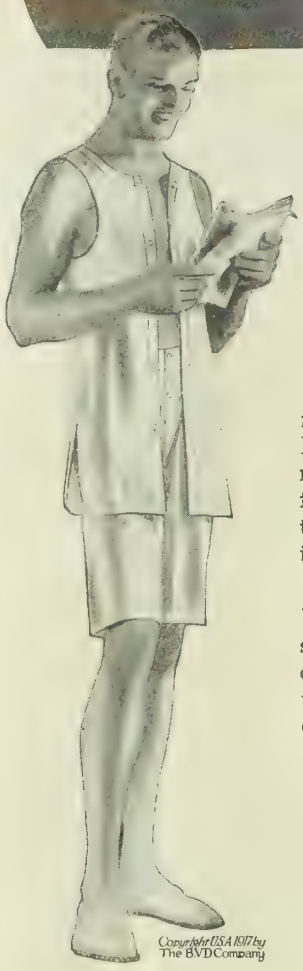
MADE FOR THE

B.V.D.

BEST RETAIL TRADE

(Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

It isn't B.V.D. *Underwear*



FORM the habit of looking for the B.V.D. Label. A Summer of comfort is worth a few seconds of time.

In our own modernly equipped Cotton Mills at Lexington, N. C., the fabric from which these Loose Fitting B.V.D. Undergarments are made, is woven from specially selected cotton. This assures durability in wear and wash.

In our own B.V.D. Factories the garments are skilfully cut, evenly stitched and accurately finished—to fit and to be cool and comfortable all day long.

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50 cents the Garment. B. V. D. Closed Crotch Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A.) $1.00 the Suit.

The B.V.D. Company,
New York.



Do you manufacture—buy—sell

Read the

"Story of the Automobile"

By H. L. BARBER
Economist and Financial Writer
Author "Making Money Make Money," etc.

First authentic story ever written on the third largest industry in the United States—the invention, early struggles, rapid development, salesmanship of the highest type, the problem of advertising and distribution, as well as financing the Motor Car and Accessories Industry told in an interesting way.

Get this Book now A masterly treatise on the entire subject, including a chapter by EDWARD G. WESTLAKE, one of America's foremost Automobile Editors, another chapter by the BUSINESS BOURSE, New York. Over 250 pages, lists all makes of cars with prices, illustrated with Charts, Cloth Bound, Gold stamped, sold by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Baker & Taylor Co., New York and other leading booksellers, or $1.50 direct from publishers. Your business library will not be complete without this book.

A. J. MUNSON & CO., Publishers
Dept. C16, 20 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

DON'T

Trade on Margin
Our Plan
Makes It Unnecessary

Trading on margin eventually results in a loss to the trader.

We have prepared a plan which enables you to purchase securities with a guarantee that you will never be called upon for any sums except agreed upon monthly payments.

Write to Dept. 5 for our Booklet A 19, explaining our plan and our treatise on "The Uses of Money."

"A New Thought in Security Purchasing."

J. J. Murphy & Co.,
Inc.
Insurance Exchange Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

defied judge and jury to bring in any verdict other than that for the direct descendants and assigns of Governor Kingston and General Byrd, the two most illustrious citizens of the Commonwealth!

Now for it! Louise took a hasty glance into her little hand-bag mirror, and swished up into the witness-stand with a glance at John Gibbing which made that solid young man feel that he'd suddenly been shot with a needle-gun. The baby-skinned judge tapped his gavel for order as she took that commanding position in the high witness-box, for the entire concourse was shuffling and twisting and craning and pushing in order to see better. There she was, the young business-woman, about whom there had been so much talk, and she was either brazen or "purty," according to the sex of the beholder. Anyhow, irrespective of sex, what was a woman doing in such a business as this—especially such a good-looking young one?

But, listen! What a clear, mellow voice, a voice with the ring of truth in it! What confidence-inspiring bright-blue eyes she cast about on judge and jury and spectators! And what a heart the young woman had, as she proved when she was well started in the story of poor little Linney Merridell! Oh, yes, she did it. She pulled that orphan-Maggie stuff with tears in her voice. She sprinkled sobs all over the place. She interspersed a few discreet goo-goo eyes for the jury with the dewdrops trembling on her lashes; and when she was through she had them going, from the little fat bailiff to the sniffling old lady in the farthest corner! That sympathy with which Louise Darlton finally reached everyone was fairly quivering in the old court-room; and, as she swished down to her place, John Gibbing changed his mind in a hurry about not going on the stand.

With a glare of defiance in answer to her blaze of wrath, John put Bjack Bjackson on the stand first. By the time John went up, the atmosphere behind the rail was so surcharged with electricity that one couldn't stroke it in either direction, the right way or the wrong way, without drawing sparks.

They did it! Yes, they did! They tore violently into the reputation of the fair young agent of the plaintiff in the matter of subornation of witnesses. They made it strong, too! They managed to kick over every good impression Louise had created, by proving her to be a prevaricator, a trifler with the law, and a seducer of justice!

Mind your broad chest, John Gibbing! Oh, mind your broad chest; for here comes the harpoon straight for the wishbone. Oh, howdy-do, John Gibbing, howdy-do, howdy-do! Merry Christmas and a pleasant Fourth of July! Forgot she wore skirts, did he!

Call the trump witness now, Mr. Copley! Call Ned Langdon! And ask him, in front of that mutton-chopped gent who looks so startled at the mention of the name, why Ned Langdon resigned from the management of the Pegram Mines? Oh, ask him that, Mr. Cathery, lawyer, then request the jury to hurry up with that verdict so we can serve the Interstate with a notice of eviction. Oh, howdy-do, Mr. Gibbing; howdy-do! And will you have cheese with your humble-pie! Call Ned Langdon! She freely forgave everybody, even the blundering Colonels, in this glorious moment.

The Colonels, however, had no notion that they needed forgiveness. Moral peace possessed their souls; for, after the manner in which they had supported justice, there could be but one conclusion to the trial. Stepping in the martial unison of the famous old Hammond Zouaves, they marched out through the side-corridor which was the nearest way to the historic old Cobweb Bar. As they passed an open door, Colonel Josh suddenly clutched the elbow of Colonel Buck.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Buck, grabbing his elbow, but not glaring, for he was in high [illegible]

"Well, by thunder!" exclaimed Josh. In the small room a slender, athletic-looking young man with black eyes, and a cigaret in his hand, was drearily contemplating the view outside the window. "That's him!"

By [illegible]

"[illegible] it is!" judged Colonel Buck, and then black scowls sprung [illegible] on the face of all three as they burst into the room and drew their revolvers.

"Hold up yo' hands, yo' black-hearted [illegible]!" roared Colonel Buck, but kept his roar low, in order not to disturb the trial [illegible]

Ned Langdon slouched his hands in his [illegible] and [illegible]

[illegible] observed with a pleasant smile. "What's the matter?"

They regarded him with outward darkness; and a trace of indecision held them for a moment.

"Ah reckon you are the man, all right," and Josh scowled still more ferociously to hide a trace of possible doubt.

"We'll find out, by gollics!" blazed Colonel Tom; and his was the wrath which clung. "Look here, young fellow: Yo'-all are comin' with us, an' if yo' make one outcry, or turn a sidewise glance to any passer-by, yo'-all are a dead man that second!"

Young Mr. Langdon studied the three impetuous gentlemen carefully.

"You might wait a few minutes," he said, "I'm called on a very important——"

"Sir!" interrupted Colonel Buck. "There's no call so important as the business fo' which yo' are comin' with us!"

"Oh, I say," protested Ned; then suddenly he paused, and a smile set on his lips. Wouldn't the clever Miss Darlton be hopping; but he was being coerced! And, happy thought! The governor would be pleased for once!

"I admit to curiosity. Gentlemen, lead the way."

They gave him the courtesy of leadership alongside Colonel Buck; and, with Colonel Josh and Colonel Tom grimly following, they passed out of the corridor, out of the square lawn, and into Colonel Tom's surrey, across the crowded town of Hammond, out a sunlit country road, and up a pleasant lane to the huge pillared white house of Dr. Burbane.

In a small rose-arbor, 'way down near the doctor's private pond, sat a slender young lady in a simple white organdie, gazing pensively out on the water, when suddenly the Colonels appeared in front of her, and with them——He! The Lord of the Hollyhocks, the visiting shade, the Prince of the Lady of Night, the Plumed Horseman who had been banished into the land of the sunset!

The glowing black eyes and the velvet-brown ones stared into each other for a long, silent moment, and the color rose to Linnet's cheeks, and her lips half parted.

"Is this the scoundrel?" boomed the voice of Colonel Buck.

"The infernal skunk who took advantage of yo' trustin' innocence!" Colonel Josh.

"Yo' betrayer!" and Colonel Tom's hand went back to his hip.

Ned Langdon woke suddenly from the stupor into which he had fallen at this unexpected meeting with the Ghost of the Garden, and an angry flush crept into his face.

"What do you mean!" He turned fiercely on Colonel Tom.

"Jes' what I say!" roared Tom. "You're the man we shot at in the Willowberry garden!"

"It's all a mistake!" cried Linnet, and as the young man faced her with that something unpleasant in his eyes, her little fingers interlaced moistly and she tried to falter out her lame explanation of the story she had told Louise; but the more she tried, here in the broad daylight, the more absurd the lie became!

"There's one thing certain," at last Ned Langdon quietly observed. "I don't seem to be the man!" Whirling on his heel, he lounged his hands into his coat-pockets, and swung across the lawn!

"NED LANGDON will come into cote! Ned Langdon will come into cote! Ned Langdon will come into cote!" The little fat bailiff called that up and down the corridors of the little Hammond County courthouse until his face was violet; and as the minutes passed, and there came no Ned Langdon into court, the face of Louise Darlton turned all the successive shades which led from the rose to the pale white lily. At the first call for that witness, John Gibbing's Adam's-apple had bumped up against the root of his tongue and stopped his breath; and Corliss H. Langdon's cheeks puffed while his eyes popped; but, as the minutes passed, and John Gibbing watched the face of Darlton Old Top, life began to surge in his veins again and a malicious grin began to slowly overspread his countenance. Hurling daggers at him from the bright-blue eyes, Louise herself jumped up and ran out to the vacant anteroom where she had secreted the star witness. Gone! And a molasses-colored porter said that he'd rode up the street in a surrey with some other gentlemen. Gone!

She rushed back into the courtroom, and before death could numb her faculties she conveyed the awful news to the leathery Mr. Copley.

"Your Honor," called that gentleman, rising "owing to the detention of our principal witness, we desire a continuance of this case."

"I object!" immediately snapped the Interstate's lawyer, a quick-faced man with a quick eye and a quick tongue. "The Interstate Coal Company is acting in good faith, and the plaintiff, inspired by the envy of the Atlantic Coal Company, which is frankly behind this case, by the admission of Colonel Buckingham Blake on the stand, is only trying to hamper and delay the operations of the Interstate! I, therefore, your Honor——"

"It's a trick!" Louise Darlton could not wait for the slow wrangling of the professional wranglers. She slammed her fist on the edge of her table, and jumped to her feet. "I had my witness in this courthouse, and he's been stolen!"

"Trick yourself!" shouted John Gibbing. "You never had your star witness!" and he pounded his fist on his table and jumped to his feet.

"You're a ——"

The violent gavel of the baby-skinned judge interrupted that direct and decisive speech, and he glanced with stern disapproval at Louise, and kept pounding until he had silence in the court!

"The attorneys for the respective sides of this contention will present their arguments, for and against a continuance, in due and dignified form," he announced, and violently pounded his gavel as the audience scraped and craned to watch the business young woman from New York. "At the end of that decorous argument this court will take five minutes to consider the matter. And, during that time, this court insists that it shall not hear the voice of any living human being excepting those this court has now authorized to speak!"

Whanging his gavel again, Judge Heatherspoon sat down.

Silence fell, silence broken only by the monotonous alternating voices of the opposing attorneys; then fell a deeper silence of five minutes, broken by no one, during which the baby-skinned judge closed his eyes and pondered. The first time he nodded he opened his eyes and pounded his gavel.

"This court having duly considered the matter," he announced, "decides that since the plaintiff has, so far, brought forward no crushing arguments to show why the commercial interests of Hammond County should be interrupted by an attempt to interfere with established law for personal gain, there will be no continuance. The trial will proceed."

Louise Darlton strove to rise to her feet, but the astute Mr. Copley grabbed her wrist with a clasp of steel, pulled her down, and her mouth snapped shut. Then the lawyers made their infernal speeches, and Judge Heatherspoon addressed the jury, and the twelve farmers filed out and filed back, and it was all over but the flowers and the hymn and the clods of earth on the casket. Through it all Louise was conscious, in the gray mist, of but two things: the right eye and the left eye of maliciously triumphant John Gibbing! When she reached the bottomless pit she'd have it all over the little red imps with the pitchforks. They couldn't show her a thing. She'd been through!

How she ever got to the Hammond Inn she neither knew nor cared. But she was there, sitting before her black suit-case, and trying to decide whether the toothbrush went in the long jar or the whisk-broom holder, when there came a knock at her door.

"Come in," she said spiritlessly. Then she jumped up. John Gibbing!

"Well, it's over," he said, and there was abject contrition in him.

She tried to flare, but there was nothing left. She'd put too much of her heart's blood in this thing to have any for mere temper.

"Don't hold it against me personally, Louise," he begged, and the dispiritedness of her seemed to worry him. "There's one thing I want to square with you, Louise. I give you my word I didn't have anything to do with putting the presto on Ned.

"I didn't know you'd dug him up. I didn't even know where he was. Old Corliss H. didn't know! Ned faded the day you got here. Cross my heart! I didn't hand you that one!"

"I suppose not," she wearily admitted, for the truth was in John's tone and she knew it. "I suppose it just happened. But I certainly am in Dutch with the Atlantic Coal Company."

"Jump in!" instantly advised John. "Don't give 'em a chance to either call or fire! Beat 'em to it! Louise, if you'd only take a life job with your friend John——"

"Eating pie!" she savagely interrupted. "I congratulate you on your nerve, for coming to me with that orange-blossom stuff right from the arena," and she laughed in spite of herself.

"There's no time like any time you get a chance," grinned John, taking a step toward her. She backed toward the window.

"Stick away," she warned him. "Stick away, or I'll jab you with a hatpin! If ever there was a moment that I wanted to lay my head on a good solid chest, it's now. And for that reason, stay away!"

"This looks like a cinch to me, Darlton Old Top!"

"Get out of my room!" she ordered, bringing up a little more of her fighting blood. "I'm not licked yet! I'm going to file an appeal to-morrow morning! When the case is opened again I'll swear that you admitted to me that Ned Langdon would have won my case for me! Put on your rollers!" and she flounced into the hall.

The Colonels three rose as if animated by one set of springs when the charming Miss Darlton came through the lobby into Parlor A, and there was gloom in every thread and habiliment of them as they bowed profoundly. Colonel Buck distended his chest and poked out his goatee; but he did not extend his elbows to prevent interference. None seemed threatened! Colonel Josh stood with his eyes on the carpet, and Colonel Tom fingered his gray curls in sorrowful contemplation.

"We called, Miss Darlton, to pay our compliments, to apologize for the unfortunate episode of last night, and to give you our sincere regrets," began Colonel Buck in sepulchral tones. "The ends of justice, Miss Darlton, have been perverted, as I just had the honor to tell mah old friend, Judge Heatherspoon, in the lobby of this present hotel."

"Oh, well," said Louise, with what cheerfulness she could command. "We all meant well." As she looked them over, she couldn't find it in her heart to utter a word of blame.

"Miss Darlton, I bid you *au revoir*, but not, I hope, good-by!" Whereupon Colonel Josh kissed her hand, and departed; and Colonel Tom took her hand.

"Miss Darlton," he beamed, "by gollies, I'll say neither *au revoir* nor good-by! I'm goin' to have hope till the last!" Kissing the hand of the blinking Louise, he followed Josh out of the room.

"What's it?" murmured the astonished young business-woman.

"A matter, Miss Darlton, which Ah consider the most important of mah existence," and now Colonel Buck took her hand. "You are alone in the world, Miss Darlton, as sweet and as charming a lady as the world ever possessed. Ah want you to know that, in the hour of yo' greatest need, there is a heart and a hand and a fair estate at yo' disposal. I am under promise to say, Miss Darlton, that yo' have three such offers; but we drew lots, on our way back from Dr. Burbane's, where, you may be interested to know, we had conveyed to Linnet, for identification, the young man at whom we shot that night in the garden, we having discovered him in a vacant room in the courthouse——"

"Ned Langdon!" Louise was shocked almost breathless; then the blue eyes snapped. "So you've done it again! You're the merry little kidnapers who swiped my star-witness, and lost my case! *Oh!*" At last the long-suspended hysteria broke; and she cried and she laughed and she shrieked and she tore up and down Parlor A, with Colonel Buck striding up and down, first on one side and then on the other; and they came crowding in from the lobby to find out what was the matter; and she told everybody the joke, the ghastly joke, between her sobs and her tears and her laughter, until she was finally stopped in her tirade by the sight of John Gibbing. He was doubled with laughter!

As she stopped, there rose the crisp voice of the baby-skinned judge.

"If you'll take my advice, Buck Blake—you know what you've done? You stole property out of my court!"

"Then yo' listen to me, Judge Heatherspoon!" bellowed Colonel Buck, distending his chest. "Yo' want to send a posse with that warrant!"

"Yo' hesh, Buck! We only got thirty minutes!" interrupted Colonel Tom, grabbing at Buck, and happening to catch the elbow.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Colonel Buck; and away they tore, in single file, but in perfect military double-quick, three of the remaining four of the famous Hammond Zouaves. The fourth was Judge Heatherspoon!

"Every man in this parlor is deputized!" shouted Judge Heatherspoon to the collection of lawyers, business-men, and Bjack Bjackson.

(*To be Concluded*)

THE DWELLING-PLACE OF LIGHT

(*Continued from page 16*)

harm him personally." Rolfe did not seem to notice her tone. "But he intends to crush the strike, and I understand he's importing scabs here to finish out an order—a big order. If it weren't for him, we'd have an easier fight; he stiffens up the others. There's always one man like that in every place. And what we want to do is to make him shut down, especially."

"I see," said Janet.

"You'll come to Headquarters?" Rolfe repeated.

"Yes, I'll come to-morrow," she promised.

After she had left him she walked rapidly through several streets, not heeding her direction—such was the driving power of the new ideas he had given her. Certain words and phrases he had spoken rang in her head, and like martial music kept pace with her steps. She strove to remember all that he had said, to grasp its purport; and because it seemed recondite, cosmic, it appealed to her and excited her the more. And he, the man himself, had exerted a kind of hypnotic force that partially had paralyzed her faculties and aroused her fears while still in his presence; her first feeling in escaping had been one of relief—and then she began to regret not having gone to Headquarters. Hadn't she been foolish? In the retrospect, the elements in him that had disturbed her were less disquieting, his intellectual fascination was enhanced; and in that very emancipation from cant and convention, characteristic of the Order to which he belonged, had lain much of his charm. She *had* attracted him as a woman, there was no denying that. He, who had studied and traveled and known life in many lands, had discerned in her, Janet Bumpus, some quality to make him desire her, acknowledge her as a comrade! Tremblingly she exulted in the possession of that quality—whatever it might be. Ditmar, too, had perceived it! He had not known how to value it. With this thought came a flaming suggestion—Ditmar should see her with this man Rolfe, she would make him scorch with the fires of jealousy. Ditmar should know that she had joined his enemies, the Industrial Workers of the World. Of the world! Her shackles had been cast off at last! . . . And then, suddenly, she felt tired. The prospect of returning to Fillmore Street, to the silent flat—made the more silent by her mother's tragic presence—overwhelmed her. The ache in her heart began to throb again. How could she wait until the dawn of another day? . . .

IN the black hours of the morning, with the siren dinning in her ears a hoarse call to war, Janet leaped from her bed and began to dress. There is a degree of cold so sharp that it seems actually to smell, and as she stole down the stairs and out of the door she shivered, assailed by a sense of loneliness and fear. Yet an insistent voice urged her on, whispering that to remain at home, inactive, was to go mad; salvation and relief lay in plunging into the struggle, in contributing her share toward retribution and victory. Victory! In Faber Street the light of the electric arcs tinged the snow with blue, and the flamboyant advertisements of breakfast foods, cigarets and ales seemed but the mockery of an activity now unrealizable. The groups and figures scattered here and there farther down the street served only to exaggerate its wide emptiness. What could these do, what could she accomplish, against the mighty power of the mills? Gradually, as she stood gazing, she became aware of a beating of feet upon the snow; over her shoulder she caught the gleam of steel. A squad of soldiers muffled in heavy capes and woolen caps were marching along the car-tracks. She followed them. At the corner of West Street, in obedience to a sharp command, she saw them halt, turn, and advance toward a small crowd gathered there. It scattered, only to collect again when the soldiers had passed on. Janet joined them. She heard men cursing the soldiers. The women stood a little aside; some were stamping to keep warm, and one, with a bundle in her arms, which Janet presently perceived to be a child, sank down on a stone step and remained there, crouching, resigned.

"We gotta right to stay here, in the street. We gotta right to live, I guess." The girl's teeth were chattering, but she spoke with such vehemence and spirit as to attract Janet's attention. "You worked in the Chippering, like me—yes?" she asked.

Janet nodded. The faded, lemon-colored shawl the girl had wrapped about her head emphasized the dark beauty of her oval face. She smiled, and her white teeth were fairly dazzling. Impulsively she thrust her arm through Janet's.

"You American—you comrade, you come to help?" she asked.

"I've never done any picketing."

"I showa you."

The dawn had begun to break, revealing little by little the outlines of cruel, ugly buildings, the great mill looming darkly at the end of the street, and Janet found it scarcely believable that only a little while ago she had hurried thither in the mornings with anticipation and joy in her heart, eager to see Ditmar, to be near him! The sight of two policemen hurrying toward them from the direction of the canal aroused her. With sullen murmurs the group started to disperse, but the woman with the baby, numb with cold, was slow in rising, and one of the policemen thrust out his club threateningly.

"Move on, you can't sit here," he said.

With a lithe movement like the spring of a cat the Italian girl flung herself between them—a remarkable exhibition of spontaneous inflammability; her eyes glittered like the points of daggers, and, as though they had been dagger points, the policeman recoiled a little. The act, which was absolutely natural, superb, electrified Janet, restored in an instant her own fierceness of spirit. The girl said something swiftly, in Italian, and helped the woman to rise, paying no more attention to the policeman. Janet walked on, but she had not covered half the block before she was overtaken by the girl; her anger had come and gone in a flash, her vivacity had returned, her vitality again found expression in an abundant good nature and good will. She asked Janet's name, volunteering the information that her own was Gemma, that she was a "fine speeder" in the Chippering Mill, where she had received nearly seven dollars a week. She had been among the first to walk out.

"Why did you walk out?" asked Janet curiously.

"Why? I get mad when I know that my wages is cut. I want the money—I get married."

"Is that why you are striking?" asked Janet curiously.

"That is why—of course."

"Then you haven't heard any of the speakers! They say it is for a cause—the workers are striking for freedom, some day they will own the mills. I heard a man named Rolfe yesterday——"

The girl gave her a radiant smile.

"Rolfe! It is beautiful, what Rolfe said. You think so? I think so. I am for the cause, I hate the capitalist. We will win, and get more money, until we have all the money. We will be rich. And why do you strike?"

"I was mad, too," Janet replied simply.

"Revenge!" exclaimed the girl, glittering again. "I understand! Here come the scabs! Now I show you."

The light had grown, but the stores were still closed and barred. Along Faber Street, singly or in little groups, anxiously glancing around them, behind them, came the workers who still clung desperately to their jobs. Gemma fairly darted at two girls who sought the edge of the sidewalk, seizing them by the sleeves, and with piteous expressions they listened while she poured forth on them a stream of Italian. After a moment one tore herself away, but the other remained and began to ask questions. Presently she turned and walked slowly in the direction from which she had come.

"I get her!" exclaimed Gemma, triumphantly.

"What did you say?" asked Janet.

"Listen—that she take the bread from our mouths, she is *traditore*—scab. We strike for them, too, is it not so? It is no use for them to work for wages that starve. We win the strike, we get good wages for all. Here comes another—she is a Jewess—you try, you spik."

Janet failed with the Jewess, who obstinately refused to listen or reply as the two walked along with her, one on either side. She gained no converts that morning, but one girl, pale, anemic, with high cheek bones—evidently a Slav—listened to her intently.



Where a slip means ruin!

Big hoists that lift a hundred-ton load with ease and precision are controlled by brakes that must not slip, crush or burn. The motorist, too, knows that a safe brake band is the best protection to his life and his car. And both the giant hoist and the motor-car have brakes lined with

JOHNS-MANVILLE Asbestos

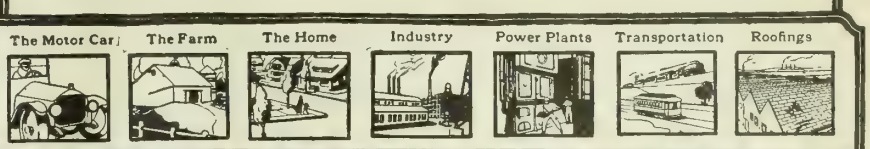
Resistant to heat, water, wear and weather

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE COVERS THE CONTINENT

TO many fields, in many forms, this wonderful substance brings safety—roofings that resist fire and time, and wrappings for electric wires—theatre curtains and flame-proof clothing. Skillfully fashioned from the natural rock, Johns-Manville Asbestos today serves men in countless homes and industries. The list of J-M Products below is but an outline, but it tells the story. Asbestos in useful form—this is Johns-Manville's achievement.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE COMPANY
New York City
10 Factories—Branches in 55 Large Cities

Asbestos Fabrics, Packings, Roofings, Shingles, Brake Linings, Building Materials, Electrical Devices, Heat Insulations, Refractory Cements, Waterproofing.



When you think of Asbestos you think of Johns-Manville

Short-Story Writing

A COURSE of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the Short Story taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, for years Editor of Lippincott's.



Dr. Esenwein

One student writes: — "Before completing the lessons, received over $1,000 for manuscript sold to Woman's Home Companion, Pictorial Review, McCall's and other leading magazines."

Also courses in Photoplay Writing, Versification and Poetics, Journalism. In all over One Hundred Courses, under professors in Harvard, Brown, Cornell, and other leading colleges.

150-Page Catalog Free. *Please Address*

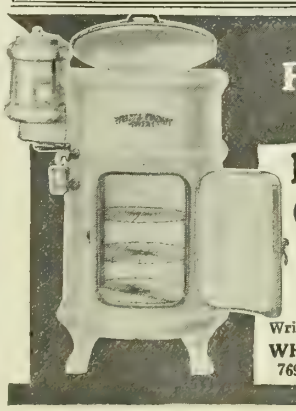
The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 200, Springfield, Mass.

STENOGRAPHERS LEARN AT HOME

The New Way In Typewriting

80 to 100 words a minute **guaranteed.** Salaries increased to $25, $30, $35 and even $40 weekly. Totally new system. It's all in the fingers—gymnastically trained *away from machine.* Brings amazing speed—perfect accuracy. Easy for any one. Increases speed first day. Learn in spare time. No interference with regular work. A postal will bring full particulars, but write today—NOW.

Tulloss School of Typewriting 3027 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio



Lend Me Three Feet of Floor Space for Thirty Days



I'll Cut Your Ice Bills

ORDER a beautiful White Frost Refrigerator on a month's trial. I'll show you a *real quality* refrigerator—one that holds the temperature without eating its head off in ice. The only round white enamel refrigerator on earth. Revolving shelves save room inside and out, move-easy castors, cork cushion doors, noiseless and air-tight. Steel walls insulated with granulated cork, crystal glass water cooler, easy to fill. *I sell direct to you—no middlemen.* I pay freight—quick shipments. Easy terms—$6.50 brings a White Frost at once, balance pay as you use.

Write today for catalog. H. L. SMITH, Pres.
WHITE FROST REFRIGERATOR CO.
769 N. Mechanic St., Jackson, Michigan

White Frost SANITARY Refrigerator

"I gotta rait to work," she said.

"Not if others will starve because you work," objected Janet.

"If I don't work I starve," said the girl.

"No, the Committee will take care of you—there will be food for all. How much do you get now?"

"Four dollar and a half."

"You starve now," Janet declared contemptuously. "The quicker you join us, the sooner you'll get a living wage."

The girl was not quite convinced. She stood for a while undecided, and then ran abruptly off in the direction of West Street. Janet sought for others, but they had ceased coming, only the scattered, prowling pickets remained. Over the black rim of the Clarendon Mill to the eastward the sky had caught fire. The sun had risen, the bells were ringing riotously, resonantly, in the clear, cold air. Another working day had begun.

JANET, benumbed with cold, yet agitated and trembling because of her unwonted experience of the morning, made her way back to Fillmore Street. She was prepared to answer any questions her mother might ask; as they ate their dismal breakfast, and Hannah asked no questions, she longed to blurt out where she had been, to announce that she had cast her lot with the strikers, the foreigners, to defend them and declare that these were not to blame for the misfortunes of the family, but men like Ditmar and the owners of the mills, the capitalists. Her mother, she reflected bitterly, had never once betrayed any concern as to her shattered happiness. But gradually, as from time to time she glanced covertly at Hannah's face, her resentment gave way to apprehension. Hannah did not seem now even to be aware of her presence; this persistent apathy filled her with a dread she did not dare to acknowledge.

"Mother!" she cried at last.

Hannah started. "Have you finished?" she asked.

"Yes."

"You've b'en out in the cold, and you haven't eaten much."

Janet fought back her tears. "Oh, yes, I have," she managed to reply, convinced of the futility of speech, of all attempts to arouse her mother to realization of the situation. Perhaps—though her heart contracted at the thought—perhaps it was a merciful thing! But to live, day after day, in the presence of that comfortless apathy! . . . Later in the morning she went out, to walk the streets, and again in the afternoon; and twice she turned her face eastward, in the direction of the Franco-Belgian Hall. Her courage failed her. How would these foreigners and the strange leaders who had come to organize them receive her, Ditmar's stenographer? She would have to tell them she was Ditmar's stenographer; they would find it out. And now she was filled with doubts about Rolfe! Had he really thought she could be of use to them! Around the Common, in front of the City Hall men went about their affairs alertly, or stopped one another to talk about the strike. In Faber Street, indeed, an air of suppressed excitement prevailed, newsboys were shouting out extras; but business went on as though nothing had happened to disturb it. There was, however, the spectacle, unusual at this time of day, of operatives mingling with the crowd, while policemen stood watchfully at the corners; a company of soldiers marched by, drawing the people in silence to the curb. Janet scanned the faces of these idle operatives; they seemed for the most part either calm or sullen, wanting the fire and passion of the enthusiasts who had come out to picket in the early hours of the day; she sought vainly for the Italian girl with whom she had made friends. Despondency grew in her, a [illegible] anyone now, to whom she might turn, and these feelings were intensified by the air of confidence prevailing here. The strike was crushed, injustice and wrong had triumphed—would always triumph. In front of "The Banner" office she heard a man say to an acquaintance who had evidently just arrived in town:

"The Chippering! Sure, that's running. By to-morrow Ditmar'll have a full force [illegible] I guess [illegible]

Just how and when that order and confidence [illegible] by disquietude and alarm, Janet could not [illegible] People began to hurry westward, a few had [illegible] while other pedestrians, more timid, were equally concerned to turn and hasten in the opposite direction. At the corner of West Street was gathering a crowd that each moment grew larger and larger despite the efforts of the police to disperse it. These were strikers, angry strikers. They blocked the traffic, halted the clanging trolleys, surged out the mouth of West Street, booing and cursing at the soldiers whose threatening line of bayonets stretched across that thoroughfare half way down toward the canal, guarding the detested Chippering Mill. Bordering West Street, behind the company's lodging houses on the canal, were certain low buildings, warehouses, and on their roofs tense figures could be seen standing out against the sky. The vanguard of the mob, thrust on by increasing pressure from behind, tumbled backward the thin cordon of police, drew nearer and nearer the bayonets, while the soldiers grimly held their ground. A voice was heard on the roof, a woman in the front rank of the mob gave a warning shriek, and two swift streams of icy water burst forth from the warehouse parapet, tearing the snow from the cobbles, flying in heavy, stinging spray as it advanced and mowed the strikers down and drove them like flies toward Faber Street. Screams of fright, curses of defiance and hate mingled with the hissing of the water and the noise of its impact with the ground—like the tearing of heavy sailcloth. Then, from somewhere near the edge of the mob, came a single, sharp detonation, quickly followed by another—below the watchmen on the roof a window crashed. The nozzles on the roof were raised, their streams, sweeping around in a great semicircle, bowled down the rioters below the tell-tale wisps of smoke, and no sooner had the avalanche of water passed than the policemen who, forewarned, had sought refuge along the walls, rushed forward and seized a man who lay gasping on the snow. Dazed, half drowned, he had dropped his pistol. They handcuffed him and dragged him away through the ranks of the soldiers, which opened for him to pass. The mob, including those who had been flung down, bruised and drenched, and who had painfully got to their feet again, had backed beyond the reach of the water, and for a while held that ground, until above its hoarse, defiant curses was heard, from behind, the throbbing of drums.

"Cossacks! More Cossacks!"

The cry was taken up by Canadians, Italians, Belgians, Poles, Slovaks, Jews and Syrians. The drums grew louder, the pressure from the rear was relaxed, the throng in Faber Street began a retreat in the direction of the power plant. Down that street, now in double time, came three companies of Boston militia, newly arrived in Hampton, blue-caped, gaitered, slouch-hatted. From columns of fours they wheeled into line, and with bayonets at charge slowly advanced. Then the boldest of the mob, who still lingered, sullenly gave way. West Street was cleared, and on the wider thoroughfare the long line of traffic, the imprisoned trolleys began to move again. . . .

Janet had wedged herself into the press far enough to gain a view down West Street to the warehouse roofs, to see the water turned on, to hear the screams and the curses and then the shots. Once more she caught the contagious rage of the mob; the spectacle had aroused her to fury; it seemed ignominious, revolting, that human beings, already sufficiently miserable, should be used thus. As she retreated reluctantly across the car tracks her attention was drawn to a man at her side, a Slovak. His face was white and pinched, his clothes were wet. Suddenly he stopped, turned and shook his fist at the line of soldiers.

"The Cossack, the policeman belong to the boss, the capitalist!" he cried. "We ain't got no rait to live. I say, kill the capitalist—kill Ditmar!"

A man with a deputy's shield ran toward them.

"Move on!" he said brutally. "Move on, or I'll run you in." And Janet, once clear of the people, fled westward, the words the foreigner had spoken ringing in her ears. She found herself repeating them aloud, "Kill Ditmar!" as she hurried through the gathering dusk past the power-house with its bottle-shaped chimneys, and crossed the little bridge over the stream beside the chocolate factory. She gained the avenue she had trod with Eda on that summer day of the circus. Here was the ragpicker's shop, the fence covered with bedraggled posters, the deserted grandstand of the baseball park spread with a milky-blue mantle of snow; and beyond, the monotonous frame cottages all built from one model. Now she descried looming above her the outline of Torrey's Hill blurred and melting into a darkening sky, and turned into the bleak lane where stood the Franco-Belgian Hall—Hampton Headquarters of the Industrial Workers of the World. She halted a moment at sight of the crowd of strikers loitering in front of it, then went on again, mingling with them excitedly at the little building. Its lines were simple and unpretentious, and yet it had an exotic character all its own, differing strongly from the surrounding houses: it might have been transported from a foreign country and set down here. As the home of that odd, coöperative society of thrifty and gregarious Belgians it had stimulated her imagination, and once before she had gazed, as now, through the yellowed, lantern-like windows of the little store at the women and children waiting to fill their baskets with the day's provisions. In the middle of the building was an entrance leading up to the second floor. Presently she gathered the courage to enter. Her heart was pounding as she climbed the dark stairs and thrust open the door, and she stood a moment on the threshold almost choked by the fumes of tobacco, bewildered by the scene within, confused by the noise. Through a haze of smoke she beheld groups of swarthy foreigners fiercely disputing among themselves—apparently on the verge of actual combat, while a sprinkling of silent spectators of both sexes stood at the back of the hall. At the far end was a stage, still set with painted, sylvan scenery, and seated there, alone, above the confusion and the strife, with a calmness, a detachment, almost disconcerting, was a stout man with long hair and a loose black tie. He was smoking a cigar and reading a newspaper which he presently flung down, taking up another from a pile on the table beside him. Suddenly one of the groups, shouting and gesticulating, surged toward him and made an appeal through their interpreter. He did not appear to be listening; without so much as lowering his newspaper he spoke a few words in reply, and the group retired, satisfied. By some incomprehensible power he dominated. Panting, fascinated, loath to leave yet fearful, Janet watched him, breathing now deeply this atmosphere of smoke, of strife and turmoil. She found it grateful, for the strike, the battle was in her own soul as well. Momentarily she had forgotten Rolfe, who had been in her mind as she had come hither, and then she caught sight of him in a group in the center of the hall. He saw her, he was making his way toward her, he was holding her hands, looking down into her face with that air of appropriation, of possession, she remembered. But she felt no resentment now, only a fierce exultation at having dared.

"You've come to join us!" he exclaimed. "I thought I'd lost you."

He bent closer to her that she might hear.

"We are having a meeting of the Committee," he said, and she smiled. Despite her agitation, this struck her as humorous. And Rolfe smiled back at her. "You wouldn't think so, but Antonelli knows how to manage them. He is a general. Come, I will enlist you, you shall be my recruit."

"But what can I do?" she asked.

"I have been thinking. You said you were a stenographer—we need stenographers, clerks. You will not be wasted. Come in here."

Behind her two box-like rooms occupying the width of the building had been turned into offices, and into one of these Rolfe led her. Men and women were passing in and out, while in a corner a man behind a desk sat opening envelopes, deftly extracting bills and post-office orders and laying them in a drawer. On the wall of the same room was a bookcase half filled with nondescript volumes.

"The Bibliothèque—that's French for the library of the Franco-Belgian Coöperative Association," explained Rolfe. "And this is Comrade Sanders. Sanders is easier to say than Czernowitz. Here is the young lady I told you about, who wishes to help us—Miss Bumpus."

Mr. Sanders stopped counting his money long enough to grin at her.

"You will be welcome," he said, in good English. "Stenographers are scarce here. When can you come?"

"To-morrow morning," answered Janet.

"Good," he said. "I'll have a machine for you. What kind do you use?"

She told him. Instinctively she took a fancy to this little man, whose flannel shirt and faded purple necktie, whose blue, unshaven face and tousled black hair seemed incongruous with an alert, businesslike and efficient manner. His nose, though not markedly Jewish, betrayed in him the blood of that vital race which has triumphantly survived so many centuries of bondage and oppression.

"He was a find, Czernowitz he calls himself Sanders," Rolfe explained, as they entered the hall once more. "An operative in the Patuxent, educated himself, went to night school—might have been a capitalist like so many of his tribe if he hadn't loved humanity. You'll get along with him."

"I'm sure I shall," she replied.

Rolfe took from his pocket a little red button with the letters I. W. W. printed across it. He pinned it, caressingly, on her coat.

"Now you are one of us!" he exclaimed. "You'll come to-morrow?"

"I'll come to-morrow," she repeated, drawing away from him a little.

"And—we shall be friends?"

She nodded. "I must go now, I think."

"*Addio!*" he said. "I shall look for you. For the present I must remain here, with the Committee."

WHEN Janet reached Faber Street she halted on the corner of Stanley to stare into the window of the glorified drug-store. But she gave no heed to the stationery, the cameras and candy displayed there, being in the emotional state that reduces to unreality objects of the commonplace, everyday world. Presently, however, she became aware of a man standing beside her.

"Haven't we met before?" he asked. "Or—can I be mistaken?"

Some oddly familiar quizzical note in his voice stirred, as she turned to him, a lapsed memory. The hawklike yet benevolent and illuminating look he gave her recalled the man at Silliston whom she had thought a carpenter—though he was dressed now in a warm suit of gray wool, and wore a white, low collar.

"In Silliston!" she exclaimed. "Why—what are you doing here?"

"Well—this instant I was just looking at those notepapers, wondering which I should choose if I really had good taste. But it's very puzzling—isn't it?—when one comes from the country. Now that saffron with the rough edges is very—artistic. Don't you think so?"

She looked at him and smiled, though his face was serious.

"You don't really like it, yourself," she informed him.

"Now you're reflecting on my taste," he declared.

"Oh no—it's because I saw the fence you were making. Is it finished yet?"

"I put the last pineapple in place the day before Christmas. Do you remember the pineapples?"

She nodded. "And the house and the garden?"

"Oh, those will never be finished. I shouldn't have anything more to do."

"Is that—all you do?" she asked.

"It's more important than anything else. But you—have you been back to Silliston since I saw you? I've been waiting for another call."

"You haven't even thought of me since," she was moved to reply in the same spirit.

"Haven't I?" he exclaimed. "I wondered, when I came up here to Hampton, whether I mightn't meet you—and here you are! Doesn't that prove it?"

She laughed, somewhat surprised at the ease with which he had diverted her, drawn her out of the tense, emotional mood in which he had discovered her. As before, he puzzled her, but the absence of any flirtatious suggestion in his talk gave her confidence. He was just friendly.

"Sometimes I hoped I might see you in Hampton," she ventured.

"Well, here I am. I heard the explosion, and came."

"The explosion! The strike!" she exclaimed, suddenly enlightened. "Now I remember! You said something about Hampton being nitro-glycerine—human nitro-glycerine. You predicted this strike."

"Did I? Perhaps I did," he assented.

"Maybe you suggested the idea."

"I suggested it! Oh, no, I didn't—it was new to me, it frightened me at the time, but it started me thinking about a lot of things that had never occurred to me."

"You might have suggested the idea without intending to, you know. There are certain people who inspire prophecies—perhaps you are one."

His tone was playful, but she was quick to grasp at an inference—since his glance was fixed on the red button she wore.

"You meant that I would explode, tôo!"

"Oh, no—nothing so terrible as that," he

disclaimed. "And yet most of us have explosives stored away inside of us—instincts, impulses and all that sort of thing that won't stand too much bottling-up."

"Yes, I've joined the strike." She spoke somewhat challengingly, though she had an uneasy feeling that defiance was somewhat out of place with him. "I suppose you think it strange, since I'm not a foreigner and haven't worked in the mills. But I don't see why that should make any difference if you believe that the workers haven't had a chance.

"No difference," he agreed, pleasantly, "no difference at all."

"Don't you sympathize with the strikers?" she insisted. "Or—are you on the other side, the side of the capitalists?"

"I? I'm a spectator—an innocent bystander."

"You don't sympathize with the workers?" she cried.

"Indeed I do. I sympathize with everybody."

"With the capitalists?"

"Why not?"

"Why not? Because they've had everything their own way; they've exploited the workers, deceived and oppressed them, taken all the profits." She was using glibly her newly acquired labor terminology.

"Isn't that a pretty good reason for sympathizing with them?" he inquired.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I should think it might be difficult to be happy and have done all that. At any rate, it isn't my notion of happiness. Is it yours?"

For a moment she considered this.

"No—not exactly," she admitted. "But they seem happy," she insisted vehemently; "they have everything they want and they do exactly as they please without considering anybody except themselves. What do they care how many they starve and make miserable? You—you don't know, you can't know what it is to be driven and used and flung away!"

Almost in tears, she did not notice his puzzled yet sympathetic glance.

"The operatives, the workers, create all the wealth, and the capitalists take it from them, from their wives and children."

"Now I know what you've been doing?" he said accusingly. "You've been studying economics."

Her brow puckered.

"Studying what?"

"Economics—the distribution of wealth. It's enough to upset anybody."

"But I'm not upset," she insisted, smiling in spite of herself at his comical concern.

"It's very exciting. I remember reading a book once on economics and such things, and I couldn't sleep for a week. It was called 'The Organization of Happiness,' I believe, and it described just how the world ought to be arranged—and isn't. I thought seriously of going to Washington and telling the President and Congress about it."

"It wouldn't have done any good," said Janet.

"No, I realized that."

"The only thing that will do any good is to strike and keep on striking until the workers own the mills—take everything away from the capitalists."

"It's very simple," he agreed, "much simpler than the book I read. That's what they call syndicalism, isn't it?"

"Yes." She was conscious of his friendliness, of the fact that his skepticism was not cynical, yet she felt a strong desire to convince him, to vindicate her new creed. "There's a man named Rolfe, an educated man who's lived in Italy and England, who explains it wonderfully. He's one of the I. W. W. leaders—you ought to hear him."

"Rolfe converted you? I'll go to hear him."

"Yes—but you have to feel it, you have to know what it is to be kept down and crushed. If you'd only stay here awhile——"

"Oh, I intend to," he replied.

She could not have said why, but she felt a certain relief on hearing this.

"Then you'll see for yourself!" she cried. "I guess that's what you've come for, isn't it?"

"Well, partly. To tell the truth, I've come to open a restaurant."

"To open a restaurant!" Somehow she was unable to imagine him as the proprietor of a restaurant. "But—isn't it rather a bad time?" she gasped.

"I don't look as if I had an eye for business—do I? But I have. No, it's a good time—so many people will be hungry, especially children. I'm going to open a restaurant for children. Oh, it will be very modest, of course—I suppose I ought to call it a soup kitchen."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, staring at him. "Then you really—" the sentence remained unfinished. "I'm sorry," she said simply. "You made me think——"

"Oh, you mustn't pay any attention to what I say. Come 'round and see my establishment, Number 77 Dey Street, one flight up, no elevator. Will you?"

She laughed tremulously as he took her hand.

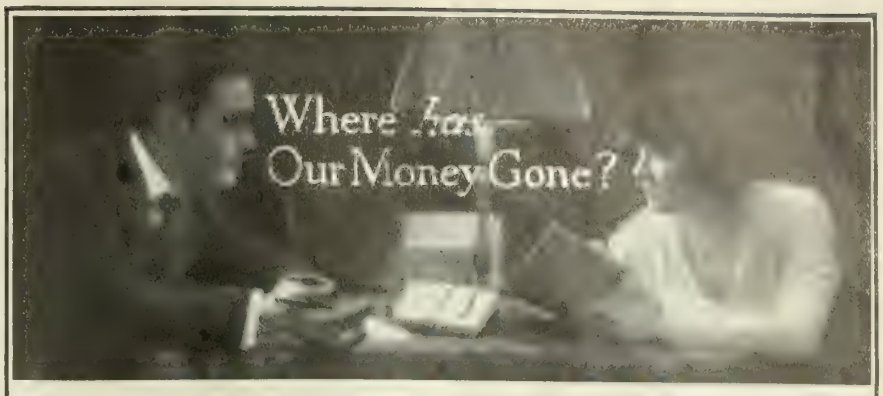
"Yes, indeed, I will," she promised. And she stood awhile staring after him. She was glad he had come to Hampton, and yet she did not even know his name.

SHE had got another place—such was the explanation of her new activities Janet gave to Hannah, who received it passively. And the question Janet dreaded about Ditmar was never asked. Hannah had become as a child, performing her tasks by the momentum of habituation, occasionally talking simply of trivial, every-day affairs, as though the old life were going on continuously. At times, indeed, she betrayed concern about Edward, wondering whether he were comfortable at the mill, and she washed and darned the clothes he sent home by messenger. She hoped he would not catch cold. Her suffering seemed to have relaxed. It was as though the tortured portion of her brain had at length been seared. To Janet, her mother's condition—when she had time to think of it—was at once a relief and a new and terrible source of anxiety.

The atmosphere of excitement in which Janet now found herself was cumulative. Day by day one strange event followed another, and at times it seemed as if this extraordinary existence into which she had been plunged were all a feverish dream. Hither, to the absurd little *salle de réunion* of the Franco-Belgian Hall came notables from the great world, emissaries from an uneasy Governor, delegations from the Legislature, Members of the Congress of the United States and even Senators; students, investigators, men and women of prominence in the universities, magazine writers to consult with uncouth leaders of a rebellion that defied and upset the powers which hitherto had so serenely ruled, unchallenged. Rolfe identified these visitors, and one morning called her attention to one whom he said was the nation's foremost authority on social science. Janet possessed all unconsciously the New England reverence for learning; she was stirred by the sight of this distinguished-looking person who sat on the painted stage, fingering his glasses and talking to Antonelli. The two men made a curious contrast. But her days were full of contrasts of which her mood exultingly approved. The politicians were received cavalierly. With these, who sought to act as go-between in the conflict, Antonelli was contemptuous; he behaved like the general of a conquering army, and his audacity was reflected in the other leaders, in Rolfe, in the Committee itself.

That Committee, a never-ending source of wonder to Janet, with its nine or ten nationalities and interpreters, was indeed a triumph over the obstacles of race and language, a Babel made successful; in a community of Anglo-Saxon traditions, an amazing anomaly. The habiliments of the West, the sack coats and sweaters, the slouch hats and caps, the so-called derbies pulled down over dark brows and flashing eyes, lent to these peasant types an incongruity that had the air of ferocity. The faces of most of them were covered with a blue-black stubble of beard. Some slouched in their chairs, others stood and talked in groups, gesticulating with cigars and pipes; yet a keen spectator, after watching them awhile through the smoke, might have been able to pick out striking personalities among them. He would surely have noticed Froment, the stout, limping man under whose white eyebrows flashed a pair of limpid blue and peculiarly Gallic eyes; he held the Belgians in his hand: Lindtzki, the Pole, with his zealot's face; Radeau, the big Canadian in the checked mackinaw; and Findley, the young American—less by any arresting quality of feature than by an expression suggestive of practical wisdom.

Imagine then, on an afternoon in the middle phase of the strike, some half dozen of the lawmakers of a sovereign State, top-hatted and conventionally garbed in black, accustomed to authority, to conferring favors instead of requesting them, climbing the steep stairs and pausing on the threshold of that hall, fingering their watch-chains, awaiting recognition by the representatives of the new and bewildering force that had arisen in an historic commonwealth. A



Double the Buying Power of *Your* Income by Learning to Spend It Systematically. *I will show you how—FREE*

Are *you* astonished every month by the difference between what you *thought* your expenses would be and what they really are?
Are *your* calculations always being upset by small incidentals that you didn't realize were counting up so rapidly?
Are *you* continually surprised by bills for things you've bought but forgotten about?
Do *you* often think you are economizing only to find expenses mounting up in some unexpected quarter?
Do *you* get your financial wires crossed because you do not know what others in the family are spending?
Does the first of each month in *your* home mean a family conference to decide what bills must be paid—what can be put off?
I can show you how all this can be avoided.

You are a good earner. Most Americans are. But earning is only half of getting ahead. You know this is true. In your business expenses are watched as carefully as sales. Income and outgo are equally and continually checked and balanced. How then can you have your personal affairs run smoothly on any different basis?

I will show you how to cut expenses

You, or whoever handles your family expenses, can do it as simple as A.B.C.'s. It doesn't require more than two or three minutes a day. It is merely a matter of applying a simplified business system to personal expenses. That in a nutshell is what the Woolson Economy Book is—a simple, up-to-date system that will automatically show you every dollar and every penny of income and outgo. The amount of money you and other members of your family have spent during any period can always be told at a glance. What every cent has been spent for—groceries, rent, dress, insurance, medicine, theatre, is continually and automatically self-evident. The balance left to be spent for the remainder of the week or month is also always evident.

No overlooked expenses
No unexpected deficits

With my system you always know each day just exactly where you stand. Before you or anybody in the family, decide on a purchase you can tell instantly just exactly how that purchase is going to affect the whole month's finances. In the same way and just as simply each regular expense, and each necessary extra expense, is tabulated and can be always discounted in advance. And remember that my whole system is so simple, so automatic, that it will never require more than two or three minutes a day and a twelve year old child can understand it.

Send no Money

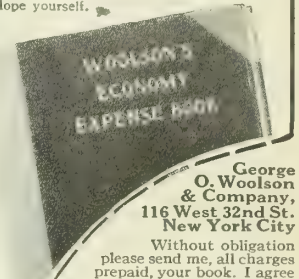
The Woolson system has literally worked wonders in thousands of families, changing the household financing from a constant nightmare to a simple automatic operation.
Think of the condition your office would be in if it were run practically without books or memoranda and you will appreciate at once what a wonderful difference my system will make in your home. And remember I do not ask you to take my word for this, I do not ask you to risk a penny.

Address—GEO. O. WOOLSON, 116 W. 32nd St., New York City

Merely write on your business letterhead that you are interested and I will send my complete book with full instructions, absolutely free, postpaid and without obligation on your part. If, after you have examined it thoroughly—after you have compared it with your needs—you are not satisfied that it will do all that I claim, I would not want you to keep it.

Could I be fairer?

I do not have to tell you of all the worry and fret that unsystematised family finances brings into the home. I know that you would willingly pay many times $1.75, the price of my entire outfit, if you were convinced I could really do all I claim. Yet all I ask is the chance to prove all this entirely at my own expense. Here is a coupon for your convenience. Tear it out right now and give it to your stenographer to mail. Or better yet, just pin it to one of your letterheads and put it in an envelope yourself.



George O. Woolson & Company,
116 West 32nd St.
New York City

Without obligation please send me, all charges prepaid, your book. I agree to send $1.75 in five days or return the book. I am attaching my business card or reference.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Do you want to know? how to—

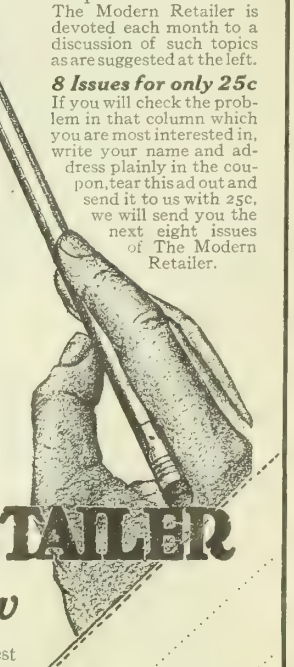
1. Cut your cost of business
2. Reduce your credit loss
3. Increase your turnovers
4. Obtain profitable side lines
5. Make your clerks more efficient
6. Increase your delivery efficiency
7. Maintain prices
8. Make your windows more attractive
9. Promote your sales more efficiently
10. Cash in on national advertising
11. Get full cooperation from your manufacturer
12. Make more money out of your business?

Special Offer

to the first 1,000 retailers who send in the coupon below.
The Modern Retailer is devoted each month to a discussion of such topics as are suggested at the left.

8 Issues for only 25c

If you will check the problem in that column which you are most interested in, write your name and address plainly in the coupon, tear this ad out and send it to us with 25c, we will send you the next eight issues of The Modern Retailer.



The MODERN RETAILER *tells you how*

Each month The Modern Retailer calls attention to the latest policies and practices. It tells you where they are strong and where weak, where they should be used and where not. Every issue is worth many times its price. Yet by acting at once and being one of the first 1,000 retailers to use this coupon you may get eight next numbers for only 25 cents.

THE MODERN RETAILER
Dept. C, 119 West 40th St., N. Y. C.

Name.....

Address.....

"debate" was in progress. Some of the debaters, indeed, looked over their shoulders, but the leader who sat above them framed in the sylvan setting of the stage, never so much as deigned to glance up from his newspaper. A half-burned cigar rolled between his mobile lips, he sat on the back of his neck, and yet he had an air Napoleonic; Nietzschean, it might better be said—although it is safe to assert that these moulders of American institutions knew little about that terrible philosopher who had raised his voice against the "slave morals of Christianity." It was their first experience with the superman. . . . It remained for the Canadian, Radeau, when a lull arrived in the turmoil, to suggest that the gentlemen be given chairs.

"Sure, give them chairs," assented Antonelli in a voice hoarse from speech-making. Breath-taking audacity to certain spectators who had followed the delegation hither, some of whom could not refrain from speculating whether it heralded the final scrapping of the machinery of the State; amusing to cynical metropolitan reporters, who grinned at one another as they prepared to take down the proceedings; evoking a fierce approval in the breasts of all rebels—among whom was Janet. The Legislative Chairman, a stout and suave gentleman of Irish birth, proceeded to explain how greatly concerned was the Legislature that the deplorable warfare within the State should cease; they had come, he declared, to aid in bringing about justice between labor and capital.

"We'll get justice without the help of the State," remarked Antonelli curtly, while a murmur of approval ran through the back of the hall.

That was scarcely the attitude, said the Chairman, he had expected. He knew that such a strike as this had engendered bitterness, there had been much suffering, sacrifice undoubtedly on both sides, but he was sure, if Mr. Antonelli and the Committee would accept their services—here he was interrupted.

Had the mill owners accepted their services?

The Chairman cleared his throat.

The fact was that the mill owners were more difficult to get together in a body. A meeting would be arranged.

"When you arrange a meeting, let me know," said Antonelli.

A laugh went around the room. It was undoubtedly very difficult to keep one's temper under such treatment. The Chairman looked it.

"A meeting would be arranged," he declared, with a long-suffering expression. He even smiled a little. "In the meantime——"

"What can your committee do?" demanded one of the strike leaders, passionately—it was Findley. "If you find one party wrong, can your State force it to do right? Can you legislators be impartial when you have not lived the bitter life of the workers? Would you arbitrate a question of life and death? And are the worst wages paid in these mills anything short of death? Do you investigate because conditions are bad, or because the workers broke loose and struck? Why did you not come before the strike?"

This drew more approval from the rear. Why, indeed? The Chairman was adroit; he had pulled himself out of many tight places in the Assembly Chamber, but now he began to perspire, to fumble in his coattails for a handkerchief. The Legislature, he maintained, could not undertake to investigate such matters until they were called to its attention. . . .

Later on a tall gentleman, whom heaven had not blessed with tact, saw fit to deplore the violence that had occurred; he had no doubt the leaders of the strike regretted it as much as he, he was confident it would be stopped when public opinion would be wholly and unreservedly on the side of the strikers.

"Public opinion!" savagely cried Lindtzki, who spoke English with only a slight accent. "If your little boy, if your little girl came to you and ask for shoes, for bread, and you say, 'I have no shoes, I have no bread, but public opinion is with us,' would that satisfy you?"

This drew so much applause that the tall lawmaker sat down again with a look of disgust on his face. . . . The Committee withdrew, and for many weeks thereafter the State they represented continued to pay some four thousand dollars daily to keep its soldiers on the streets of Hampton. . . .

IN the meanwhile Janet saw much of Rolfe. Owing to his facile command of language he was peculiarly fitted to draft these proclamations, bombastically worded in the French style, issued and circulated by the Strike Committee—appeals to the polyglot army to withstand the pangs of hunger, to hold out for the terms laid down, assurances that victory was at hand. Walking up and down the Bibliothèque, his hands behind his back, his red lips gleaming as he spoke, he dictated these documents to Janet. In the ecstasy of this composition he had a way of shaking his head slowly from side to side, and when she looked up she saw his eyes burning down at her. The second evening of her installation at Headquarters she had worked beyond the supper hours helping Sanders with his accounts. She was loath to go home. And when at last she put on her hat and coat and entered the hall Rolfe, who had been talking to Jastro, immediately approached her. His liquid eyes regarded her solicitously.

"You must be hungry," he said. "Come out with me and have some supper."

But she was not hungry; what she needed was air. Then he would walk a little way with her—he wanted to talk to her. She hesitated, and then consented. A fierce hope had again taken possession of her, and when they came to Warren Street she turned into it.

"Where are you going?" Rolfe demanded.

"For a walk," she said. "Aren't you coming?"

"Will you have supper afterward?"

"Perhaps."

He followed her, puzzled, yet piqued and excited by her manner, as with rapid steps she hurried along the pavement. He tried to tell her what her friendship meant to him; they were, he declared, kindred spirits—from the first time he had seen her on the Common, he had known this. She scarcely heard him, she was thinking of Ditmar; and this was why she had led Rolfe into Warren Street—they might meet Ditmar! It was possible that he would be going to the mill at this time, after his dinner! She scrutinized every distant figure, and when they reached the block in which he lived, she walked more slowly. From within the house came to her, faintly, the notes of a piano—his daughter Amy was practising. It was the music, a hackneyed theme of Schubert's played heavily, that seemed to arouse the composite emotion of anger and hatred, yet of sustained attraction and wild regret she had felt before, but never so poignantly as now. And she lingered, perversely resolved to steep herself in the agony.

"Who lives here?" Rolfe asked.

"Mr. Ditmar," she answered.

"The agent of the Chippering Mill?"

She nodded.

"He's the worst of the lot," Rolfe said angrily. "If it weren't for him, we'd have this strike won to-day. He owns this town, he's run it to suit himself. He stiffens up the owners and holds the other mills in line. He's a type, a driver, the kind of man we must get rid of. Look at him—he lives in luxury here while his people are starving."

"Get rid of!" repeated Janet, in an odd voice.

"Oh, I don't mean to shoot him," Rolfe declared. "But he may get shot, for all I know, by some of these slaves he's made desperate."

"They wouldn't dare shoot him," Janet said. "And whatever he is, he isn't a coward. He's stronger than the others, he's more of a man."

Rolfe looked at her curiously.

"What do you know about him!" he asked.

"I—I know all about him. I was his stenographer."

"You! His stenographer! Then why are you here with us?"

"Because I hate him!" she cried vehemently. "Because I've learned that it's true—what you say about the masters, they only think of themselves and their kind, and not of us. They use us."

"He tried to use you! You loved him!"

"How dare you say that!"

He fell back before her anger.

"I didn't mean to offend you," he exclaimed. "I was jealous—I'm jealous of every man you've known. I want you. I've never met a woman like you."

They were the very words Ditmar had used! She did not answer, and for a while they walked along in silence, leaving Warren Street and cutting across the city until they came in sight of the Common. Rolfe drew nearer to her.

"Forgive me!" he pleaded. "You know I would not offend you. Come, we'll have supper together, and I will teach you more of what you have to know."

"Where?" she asked.

"At the Hampton—it is a little café where we all go. Perhaps you've been there."

"No," said Janet.

"It doesn't compare to the cafés of Europe—or of New York. Perhaps we shall go to them sometime, together. But it is cosy, and warm, and all the leaders will be there. You'll come—yes?"

"Yes, I'll come," she said.

(To be Continued)

THE CINEMA MURDER

(Continued from page 42)

unrecognizable state. It has been presumed to be the body of Philip Romilly, the poor relation, a starving young art-teacher in London with literary aspirations—but I hold that the presumption is a mistake. I believe," the detective went on, his eyes fastened upon Philip, his voice a little raised, "that it was the body of Douglas Romilly, the shoe manufacturer, which was fished out from the canal, and that you, sir, are Mr. Philip Romilly, late art-school teacher of Kensington, who murdered Douglas Romilly on the banks of the canal, stole his money and pocket-book, assumed his identity in Liverpool and on the *Elletania*, and became what you are now—Mr. Merton Ware."

Philip threw away the cigaret which he had been smoking, and, leaning over the box, carefully selected another. He tapped it against the table and lit it.

"Mr. Dane," he said coolly, "I shall always be grateful to you for your visit this morning, for you have given me what is the most difficult thing in the whole world to stumble against—an excellent idea for a new play. Apart from that, you seem, for so intelligent a man, to have wasted a good deal of your time and to have come, what we should call in English, a cropper. I will take you into my confidence so far as to admit that I am not particularly anxious to disclose my private history, but if ever the necessity should arise I shall do so without hesitation. Until that time, you must forgive me if I choose to preserve a certain reticence as to my antecedents."

Mr. Dane, in the moment's breathless silence which followed, acknowledged to himself the perpetration of a rare mistake. He had selected Philip to bear the brunt of his attack, believing him to be possessed of the weaker nerve. Beatrice, who at the end of his last speech had sunk into a chair, white and terrified, an easy victim, had rallied now, inspired by Philip's composure.

"You deny, then, that you are Mr. Philip Romilly?" the detective asked.

"I never heard of the fellow in my life," Philip replied pleasantly, "but don't go, Mr. Dane. You can't imagine how interesting this is to me. You have sent me a most charming acquaintance," he added, bowing to Beatrice, "and you have provided me with what I can assure you is almost pathetically scarce in these days—a new and very dramatic idea. Take a seat, won't you, and chat with us a little longer? Tell us how you came to think of all this? I have always held that the workings of a criminologist's brain must be one of the most interesting studies in life."

Mr. Dane smiled enigmatically. "Ah!" he protested, "you mustn't ask me to disclose all my secrets."

"You wouldn't care to tell us a little about your future intentions?" Philip inquired.

Mr. Dane shook his head. "It is very kind of you, Mr. Merton Ware," he confessed, "to let me down so gently. We all make mistakes, of course. As to my future intentions—well, I am not quite sure about them. You see, this isn't really my job at all. It isn't up to me to hunt out English criminals so long as they behave themselves in this city. If an extradition warrant or anything of that sort came my way it would, of course, be different."

"Why not lay this interesting theory of yours before the authorities at Scotland Yard?" Philip suggested. "I am sure they would listen with immense interest to any report from you."

"That's some idea, certainly," the detective admitted, taking up his hat from the table. "For the present I'll wish you both good-morning—or shall I say *au revoir?*"

"We may look for the pleasure of another visit from you, then?" Philip inquired politely.

The detective faced them from the doorway. "Sir," he said to Philip, "I admire your nerve and I admire the nerve of your old sweetheart, Miss Wenderly. I am afraid I cannot promise you, however, that this will be my last visit."

The door closed behind him. They heard the shrill summons of the bell, the arrival of the elevator, the clanging of the iron gate, and its subsequent descent. Then Beatrice turned her head. Philip was still smoking serenely, standing with his back to the mantelpiece, his hands in his pockets. She rose and threw her arms around him.

"Philip!" she cried. "Why, you are wonderful! You are marvelous! You make me ashamed. It was only for a moment that I lost my nerve, and you saved us. Oh, what idiots we were! Of course he meant to watch—that's why he told me he was going to Chicago. The beast!"

"He seems to have got hold of the idea all right, doesn't he?" Philip muttered.

"Pooh!" she exclaimed encouragingly. "I know a little about the law—so do you. He hasn't any proof—he never can have any proof. No one will ever be able to swear that the body which they picked out of the canal was the body of Douglas Romilly. There wasn't a soul who saw you do it. I am the only person in the world who could supply the motive, and I—I shall never be any use to them. . . . Don't you see, Philip? . . . I shall be your wife! A wife can't give evidence against her husband! You'll be safe, dear—quite safe."

He withdrew a little from her embrace. "Beatrice," he reminded her, "there is another tragedy beyond the one with which Dane threatens us. I do not wish to marry you."

She suddenly blazed up. "Because——"

"Not because of any reason in the world," he interrupted, "except that I love Elizabeth Dalstan."

"Does she want to marry you?"

He was suddenly an altered person. Some of his confidence seemed to desert him. He shook his head doubtfully.

"I am not sure. Sometimes I think that she would. Sometimes I fancy that it is only a great kindness of heart, an immense sympathy, a kind of protective sympathy, which has made her so good to me."

She looked at herself steadily for a moment in the mirror. Then she pulled down her veil.

"Philip," she said, "we find out the truth when we are up against things like this. I used to think I could live alone. I can't. Whatever you may think of me, I was fond of Douglas. It wasn't only for the sake of the money and the comfort. He was kind, and in his way he understood. And then, you know, misery didn't agree with you. You were often, even in those few hours we spent together, very hard and cold. . . . Anyway," she added, with a little tightening of the lips, "I am going to get my money now. No one can stop that. You stay here and think it over. It would be better to marry me, Philip, and be safe, than to have the fear of that man Dane always before you. . . . And wait—wait till you see me when I come back!" she went on, her spirits rapidly rising as she moved toward the door. "You'll change your mind, then, Philip. You were always so impressionable, weren't you? A little touch of color, the perfume of flowers, a single soft word spoken at the right moment—anything that took your fancy made such a difference. Well—just wait till I come back."

She closed the door. Philip heard her descent in the elevator. He moved to the

window and watched for her on the pavement. She appeared there in a moment or two and waited while the boy whistled for a taxicab, her face expectantly upraised, one hand resting lightly on her bosom, just over the spot where her pocketbook lay.

PHILIP was still gazing into vacancy and smoking cigarets when Elizabeth arrived. She seemed conscious at once of the disturbed atmosphere. His hands, which she held firmly in hers, were as cold as ice.

"Is that girl going to be troublesome?" she demanded anxiously.

"Not in the way we feared," he replied. "All the same the plot has thickened so far as I am concerned. That fellow Dane has been here."

"Go on," she begged.

"He laid a trap for us and we fell into it like the veriest simpletons. He let Beatrice think that he had gone on to Chicago. Of course, he did nothing of the sort. He turned her loose to come to me and he had us watched. He knew that we spent last evening together as old friends. She was here this morning when he arrived."

"Oh, Philip, Philip!" she murmured. "Well, what does he suspect?"

"The truth! He accused me to my face of being Philip Romilly. Beatrice did her best but, you see, the position was a little absurd. She denied strenuously that she had ever seen me before, that I was anything but a stranger to her. In the face of last evening, and his finding her here this morning, it didn't sound convincing."

"What is Dane going to do?"

"Heaven knows! It isn't his affair, really. If there were any charge against me—well, you see, there'd have to be an extradition warrant. I should think he will probably lay the facts before Scotland Yard and let them do what they choose."

She made him sit down and drew a low chair herself to his side. She held his hand in hers.

"Philip," she said soothingly, "they won't go to extremes. They can't possibly prove anything."

"They can prove," he pointed out, "that I was in Detton Magna that afternoon. I don't think any one except Beatrice saw me start along the canal path, but they can prove that I knew all about Douglas Romilly's disappearance, because I traveled to America under his name and with his ticket, and deliberately personated him."

"They can prove all that," she agreed, "but they can't prove the crime itself. Beatrice is the only person who could do that."

"She proposes to marry me," he announced grimly. "That would prevent her giving evidence at all."

Elizabeth suddenly threw her arms around his neck and held her cheek to his.

"She sha'n't marry you!" she declared. "I want you myself!"

"Elizabeth!"

"Yes, I have made up my mind, Philip. It is no use. The other things are fascinating and splendid in their way but they don't count, they don't last. They're tinsel, dear, and I don't want tinsel—I want the gold. We'll face this bravely, wherever it leads, however far, however deep down, and then we'll start again."

"You know what this means, Elizabeth?" he faltered. "That man Power——"

She brushed the thought away. "I know. He'll close the theater. He'll do all he can to harm us. That doesn't matter. The play is ours. That's worth a fortune. And the new one coming—why, it's wonderful, Philip. We don't want wealth. Your brain and my art can win us all that we desire in life. We shall have something sweeter than anything which Sylvanus Power's millions could buy. We shall have our love—your love for me, dear, and mine for you."

He felt her tears upon his cheek, her lips pressed to his. He held her there, but although his heart was beating with renewed hope, he said nothing for a time. When she stepped back to look at his face, however, the change was already there.

"You are glad, Philip!" she cried. "You are happy—I can see it! You didn't ever care really for that girl, did you?"

He almost laughed. "Not like this!" he answered confidently. "I never even for a single moment pretended to care in the great way. We were just companions in misfortune. The madness that came over me that day had been growing in my brain for years. I hated Douglas Romilly. I had every reason to hate him. And then, after all he had robbed me of—my one companion——"

She stopped him. "I know . . . I know," she murmured. "You need never try to explain anything to me. I know everything, I understand, I sympathize."

A revulsion of feeling had suddenly chilled him. He held her to him none the less tightly but there was a ring of despair in his tone.

"Elizabeth, think what it may mean!" he muttered. "How can I drag you through it all?—a trial, perhaps, the suspense, and all the time that guilty knowledge behind—yours and mine!"

"Pooh!" she exclaimed lightly. "I am not a sentimentalist. . . . I am a woman in love."

"But, Elizabeth, I am guilty!" he groaned. "That's the horror of it! I'd take the risk if I were an innocent man—I'd risk everything. But I am afraid to stand there and know that every word they say against me will be true, and every word of the men who speak in my defense will be false. Can't you realize the black, abominable horror of it? I couldn't drag you into such a plight, Elizabeth! I was weak to think of it. I couldn't!"

"You'll drag me nowhere," she answered, holding him tightly. "Where I go my feet will lead me, and my love for you. You can't help that. We'll play the game—play it magnificently, Philip. My faith in you will count for something."

"But, dear," he protested, "don't you see? If the case ever comes into court, even if I get off, every one will know that it is through a technicality. The evidence is too strong. Half the world at least will believe me guilty."

"It sha'n't come into court," she proclaimed confidently. "I shall talk to Dane. I have some influence with the police authorities here. I shall point out how ridiculous it all is. What's the use of formulating a charge that they can never prove?"

"Unless," he reminded her hesitatingly, "Beatrice——"

"Beatrice! You're not afraid of her?"

"I am afraid of no one or anything," he declared, "when you are here! But Beatrice has been behaving strangely ever since she arrived. She has a sudden fancy for remembering that in a sense we were once engaged."

"Beatrice," Elizabeth announced, "must be satisfied with her twenty thousand pounds. I know what you are trying to say—she wants you. She sha'n't have you, Philip! We'll find her some one else. We'll be kind to her—I don't mind that. Very soon we'll find her plenty of friends. But as for you, Philip—well, she just sha'n't have you, and that's all there is about it."

He took her suddenly into his arms. In that moment he was the lover she had craved for—strong, passionate and reckless.

"All the love that my heart has ever known," he cried, "is yours, Elizabeth! Every thought and every hope is yours. You are my life. You saved me—you made me what I am. The play is yours, my brain is yours, there isn't a thought or a dream or a wish that isn't for you—of you—yours!"

He kissed her as he had never dreamed of kissing any woman. It was the one supreme moment of their life and their love. Time passed uncounted.

THEN interruption came, suddenly and tragically. Without knock or ring, the door was flung open and slammed again. Beatrice stood there, still in her shabby clothes, her veil pushed back, gloveless and breathless. Her clenched hand flew out toward Philip as though she would have struck him.

"You liar!" she shrieked. "You've had my money! You've spent it! You've stolen it! Thief! Murderer!"

She paused, struggling for breath, tore her hat from her head and threw it on the table. Her face was like the face of a virago, her eyes blazed, her cheeks were as pale as death save for one hectic spot of color.

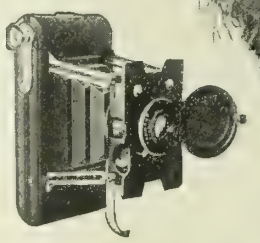
"You are talking nonsense, Beatrice," he expostulated.

"Don't lie to me!" she shouted. "You can lie in the dock when you stand there and tell them that you never murdered Douglas Romilly! That makes you cringe, doesn't it? I don't want to make a scene, but the woman you're in love with had better hear what I have to say. Are you going to give me back my money, Philip?"

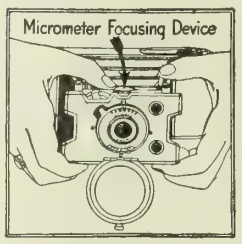
"As I stand here," he declared solemnly, "I have not touched that money or been near the bank where it was deposited. I swear it. Every penny I have spent since I moved into this apartment I have spent from my earnings. My own royalties come to over a hundred pounds a week—more than sufficient to keep me in luxury. I never



The Sign of the Ansco Dealer



Ansco Vest-Pocket No. 2
Equipped with Modico Anastigmat lens, F7.5, $18.50; with Ansco Anastigmat lens, F6.3, in Extraspeed Bionic shutter, $27.50. Other Ansco Cameras, $2 up.



A turn of the thumb gets the picture sharp and clear.

The owner of an Ansco Vest-Pocket No. 2 never apologizes for the pictures it takes.

Be the day sunshiny or cloudy, this efficient little camera snaps the events as they occur, and turns out pictures that are clear and sharp. It is the smallest and lightest camera made to take 2¼ x 3¼ pictures.

The micrometer focusing device is an exclusive Ansco feature without which an anastigmat lens would be no better than a cheap lens.

See the different models at the Ansco dealer's—or write to us for a catalog and specimen picture on Cyko Paper made by the camera illustrated.

ANSCO COMPANY
BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK



TWENTY-FOUR PRACTICAL ART LESSONS together with interesting stories of the struggles and achievements of leading Illustrators and Cartoonists. Every modern method in the lucrative field of cartooning, designing, newspaper, magazine and commercial illustrating fully explained in the Student Illustrator. Amateur's work published and criticised. $1.50 per year, 4 months $.50. Dept. 27-1012 H St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Runs on Kerosene
Alcohol, Gasolene or Gas
A Most Remarkable Invention
No electricity, wires or springs. 1917 Improved patented Models. Runs 8 hours for a cent on kerosene. Quiet—convenient. Brings genuine comfort and satisfaction. Ideal for the sick. A proved success. The Wonder Fan. 2 Models. 3 Sizes.
A — 12-in. $16.50, Alcohol or Gas only (Gas $1.50 ex.)
A — 16-in. $18.50, Alcohol or Gas only (Gas $1.50 ex.)
B — 16-in. $19.50, Any Burner (Gasolene $2.50 ex.)
B — 21-in. $22.50, Any Burner (Gasolene $2.50 ex.)
F. O. B. Chicago. Cash with order only.
KEEP COOL
LAKE BREEZE MOTOR, 557 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.



For ONE person in every town

We want ONE live representative in each community of one thousand or more inhabitants. Any intelligent man or woman can do the work. Those who can give a portion of their time to our interests can earn liberal salaries in their spare time. A few hours each day devoted to the work will earn a substantial and regular monthly income. Faithful attention to our instructions will result in an established, paying business. We will fully instruct beginners in the duties of the position and supply all necessary equipment without charge.

If you wish to increase your earnings or add to your present income, HEARST'S plan will surely interest you. Let us tell you about it. The information will cost you nothing and may put hundreds of dollars in your pocket.

Address all inquiries to Manager, Agents' Department,

HEARST'S MAGAZINE
119 West 40th Street New York City

meant to touch that money. I have not touched it."

His words carried conviction with them. She stood there for several seconds, absolutely rigid, her eyes growing larger and rounder, her lips a little parted. Bewilderment now was struggling with her passion.

"Who in heaven's name, then," she asked hoarsely, "could have known about the money and forged his signature! I tell you that I've seen it with my own eyes, a few minutes ago, in the bank. They showed me into a little cupboard, a place without any roof, and laid it there before me on the desk—his cheque and signature for the whole amount."

Philip looked at her earnestly, oppressed by a sense of coming trouble.

"Beatrice," he said, "I wouldn't deceive you. I should be a fool to try, shouldn't I? I can only repeat what I have said. I have never been near the bank. I have never touched that money."

"Then take me straight to the town-hall, or the registry-office, or wherever you go here, and marry me," she demanded. "A hundred pounds a week royalty, eh? Well, that's good enough. I'll marry you, Philip—do you hear?—at once. That'll save your skin if it won't get me back my twenty thousand pounds. You needn't flatter yourself overmuch, either. I'd rather have had Douglas. He's more of a man than you, after all. You are too self-conscious. You think about yourself too much. You're too intellectual, too. I don't want those things. I want to live! Anyway, you've got to marry me—to-day. Now give me some money, do you hear?"

He took out his pocket-book and threw it toward her. She smoothed out the wad which it contained and counted the bills with glistening eyes.

"Well, there's enough here for a start," she decided, slipping them into her bosom. "No one shall rob me of these before I get to the shops. Better come with me, Philip. I'm not going to leave you alone with her."

Elizabeth would have intervened, but Philip laid his hand upon her arm.

"Beatrice," he said sternly, "you are a little beside yourself. Listen. I don't understand what has happened. I must think about it. Apparently that twenty thousand has gone, but so far as regards money I recognize your claim. You shall have half my earnings. I'll write more. I'll make it up somehow. But for the rest, this morning has cleared away many misunderstandings. Let this be the last word. Miss Dalstan has promised to be my wife. She is the only woman I could ever love."

"Then you'll have to marry me without loving me," Beatrice declared thickly. "I won't be left alone in this beastly city! I want some one to take care of me. I am getting frightened. It's uncanny—horrible! I—oh! I am so miserable—so miserable!"

She sank into a chair and fell forward across the table, sobbing hysterically.

"I hate every one!" she moaned. "Philip, why can't you be kind to me! Why doesn't some one care!"

AND, after all, nothing happened. Dane's barely-veiled threats seemed to vanish like the man himself into thin air. Beatrice, after the breakdown of her one passionate outburst, had become wonderfully meek and tractable. Sylvanus Power, who had received from Elizabeth the message for which he had waited, showed no sign either of disappointment or anger. After the storm which had seemed to be breaking in upon him from every quarter, the days which followed possessed for Philip almost the calm of an Indian summer. He had found something in life at last stronger than his turbulent fears. His whole nature was engrossed by one great discovery of deep and wonderful affection. He spent a part of every day with Elizabeth, and the remainder of his time was completely engrossed by the work over which she, too, the presiding genius, pored eagerly. Together they humored many of Beatrice's whims, treating her very much as an unexpected *protégée*, a position with which she seemed entirely content. She made friends with the utmost facility. She wore [illegible] joy. She preened herself before the looking-glass of life, developed a capacity for living and [illegible] under the circumstances, nothing less than remarkable. And this [illegible] Philip's new-found happiness. His earnest opinion had long since been overruled, and certainly no one could have accused him of posing for a single moment as the reluctant bridegroom. The happiness that flowed from their two faces seemed to brighten the strangely unecclesiastical looking apartment in which a cheerful and exceedingly pleasant-looking American clergyman completed the formalities of their marriage. It was a queer little company who hurried back to Elizabeth's rooms for tea—Elizabeth and Philip themselves, and Martha Grimes and Beatrice sharing the attentions of Noel Bridges. For an event of such stupendous importance it was amazing how perfectly matter-of-fact were the two persons chiefly concerned. There was only one moment, just before they started for the theater, when Elizabeth betrayed the slightest signs of uneasiness.

"I sent a telegram, Philip," she said, "to Sylvanus Power. I thought I had better. This is his answer."

Philip read the few typewritten words on the little slip of paper:

You will hear from me within twenty-four hours.

Philip frowned a little as he handed it back. It was dated from Washington.

"I think," Elizabeth faltered, "he might have sent his good wishes, at any rate."

Philip laughed confidently. "We have nothing to fear," he declared confidently, "from Sylvanus Power."

"Nor from any one else in the world," Elizabeth murmured fervently.

Then followed the wonderful evening. Philip found Beatrice alone in the stage-box when he returned from taking Elizabeth to her dressing-room.

"Where's Martha?" he asked.

"Faithless," Beatrice replied. "She is in the orchestra seats down there with a young man from the box-office. She said you'd understand."

"A serious affair?" Philip ventured.

Beatrice nodded. "They are engaged. I had tea with them yesterday."

"We shall have to do something for you, Beatrice, soon," he remarked cheerfully.

A very rare gravity settled for a moment upon her face.

"I wonder, Philip," she said simply. "I thought, a little time ago, it would be easy enough to care for the right sort of person. Perhaps I am not really quite so rotten as I thought I was. . . . Here comes Elizabeth. Let's watch her."

They both leaned a little forward in the box, Philip in a state of beatific wonder, which turned soon to amazement when, at Elizabeth's first appearance, the house suddenly rose and a torrent of applause broke out from floor to ceiling. Elizabeth for a moment seemed dumfounded. The fact that the news of what had happened that afternoon could so soon have become public property had not occurred to either her or Philip. Then a sudden smile of comprehension broke across her face. With understanding, however, came a momentary embarrassment. She looked a little pathetically at the great audience, then laughed and glanced at Philip, seated now well back in the box. Many of them followed her gaze and the applause broke out again. Then there was silence. She paused before she spoke the first words of her part.

"Thank you so much," she said quietly.

It was a queer little episode. Beatrice gripped Philip's hand as she drew her chair back to his. There were tears in her eyes.

"How they love her, these people! And fancy their knowing about it, Philip, already! You ought to have shown yourself as the happy bridegroom. They were all looking up here. I wonder why men are so shy. I'm glad I have my new frock on. . . . Fancy being married only a few hours ago! Tell me how you are feeling, can't you, Philip? You sit there looking like a Sphinx. You are happy, aren't you?"

"Happier, I think, than any man has a right to be," he answered, his eyes watching Elizabeth's every movement.

As the play proceeded, his silence only deepened. He went behind at the end of each act and spent a few stolen moments with Elizabeth. Life was a marvelous thing, indeed. Every pulse and nerve in his body was tingling with happiness. And yet, as he lingered for a moment in the vestibule of the theater, before going back to his box at the commencement of the last act he felt once more that terrible wave of depression, the ghostly uprising of his old terrors even in this supreme moment. He looked down from the panorama of flaring sky-signs into the faces of the passers-by along the crowded pavement. He had a sudden fancy that Dane was there, watching. His heart beat fiercely as he stood, almost transfixed, scanning eagerly every strange face. Then the bell rang behind him. He set his teeth and turned away. In less than half-an-hour the play would be over. They would be on their way home.

He found the box-door open and the box itself, to his surprise, empty. There was no sign anywhere of Beatrice. He waited for a little time. Then he rang the bell for the attendant, but could hear no news of her. His uneasiness increased as the curtain at last fell and she had not returned. He hurried round to the back, but Elizabeth, when he told her, only smiled.

"Why, there's nothing to worry about, dear," she said. "Beatrice can take care of herself. Perhaps she thought it more tactful to hurry on home to-night. She is really just as kind-hearted as she can be, you know, Philip, underneath all that pent-up, passionate desire for just a small share of the good things of life. She has wasted so much of herself in longings, poor child! I sometimes wonder that she is as level-headed as she seems to be. . . . Now I am ready."

They passed down the corridor amid a little chorus of good-nights, and stepped into the automobile which was waiting. As it glided off she suddenly came closer to him.

"Philip," she whispered, "it's true, isn't it? Put your arms around me. You are driving me home—say it's true!"

Elizabeth sat up presently, a little dazed. Her fingers were still gripping Philip's almost fiercely. The automobile had stopped.

"I haven't the least idea where we are," she murmured.

"And I forgot to tell you," he laughed, as he helped her out. "I took the suite below mine by the week. There are two or three rooms, and an extra one for Phoebe. Of course, it's small; but then, with this London idea before us——"

"Such extravagance!" she interrupted. "Your own rooms would have done quite nicely, only it is a luxury to have a place for Phoebe. I hope Beatrice won't have gone to bed."

"I am sure she won't," he replied. "She has done all the arranging for me—she and Phoebe together."

They crossed the pavement and entered the elevator. The attendant grinned broadly as he stopped at the eighth floor and held out his hand for the tip for which Philip had been fumbling. The door of the suite was opened before they could reach the bell. Elizabeth's maid, Phoebe, came forward to take her mistress's cloak, and the floor valet was there to relieve Philip of his overcoat. A waiter was hovering in the background.

"Supper is served in the dining-room, sir," he announced. "Shall I open the wine?"

Philip nodded and showed Elizabeth over the flat, finally ushering her into the small dining-room.

"It's perfectly delightful," she declared, "but we don't need nearly so much room, Philip. What a dear little dining-table and what a delicious supper! Everything I like best in the world, from *pâté de foies gras* to cold asparagus. You are a dear."

The waiter disappeared with a little bow. They were alone at last. She held his hands tightly. She was trembling. The forced composure of the last few minutes seemed to have left her.

"I am silly," she faltered, "but the servants and everything—they won't come back, will they?"

He laughed as he patted her hand. "We sha'n't see another soul, dear," he assured her.

She laid her cheek against his. "How hot you are!" she exclaimed. "Throw open the window, do. I sha'n't feel it."

He obeyed her at once. The roar of the city, all its harshness muffled, came to them in a somber, almost melodious undertone. She rested her hands upon his shoulders.

"What children we are!" she murmured. "Now it's you who are trembling! Sit down, please. You've been so brave these last few days."

"It was just for a moment," he told her. "It seems too wonderful. I had a sudden impulse of terror lest it should all be snatched away."

She laughed easily. "I don't think there's any fear of that, dear," she said. "Perhaps——"

There was a knock at the door. Philip, who had been holding Elizabeth's chair, stood as though transfixed. Elizabeth gripped at the side of the table. It was some few seconds before either of them spoke.

"It's perhaps—Beatrice," Elizabeth faltered.

The knock was repeated. Philip drew a little breath. "Come in," he invited.

The door opened slowly toward them and closed again. It was Mr. Dane who had entered. From outside they caught a momentary glimpse of another man waiting. Mr. Dane took off his hat. For a man with so expressionless a countenance he was looking considerably perturbed.

"Miss Dalstan," he said, "I am very sorry, believe me, to intrude. I only heard of your marriage an hour ago. I wish I could have prevented it."

"Prevented it?" Elizabeth repeated. "What do you mean?"

"I think that Mr. Philip Romilly could explain," Dane continued, turning toward Philip. "I am sorry, but I have received an imperative cable from Scotland Yard, and it is my duty to arrest you, Philip Romilly, and to hold you, pending the arrival of a special police mission from England. I am bound to take note of anything you may say, so I beg of you not to ask me any particulars as to the charge."

The color slowly faded from Elizabeth's cheeks. She had risen to her feet and was gripping the mantelpiece for support. Philip, however, was perfectly calm. He poured out a glass of water and held it to her lips.

"Drink this, dear," he begged, "and don't be alarmed. It sounds very terrible, but believe me there is nothing to be feared."

He swung suddenly round to Dane. His voice shook with passion.

"You've kept me under observation," he cried, "all this time. I haven't attempted to escape. I haven't moved from New York. I haven't the slightest intention of going until this thing is cleared up. Can't you take my parole? Can't you leave me alone until they come from England?"

Mr. Dane shook his head slowly. He was a hard man, but there was an unaccustomed look of distress in his face.

"Sorry, Mr. Romilly," he said regretfully. "I did suggest something of the sort but they wouldn't hear of it at Headquarters. If we let you slip through our fingers we should never hear the last of it from London."

Then there came another and a still more unexpected interruption. From outside they heard Beatrice's voice raised in excitement. Mr. Dane stood on one side as the door was thrown open. Beatrice suddenly flung herself into the room, dragging after her a man who was almost breathless.

"I say, Beatrice, steady on!" the latter began good-naturedly.

There followed the most wonderful silence in the world, a silence which was filled with throbbing, indescribable emotions, a silence which meant something different for every one of them. Beatrice, gripping her captive by the wrist, was looking around, striving to understand. Elizabeth was filled with blank wonder. Mr. Dane was puzzled. But Philip, who a moment before had seemed perfectly composed, was the one who seemed torn by indescribable, by horrible, emotions. His lips shook as he tried to speak.

"Take him away!" he shrieked. "Take him away!"

Beatrice, more coherent than any of them, scoffed at him.

"Don't be a fool!" she cried. "Take him away, indeed! He's the most wonderful thing that ever happened. He's the one man in life you want to see! So you've come for him, eh?" she went on, turning almost like a wildcat to Dane. "You beast! You chose to-night, did you? Now get on with it, then, and I'll give you the surprise of your life. What are you here for?"

"I am here to arrest that man, Philip Romilly, for the murder of his cousin, Douglas Romilly, Miss Wenderly," Dane announced gravely. "I am sorry."

Beatrice threw her head back and laughed hysterically.

"You'll never write a play like it, Philip!" she exclaimed. "There never was anything like it before. Now, Mr. Dane, what is it you say in America when you want to introduce anybody?—shake hands with Mr. Douglas Romilly—that's it. Shake hands with the dead man here and then get on with your arresting. He must be dead if you say so, but he doesn't look it, does he?"

Philip's face had become a more natural color. His eyes had never left the other man's. He swayed a little on his feet and his voice seemed to him to come from a long way off.

"Douglas! It isn't you, Douglas! . . . It isn't you really?"

"I wish you'd all leave off staring at me as though I were a ghost," the other man answered, almost pettishly. "I'm Douglas Romilly, right enough. You needn't look in such a blue funk, Philip," he went on, his fingers mechanically rearranging his collar

(*Concluded on page 80*)

HYSTERICAL ECONOMY

(*Concluded from page 45*)

We spend annually, it is computed: $2,-00,000,000 for intoxicating liquors; $800,-00,000 for tobacco; $500,000,000 for candy; 300,000,000 for mineral waters; $150,000,-00 for chewing gum; $700,000,000 is wasted n the kitchen.

Unestimated millions go into jewelry, leasure automobiles, theater tickets, extravgant dinners and similar entertaining, joyides, pleasure trips of all kinds, flowers, rare nd costly fruits, imported dresses, millinery, rnaments and other forms of expensive pparel.

Suppose the pruning-knife is plied in all hese directions, suppose luxuries are cut own and expenditures on such necessaries s food and clothes and shoes and headgear re appreciably curtailed. What then?

Manufacturers and merchants and dealers n such commodities proclaim that they ould have to reduce their forces. Undoubtdly they would. But it is absolutely necesary that a certain amount of labor be reeased from the production and vending of hings we can do without in order that addiional labor may be available for things we annot do without when the country goes to war on a gigantic scale. It is figured that we nust raise an army of at least 500,000 men nd greatly increase our naval forces. The laces of these men must be filled.

But that is not all. An army in the field owadays needs an unprecedented quantity f munitions and other materials. The nen must be well fed, properly clothed, comfortably shod, equipped with rifles, bayonets, etc.; an inordinate number of both small and large machine-guns must be provided; millions and millions of shells and cartridges are needed, and transportation, by sea, by rail and by motor truck alone is a most burdensome item, for not only must vast fleets be manned and maintained, but every available man and yard in the country must be employed to build new ships at maximum speed.

The whole realignment and readjustment of our national activities should and probably will dovetail satisfactorily. The curtailment in expenditures for luxuries and to a minor extent for staples will enable the savers to use their surplus funds to buy the new Government bonds, while the relief of men and women from employment on non-Government work will facilitate the obtaining of the thousands and thousands of workers needful for the production of army supplies and to take the place of those who are called to the colors.

The spending of billions by the Government will probably result in full employment for everybody. There will be unusual demands for workers on farms, on railroads, in railway equipment works, in steel plants, in munition factories, in shipyards, in all textile mills, in shoe factories, in copper and other mines, in commercial truck plants, in lumber camps and timber mills, in machine shops of all kinds, in packing-houses, in canning factories, in sugar-works, in flour-mills, etc., etc. Our experience in this respect is not likely to be very different from that of Great Britain.

Work is more plentiful and wages are higher in the belligerent countries than they ever were in times of peace, notwithstanding the introduction of and in part the enforcement of acute economies.

The raising of $7,000,000,000 is a financial task greatly transcending anything ever before attempted in this country. But the patriotic citizens of this Republic can furnish every cent of the $7,000,000,000 requested.

But it is not prudent economy to go half-starved, to wear ragged clothes or leaky shoes. Nor is it prudent economy to forego all recreation, all amusement and every one of life's little comforts, for we must keep fit in order to meet the extra demands upon our strength and our productive capacity. A common-sense course will yield the best results alike for merchants, manufacturers, tradesmen, labor and our military strength.

As war bonds, which bear 3½ per cent. interest, are available in $100 pieces, and as arrangements can be made with trustworthy bankers and brokers to pay for them on the instalment plan, the most modest saver can enroll in the national army of investors, which is just as essential to success as our army of soldiers and sailors.

Once the money thus furnished begins to be poured out lavishly by the Government, things will probably become more active than ever before. The $7,000,000,000 will not leave the country.

"GETTING MARRIED"

(*Concluded from page 40*)

Lesbia—Oh, all right, let him come.

The General—Let him come! Why, the decree has not been made absolute yet. Is he to walk in here to Edith's wedding, reeking from the Divorce Court?

Collins (*announces*) Mr. Reginald, ma'am.

Mrs. Bridgenorth—I think you might have waited until you got my answer, Rejjy.

Reginald—It's so jolly easy to say No in a letter. Won't you let me stay?

Mrs. Bridgenorth—How can I? Leo's coming.

Reginald—Well, she won't mind.

The General—Won't mind ! ! ! ! !

Lesbia—Don't talk nonsense, Rejjy, and be off with you.

The General—Mr. Bridgenorth: are you going to leave this house or am I?

Reginald—You are, I hope. (*He emphasizes his intention to stay by sitting down*)

The General—Alice: will you allow me to be driven from Edith's wedding by this——

Lesbia (*warningly*) Boxer!

The General——by this Respondent? Is Edith to be given away by him?

Mrs. Bridgenorth—Certainly not. Reginald: you were not asked to come; and I have asked you to go. You know how fond I am of Leo; and you know what she would feel if she came in and found you here.

Collins—Mrs. Reginald, ma'am.

Leo—(*Seeing her divorced husband*)—Naughty boy! Well, I suppose I must kiss you; but don't any of you tell. (*She kisses him. They can hardly believe their eyes*)

Reginald (*With an unbearable sense of injury*) I shouldn't mind a bit if it were for Leo's sake. But to have to do it to make room for that mushroom-faced serpent—!

Lesbia—May one ask who is the mushroom-faced serpent?

Leo—He isn't.

Reginald—Sinjon Hotchkiss, of course.

Mrs. Bridgenorth—Sinjon Hotchkiss! Why he's coming to the wedding!

Reginald—What! In that case I'm off.

Lesbia (*appears, rather perturbed.*)—Alice: will you come upstairs? Our bride, Edith, is not dressed.

Mrs. Bridgenorth—(*Rising*) Not dressed! Does she know what hour it is?

Lesbia—She has locked herself into her room, reading some pamphlet that came by the eleven-o'clock post. She won't come out. She won't open the door. And she says she doesn't know whether she's going to be married or not till she's finished the pamphlet. Did you ever hear such a thing? Do come and speak to her.

Mrs. Bridgenorth—Alfred: you had better go.

The Bishop—Try Collins.

Lesbia—We've tried Collins already. He got all that I've told you out of her through the keyhole. Come, Alice. (*She vanishes. Mrs. Bridgenorth hurries after her*)

Collins (*announcing*) Mr. Hotchkiss.

Hotchkiss (*Clapping Reginald gaily on the shoulder as he passes him*) Tootle-loo, Rejjy.

Reginald (*Curtly, without rising or turning his head*) Morning.

Hotchkiss—Good morning, Bishop.

The Bishop—What on earth are you doing here, Sinjon? You belong to the bridegroom's party: you've no business here until after the ceremony.

Collins—(*announcing*) Mr. Cecil Sykes.

Hotchkiss—Look here, Cecil: this is all wrong. You've no business here until after the wedding. Hang it, man! you're the bridegroom.

Sykes—(*Coming to the Bishop, and addressing him with dogged desperation*) I've come here to say this: When I proposed to Edith I was in utter ignorance of what I was letting myself in for legally. Having given my word, I will stand to it. You have me at your mercy: marry me if you insist, but take notice that I protest.

Reginald—Well: you knew all that when you proposed to her.

Sykes—Yes; but I didn't know that when we were married I should be legally responsible if she libeled anybody, though all her property is protected against me as if I were the lowest thief and cadger.

Edith—(*Standing behind Cecil's chair*) Cecil: I heard your voice. I must speak to you very particularly. Papa: go away. Go away everybody.

The Bishop—(*Crossing to the study door*) I think there can be no doubt that Edith wishes us to retire. Come. (*He stands in the doorway, waiting for them to follow*)

Sykes—That's it, you see. It's just this outspokenness!

Before Edith has time to answer, her mother returns with Leo and Lesbia.

Leo—Yes, here she is, of course. I told you I heard her dash downstairs. (*She comes to the end of the table next the fireplace*)

Mrs. Bridgenorth—(*Transfixed in the middle of the kitchen*) And Cecil! !

Lesbia—And Sinjon!

Hotchkiss—Do you know, Miss Bridgenorth, I should most awfully like to hear what you have to say to poor Cecil.

Reginald—(*Scandalized*) Well!

Edith—Who is poor Cecil, pray?

Hotchkiss—One always calls a man that on his wedding morning: I don't know why. I'm his best man, you know. Don't you think it gives me a certain right to be present in Cecil's interest?

Mrs. Bridgenorth—Oh, do be sensible about this. People must get married. What would you have said if Cecil's parents had not been married?

The Bishop—They were not, my dear.

Sykes—(*Rising in amazement*) What on earth do you mean, Bishop? My parents were married.

The Bishop—Don't be alarmed, Cecil. Let me explain. Your parents were not Anglicans. You were not, I think, Anglican yourself until your second year at Oxford. They were Positivists. They went through the Positivist ceremony at Newton Hall in Fetter Lane after entering into the civil contract before the Registrar of the West Strand District. I ask you, as an Anglican Catholic, was that a marriage?

Sykes—(*Overwhelmed*) Great Heavens, no! a thousand times, no. I never thought of that. I'm a child of sin. (*He collapses*)

Mrs. Bridgenorth—Will somebody tell me how the world is to go on if nobody is to get married?

Sykes—Will somebody tell me what an honorable man and a sincere Anglican is to propose to a woman whom he loves and who loves him and won't marry him?

Leo—Will somebody tell me how I'm to arrange to take care of Rejjy when I'm married to Sinjon. Rejjy must not be allowed to marry anyone else, especially that odious creature who told all those wicked lies about him in Court.

Lesbia—I've been thinking.

The Bishop—(*To Hotchkiss*) Nothing like making people think: is there, Sinjon?

Lesbia—A woman has no right to refuse motherhood. But if she is an English lady it is her right and her duty to stand out for honorable conditions. If we can agree on the conditions, I am willing to enter into an alliance with Boxer.

The General staggers to his feet, momentarily stupent and speechless.

And so the merry game goes on. *Leo* and *Reginald* patch up their affairs; *Edith* and *Cecil* go out and get married by the Mayor; *Lesbia* conditionally accepts *The General*—but all hands are of the same opinion still; they simply agree to make the best of getting married.



© A. B. Paine

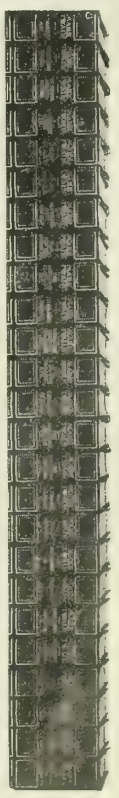
DIE, THOU VILLAIN!

He had thought of being a great Indian Chief, or a soldier—but the biggest idea of all had come to him. He would be a pirate!

Now his future lay plain before him. His name would fill the world and make people shudder. And at the zenith of his fame, how he would suddenly appear at the old village and stalk into church, brown and weather-beaten, in his black velvet doublet and trunks, his great jackboots, his crimson sash, his belt bristling with horse-pistols, his crime-rusted cutlass at his side, his slouch hat with waving plumes, his black flag unfurled, with the skull and cross bones on it! His career was determined.

Remember the days when you dreamt of being a pirate?—When you thought you would be a black avenger of the Spanish Main?

Get back the glamour of that splendid joyousness of youth. Read once more of Tom Sawyer, the best loved boy in the world; of Huck, that precious little rascal; of all the small folks and grown folks that make Mark Twain so dear to the hearts of men and women and boys and girls in every civilized country on the face of the globe.



MARK TWAIN

There seems to be no end to the things that Mark Twain could do well. When he wrote history, it was a kind of history unlike any other except in its accuracy. When he wrote books of travel, it was an event. He did many things — stories, novels, travels, history, essays, humor — but behind each was the force of the great, earnest, powerful personality that dominated his time, so that even then he was known all over the face of the globe. Simple, unassuming, democratic, he was welcomed by kings, he was loved by plain people.

If foreign nations love him, we in this country give him first place in our hearts. The home without Mark Twain is not an American home.

The Centennial Half Price Sale Must Close

Mark Twain wanted these books in the hands of all the people. He wanted us to make good-looking, substantial books, that every man could afford to own. So we made this set, and there has been a tremendous sale on it.

But Mark Twain could not foresee that the price of paper, the price of ink, the price of cloth, would all go up. It is impossible to continue the long sale. It should have closed before this.

Because this is the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of Harper & Brothers, we have decided to continue this half price sale while the present supply lasts.

Get your set now while the price is low. Send the coupon to-day before the present edition is all gone.

Harper & Brothers, New York — 1817-1917

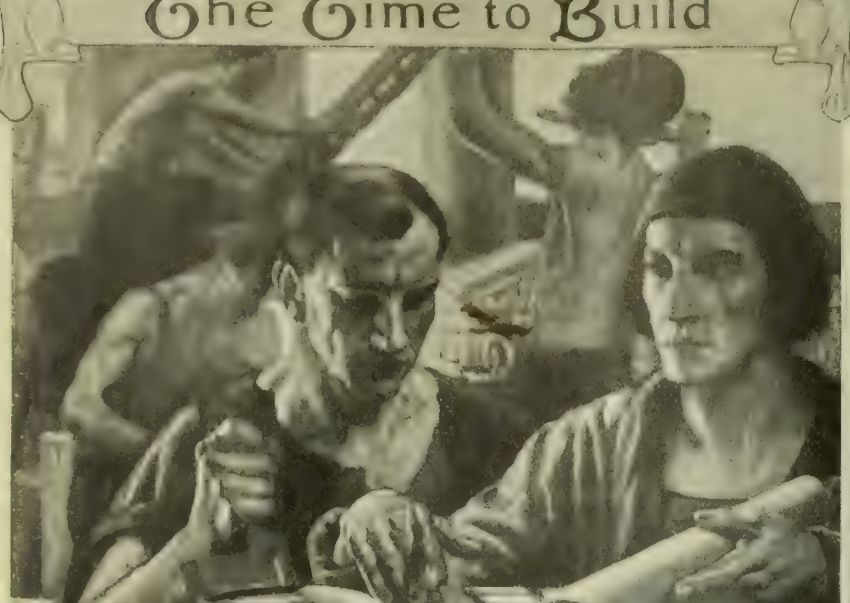
Send me, all charges prepaid, a set of Mark Twain's works in 25 volumes, illustrated, bound in handsome green cloth, stamped in gold, gold tops and untrimmed edges. If not satisfactory, I will return them at your expense. Otherwise I will send you $1.00 within 5 days and $2.00 a month for 12 months, thus getting the benefit of your half price sale. Hearst's 7-17

Name .....

Address .....

For our beautiful red half leather edition change the above terms to $2.50 on receipt of books and $3 a month for 20 months.

The Time to Build



CONFIDENCE

An advertisement to advertisers

The safety of the nation demands that business must go on.

Advertise now. It will pay you better ***now*** than at any other time in your history.

We have proven it to our own satisfaction by advertising Hearst's Magazine more widely in the last three months than at any previous time.

Those concerns which increased their advertising most during the financial depressions of 1897 and 1907 experienced the greatest increase in business in the years immediately following. For example, Victor and Chalmers.

Don't weaken your punch when you need it most. You always step on the accelerator when you hit the grade.

Keep up the confidence of your sales-organization by letting them see ***your confidence*** expressed in public print.

Back up your dealer, by giving your products the usual consumer demand created by advertising. Remember your product isn't really sold until he sells it. The retailer's life depends upon turnovers. If your goods fail to do that for him when he needs it most he will drop them when you need ***him*** most.

Keep the ultimate consumer in the habit of buying your product. It is much easier and cheaper than to start him buying again at some future time.

Now is the opportunity to establish your business on such a firm foundation that it will withstand all future competition.

Have confidence—advertise—advertise ***now.***

The safety of the nation demands that business must go on.

(Concluded from page 78)

and tie, which Beatrice had disarranged. "I served you a beastly trick and you went for me. I should have done the same if I'd been in your place. On the other hand, I rather turned the tables on you by keeping quiet. Perhaps it's up to me to explain."

Elizabeth, feeling her way by the mantelpiece, came to Philip's side. His arm supported her, holding her as though in a vise.

"Is that your cousin?" she whispered hoarsely. "Is that Douglas Romilly? Is he alive, after all?"

Philip had no words, but his face spoke for him. Then they both turned to listen. The newcomer had dragged a chair toward him and was leaning over the back of it. He addressed Philip:

"We met, as you know, on the canal path that beastly afternoon," he began. "I was jolly well ashamed of myself for having made love to Beatrice, and all the rest of it, and you were mad with rage. We had a sort of tussle and you threw me into the canal. It was a nasty, dark spot just underneath the bridge. I expect I was stunned for a moment, but it was only for a moment. I came to long before I choked, and when I remembered your grip upon my throat I decided I was safer where I was. I could swim like a duck, you know, and though it was filthy water I took a long dive. When I came up again—gad! what disgusting water it was!—you were tearing off like a creature possessed. That's the true history of our little fracas."

"But afterward?" Philip asked wonderingly. "What happened afterward?"

"You just tell them all about it," Beatrice ordered him sternly. "Go on, Douglas."

"Well, you see," Douglas Romilly continued, "I was just going to scramble out on to the bank when my brain began to work, and I swam slowly along instead. You see, just then I was in a devil of a mess. I'd spent a lot of money, and though I'd kept the credit of the firm good, I knew that the business was busted, and the one thing I was anxious about was to get off to America without being stopped. I've explained this all to Beatrice, and why I didn't send for her before. Anyway, I swam along until I met with an old barge. I climbed on board and got two of the choicest blackguards you ever saw to let me spend an hour or two in their filthy cabin and to keep their mouths closed about it. Fortunately, I had another pocketbook, with sufficient to satisfy them and keep me going. Then I borrowed some clothes and came out to America, steerage. I had no difficulty in getting my money, as I had a couple of pals in Lynn with whom I had fixed things before I started. They came and identified me and we all three started in business together as the Ford Boot and Shoe Manufacturing Company at Lynn, in Massachusetts. Incidentally, we've done all right. Heaps more, of course, but that's the pith of it. As for the body that was fished out of the canal, if you make inquiries you'll find there was a tramp missing a month or so before."

Elizabeth had begun to sob quietly. Philip, who was holding her tenderly in his arms, whispered unheard things in her ears. It was Beatrice who remained in charge of the situation.

"So now, Mr. Dane," she jeered, "what about your little errand? I hope this will be a lesson to you not to come meddling in other people's affairs."

Dane turned to the man who had brought this bombshell into their midst.

"Do you swear that you are Douglas Romilly?" he said.

"I not only swear it, but I can prove it, if you'll come along with me to Murray's," he answered. "My partner's there, waiting supper, and another man who has known me all his life." The detective glanced interrogatively toward Philip.

"That is my cousin, Douglas Romilly," the latter pronounced.

Dane took up his hat. "Mr. Merton Ware," he said, "or Mr. Philip Romilly, whichever you may in future elect to call yourself, you may not believe it, but the end of this affair is an immense relief to me. I offer you my heartiest congratulations. You need fear no more annoyance. Good-night!"

"I was in the box," Beatrice explained, "when Philip went round to see you, Elizabeth. I had been looking down into the orchestra, as you call it here, to find Martha, and all of a sudden I saw Douglas there. He, too, was staring at me. Of course, I thought it was some extraordinary likeness b while I was clutching at the curtain he sto up and waved his hand. You should ha seen me tear from the box! You know, ev since they showed me that signature at t bank, I have had a queer idea at the back my head. Luckily for him," she went o patting his arm, "he sent home for me fortnight ago, and sent a draft for m expenses out. You won't mind, will yo if I take him off now?" she concluded, turnin to Elizabeth. "They are waiting supper f us, but I wasn't going to let Philip——"

"Did you know that Dane was going to b here?" Elizabeth asked.

"Not an idea," Beatrice declared. simply dragged Douglas along here, as soo as we'd talked things out, because I kne that it would be the one thing wanting t complete Philip's happiness. We'll leave yo now. Douglas will bring me back, and w are going to be married in a few days."

SOON Beatrice and Douglas took thei departure. Elizabeth held out her arm almost as the door closed. The tear-stain were still on her cheeks. Her lips quivere a little, but her voice was clear and sweet.

"Philip," she cried, "it's all over—it' all finished with—the dread, the awful days I am not going to be hysterical any more and you—you are just going to remember tha we have everything we want in the world Sit down opposite to me, if you please, an fill my glass. I have only one emotion left I am hungry, desperately hungry. Move your chair nearer so that I can reach you hand. There! Now you and I will drink ou little toast."

It was an hour before they thought o leaving the table. A very perplexed waite brought them coffee and watched them ligh cigarets. Then the telephone-bell rang. They both stared at the instrument. Philip would have lifted the receiver but Elizabeth spoke:

"I have an idea," she said. "I believe it is from Sylvanus Power. Let me answer."

She held the receiver to her ear and listened.

"Yes?" she murmured. "Yes? At what time?" Her face grew more puzzled. She listened for a moment longer.

"But, Sylvanus," she expostulated, "what do you mean? . . . Sylvanus! . . . Mr. Power?" The telephone had become a dumb thing. She replaced the receiver. "I don't understand," she told Philip. "All that he said was, 'You will receive my present at five o'clock this morning!'"

"Does he think we are going to sit up for it?" Philip asked.

"He is the strangest man," she sighed.

AFTER all, some queer fancy awoke Philip at a little before five that morning and drew him to the window. From one of the city clocks the hour was slowly tolled. Philip counted the strokes—one, two, three, four, five. Then, almost as he was preparing to leave his post, there came a terrific roar. The window against which he leaned shook. Some of the buildings in the distance trembled. One, with its familiar white cupola, seemed for a moment to be lifted from the ground and then split through by some unseen hand. The roar of the explosion was followed by the crashing of falling masonry. Long fingers of fire suddenly leaped up into the quiet, cool air. Fragments of masonry, a portion, even, of that wonderful cupola, came crashing down into the street. He heard Elizabeth's voice behind him, felt her fingers upon his shoulder.

"What is it? Philip, what is it?"

He pointed with steady finger. The truth seemed to come to him by inspiration.

"It is Sylvanus Power's message to you," he replied. "The theater!"

"Philip," she whispered, "thank God! There it goes, all his great offering to me! It's like the man and his motto: 'A man may do what he will with his own.' Only last night I felt as though I would give anything in the world never to stand upon the stage of that theater again. He doesn't know it, Philip, but his is a precious gift."

He passed his arm around her and drew her from the window.

"'A man may do what he will with his own,'" he repeated. "Well, it isn't such a bad motto. Sylvanus Power may destroy a million-dollar theater for a whim, but so far as you and I are concerned——"

"We do both need a holiday," she murmured. "Somewhere in Europe, I think."

THE END.

Frankly V. C., "A new play by Bernard Shaw"

Hearst's



For August

20 Cents

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES

of IMPORTED *and*
DOMESTIC *tobaccos*
— Blended



Mild? Sure!
—yet they "Satisfy"

Here's a cigarette, Chesterfield, that is mild, *yes.* But they do something never before done by any other *mild* cigarette — they *let you know you are smoking* — they *"Satisfy"!* You'll understand what *"Satisfy"* means the minute you light up your first Chesterfield.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

20 FOR 10¢

HOOVER'S WORK IN BELGIUM

Told by the Men He Picked to Do the Job

BEGINS IN THE SEPTEMBER HEARST'S

HOOVER and his twenty picked men went down into Belgium in the track of the invading Germans to save a nation from starvation. What did he and his twenty men find there?

Trained writers could tell you, but they weren't with Hoover; and a trained writer is apt to be carried away by his imagination, to shade and heighten for effect, no matter how much he wishes to cling to the truth.

SO we asked Mr. Hoover to recommend, from among those who did the work, men to write the story. He did, and from them you are going to get the story of Belgium—Von Bissing's Belgium—just as if you sat opposite these men at table in your own home or your club, a tale ungarnished, straightforward, plain fact, man-to-man. This man is an architect, that an American business-man, that one a Rhodes Scholarship man. They went through certain experiences; they will tell you about them naturally, without any of the artist's itch to write himself into the story, without time or cause to exaggerate or lessen.

In carrying out their relief work—primarily the distribution of food—these men found that there were worse things in the world than starvation; that starvation was only one means of subduing a nation.

THEY found that in this supposedly enlightened age it was possible for a conqueror to put an entire nation in prison just as easily as it was for an ancient autocrat to place a single enemy in a dungeon. Mr. Hoover himself stands for the men who have written these articles, and when you have read them you will have a better idea of what Hoover stands for. You will feel just why, when Hoover speaks, it is time for food-speculator and American citizen alike to listen.

THESE articles will live in history long after the present generation has passed. They are the truth, and truth is something more terrible than rumor, because rumor is founded upon hysteria and can be denied. These articles cannot be denied. Under the quiet conviction of them plays a force that makes the heart beat faster; plays romance and tragedy; plays the spirit that brought America into being. They tell us why America stands pledged to-day on the field of battle. They ring true. There is another nation that under God shall live. This world must be made safe for democracy.

Next month HEARST'S MAGAZINE will print the first of the series—the story of a nation in prison.

Vol. XXXII — CONTENTS FOR AUGUST — No. 2

POWERFUL SERIAL NOVELS

WINSTON CHURCHILL	The Dwelling-Place of Light	JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG	106
GOUVERNEUR MORRIS	His Daughter	HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY	113
GEORGE RANDOLPH AND LILLIAN CHESTER	A Lady in Distress	CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD	121
JOHN GALSWORTHY	A Stoic	ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE	94

ILLUSTRATED SPECIALS FOR EVERYMAN

COUNT ILYS TOLSTOY	Tolstoy as Prophet of Russia's Freedom	PORTRAITS	120
CHARLES EDGAR CLARK, U.S.N.	The Navy Before the Monroe Doctrine	PHOTOGRAPHS	104
WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST	The Dangers of Reckless Taxation	EDITORIAL	86, 87

SHORT STORIES BY MASTER CRAFTSMEN

BERNARD SHAW	O'Flaherty V.C.	EVERETT SHINN	88
RUPERT HUGHES	Mrs. Jermyn in Heaven	W. T. BENDA	92
COSMO HAMILTON	Cinderella of the Big-'Un	LEJAREN A. HILLER	97
ROBERT W. CHAMBERS	The West Wind	HENRY HUTT	101
ARTHUR STRINGER	The Boob from the Burdock Patch	G. PATRICK NELSON	117
VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER	The Flaw	WALTER TITTLE	124

THE REGULAR DEPARTMENTS

STEPHEN LEACOCK	The Sorrows of a Summer Guest	F. STROTHMANN	126
SERMONETTE	Cheerfulness—B. C. Forbes	LEJAREN A. HILLER	85
H. G. WELLS	Book of the Month: "God the Invisible King"	DECORATION	128
B. C. FORBES	Mobilizing Men and Money	FINANCIAL	129

THEATER, VERSE AND ART-DUOTONE FEATURES

J. HARTLEY MANNERS	"Out There"	REPERTOIRE PICTURES	110
ANGELA MORGAN	When Nature Wants a Man	VINCENT ADERENTE	109
GARDNER TEALL	A Painter Who Knows How to Draw	CARROLL BECKWITH	99
COVER DESIGN	A Feminine Query—What *Is* It?	PENRHYN STANLAWS	

HEARST'S, 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y. George L. Willson, President; S. S. Carvalho, Treasurer; W. G. Langdon, Secretary.

Copyright, 1917, by International Magazine Company.

Published monthly by International Magazine Company. Trade Mark Registered. Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second-class mail matter. Single copy, 20 Cents. Yearly subscription, $1.50. Foreign Postage, $1.00 additional. Canadian Postage, 50 Cents.



"Do hurry and finish, so I can try it too!"

Have you tried "the most famous skin treatment ever formulated"?

If not, you, like this girl, should begin tonight to get the benefit of this famous skin treatment, which will bring to your skin the delicate color, the lovelier freshness and clearness you have always wanted

IS there some condition of your skin that is keeping it from being the attractive one you want it to be? Is it sallow, colorless, coarse-textured or excessively oily? Or, is it marred by blemishes or conspicuous nose pores?

Whatever it is that is keeping your skin from being beautiful—it *can* be corrected. There's no girl on earth who can't have a prettier skin by trying!

Every day as old skin dies, new skin forms in its place. This is your opportunity. By the proper external treatment you can make the new skin just what you would love to have it.

Begin this famous skin treatment tonight

Begin tonight to get the benefits of this skin specialist's soap for your skin.

Once a day, preferably just before retiring, dip a washcloth in warm water and hold it to your face until the skin is softened. Then lather your cloth well with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly.

Now, with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice. Be particular to rinse the skin thoroughly and dry it carefully.

The first time you use this treatment you will begin to realize the change it is going to make in your skin.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this famous skin treatment. Get a cake today.

For sale wherever toilet goods are sold

Write now for a week's-size cake

For 4c we will send you a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of this famous skin treatment together with a booklet giving all of the famous Woodbury skin treatments. For 10c we will send the treatment booklet, the week's-size cake and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Powder. Write today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 408 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 408 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.



Steps in the Ladder of Success—
Cheerfulness
By B. C. Forbes

SUCCESS is the summit we all seek to attain. We can step on no escalator or elevator and be whisked up without exertion.

The road is steep, steep as a ladder, and the exertion of brain and muscle is necessary to climb it step by step, painstakingly, pluckily, perseveringly.

Cheerfulness is one step on the ladder.

Gain it early.

Success in business, if not in life itself, is simply the art of pleasing.

The problem of capital is to keep labor content.

Corporations now refuse to elect crotchety executives or managers or superintendents or foremen, for a crotchety overseer makes crotchety, dissatisfied men.

Promotion to-day is for the cheerful, not the choleric.

To place a cantankerous individual in charge of a business is to pitch a crowbar into the machinery.

A happy boss oils the whole plant—laughter is a lubricant.

What mean pensions, profit-sharing, sick benefits, compensation for accidents, group insurance and the like? Are they not but means to the one great end, the making of men satisfied?

Dissatisfaction breeds carelessness, indifference and all manner of inefficiency.

Cheerfulness is the parent of competency.

The longest face is apt to be awarded the shortest envelope.

"I would give a million dollars to have Charlie Schwab's smile," J. Ogden Armour, head of the $500,000,000-a-year packing business, recently told me.

Schwab himself attributes no small part of his success in building up a business employing 60,000 men to his inexhaustible sunshine.

If a smile can be worth a million, why cultivate a frown, for which there is no market?

The Lackawanna Railroad dismissed a superintendent solely because he could not handle men harmoniously.

There is philosophy in the motto overhanging many a desk: "Smile, darn you, smile."

That is the modern version of Shakespeare's more ornate "The merry heart goes all the way, the sad one tires in a mile."

It is true, also, as declared by Theodore N. Vail, telephone king, that "The voice with the smile wins."

Smiling will carry you farther than swearing.

Everybody prefers to do business and to associate with a pleasant rather than a peppery person.

Were Commodore Vanderbilt alive to-day he would not act on the axiom "The Public be Damned," but on its twentieth-centu[illegible] "The Public be Pleased."

Frank A. Vanderlip, head of America's biggest bank, will engage no high-salaried man who has not demonstrated he has the knack of making many friends.

One malcontent in an organization is as a rotten apple in a basket of fresh fruit.

It has been scientifically proved that worry, discord and melancholy undermine health.

Good spirits make for good digestion.

Cheerfulness costs nothing, yet is beyond price.

It is an asset both of business and of body.

It helps you to get more—and it enables you to give more—more of that which is worth while.

The big men, the leaders of to-morrow, will be those who can blend cheerfulness with their brains.

The wise owner will not enter his horse if it be in a funky mood, for he knows the race is already lost.

Life's race can best be run with a light heart and a buoyant countenance.

It was the original J. P. Morgan who proclaimed that only an optimist could win in this country.

Optimism and cheerfulness are brothers.

The gaining of this rung of the ladder, Cheerfulness, makes easier the ascent of the other steps.





Drawn by Vincent Aderente

"A reckless, inefficient administrative policy of this kind would ruin any private business in the world, and if persisted in will ruin any government in the world."

The Dangers of Reckless Taxation and Extravagant Government

By William Randolph Hearst

THE ignorance and recklessness of our Government—State and National—in regard to taxation is something which will bring very serious and lasting injury upon our country and our people.

The governing bodies of the United States and of the various States do not seem to realize that taxation is a burden upon the people and upon the nation, an actual handicap to the progress and development of the country and to the prosperity of the people.

It is understood by everyone that a certain amount of taxation is necessary in ordinary times for the conduct of government, and that an extraordinary amount of taxation is necessary in extraordinary times to meet the requirements of special and unusual conditions such as now exist.

But what does not seem to be understood is that excessive taxation is, in proportion to its extent, a disadvantage to the individual and to the nation, to every branch of industry except those specially favored by government, and in the end a handicap upon all business and a blight and burden upon all prosperity.

The plain duty of all governments is to raise from the wealth of the people all taxation moneys that are necessary to meet the essential needs of government and the absolute requirements of exceptional conditions and occasions, but not to oppress the public and burden business with the exaction of one dollar more than is necessary for such vital purposes.

The phrase, "Handicap upon all business," is an accurate one because it is no more possible for business to develop quickly and strongly under burdens of taxation than it is possible for a horse to run quickly and strongly carrying heavy and unnecessary weights.

Moreover, we must remember that all business is in a sense a race, and that the industry and agriculture and commerce of our country must compete normally with the industry and agriculture and commerce of other countries, and that those which are the best handicapped, the least weighted with unnecessary burdens, will probably win the race.

These facts may be clearly understood if we look into business conditions in detail.

All taxation enters into the manufacturing cost of a product, just as much as the cost of labor or the cost of raw material does.

A Magazine With a Mission

The price of a product is determined by the cost of production plus a reasonable profit.

The cost of production means all that an individual or an institution has to pay in producing a given article. It includes rent, it includes labor, it includes "overhead," it includes cost of material, it includes deterioration and it includes taxation.

Every dollar of extra taxation, therefore, means a dollar of added cost in the production of an article and a dollar added to the price of the article. So much for the producer.

Now for the consumer. The purchasing power of the consumer is his ability to buy. The market of the manufacturer depends upon the purchasing power of the consumer. Every dollar that is taken away from the consumer by taxation diminishes the purchasing power of the consumer to that extent.

If the purchasing power of every consumer is diminished one-tenth, the purchasing power of the community is diminished one-tenth, and the market of the manufacturer is diminished one-tenth.

Taxation, therefore, adds to the cost of the product and at the same time diminishes the purchasing power of the consumer. Consequently the consumer must pay more for every article and at the same time have less money with which to pay; all of which tends materially to increase the cost of living, to reduce the standard of living, to limit the market and the profit of the producer of all kinds, from the manufacturer to the farmer.

These conditions prevail in the home market where all are subjected to the same kind of taxation, but additional disadvantageous conditions prevail when we come into contact and competition with foreign producers who are free from the handicap of burdensome taxation.

We must then go into the world's markets, and the world has no special consideration for our products. It will buy where it can buy best and cheapest.

If our manufacturers are compelled by high taxation to add greatly to the cost of their product, and manufacturers of certain other countries which have kept free from high taxation and the conditions which create it are not compelled to add greatly to the cost of their manufactured product, the producers of countries at rivalry with ours will undersell our home producers in the markets of the world, and we will be driven out of the markets of the world by exactly the margin of the excess taxation that we have to pay at home.

There is still another phase of the disadvantage of excessive taxation.

Mr. Kahn very clearly set forth the other day the fact that excessive taxation in any one country tends to drive capital out of that country into countries where conditions are more favorable.

This was stupidly regarded by some as an unpatriotic statement on the part of Mr. Kahn. It certainly was not so. No statement of truth which affects the welfare of the country and deserves the careful consideration of those interested in the welfare of the country is unpatriotic.

On the contrary, nothing is more patriotic than an honest endeavor to call the attention of the Government and of the people to acts which may injuriously affect the country; and no time is more propitious than before those acts are committed and the country unalterably embarked upon an injurious policy.

Mr. Kahn did not say that capitalists would be driven out of the country. He said that capital would be driven out of the country, and this is true, for capital, like water, naturally seeks its most favorable level and will inevitably flow into those countries where it finds the most favorable conditions and receives the most liberal returns.

If excessive taxation makes the cost of production high, markets limited, and business insecure in one country, capital will inevitably flow into other countries where taxation is less, the cost of production lower, profits higher, and business on a firmer foundation.

For every reason, therefore, for wealth and welfare at home, for successful competition abroad, it is desirable to keep taxation as low as it possibly can be kept and still meet the essential requirements of the nation.

For some years, however, there has been in this nation of ours no sustained attempt to maintain economical administration in municipal affairs, in State affairs or in national affairs.

The idea has prevailed that any amount of money can be recklessly spent and that all that is necessary for government to do is to dip freely into the pockets of the people to meet any extravagant expenditure.

A reckless, inefficient administrative policy of this kind would ruin any private business in the world, and if persisted in will ruin any government in the world.

More modifications in government have been brought about by burdensome taxation than by any other single cause in the history of the world; and there is no doubt that unless our governments—municipal, State and national—display more administrative, executive and economic ability, there will be during this century, and possibly in the next decade, very fundamental modifications in the various American forms of government.

This is a situation for our rulers and our people to contemplate with care and precaution. Socialistic developments in government are occurring all over the world. A certain amount of socialistic development is doubtless desirable, but an anarchistic development is extremely undesirable; and there is no telling to what lengths the high cost of living, a diminished purchasing power, a diminution of capital, a limitation of the wealth of the country and a consequent abatement of employment and of prosperity may drive a dissatisfied people.

During wartimes the full burden of excessive taxation and other oppressive conditions is not fully felt because the money that is being raised by taxation is being freely distributed by the Government in war orders from which some favored ones profit and comes into general circulation.

But after wartimes the burden of taxation remains, to pay the interest on the enormous debts incurred, while the inflation that made temporary apparent prosperity is past and gone.

That is when dissatisfaction will demonstrate itself, and it is well now to look ahead and to realize the difficulties and dangers which extravagance in government and recklessness in taxation engender.

Let our Government raise by taxation all the money it needs, but no more money than it needs.

Let it expend that money carefully and conscientiously and not scatter it foolishly and ineffectively broadcast over the world.

Let our Government be an effective, conscientious, economical adminstrator and executor, realizing that it has in trust the wealth and welfare of our people for the present and for the years to come.



O'Flaherty V.C.

An Interlude in the Great War of 1914

By Bernard Shaw

Illustrated by Everett Shinn

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The following amusing and illuminating play by Mr. George Bernard Shaw has never been produced and is published here for the first time.

AT the door of an Irish country house in a park. Fine summer weather; the summer of 1915. The porch, painted white, projects into the drive; but the door is at the side and the front has a window. The porch faces east; and the door is in the north side of it. On the south side is a tree in which a thrush is singing. Under the window is a garden seat with an iron chair at each end of it.

The last four measures of "God Save the King" are heard in the distance, followed by three cheers. Then the band strikes up "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" and recedes until it is out of hearing.

O'Flaherty V. C., desperately tired, comes wearily southward along the drive, and falls exhausted into the garden seat. The thrush utters a note of alarm and flies away. The tramp of a horse is heard.

A GENTLEMAN'S VOICE. Tim! Hi! Tim! (*He is heard dismounting.*)

A LABORER'S VOICE. Right, your honor. Yup there. Gwan now. Gwan. (*The horse is led away.*)

GENERAL SIR PEARCE MADIGAN, *an elderly baronet in khaki, beaming with enthusiasm, arrives. O'Flaherty rises and stands at attention.*

SIR PEARCE. No, no, O'Flaherty; none of that now. You're off duty. Remember that though I am a general of forty years' service, that little Cross of yours gives you a higher rank in the roll of glory than I can pretend to.

O'FLAHERTY (*relaxing*). I'm thankful to you, Sir Pearce; but I wouldn't have anyone think that the baronet of my native place would let a common soldier like me sit down in his presence without leave.

SIR PEARCE. Well, you're not a common soldier, O'Flaherty; you're a very uncommon one; and I'm proud to have you for my guest here to-day.

O'FLAHERTY. Sure I know, sir. You have to put up with a lot from the like of me for the sake of the recruiting. All the quality shakes hands with me and says they're proud to know me, just the way the King said when he pinned the Cross on me. And it's as true as I'm standing here, sir, the Queen said to me: "I hear you were born on the estate of General Madigan," she says, "and the General himself tells me you were always a fine young fellow." "Bedad, Mam," I says to her, "if the General knew all the rabbits I snared on him, and all the salmon I snatched on him, and all the cows I milked on him, he'd think me the finest ornament for the county jail he ever sent there for poaching."

SIR PEARCE (*laughing*). You're welcome to them all, my lad. Come (*he makes him sit down again on the garden seat*), sit down and enjoy your holiday (*he sits down on one of the iron chairs; the one at the doorless side of the porch*).

O'FLAHERTY. Holiday, is it? I'd give five shillings to be back in the trenches for the sake of a little rest and quiet. I never knew what hard work was till I took to recruiting. What with the standing on my legs all day, and the shaking hands, and the making speeches, and—what's worse—the listening to them, and the calling for cheers for King and country, and the saluting the flag till I'm stiff with it, and the [illegible] playing "God Save the King" and "Tipperary," and the trying to make my eyes look moist like a man in a picture-book, I'm that het that I hardly get a wink of sleep. I give you my word, Sir Pearce, that I never heard the tune of "Tipperary" in my life till I came back from Flanders; and already it's drove me to that pitch of tiredness of it that when a poor little innocent slip of a boy in the street the other night drew himself up and saluted and began whistling it at me, I clouted his head for him, God forgive me!

SIR PEARCE (*soothingly*). Yes, yes; I know, I know. One does get fed up with it; I've been dog-tired myself on parade many a time. But still, you know, there's a gratifying side to it, too. After all, he is our king; and it's our own country, isn't it?

O'FLAHERTY. Well, sir, to you that have an estate in it, it would feel like your country. But the devil a perch of it ever I owned. And as to the King, God help him, my mother would have taken the skin off my back if I'd ever let on to have any other king than Parnell.

SIR PEARCE (*rising, painfully shocked*). Your mother! What are you dreaming about, O'Flaherty? A most loyal woman. Always most loyal. Whenever there has been an illness in the Royal Family she has asked me every time we met about the health of the patient as anxiously as if it had been yourself, her only son.

O'FLAHERTY. Well, she's my mother; and I won't utter a word agen her. But I'm not saying a word of lie when I tell you that that old woman is the biggest kanatt from here to the cross of Monasterboice. Sure she's the wildest Fenian and rebel, and always has been, that ever taught a poor innocent lad like myself to pray night and morning to St. Patrick to clear the English out of Ireland the same as he cleared the snakes. You'll be surprised at my telling you that now, maybe, Sir Pearce?

SIR PEARCE (*unable to keep still, walking away from O'Flaherty*). Surprised! I'm more than surprised, O'Flaherty. I'm overwhelmed. (*Turning and facing him*) Are you—are you joking?

O'FLAHERTY. If you'd been brought up by my mother, sir, you'd know better than to joke about her. What I'm telling you is the truth; and I wouldn't tell it to you if I could see my way to get out of the fix I'll be in when my mother comes here this day to see her boy in his glory, and she after thinking all the time it was against the English I was fighting!

SIR PEARCE. Do you mean to say you told her such a monstrous falsehood as that you were fighting in the German army?

O'FLAHERTY. I never told her one word that wasn't the truth and nothing but the truth. I told her I was going to fight for the French and for the Russians; and sure, who ever heard



"What with standing on my legs all day, and shaking hands, and making speeches, and calling for cheers for King and country, and saluting the flag—why, I'm stiff with it!"



Sir Pearce: "O'Flaherty, this is appalling, shocking, incredible! After killing God knows how many Germans you say you don't know why you did it!" *O'Flaherty:* "Asking your pardon, sir, I kilt them because I was afeard that if I didn't they'd kill me!"

of the French or the Russians doing anything to the English but fighting them? That was how it was, sir. And sure the poor woman kissed me and went about the house singing in her old cracky voice that the French was on the say, and they'd be here without delay, and the Orange will decay, says the Shan Van Vocht.

SIR PEARCE (*sitting down again, exhausted by his feelings*). Well, I never could have believed this. Never. What do you suppose will happen when she finds out?

O'FLAHERTY. She mustn't find out. It's not that she'd half kill me, as big as I am and as brave as I am. It's that I'm fond of her, and can't bring myself to break the heart in her. You may think it queer that a man should be fond of his mother, sir, and she having beat him from the time he could feel to the time she was too slow to catch him; but I'm fond of her, and I'm not ashamed of it. Besides, didn't she win the Cross for me?

SIR PEARCE. How?

O'FLAHERTY. By bringing me up to be more afraid of running away than of fighting. I was timid by nature; and when the other boys hurted me, I'd want to run away and cry. But she whaled me for disgracing the blood of the O'Flahertys, until I'd have fought the divil himself sooner than face her after funking a fight. That was how I got to know that fighting was easier than it looked, and that the others was as much afeard of me as I was of them, and that if I only held out long enough they'd lose heart and give up. That's the way I came to be so courageous. I tell you, Sir Pearce, if the German army had been brought up by my mother, the Kaiser would be dining in the banqueting hall at Buckingham Palace this day, and King George polishing his jackboots for him in the scullery.

SIR PEARCE. But I don't like this, O'Flaherty. You can't go on deceiving your mother, you know. It's not right.

O'FLAHERTY. Can't go on deceiving her, can't I? It's little you know what a son's love can do, sir. Did you ever notice what a ready liar I am?

SIR PEARCE. Well, in recruiting a man gets carried away. I stretch it a bit occasionally myself. After all, it's for king and country. But if you won't mind my saying it, O'Flaherty, I think that story about your fighting the Kaiser and the twelve giants of the Prussian Guard singlehanded would be the better for a little toning down. I don't ask you to drop it, you know; for it's popular, undoubtedly; but still, the truth is the truth. Don't you think it would fetch in almost as many recruits if you reduced the number of guardsmen to six?

O'FLAHERTY. You're not used to telling lies like I am, sir. I got great practice at home with my mother. What with saving my skin when I was young and thoughtless, and sparing her feelings when I was old enough to understand them, I've hardly told my mother the truth twice a year since I was born; and would you have me turn round on her and tell it now, when she's looking to have some peace and quiet in her old age?

SIR PEARCE (*troubled in his conscience*). Well, it's not my affair, of course, O'Flaherty. But hadn't you better talk to Father Quinlan about it?

O'FLAHERTY. Talk to Father Quinlan, is it? Do you know what Father Quinlan says to me this very morning?

SIR PEARCE. Oh, you've seen him already, have you? What did he say?

O'FLAHERTY. He says: "You know, don't you," he says, "that it's your duty, as a Christian and a good son of the Holy Church, to love your enemies?" he says. "I know it's my duty to my King and country to kill them," I says. "That's right," he says, "quite right. But," says he, "you can kill them and do them a good turn afterwards to show your love for them," he says, "and it's your duty to have a mass said for the souls of the hundreds of Germans you say you killed," says he, "for many and many of them were Bavarians and good Catholics," he says. "Is it me that must pay for masses for the souls of the Boshes?" I says. "Let the King of England pay for them," I says, "for it was his quarrel and not mine."

SIR PEARCE (*warmly*). It is the quarrel of every honest man and true patriot, O'Flaherty. Your mother must see that as clearly as I do. After all, she is a reasonable, well-disposed woman, quite capable of understanding the right and the wrong of the war. Why can't you explain to her what the war is about?

O'FLAHERTY. Arra, sir, how the divil do I know what the war is about?

SIR PEARCE (*rising again and standing over him*). What, O'Flaherty! This is appalling! shocking! incredible! You sit there wearing the Victoria Cross for having killed God knows how many Germans, and you tell me you don't know why you did it!

O'Flaherty. Asking your pardon, Sir Pearce, I tell you no such thing. I know quite well why I kilt them. I kilt them because I was afeard that, if I didn't, they'd kill me.

Sir Pearce (*giving it up, and sitting down again*). Yes, yes, of course; but have you no knowledge of the causes of the war? of the interests at stake? of the importance—I may almost say—in fact, I will say—the sacred rights for which we are fighting? Don't you read the papers?

O'Flaherty. I do when I can get them. There's not many newsboys crying the evening paper in the trenches. They do say, Sir Pearce, that we shall never beat the Boshes until we make Horatio Bottomley Lord Leftnant of England. Do you think that's true, sir?

Sir Pearce. Rubbish, man! there's no Lord Lieutenant in England; the king is Lord Lieutenant. It's a simple question of patriotism. Does patriotism mean nothing to you?

O'Flaherty. It means different to me than what it would to you, sir. It means England and England's king to you. To me and the like of me it means talking about the English just the way the English papers talk about the Boshes. And what good has it ever done here in Ireland? It's kept me ignorant because it filled up my mother's mind, and she thought it ought to fill up mine too. It's kept Ireland poor because, instead of trying to better ourselves we thought we was the fine fellows of patriots when we were speaking evil of Englishmen that was as poor as ourselves and maybe as good as ourselves. The Boshes I kilt was more knowledgeable men than me; and what better am I now that I've kilt them? What better is anybody?

Sir Pearce (*huffed, turning a cold shoulder to him*). I am sorry the terrible experience of this war—the greatest war ever fought—has taught you no better, O'Flaherty.

O'Flaherty (*preserving his dignity*). I don't know about its being a great war, sir. It's a big war; but that's not the same thing. Father Quinlan's new church is a big church; you might take the little old chapel out of the middle of it and not miss it. But my mother says there was more true religion in the old chapel. And the war has taught me that maybe she was right.

(*Sir Pearce grunts sulkily.*)

O'Flaherty (*respectfully but doggedly*). And there's another thing it's taught me, too, sir, that concerns you and me, if I may make bold to tell it to you.

Sir Pearce. I hope it's nothing you ought to say to me, O'Flaherty.

O'Flaherty. It's this, sir: that I'm able to sit here now and talk to you without humbugging you and that's what not one of your tenants or your tenants' children ever did to you before in all your long life. It's a true respect I'm showing you at last, sir. Maybe you'd rather have me humbug you and tell you lies as I used, just as the boys here, God help them, would rather have me tell them how I fought the Kaiser, that all the world knows I never saw in my life, than tell them the truth. But I can't take advantage of you the way I used, not even if I seem to be wanting in respect to you and cocked up by winning the Cross.

Sir Pearce. Not at all, O'Flaherty, not at all.

O'Flaherty. Sure, what's the Cross to me barring the little pension it carries? Do you think I don't know that there's hundreds of men as brave as me that never had the luck to get anything for their bravery but a curse from the sergeant, and the blame for the faults of them that ought to have been their betters? I've learnt more than you'd think, sir; for how would a gentleman like you know what a poor ignorant conceited creature I was when I went from here into the wide world as a soldier? What use is all the lying, and pretending, and humbugging, and letting on, when the day comes to you that your comrade is killed in the trench beside you, and you don't as much as look round at him until you trip over his poor body, and then all you say is to ask why the divil the stretcher-bearers don't take it out of the way? Why should I read the papers to be humbugged and lied to by them that had the cunning to stay at home and send me to fight for them? Don't talk to me or to any soldier of the war being right. No war is right; and all the holy water that Father Quinlan ever blessed couldn't make one right. There, sir! Now you know what O'Flaherty V. C. thinks; and you're wiser than the others that only knows what he done.

Sir Pearce (*making the best of it, and turning good-humoredly to him again*). Well, what you did was brave and manly, anyhow.

O'Flaherty. God knows whether it was or not, better than you nor me, General. I hope He won't be too hard on me for it, anyhow.

Sir Pearce (*sympathetically*). Oh yes; we all have to think seriously sometimes, especially when we're a little run down. I'm afraid we've been overworking you a bit over these recruiting meetings. However, we can knock off for the rest of the day; and to-morrow's Sunday. I've had about as much as I can stand myself. (*He looks at his watch.*) It's teatime. I wonder what's keeping your mother.

O'Flaherty. It's nicely cocked up the old woman will be, having tea at the same table as you, sir, instead of in the kitchen. She'll be after dressing in the height of grandeur; and stop she will at every house on the way to show herself off and tell them where she's going, and fill the whole parish with spite and envy. But sure, she shouldn't keep you waiting, sir.

Sir Pearce. Oh, that's all right; she must be indulged on an occasion like this. I'm sorry my wife is in London; she'd have been glad to welcome your mother.

O'Flaherty. Sure, I know she would, sir. She was always a kind friend to the poor. Little her ladyship knew, God help her, the depth of divilment that was in us; we were like a play to her. You see, she was English; that was how it was. We was to her what the Pathans and Senegalese was to me when I first seen them: I couldn't think, somehow, that they were liars, and thieves, and backbiters, and drunkards, just like ourselves or any other Christians. Oh, her ladyship never knew all that was going on behind her back; how could she? When I was a weeshy child, she gave me the first penny I ever had in my hand; and I wanted to pray for her conversion that night the same as my mother made me pray for yours; and——

Sir Pearce (*scandalized*). Do you mean to say that your mother made you pray for my conversion?

O'Flaherty. Sure, and she wouldn't want to see a gentleman like you going to hell after she nursing your own son and bringing up my sister Annie on the bottle. That was how it was, sir. She'd rob you; and she'd lie to you; and she'd call down all the blessings of God on your head when she was selling you your own three geese that you thought had been ate by the fox the day after you finished fattening them, sir; and all the time you were like a bit of her own flesh and blood to her. Often has she said she'd live to see you a good Catholic yet, leading victorious armies against the English and wearing the collar of gold that Malachi won from the proud in-



O'Flaherty: "Good evening mother." *Mrs. O'Flaherty:* "You hold your whisht and learn behavior while I pay my duty to his honor!" *Sir Pearce:* "Well, you see we've brought you back your son safe and sound. I hope you're proud of him."

vader. Oh, she's the romantic woman is my mother, and no mistake.

SIR PEARCE (*in great perturbation*). I really can't believe this, O'Flaherty. I could have sworn your mother was as honest a woman as ever breathed.

O'FLAHERTY. And so she is, sir. She's as honest as the day.

SIR PEARCE. Do you call it honest to steal my geese?

O'FLAHERTY. She didn't steal them, sir. It was me that stole them.

SIR PEARCE. Oh, and why the devil did you steal them?

O'FLAHERTY. Sure, we needed them, sir. Often and often we had to sell our own geese to pay you the rent to satisfy your needs; and why shouldn't we sell your geese to satisfy ours?

SIR PEARCE. Well, damme!

O'FLAHERTY (*sweetly*). Sure, you had to get what you could out of us; and we had to get what we could out of you. God forgive us both!

SIR PEARCE. Really, O'Flaherty, the war seems to have upset you a little.

O'FLAHERTY. It's set me thinking, sir; and I'm not used to it. It's like the patriotism of the English. They never thought of being patriotic until the war broke out; and now the patriotism has took them so sudden and come so strange to them that they run about like frightened chickens, uttering all manner of nonsense. But please God they'll forget all about it when the war's over. They're getting tired of it already.

SIR PEARCE. No, no; it has uplifted us all in a wonderful way. The world will never be the same again, O'Flaherty. Not after a war like this.

O'FLAHERTY. So they all say, sir. I see no great differ myself. It's all the fright and the excitement; and when that quiets down they'll go back to their natural divilment and be the same as ever. It's like the vermin; it'll wash off after a while.

SIR PEARCE (*rising and planting himself firmly behind the garden seat*). Well, the long and short of it is, O'Flaherty, I must decline to be a party to any attempt to deceive your mother. I thoroughly disapprove of this feeling against the English, especially at a moment like the present. Even if your mother's political sympathies are really what you represent them to be, I should think that her gratitude to Gladstone ought to cure her of such disloyal prejudices.

O'FLAHERTY (*over his shoulder*). She says Gladstone was an Irishman, sir. What call would he have to meddle with Ireland as he did if he wasn't?

SIR PEARCE. What nonsense! Does she suppose Mr. Asquith is an Irishman?

O'FLAHERTY. She won't give him any credit for Home Rule, sir. She says Redmond made him do it. She says you told her so.

SIR PEARCE (*rather taken aback*). Well, I never meant her to take it up in that ridiculous way. (*He moves to the end of the garden seat on O'Flaherty's left*). I'll give her a good talking to when she comes. I'm not going to stand any of her nonsense.

O'FLAHERTY. It's not a bit of use, sir. She says all the English generals is Irish. She says all the English poets and great men was Irish. She says the English never knew how to read their own books until we taught them. She says we're the Lost Tribes of the House of Israel and the Chosen People of God. She says that the goddess Venus, that was born out of the foam of the sea, came up out of the water in Killarney Bay off Bray Head. She says that Moses built the Seven Churches, and that Lazarus was buried in Glasnevin.

SIR PEARCE. Bosh! How does she know he was? Did you ever ask her?

O'FLAHERTY. I did, sir, often.

SIR PEARCE. And what did she say?

O'FLAHERTY. She asked me how did I know he wasn't, and fetched me a clout on the side of my head.

SIR PEARCE. But have you never mentioned any famous Englishman to her, and asked her what she had to say about him?

O'FLAHERTY. The only one I could think of was Shakespeare, sir; and she says he was born in Cork.

SIR PEARCE (*exhausted*). Well, I give up (*he throws himself into the nearest chair*). The woman is—Oh, well! No matter.

O'FLAHERTY (*sympathetically*). Yes, sir; she's pigheaded and obstinate; there's no doubt about it. She's like the English; they think there's no one like themselves. It's the same with the Germans, though they're educated and ought to know better. You'll never have a quiet world till you knock the patriotism out of the human race.



Teresa: **"Sure I don't like to touch it, Denny. Did you take it off a dead man?"** *O'Flaherty:* **"No, I took it off a live one, and thankful he was to be alive and kept a prisoner in ease and comfort, and me left fighting in peril of my life!"**

SIR PEARCE. Still, we——

O'FLAHERTY. Whisht, sir, for God's sake; here she is.

The General jumps up. Mrs. O'Flaherty arrives, and comes between the two men. She is very clean, and carefully dressed, in the old-fashioned peasant costume; black silk sunbonnet with a tiara of trimmings, and black cloak.

O'FLAHERTY (*rising shyly*). Good-evening, mother.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY (*severely*). You hold your whisht, and learn behavior while I pay my duty to his honor. (*To Sir Pearce*) And how is your honor's good self? And how is her ladyship and all the young ladies? Oh, it's right glad we are to see your honor back again and looking the picture of health.

SIR PEARCE (*forcing a note of extreme geniality*). Thank you, Mrs. O'Flaherty. Well, you see we've brought you back your son safe and sound. I hope you're proud of him.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY. And indeed and I am, your honor. It's the brave boy he is; and why wouldn't he be, brought up on your honor's estate and with you before his eyes for a pattern of the finest soldier in Ireland. Come and kiss your old mother, Denny darlint. (*O'Flaherty does so sheepishly*). That's my own darling boy. And look at your fine new uniform stained already with the eggs you've been eating and the porter you've been drinking. (*She takes out her handkerchief, spits on it, and scrubs his lapel with it.*) Oh, it's the untidy, slovenly one you always were. There! It won't be seen on the khaki; it's not like the old red coat that would show up everything that dribbled down on it. (*To Sir Pearce*) And they tell me down at the lodge that her ladyship is staying in London, and that Miss Agnes is to be married to a fine young nobleman. Oh, it's your honor that is the lucky and happy father! It will be bad (*Continued on page 158*)



"As I was groping among the other misty ghosts and feeling terribly alone, suddenly I heard the patter of tiny cushioned feet, and Fifine was leaping at me!"

Mrs. Jermyn in

By Rupert

Illustrations by

(While I cannot guarantee the accuracy of this document, I must confess that it has at least as much verisimilitude as hundreds of similar communications recorded and vouched for by scientists like Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Crookes, Myers, Hyslop, and many others of the Psychological Researchers.

Some will explain it as a mere case of telepathy, which any child can understand; others will lightly account for it on the easy basis of automatic writing or of mind-reading; a third group of scientists will suspect that the ouija-board was the all-too-facile instrument of communication.

An ill-mannered and negligible clique will answer with the short and ugly word, and call me a liar or, worse yet, a story-teller. These last I disdain to dignify with attention.

To the great body of souls who are eager to exercise their powers of credulity I turn for support. They will sympathize with my claim that it is necessary either to accept this communication as genuine or to prove that no such person as Mrs. McKibbeny Jermyn existed, and that she did not write these words through the hand and pen of a lady of undeniable veracity, whose name I withhold from motives of delicacy. With this reservation I submit the document to all lovers of the occult.—R. H.)

MY DEAR CLARA:

Here I am in Heaven—and heartbroken! You may think being here is an insurance against that, but even the Lord Himself could not, it seems, devise a place where the human heart would find everything it wanted, or cease to want what it hasn't got just because it hasn't got it.

I don't dare to write my feelings about my loved ones yet—for I am new in Heaven and the hurt isn't nearly healed. My last agony—I wouldn't describe it to you if I could—and I just can't.

It was very wonderful, that last farewell; somehow death is like coming out of the ether after an operation. The last thing you knew was the fading away of everything as you "breathed in deeply"—then the awakening—to such a difference!

I could linger hardly a moment. Something dragged me away, and my backward glance showed me my dear children weeping around my bed and saying pretty things—not knowing I had gone. And my husband was there, his white head bent over my white, white hand, just as he had been when he had begged me to forgive him the things he had done and hadn't done, and the way he had neglected me for his business—and we whispered about some other things that other people never knew, not even the children—and I drew him to me and our lips met as in the first great kiss after our wedding so long ago.

The tears had flowed down our faces then, too, but the salty kisses were strangely sweet both times, at the bridal bed and at the death bed—those are the kisses that crown all.

Then the shadows blotted out everything and everybody, and the next I knew my soul was far from the earth. It is hard to describe it to you, because we can only tell things in the terms of something else and there is nothing to liken this to, only I felt it was a long journey and I was groping through a dark corridor that seemed to lead to no door.

I kept worrying, too, over so many things I had forgotten. There are so many things to remember when you are leaving home for so long a journey. One thing I had forgotten was to leave word that they should take good care of my darling little dog, Fifine. She was so fond of you, you know, and you were one of the few people she would make friends with. She was like a child to me, after my children grew up, and the youngest boy went to military school, and the youngest daughter married and moved to Passaic.

Do you remember how mad we used to get when we read the contemptible remarks of people against the love some women bestow on dogs? These scurrilous things were never written or thought by anyone who ever kept a dog and watched it snuggle into his heart. Once you know a dog, you can no more refuse it a warm corner in your soul than you can turn it out of doors on a snowy night, can you?

Well, in my last illness, poor Fifine was so faithful, oh, so faithful. She lay on my bed and whined and worried, and licked my hand, and whenever I groaned with pain she seemed to suffer too. When I grew so ill that the doctor put her out of the room, they always told me she was happy; but at times I could hear her scratch my door and whimper. Then I could hear her growling and snapping and struggling as someone came to take her away. And I was too weak to get up and go to her rescue.

They locked her upstairs, but sometimes late in the night, when everything was ghostly still, I could hear that pitiful whine or her long, high wail. She was still awake, thinking of me! One of the maids told me she refused to take food and was terribly lean.

Then came the final parting and I could think only of the husband and the dear children I was leaving behind. I forgot Fifine, who never forgot me.

Some days after I got to Heaven, I met a woman who died later than I did, and she told me there had been a piece in the papers telling how Fifine had pined away after my body was buried.

But that I didn't know till afterward. Only, as I was groping in the loneliness among the other misty ghosts, and wondering, wondering, and feeling terribly afraid and terribly alone, suddenly I heard a patter of tiny cushioned feet, and a shrill, small yelp that made me stop and pause. You can't turn back on that road.

Then came a little flying figure, and Fifine was leaping round my feet, nibbling at my toes and my skirt—I mean my robes—and jumping up into my arms and pretending to be terribly ferocious. The other dead souls crowded round and petted her, but she wanted only me and cuddled in my arms—she always was slow to make friends.

Oh, but I was glad to have her with me. It seemed so much less lonely. I carried her in my arms most of the way, for it is a long journey for dogs. At times, though, she would leap to the ground and scurry back and forth with a mock-serious manner that made us all laugh and shortened the way for everybody.

Well, at last I got to Heaven. Mr. St. Peter was very nice and bowed me in as if he quite expected me. I turned round to call Fifine, and—oh, my dear, he wouldn't let her in!

I begged, I implored, I wept, I demanded. But he shook his head. Then I wanted to go back—but there's no getting out of Heaven. If people could, what a stream of dead women would be hurrying back to their lovers' arms, or the bedsides of their children when they cry in the night. There wouldn't be many orphans then, would there?

Well, I stood just inside the Gate of Pearl, and watched Fifine wagging her stump of a tail and grinning and panting at me, so sure that I wouldn't shut her out. St. Peter said he was sorry, but he closed the gate, and I was led away. How many heartaches I carried into Heaven! But I couldn't carry the dog.

One day, while I was out walking, I went up on the jasper walls, and looked out. There I saw such an enormous congregation of dogs, and lambs, and birds, and horses, and other pets that people have had on earth! Oh, such a sea of them! And their voices have the loneliness of the sea.

They have part souls; otherwise how could they respond to us and love us as they do? Having

Heaven

Hughes

W.T. Benda

souls they cannot entirely die, of course, but they are only animals and there is no Heaven or Hell for them.

From the wall I looked and looked for Fifine. But there were so many pets. I came again and again, and one day I found her, and she found me. Oh, how she leaped and leaped and leaped, trying to climb the wall, falling back and leaping again, again, again, till she was worn out and sank down panting, her little rose of a tongue hanging out, and her little tail wagging bravely, as much as to say: "Why don't you come and get me? I'm tired of this game." There was nothing to throw to her, for there are no foods in heaven—not even candy or sweetmeats (don't tell the children this).

Every day I come to the same place and Fifine waits for me there, and I call her by name, and she barks and whines and stands on her hind legs and "speaks" as I taught her; then she crouches and leaps against the jasper walls—but always falls back. She cannot seem to understand. But she never hates me, she always loves and hopes and tries. Oh, if there were such a thing as tears here—this letter would be soaked in my tears. But "there is no weeping there"—you remember the line. So we can only ache. You know how much less it hurts to cry than to want to and be unable. Well, that's the way it is here. What wouldn't I give for a good cry!

Oh, my poor little Fifine, helpless little baby soul that only learned to love and then stopped growing. It seems to me that I could have arranged it differently if I were—but that is blasphemous. And it was criticising Heaven that got all those angels into trouble the time they were exiled and founded the colony called Hell. And they were some of the leading people here too. I've talked to old families who remembered them. Satan was considered the handsomest angel of his time.

But that's ancient history even up here. All I can say, dear, is, don't love a pet animal on earth, or if you do love one, get rid of it and try to forget it, for if you die loving it you will never get over the ache of it, even in Heaven—even in Heaven.

AND that is not my only torment in Paradise. My latest trouble is one which you may set down to vanity if you will, and I won't deny it, for it is no compliment to a woman to say that she is superior to personal appearances and feels herself above the necessity of looking well.

Heaven knows I have never begrudged the money I spent on masseuses and dressmakers, and if women had their way they would select by acclamation any candidate for Heaven who could devise a corset that both did its work and was not too uncomfortable.

It would ill become me to be uppish with you who knew me for so long a time on earth, and who used to spend so many hours discussing with me the various systems of reducing superfluous flesh. My own husband, bless his dear heart, always approved my defensive campaign against old age, and while he sometimes complained of the expense his children's schooling was to him, he never opposed me in any money I ever spent to make myself look better in his eyes.

Well, knowing me as you do, you can well imagine that one of the first places I inquired for was the Fountain of Youth or Beauty Parlor, or Institution for the Rejuvenation of Faded Females, or whatever you would call it down there. The place was pointed out to me, a very charming bit of landscape gardening with a beautiful sort of swimming-pool of gold and marble and other precious things. There was (*Concluded on page 136*)



"I dipped in my right foot and instantly my poor old foot was changed to the most exquisite rosy-heeled thing you ever saw! It was so miraculous that I was afraid to think how indecently attractive I should be when I was that way all over!"

A Stoic

By John Galsworthy

Illustrated by André Castaigne

SYNOPSIS:—Sylvanus Heythorp, eighty years old, yet still going strong, comes to a crisis in his affairs after weathering many commercial storms. Owing to an unfortunate speculation he was practically ruined years before the story begins and is actually bankrupt. But he hangs on, subsisting on his fees as Chairman of several shipping companies, his motto being *L'audace, toujours l'audace.* As the "inevitable consequences" of an early indiscretion, Heythorp has dependent upon his bounty a daughter-in-law and two grandchildren, Phyllis and Jock. To provide a competency for these two leads the old veteran to execute a masterly business *coup*, which brings him perilously close to the law.

THE room in the hotel where the General Meetings of "The Island Navigation Company" were held was nearly full when the Secretary came through the door that as yet divided the Shareholders from their Directors. Having surveyed those empty chairs, the ink and papers, and nodded to a shareholder or two, he stood, watch in hand, contemplating the congregation. A thicker attendance than he had ever seen! Due, no doubt, to the lower dividend and this Pillin business. And his tongue curled into his cheek. For if he had a natural contempt for his Board, with the exception of the Chairman, he had a still more natural contempt for his Shareholders. Amusing spectacle, when you came to think of it, a General Meeting! Unique! Eighty or a hundred men and five women, assembled through sheer devotion to their money. Was any other function in the world so single-hearted? Church was nothing to it—for so many motives mingled with devotion to one's soul. A well-educated young man—reader of Anatole France and other writers—he enjoyed ironic speculation. Half-past two! He put his watch back in his pocket and passed into the Board-room.

There, the fumes of lunch and the Februa-ry atmos-phere. By the fire four Di-rectors were conversing rather restlessly; the fifth was combing his beard; the Chairman sat with eyes closed and his red lips moving rhythmically in the sucking of a lozenge, the slips of his speech ready in his hand. The Secretary said in his cheerful voice: "Time, sir."



Old Heythorp swallowed, lifted his arm, rose with help, and walked through to his place at the center of the table. The five Directors followed. And, standing at the Chairman's right, the Secretary read the minutes, forming the words precisely with his curling tongue. Then, assisting the Chairman to his feet, he watched those rows of faces, and thought: 'Mistake to let them see he can't get up without help. He ought to have let me read his speech—I wrote it.'

The Chairman began to speak: "It is my duty and my pleasure, ladies and gentlemen, for the nineteenth consecutive year, to present to you the Directors' Report and the accounts for the past twelve months. You will all have had special notice of a meeting of ordinary measure of policy on which your Board has decided, and to which you will be asked to-day to give your adherence. To that I shall come at the end of my remarks."

"Excuse me, sir; we can't hear a word down here."

'Ah!' thought the Secretary, 'I was expecting that.'

The Chairman went on, undisturbed. But several shareholders now rose, and the same speaker said testily: "We might as well go home. If the Chairman's got no voice, can't somebody read for him?"

The Chairman took a sip of water and resumed. But almost all in the last six rows were now on their feet, and amid a hubbub of murmurs the Chairman held out to the Secretary the slips of his speech, and fell heavily back into his chair.

The Secretary re-read from the beginning; and as each sentence fell from his tongue he thought: 'How good that is! That's very clear! A neat touch! This is getting them.' It seemed to him a pity they could not know it was all his composition. When at last he came to the Pillin sale he paused.

"I come now to the measure of policy to which I made allusion at the beginning of my speech. Your Board has decided to expand your enterprise by purchasing the entire fleet of Pillin & Co., Ltd. By this transaction we become the owners of the four steamships *Smyrna*, *Damascus*, *Tyre*, and *Sidon*, four vessels in prime condition, with a total freight-carrying capacity of fifteen thousand tons, at the low inclusive price of £60,000. Gentlemen, *de l'audace, toujours de l'audace!*"—it was the Chairman's own phrase, that, his bit of the speech, and the Secretary did it more than justice—"times are bad, but your Board is emphatically of the opinion that they are touching bottom; and this, in their view, is the psychological moment for a forward stroke. They confidently recommend your adoption of their policy and the ratification of this purchase, which they believe will, in the not-far-distant future, substantially increase the profits of the Company." The Secretary sat down with reluctance. The speech should have continued with a number of appealing sentences which he had carefully pre-



"Oh, but Guardy is so kind!" said Mrs. Larne. "Look what he's given this naughty gairl," lifting the filmy stuff. "Charming, charming!" beamed Mr. Ventnor.

pared, but the Chairman had cut them out with the simple comment: "They ought to be glad of the chance."

The Director who had combed his beard now rose—a man of presence, who might be trusted to say nothing long and well.

While he was speaking, the Secretary was busy noting whence opposition was likely to come. The majority were sitting owl-like—a good sign; but some dozen were studying their copies of the Report, and three at least were making notes—Westgate, for instance, who wanted to get on the Board, and was sure to make himself unpleasant—the time-honored method of vinegar; and Batterson, who also desired to come on, and might be trusted to support the Board—the time-honored method of oil; while, if one knew anything of human nature, that fellow who had complained that he might as well go home would have something uncomfortable to say. The Director finished his remarks, combed his beard with his fingers, and sat down.

A momentary pause ensued. Then Messieurs Westgate and Batterson rose together. Seeing the Chairman nod toward the latter, the Secretary thought: 'Mistake! He should have humored Westgate by giving him precedence. But that's the worst of the old man—he's no notion of the *suaviter in modo!*' Mr. Batterson, thus unchained, "would like, if he might be so allowed, to congratulate the Board on having piloted their ship so smoothly through the troublous waters of the past year. With their worthy Chairman still at the helm he had no doubt that in spite of the still low—he would not say falling—barometer, and the—er—unseasonable climacteric, they might rely on weathering the—er—he would not say storm. He would confess that the present dividend of four per cent. was not one which satisfied every aspiration (Hear, hear!), but speaking for himself, and he hoped for others—and here Mr. Batterson looked round—he recognized that in the circumstances it was all they had the right—er—to expect. By following the bold but, to *his* mind, prudent development, which the Board proposed to make, he thought that they might reasonably, if not sanguinely, anticipate a more golden future. ("No, no!") A shareholder said: 'No, no!' That might seem to indicate a certain lack of confidence in the special proposal before the meeting. ("Yes.") With that lack of confidence he would like at once to dissociate himself. Their Chairman, a man of foresight, acumen and proved valor—though he said so to his face—would not have committed himself to this policy without good reason. In his opinion they were in safe hands, and he was glad to register his support of the measure proposed. The Chairman had well said in his speech: *De l'audace, toujours de l'audace!* Shareholders would agree with him that there could be no better motto for Englishmen. Ahem!"



Old Heythorp struggled to his feet. "I tell you the purchase is a sound one. Refuse to ratify it and I resign!"

Mr. Batterson sat down. And Mr. Westgate rose: He wanted—he said—to know more, much more, about this proposition, which to his mind was of a very dubious wisdom . . . 'Ah!' thought the Secretary, 'I told the old boy he must tell them more' . . . To whom, for instance, had the proposal first been made? To him! the Chairman said: Good! But why were Pillins selling—if freights were to go up, as they were told?

"Matter of opinion."

Quite so; and in his opinion they were going lower, and Pillins were right to sell. It followed that they were wrong to buy. ("Hear, hear!") Pillins were shrewd people. What did the Chairman say? Nerves! Did he mean to tell them that this sale was the result of nerves?

The Chairman nodded.

That appeared to him a somewhat fantastic theory; but he would leave that and confine himself to asking the grounds on which the Chairman based his confidence; in fact, what it was that was actuating the Board in pressing on them at such a time what he had no hesitation in stigmatizing as a rash proposal. In a word, he wanted light as well as leading in this matter.

Mr. Westgate sat down.

What would the Chairman do now? The situation was distinctly awkward—seeing his helplessness and the lukewarmness of the Board behind



When Old Heathorp entered, the room resounded with a clatter-bedander of sound. Phebe was playing the machine, both emitting piercing notes from an ocarina, while Bob Pilbo on the sofa was muttering "Yes, yes, quite so, quite," to Mrs. Larne's trading volubility.

him. And the Secretary felt more strongly than ever the absurdity of his being an underling, he who in a few well-chosen words could so easily have twisted the meeting round his thumb. Suddenly he heard the long rumbling sigh that preluded the Chairman's speeches.

"Has any other gentleman anything to say before I move the adoption of the Report?"

Whew! That would put their backs up. Yes, sure enough it had brought to his feet that fellow who had said he might as well go home! Now for something nasty!

"Mr. Westgate requires answering. I don't like this business. I don't impute anything to anybody; but it looks to me as if there were something behind it which the shareholders ought to be told. Not only that; but, to speak frankly, I'm not satisfied to be ridden over roughshod in this fashion by one who, whatever he may have been in the past, is obviously not now in the prime of his faculties."

With a gasp the Secretary thought: 'I knew that was a plain-spoken man!'

He heard again the rumbling beside him. The Chairman had gone crimson, his mouth was pursed, his little eyes were very blue.

"Help me up," he said. The Secretary helped him, and waited rather breathless.

The Chairman took a sip of water; and his voice, unexpectedly loud, broke an ominous hush.

"Never been so insulted in my life. My best services have been at your disposal for nineteen years; you know what measure of success this company has attained. I am the oldest man here; and my experience of shipping is, I hope, a little greater than that of the two gentlemen who spoke last. I have done my best for you, ladies and gentlemen, and we shall see whether you are going to endorse an indictment of my judgment and of my honor if I am to take the last speaker seriously. This purchase is for your good. 'There is a tide in the affairs of men'—and I for one am not content, never have been, to stagnate. If that is what you want, however, by all means give your support to these gentlemen and have done with it. I tell you freights will go up this year; the purchase is a sound one, and more than a sound one; at any rate, I stand or fall by it. Refuse to ratify it, if you like; if you do, I shall resign!"

He sank back into his seat. The Secretary, stealing a glance, thought with a sort of enthusiasm: 'Bravo! Who'd have thought he could rally his voice like that! A good touch, too, that about his honor! I believe he's knocked them. It's still dicky, though, if that fellow at the back gets up again; the old chap can't work that stop a second time. Ah! here's old Appleby on his hind legs. That's all right!'

"I do not hesitate to say that I am an old friend of the Chairman; we are many of us old friends of the Chairman, and it has been painful to me, and I doubt not to others, to hear an attack made on him. If he is old in body he is young in mental vigor and courage. I wish we were all as young. We ought to stand by him; I say, we ought to stand by him." ("Hear, hear! Hear, hear!") And the Secretary thought: 'That's done it!' He felt a sudden odd emotion, watching the Chairman bowing his body, like a wooden toy, at old Appleby; and old Appleby bowing back. Then, seeing a shareholder close to the door get up, he thought: 'Who's that? I know his face—ah! yes; Ventnor, the solicitor—he's one of the Chairman's creditors that are coming again this afternoon. What now?'

"I can't agree that we ought to let sentiment interfere with our judgment in this matter. The question is simply: (*Continued on page 144*)

Cinderella of the Big 'Un

by

Cosmo Hamilton

Photographic Illustrations by Lejaren A. Hiller

FOR the tenth time that morning the sun-baked man in the mere catboat leveled a pair of binoculars at the opulent steam-yacht that lay in the wide, sunbathed bay, a salmon among the minnows.

To the casual observer it would have seemed perfectly natural for this gray-shirted, khaki-trousered, deep-chested young seaman to be fascinated by the graceful, efficient seven-hundred-and-forty tonner, a vessel well calculated to make the mouths of all good men water who had been born with that mysterious sea feeling which once made Vikings and pioneers, and to-day fills dreadnoughts and cruisers and destroyers and submarines with the blue-eyed sons of Neptune.

"The Big-'Un," as he called her, with complete respect, had won his admiration from the moment that she had anchored opposite the yacht club and he had several times sailed round her to examine her points and finish, in the breathless, envious manner of a mongrel terrier round a majestic St. Bernard. For several days, however, it was not the yacht that he had developed the incurable habit of examining through his glasses, but the slight, sweet figure of a golden-haired girl whose daily loneliness had stirred his sympathy and made her the little heroine of his thoughts.

He had seen her first standing aft, with her hands behind her back, watching the seagulls that played like air-children above the water. It seemed to him that she had been crying, and he resented the fact. She was so palpably a girl who should never be made to cry. Afterward, more and more interested and surprised and curious, he had watched her leaning disconsolately on the rail looking after the electric launch which put off every morning for the landing-stage of the yacht club and returned later with a little old man, a large lady and two exceedingly smart girls. He had seen her reading and pacing the deck, in brief conversation with the old man, who seemed to be worried and anxious. He was not much of a story-reader, but there was one, the favorite in his nursery, which had remained in his memory, and although this girl didn't work in a kitchen in a torn frock with a large tomcat for companion he called her Cinderella, made up his mind that the large lady was the stepmother; the little old man her second husband and the two smart young women the ugly sisters. They were, as a matter of fact, very pretty and always dressed to kill.

He, like the Cinderella of the "Big-'Un," had seen the launch take her usual passengers ashore, had sat for several minutes trying to make out what really was the story of that lonely girl, decided that probably there was no story at all, and that, if the truth were known, she was the apple of her father's eye and her mother's darling and was perhaps recovering from an illness, and had just started to make ready to sail to the Point to do a good day's work on his seascape, when the launch came up alongside.

"Are you for hire?"

He looked up quickly, hardly believing that the question was intended for him. The little



"Cinderella, I love you!" whispered Jack. "And I love you," smiled Angela. "Then throw me one of your shoes! Never mind why—just throw it!"

Pictures posed by Doris Kenyon and Sheldon Lewis, Pathé Film Stars, appearing in the serial film "The Hidden Hand."

old man, who was really only a rather small gray man in the middle fifties, with kind eyes and sympathetic mouth, had caught hold of his boat. He was just going to return a laughing "No," when a sudden thought struck him that he and his boat might be able to do something for Cinderella.

"Why, yes," he said. "Sure."

"Is your boat in good condition?"

"Newly built," he said, covering up his half-finished painting with a cushion.

"Are you a good sailor?"

He had to let a certain amount of smile go. He had lived many months of every year on a yacht only a very little smaller than his questioner's. "As good as most."

"I see. Well, what's your charge for taking out a young lady every morning, weather permitting, for a couple of hours?"

He hauled in the word "nothing" just as it was about to escape him. By Jove, what a chance to take a place in his imaginary version of his favorite fairy story. What a chance to find out what really was the secret of his little Cinderella's tears and loneliness! "I leave it to you, sir," he said.

The owner of the S. S. *Albatross* looked about him nervously and even guiltily. The man at the helm was gazing keenly at an object a hundred miles away, but one big ear was strained to catch every word that passed. "Very good. Follow me to the yacht and the sailings shall commence this morning."

The young artist rubbed his eyes. Had he really heard all this or dreamed it? Was it a fact that he had become the owner of a boat for hire, or was this incident another part of the story that he had weaved round the girl and the "Big-'Un"? No. There was the departing launch cutting swiftly through the smooth glistening water and there was the kindly profile of the little old man and there, silhouetted against the almost unbelievably blue sky, the self-assured yacht and Cinderella waiting eagerly—he was sure it was eagerly—near the companion.

He sprang up, shoved his canvas in the bunk of his cabin house, put away his shaving-tackle and pajamas, the remains of a loaf and a jar of marmalade, threw the shells of several hard-boiled eggs and the two empty halves of a yellow grapefruit overboard, gave his strip of carpet a violent shaking, wrung out a mop here and there with quick, expert hands, combed his hair, shoved on a sunburned panama, stuck his naked feet into a pair of newly-whitened tennis shoes, jumped back into the cockpit, hauled up the mainsail, cast off the hawser from the mooring, got under way and made a bee-line leg for the "Big-'Un."

Who would have dared to say that he was going, by accident, without any effort of his own, to have the delight of bringing a smile into the wistful eyes of the little girl whose loneliness had stirred his imagination and whose beauty had put him clean off his work? Let no grinning sceptic ever say again that the proper welcome to a new moon doesn't bring luck. The impossible comes to pass far more often than dramatic critics and the dry-brained people of Missouri can ever be made to believe. To bring a smile into young eyes—that would be a good deed in a hard world!

Cinderella jumped into the catboat the very moment it ran alongside. It seemed to the hired man that she almost flew into it like a bird let out of a cage. The little old man, the captain and the mate watched from the yacht, and the eyes of several sailors were on her as she sat down in the cockpit and waved her hand. On all those different faces there was the same human look of gladness. It was all very peculiar.

And then, leaning over, the little old man gave out a warning. "Mind, not longer than two hours, Angela dear!"

"All right, papa . . . two hours—two hours. How glorious to be free for two hours!" She added these strange words in a low voice in which there was a little quiver and with the long intake of breath of an escaped prisoner.

Clear of the *Albatross*, the artist gave his sail a good full and beat to windward, on the starboard tack, the tiller under his left arm. There was a fair breeze from the north and a hot sun, a sky as clear and blue as a healthy eye, and away across the rippling bay a gap through which the sea sparkled and glistened in a merry mood. What a day for youth and joy!

It was not with the impersonal eye of the artist that our young friend looked at the girl whom he now saw closely for the first time. How could it be? She was the heroine of a story which had become a very vital part of his hourly thoughts. (*Continued on page 155*)



Then Jack Browning exploded, right before Angela: "Mrs. Murray, if you don't alter your ways right now your name'll go down to history among infamous stepmothers! Do you get me?"



FROM A COPLEY PRINT

"La Cigale" gives the beholder and the reader some hint of the artist's unerring grace."

© BY CURTIS & CAMERON, BOSTON

"Carroll Beckwith sees with true vision what every generation of true artists have beheld."

A Painter Who Knows How to Draw

The Work of Carroll Beckwith

By Gardner Teall

THE YEARS following immediately after the Treaty of Versailles, 1871, found art in France manifesting many potent developments. The two tendencies that from 1875 were to develop into unassailable systems—Impressionism and *Pleinairisme*—were already in embryo. In this alembic a young American of twenty-one, Carroll Beckwith—from Missouri, at least he was born in Hannibal!—found himself. The young man had studied a year or two in the school of the National Academy of Design in New York. Previously he had studied under Walter Shirlaw in Chicago, where the family had taken residence in his early boyhood and where he lived until the year of the Great Fire. Surely his instruction had been solid, wherever it began, and his own capacity for taking pains so early asserted itself that we find him soon at the side of his master in Paris, no other than the great Carolus-Duran, not only as a student but as an assistant engaged in the completion of Carolus-Duran's decoration in the Luxembourg Palace. To Beckwith fell the important task of drawing in the figure of Fame depicted as with trumpet resounding the renown of Marie de Medicis. I fancy Fame was delighted with the reflection, for she has not been ungenerous through all these years since she sat for her portrait to the young American student in Paris. It is interesting to recall that another young American student was assisting Carolus-Duran with the Luxem-



"Sleep," reproduced above, and "The Nautilus," shown in the oval, are two of the loveliest products of the painter's genius.

"No wonder that the work of Carroll Beckwith has received so many marks of honor, both at home and abroad."



bourg decoration at the same time, none other than John Singer Sargent. Beckwith and Sargent became life-long friends. For four years they shared the studio at 73 Rue Notre Dame des Champs, a veritable beehive of industry. Enthusiastically they worked side by side, talked, studied and enjoyed that *camaraderie* that must have enriched the growing art powers of each. Both were given initial public approbation in the Salon of 1877, Beckwith with a "Portrait of an Old Man" and Sargent with a portrait of Carolus-Duran. The following year "The Falconer" by Beckwith was shown at the Paris Exposition and attracted much attention, not alone because it was an important work for a painter of twenty-five to have achieved, but because it was a painting fine enough for any of his contemporaries to have been proud to have produced. I do not think that an American student in Paris at that time, a student merely seeking the easy "effective" way of doing things, could have gotten a square inch of canvas before any sort of a public, not even a blind one. Work counted; surely it counted in the *atelier* of Carolus-Duran, as it did in the evening classes of the École des Beaux-Arts, which the young Beckwith attended. But something else counted too,—*la probité*,—and Beckwith had found it.

"He can draw, he can draw!" the master used to say, and Carolus-Duran found he could paint too.

When Carroll Beckwith returned to New York it was not with blind eyes. "Pleasing" *genre* was then in its heydey with us, freshness of color and *true* sunshine was still being asked to stand outside the doors of our Academy. It did not take long, however, for Beckwith's technical strength to win over those that thought his work a bit too modern. They soon found out over here that he *could* draw and he had something to show the Academy of 1879 that did not leave any doubt in the minds of the many that not only could he paint as well but that he could teach others much that they needed to know about art.

Indeed, it is as an instructor in the arts of drawing and of painting that Beckwith has done as much for American art as have either the pictures from his own brush or those painted by any of the artists of our land. Shortly after his return from Paris, Carroll Beckwith became an instructor in the Art Students' League. To that organization, then in its cradle-days, Beckwith brought illumination and inspiration.

FROM COPLEY PRINTS. © BY CURTIS & CAMERON, BOSTON.

The West Wind

Another "Carillonette" Story

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by Henry Hutt

AN EAST wind was very likely to bring gas to the trenches north of the Sainte Lesse salient. A north wind, according to season, brought snow or rain or fog upon British, French, Belgian and Teuton alike. Winds of the south carried distant exhalations from orchards and green fields into the pitted waste of ashes where that monstrous desolation stretched away beneath a thundering iron rain which beat all day, all night, upon the dead flesh of the world.

But the west wind was the vital wind, flowing melodiously through the trees—a clean, aromatic, refreshing wind, filling the sickened world with life again.

Sometimes, too, it brought the pleasant music of the bells into far-away trenches, when the little bell-mistress of Sainte Lesse played the carillon. And when her friend, the great bell Bayard, spoke through the resounding sky of France to a million men-at-arms in blue and steel, who were steadily forging hell's manacles for the uncaged foe, the loyal western wind carried far beyond the trenches an ominous iron vibration that meant doom for the invader.

At the base corral down in the meadow, mules had been scarce recently, because a transport had been torpedoed. But the next transport from New Orleans escaped; the dusty column had arrived at Sainte Lesse from the Channel port, convoyed by American muleteers, as usual; new mules, new negroes, new Yankee faces invaded the town once more.

However, it signified little to the youthful mistress-of-the-bells, Maryette Courtray, called "Carillonette," for her Yankee lover still lay in his distant hospital—her muleteer, "Djack." So mules might bray, and negroes fill the Sainte Lesse meadows with their shouting laughter; and the lank, hawk-nosed Yankee muleteers might saunter clanking into the White Doe in search of meat or drink or tobacco, or a glimpse of the pretty bell-mistress, for all it meant to her.

Her Djack lived; that was what occupied her mind; other men were merely men—even his comrades, Sticky Smith and Kid Glenn, assumed individuality to distinguish them from other men only because they were Djack's friends. And as for all other muleteers, they seemed to her as alike as Chinamen, leaving upon her young mind a general impression of long, thin legs and necks and the keen eyes of hunting falcons.

SHE had washing to do that morning. Very early she climbed up into the ancient belfry, wound the drum so that the bells would play a few bars at the quarters and before each hour struck; and also in order that the carillon might ring mechanically at noon in case she had not returned to take her place at the keyboard with her wooden gloves.

There was a light west wind rippling through the tree-tops; and everywhere sunshine lay brilliant on pasture and meadow under the purest of cobalt skies.

In the garden her crippled father, swathed in shawls, dozed in his deep chair beside the river-wall, waking now and then to watch the quill on his long bamboo fishpole, stemming the sparkling current of the little river Lesse.

Sticky Smith, off duty and having filled himself to repletion with *café-au-lait* at the inn, volunteered to act as nurse, attendant, remover of fish and baiter of hook, while Maryette was absent at the stone-rimmed pool where the washing of all Sainte Lesse's laundry had been accomplished for hundreds of years.

"You promise not to go away?" she cautioned him in the simple, first-aid French she employed in speaking to him, and pausing with both arms raised to balance the loaded clothes-basket on her head.

"Wee—wee!" he assured her with dignity. "*Je fume mong peep! Je regard le vieux pecher. Voo poovay allay, Madermoiselle Maryette.*"

She hesitated, then removed the basket from her head and set it on the grass.

"You are very kind, Monsieur Steek-Smeet. I shall wash your underwear the very first garments I take out of my basket. Thank you a thousand times." She bent over with sweet solicitude and pressed her lips to her father's withered cheek:

"*Au revoir*, my father *cheri*. An hour or two at the meadow *lavoir* and I shall return to find thee. *Bonne chance, mon père!* Thou shalt surely catch a large and beautiful fish for luncheon before I return with my wash."

She swung the basket of wash to her head again without effort, and went her way, following the deeply-trodden sheep-path behind the White Doe Inn.

The path wound down through a sloping pasture, across a footbridge spanning an arm of the Lesse which washed the base of the garden wall, then ascended a gentle acclivity among hazel thickets and tall sycamores, becoming for a little distance a shaded wood-path where thrushes sang ceaselessly in the sun-flecked undergrowth.

But at the eastern edge of the copse the little hill fell away into an open sunny meadow, fragrant with wild flowers and clover, through which a rivulet ran deep and cold between grassy banks.

It supplied the drinking water of Sainte Lesse; and a branch of it poured bubbling into the stone-rimmed *lavoir* where generations of Sainte Lesse maids had scrubbed the linen of the community, kneeling there amid wild flowers and fluttering butterflies in the shade of three tall elms.

There was nobody at the pool; Maryette saw that as she came out of the hazel copse through the meadow. And very soon she was on her knees at the clear pool's edge, bare of arm and throat and bosom, her blue wool skirts trussed up, and elbow deep in snowy suds.

Overhead the sky was a quivering, royal blue; the earth shimmered in its bath of sunshine; the west wind blowing carried away eastward the reverberations of the distant cannonade, so that not even the vibration of the concussions disturbed Sainte Lesse.

A bullfinch was piping lustily in a young tree as she began her task; a



Maryette swung the basket of wash to her head and went her way to the pool in the meadow.

blackbird answered from somewhere among the hawthorns with a bewildering series of complicated trills.

As the little mistress-of-the-bells scrubbed and beat the clothes with her paddle, and rinsed and wrung them and soaped them afresh, she sang softly under her breath, to an ancient air of her *pays*, words that she improvised to fit it—*vrai chanson de laveuse:*

"A blackbird whistles
I love!
Over the thistles
Butterflies hover,
Each with her lover
In love.
Blue Demoiselles* that glisten,
Listen, I love!
Wind of the west, oh, listen,
I am in love!

Sing my song, ye little gold bees!
Opal bubbles around my knees
All afloat in the soapsud broth,
Whisper it low to the snowy froth;
And Thou who rulest the skies above,
Mary, adored—I love—I love!"

*French name for the dragon-fly.

Slap-slap! went her paddle; the sud-spume flew like shreds of cotton; iridescent foam set with bubbles swirled in the stone-edged basin, constantly swept away down stream by the current, constantly renewed as she soaped and scrubbed, kneeling there in the meadow grass above the pool. The blackbird came quite near to watch her; the bull-finch, attracted by her childish voice as she sang the song she was making, whistled bold response, silent only when the echoing slap of the paddle startled him where he sat on the trembling tip of an aspen.

Blue dragon-flies drifted on glimmering wings; she put them into her song; the meadow was gay with butterflies' painted wings; she sang about them, too. Cloud and azure sky, tree-tops and clover, the tiny rivulet dancing through deep grasses, the wind furrowing the fields, all these she put into her *chansonnette de laveuse.* And always in the clear glass of the stream she seemed to see the smiling face of her friend, Djack—her lover who had opened her eyes of a child to all things beautiful in the world.

Once or twice, from very far away, she fancied she heard the distant singing of the negro muleteers sunning themselves down by the corral. She heard, at quarter-hour intervals, her bells melodiously recording time as it sped by; then there were intervals of that sweet stillness which is but a composite harmony of summer—the murmur of insects, the whisper of leaves and water, capricious seconds of intense silence, then the hushed voice of life exquisitely audible again.

War, wickedness, rage and cruelty and ferocity became to her as unreal as a tragic legend half-forgotten. And death seemed very far away.

HER washing was done; the wet clothing piled in her basket. Perspiration powdered her forehead and delicate little nose.

Hot, flushed, breathing deeply and irregularly from her efforts under a vertical sun, she stood erect, loosening the blouse over her bosom to the breeze and pushing back the clustering masses of hair above her brow.

The water laughed up at her, invitingly; the last floating castle of white foam swept past her feet down stream. On the impulse of the moment she unlaced her blue wool skirt, dropped it around her feet, stepped from it; unbuckled both garters, stripped slippers and stockings from her feet, and waded out into the pool.

The fresh, delicious coolness of the water thrilled and encouraged her to further adventure; she twisted up her splendid hair, bound it with her blue kerchief, flung blouse and chemisette from her, and gave herself to the sparkling stream with a sigh of ecstasy.

Alders swept the eastern edges of the current where the rivulet widened



"Look!" cried Maryette, detaching the bubble. "Is it not beautiful, my fairy balloon!" "You ... a child," said Braun, worrying his red underlip with his teeth. "You're a baby after all!"

beyond the basin and ran south along the meadow's edge to the Wood of Sainte Lesse—a cool, unruffled flow, breast deep, floored with sand as soft as silver velvet.

She waded, floated, swam a little, or, erect, roamed leisurely along the alder fringe, exploring the dim green haunts of frog and water-hen, stoat and *bécassine*—a slim, wet dryad, gliding silently through sun and dappled shadow.

Where the stream comes to Sainte Lesse Wood, there is a hill set thick with hazel and clumps of fern, haunted by one roe-deer and numerous rabbits and pheasants.

She was close to its base now, gliding through the shade like some lithe creature of the forest, making no sound save where the current curled around her supple body in twisted necklaces of liquid light.

Then, as she stood, peering cautiously through tangled branches for a glimpse of the little roe-deer, she heard a curious sound up on the hill—an inexplicable sound like metal striking stone.

She stood as though frozen; clink, clink, came the distant sound. Then all was still. But presently she saw a scared cock-pheasant, crouching low with flattened neck outstretched, run like a huge rat through the hazel growth, out across the meadow.

She remained motionless, scarcely daring to draw her breath. Somebody had passed over the hill—if, indeed, he or she had actually continued on their mysterious way. Had they? But finally the intense quiet reassured her, and she concluded that whoever had made that metallic sound had continued on toward Sainte Lesse Wood.

She had taken with her a cake of soap. Now, here in the green shade, she made her ablutions, soaping herself from head to foot, turning her head leisurely from time to time to survey her leafy environment, or watch the flight of some tiny woodland bird, or study with pretty and speculative eyes the soapsuds swirling in a dimpled whirlpool around her thighs.

The bubbles fascinated her; she played with them capriciously, touching one here, one there, with tentative finger to see them explode in a tiny rainbow shower.

Finally she chose a hollow stem from among a cluster of scented rushes, cleared it with a vigorous breath, soaped one end, and, touching it to the water, blew from it a prodigious bubble, all swimming with gold and purple hues.

Into the air she tossed it, from the end of the hollow reed; the breeze caught it and wafted it upward until it burst.

Then a strange thing happened! Before her upturned eyes another bubble slowly arose from a clump of aspens out of the hazel thickets on the hill—a big, pearl-tinted, translucent bubble, as large as a melon. Upward it floated, slowly ascending to the tree-tops. There the wind caught it, drove it east, but it still mounted skyward, higher, higher, sailing always eastward, until it dwindled to the size of a thistledown and faded away in mid-air.

Astounded, the little mistress-of-the-bells stood motionless, waist deep in the stream, lips parted, eyes straining to pierce the dazzling ether above.

And then, before her incredulous gaze, another pearl-tinted, translucent bubble slowly floated upward from the thicket near the aspens, mounted until the breeze struck it, then soared away skyward and melted like a snowflake into the east.

Moving as stealthily as some sinuous creature of the water-weeds, the girl stole forward, threading her way along the rushes, gliding, twisting around tussock and alder, creeping along fern-set banks, her eyes ever focused on the clump of aspens quivering against the sky above the hazel.

She could see nobody, hear not a sound from the thicket on the little hill. But another bubble rose above the aspens as she looked.

Naked, she dared not advance into the woods—scarcely dared linger where she was, yet found enough courage to creep out onto a carpet of moss and lie flat under a young fir, listening and watching.



"Maryette," whispered Braun, "I love you!" Then he caught sight of the pistol. "Don't move!" ordered Carillonette. "Put up both hands instantly!"

No more bubbles rose above the aspens; there was not a sound, not a movement in the hazel.

For an hour or more she lay there; then, with infinite caution, she slipped back into the stream, waded across, crept into the meadow, and sped like a scared fawn along the bank until she stood panting by the stone-rimmed pool again.

Sun and wind had dried her skin; she dressed rapidly, swung her basket to her head, and started swiftly for Sainte Lesse.

Before she came in sight of the White Doe Tavern she could hear the negro muleteers singing down by the corral.

Sticky Smith still squatted in the garden by the river-wall, smoking his pipe. Her father lay asleep in his chair, his wrinkled hands still clasping the fishing-pole, the warm breeze blowing his white hair at the temples.

She disposed of the wash; then she and Sticky Smith gently aroused the crippled bell-master and aided him into the house.

The old peasant woman who cooked for the inn had soup ready. The noonday meal in Sainte Lesse had become an extremely simple affair.

"Monsieur Steek," said the girl carelessly, "did you ever, as a child, fly toy balloons?"

"Sure, Maryette. An old Eyetalian wop used to come round town selling them. He had a stick with about a hundred little balloons tied to it—red, blue, green, yellow—all kinds and colors. Whenever I had the price I bought one."

"Did it fly?"

"Yes. The gas in it wasn't much good unless you got a fresh one."

"Would it fly high?"

"Sure. Sky-high. I've seen 'em go clean out of sight when you got a fresh one."

"Nobody uses them here, do they?"

"Here? No, it wouldn't be allowed. A spy could send a message by one of those toy balloons."

"Oh," nodded Maryette thoughtfully.

Smith shook his head:

"No children wouldn't be permitted to play with them things now, Maryette."

"Then there are not any toy balloons to be had here in Sainte Lesse?"

"I rather guess not! Farther north there are."

"Where?"

"The artillery uses them."

"How?"

"I don't know. The balloon and flying service uses 'em, too. I've seen officers send them up. Probably it is to find out about upper air-currents."

"*Our* flying service?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"*Ballons d'essai*," she nodded carelessly. But she was not yet entirely convinced regarding the theory she was pondering.

AFTER lunch she continued to be very busy in the laundry for a time, but the memory of those three little balloons above the aspens troubled her.

Smith had gone on duty at the corral; Kid Glenn sauntered clanking into the bar and was there regaled with a *bock* and a *tranche*.

"Monsieur Keed," said Maryette, "are any of our airmen in Sainte Lesse to-day?"

Glenn drained his glass and smacked his lips.

"No, ma'am," he said.

"No balloonists, either?"

"I don't guess so, Maryette. We've got the enemy flyers scared off. They don't come over our first lines any more and our own people are out yonder."

"Keed," she said, (*Continued on page 132*)

My Fifty

By Rear Admiral



The U. S. S. *Powhatan*, one of our Pacific Squadron.



Captain Clark when in command of the *Oregon*.

III.—Before the Monroe Doctrine Began to Work.

THE month of September, 1865, saw me again at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. I had orders to report for duty on the *Vanderbilt*, which was fitting out for a cruise around South America. The situation in Mexico was then engaging the public attention. Our attitude had made it clear to Louis Napoleon that he must either decide to fight us or else withdraw the French troops from Mexico and leave his dupe Maximilian to his fate.

The French naval force on the Pacific coast was superior to ours, and in view of this fact our Government had determined to send out to that station the double-turreted monitor *Monadnock*, then considered one of the four most formidable vessels in the world. She was to be convoyed by the *Vanderbilt*, which, with the *Powhatan* and *Tuscarora*, made up a squadron commanded by Commodore John Rodgers, whose services had been so brilliant and invaluable, especially in the capture of the *Atlanta*, the defense of the *Galena*, and in covering the flank of the army in the last of the Seven Days' battles, that the failure to make him at least a Vice-Admiral was a matter of astonishment. The *Vanderbilt* was chosen for the flagship. Her captain was Commander J. H. Sanford, and among her officers I was pleased to find Ensign W. A. Van Vleck, who had been with me in the *Ossipee*, and F. A. Cook, who had been my roommate at the Academy.

A belief in the monitor type was an article of faith with the Commodore. His officers soon discovered this. We left Philadelphia with the *Monadnock* in November, and the *Powhatan* and *Tuscarora* joined us at Hampton Roads, but to all intents and purposes there was but one ship in the squadron for the Commodore, and that the *Monadnock*. When he spoke of "that ship" we knew without inquiring that he meant the *Monadnock*. He had the habit of concentrating one of the most magnificent minds I ever knew on some particular object to the exclusion of all others. He used to make me think of a walker who, with eyes fixed on some noble and distant view, is quite heedless of any obstacle that may lie in his path.

On leaving Hampton Roads we headed for the port of St. Thomas. Our order of sailing was in the form of a diamond, the *Monadnock* on our starboard quarter, the *Tuscarora* on our port quarter, and the *Powhatan* right astern. In good weather the *Monadnock* could make about seven knots, which of course became the speed of the



Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, who inspected our fleet at Rio de Janeiro.

squadron. Quite early in the voyage we struck a heavy gale, and she parted her wheel-ropes. For hours we waited, watching her, where she lay in the trough of the sea, the waves making a clear break across her. We lost sight of the *Powhatan* and *Tuscarora*, but with his eyes fixed on the distressing plight of "that ship" I doubt if the Commodore were hardly aware of their disappearance. We found them



"In 1865 I was ordered to report for duty on board the U. S. [illegible] flagship of the Pacific Squadron."

Years in the Navy

Charles E. Clark, U.S.N. Retired, Hero of the "Oregon".

riding at anchor when we reached St. Thomas, where the Commodore had a mast stepped on the forecastle of the *Monadnock* which, fitted with yards and sails from the *Vanderbilt* and *Tuscarora*, gave her a course, topsail and jib.

We visited the ports of Para, Bahia, Rio de Janeiro and Montevideo on our way to the Straits of Magellan, but the only occurrence I can recall in connection with any of these places was a visit made by the Emperor of Brazil, Dom Pedro, to the *Monadnock* and the very thorough inspection he gave her.

Speaking of thoroughness reminds me that few could equal our Commodore in that respect. He had a passion for research, and would go to almost any lengths to satisfy himself. When we were off the mouth of the Rio de la Plata it happened that an odd-looking fish was caught by one of the men. A volunteer officer on board, whom the Commodore considered an authority in such matters, unfortunately remarked that this fish was luminous. The Commodore was interested at once and bent upon having light. He retired to the cabin with his treasure, and there followed a great commotion of closing ports and skylights. The captain presently made an explosive exit, declaring the darkness and lack of air unbearable. A little later the Commodore appeared, baffled and perspiring, but still hopeful. It had occurred to him that there were empty water-tanks on board. Inside one of these, with the plate on, he thought absolute darkness might be secured. But Franklin, the executive, discouraged this project. "You know, Commodore," he protested, "you are really too large to crawl through that manhole, and even if you did manage to squeeze in we might have to cut the tank open to get you out again."

The Chief Engineer was next appealed to. How about that after boiler, in which steam had not been gotten up? Germain was even more emphatic in his disapproval than Franklin. "Good heavens, Commodore! There's not only the risk of getting caught in the manhole, but it's dangerous to get inside one boiler when there's steam up in another."



© MESERVE COLL.

Louis Napoleon, Emperor of the French, who tried to establish a monarchy in Mexico.



Commodore John Rodgers, U. S. N., captor of the *Atlanta*, in the Civil War.

© MESERVE COLL.



© MESERVE COLL.

Queen Emma, wife of Kamehameha V, ruler of the Sandwich Islands.

What scheme the Commodore would have evolved next will never be known, for just then our pilot, a fat, important little Englishman, came mincing along the deck, and his acquaintance with that part of the coast prompted the Commodore to ask if he could give the local name for the luminous fish, which was placidly swimming round and round in the narrow confines of a bucket. The pilot looked, thrust his hand into the bucket, drew out the fish, and uttering the one word "Squid!" tossed it over the rail and strutted away.

The Commodore stared indignantly after the *(Continued on page 134)*



Double-turreted Monitor of the *Monadnock* type, at one time considered one of the four most formidable vessels in the world.



"You've changed!" Rolfe flung at her. "You're not the same as you were at first. You avoid me!" Janet flashed back: "I don't like that Hampton Hotel. I'm not a vagabond—yet!"

The Dwelling-Place of Light

By Winston Churchill

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

SYNOPSIS—In the city of Hampton, a typical New England mill-town, lives Edward Bumpus, watchman at the great Chippering Mill, with his wife Hannah and their two daughters, Janet and Lise. The Bumpuses come of fine old Puritan stock, but are completely submerged among the flood of aliens that people Hampton. Lise, who works in a department store, rebels bitterly at the family poverty and delights in cheap and tawdry amusements. Janet, a stenographer in the Chippering Mill, is more serious-minded. Both girls are very pretty, and Janet thus attracts the notice of Claude Ditmar, the mill agent, and becomes his private secretary. He uses his position to make hot love to her; the girl is alternately attracted and repelled. Meanwhile Lise Bumpus falls in with flashy associates. Labor troubles begin to loom in Hampton, then one day in the mill office, while Ditmar and Janet are alone, he loses control of himself. She repels him and threatens to leave Hampton, but he prevails on her to stay and promises to make her his wife. After a Sunday spent in Boston with Ditmar, Janet returns to Hampton and learns that Lise has eloped with a traveling salesman. The great strike breaks over Hampton and Janet joins the operators. While thus engaged she meets the man from Silliston, Brooks Insall, who turns out to be an author of note, and who has opened a soup-kitchen to feed the hungry children. Janet takes up work at strike headquarters.

"THE HAMPTON" was one of the city's second-class hotels, but sufficiently pretentious to have, in its basement, a "café" furnished in the "mission" style of brass tacks and dull-red leather. In the warm, food-scented air fantastic wisps of smoke hung over the groups; among them Janet made out several of the itinerant leaders of Syndicalism, loose-tied, débonair, giving a tremendous impression of freedom as they laughed and chatted with the women. For there were women, ranging from the redoubtable Nellie Bond herself down to those who may be designated as camp-followers. Rolfe, as he led Janet to a table in a corner of the room, greeted his associates with easy *camaraderie*. From Miss Bond he received an illuminating smile. Janet wondered at her striking good looks, at the boldness and abandon with which she talked to Jastro or exchanged sallies across the room. The atmosphere of this tawdry resort, formerly frequented by shop-girls and traveling salesmen, was magically transformed by the presence of this company, made bohemian, cosmopolitan, exhilarating. And Janet, her face flushed, sat gazing at the scene, while Rolfe consulted the bill of fare and chose a beefsteak and French-fried potatoes. The apathetic waiter in the soiled linen jacket he addressed as "comrade." Janet protested when he ordered cocktails.

"You must learn to live, to relax, to enjoy yourself," he declared.

But a horror of liquor held her firm in her refusal. Rolfe drank his, and while they awaited the beefsteak she was silent, the prey of certain misgivings that suddenly assailed her. Lise, she remembered, had sometimes mentioned this place, though preferring Gruber's: and she was struck by the contrast between this spectacle and the grimness of the strike these people had come to encourage and sustain, the conflict in the streets, the suffering in the tenements. She glanced at Rolfe, noting the manner in which he smoked cigarets, sensually, as though seeking to wring out of each all there was to be got before flinging it down and lighting another. Again she was struck by the anomaly of a religion that had indeed enthusiasms, sacrifices perhaps, but no disciplines. He threw it out in snatches, this religion, while relating the histories of certain persons in the room: of Jastro, for instance, letting fall a hint to the effect that this evangelist and Miss Bond were dwelling together in more than amity.

"Then you don't believe in marriage?" she demanded, suddenly.

Rolfe laughed.

"What is it," he exclaimed, "but the survival of the system of property? It's slavery, tabu, a device upheld by the master class to keep women in bondage, in superstition, by inducing them to accept it as a decree of God. Did the masters themselves ever respect it, or any other decrees of God they preached to the slaves?

Copyright 1911, by International Magazine Co. (Hearst's). Copyrighted in Great Britain

Read history, and you will see. They had their loves, their mistresses. Read the newspapers, and you will find out whether they respect it to-day. But they are very anxious to have you and me respect it, and all the other Christian commandments, because that will prevent us from being discontented. They say that we must be satisfied with the situation in this world in which God has placed us, and we shall have our reward in the next."

She shivered slightly, not only at the ideas thus abruptly enunciated, but because it occurred to her that those others must be taking for granted a certain relationship between herself and Rolfe. . . . But presently, when the supper arrived, these feelings changed. She was very hungry, and the effect of the food, of the hot coffee, was to dispel her doubt and repugnance, to throw a glamour over the adventure, to restore to Rolfe's arguments an exciting and alluring appeal. And with renewed physical energy she began to experience once more a sense of fellowship with these free and daring spirits who sought to avenge her wrongs and theirs.

"For us who create there are no rules of conduct, no conventions," Rolfe was saying: "we do not care for the opinions of the middle-class, of the *bourgeois*. With us, men and women are on an equality. It is fear that has kept the workers down, and now we have cast that off—we know our strength. As they say in Italy, *Il mondo e chi se lo piglia*, 'the world belongs to him who is bold.'"

"Italian is a beautiful language!" she exclaimed.

"I will teach you Italian," he said.

"I want to learn—so much!" she sighed.

"Your soul is parched," he said, in a commiserating tone. "I will water it, I will teach you everything." His words aroused a faint, derisive echo: Ditmar had wished to teach her, too. But now she was strongly under the spell of the new ideas that hovered like shining gossamer spirits just beyond her reach, that she sought to grasp and correlate. Unlike the code which Rolfe condemned, they seemed not to be separate from life, opposed to it, but entered even into that most important of its elements—sex. In deference to that other code Ditmar had made her his mistress, and because he was concerned for his position and the security of the ruling class had sought to hide the fact. . . . Rolfe, with a cigaret between his red lips, sat back in his chair, regarding with sensuous enjoyment the evident effect of his arguments.

"But love?" she interrupted, when presently he had begun to talk again. She strove inarticulately to express an innate feminine objection to relationships that were made and broken at pleasure.

"Love is nothing but attraction between the sexes, the life-force working in us. And when that attraction ceases, what is left? Bondage. The hideous bondage of Christian marriage, in which women promise to love and obey forever."

"But women—women are not like men. When once they give themselves they do not so easily cease to love. They—they suffer."



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Mrs. Brocklehurst smiled on Janet brightly at Insall's introduction. "Do come and sit down beside me and tell me about everything here. I'm sure you know—you look so intelligent," at which Brooks Insall shot an amused and encouraging glance at the girl.

He did not seem to observe the bitterness in her voice.

"Ah, that is sentiment," he declared, "something that will not trouble women when they have work to do, inspiring work. It takes time to change our ideas, to learn to see things as they are." He leaned forward eagerly. "But you will learn; you are like some of those rare women in history who have had the courage to cast off traditions. You were not made to be a drudge. . . ."

But now her own words, not his, were ringing in her head—women do not so easily cease to love, they suffer. In spite of the new creed she had so eagerly and fiercely embraced, in which she had sought deliverance and retribution, did she still love Ditmar, and suffer because of him? She repudiated the suggestion, yet it persisted as she glanced at Rolfe's red lips and compared him with Ditmar. Love! Rolfe might call it what he would—the life-force, attraction between the sexes, but it was proving stronger than causes and beliefs. He, too, was making love to her; like Ditmar, he wanted her to use and fling away when he should grow weary. Was he not pleading for himself rather than for the human cause he professed? Taking advantage of her ignorance and desperation, of her craving for new experience and knowledge? The suspicion sickened her. Were all men like that? Suddenly, without apparent premeditation or connection, the thought of the stranger from Silliston entered her mind. Was he like that? . . . Rolfe was bending toward her across the table, solicitously.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

Her reply was listless.

"Nothing—except that I'm tired. I want to go home."

"Not now," he begged. "It's early yet."

But she insisted. . . .

THE next day, at the noon hour, Janet entered Dey Street. Cheek by jowl there with the tall tenements, whose spindled, pillared porches overhung the darkened pavements, were smaller houses of all ages and descriptions, their lower floors altered to accommodate shops; while in the very midst of the block stood a queer wooden building with two rows of dormer windows let into its high-pitched roof. It bore a curious resemblance to a town hall in the Low Countries. In front of it the street was filled with children gazing up at the doorway where a man stood



"Say, who are you workin' for—me or th' Wool Trust?" growled the striker over Janet's shoulder. "Aw, get along," retorted the soldier, "or I'll give you yours!"

surveying them—the stranger from Silliston. There was a rush toward him, a rush that drove Janet against the wall almost at his side, and he held up his hands in mock despair, gently impeding the little bodies that strove to enter. He bent over them to examine the numerals, printed on pasteboard, they wore on their breasts. His voice was cheerful, yet compassionate.

"It's hard to wait, I know. I'm hungry myself," he said. "But we can't all go up at once. The building would fall down. One to one hundred now, and the second hundred will be first for supper. That's fair, isn't it?"

Dozens of hands were raised.

"I'm twenty-nine!"

"I'm three, mister!"

"I'm forty-one!"

He let them in one by one, as they clattered up the stairs, seizing a tiny girl bundled in a dark-red muffler and setting her on the steps above him. He smiled at Janet.

"This is my restaurant," he said.

But she could not answer. She watched him as he continued to bend over the children, and when the smaller ones wept because they had to wait, he whispered in their ears, astonishing one or two into laughter. Some ceased crying and clung to him with dumb faith. And after the chosen hundred had been admitted he turned to her again.

"You allow visitors?"

"Oh, dear, yes. They'd come anyway. There's one up there now, a very swell lady from New York—so swell I don't know what to say to her. Talk to her for me."

"But I shouldn't know what to say, either," replied Janet. She smiled, but she had an odd desire to cry. "What is she doing here?"

"Oh, thrashing 'round, trying to connect with life—one of the unfortunate unemployed."

"Unemployed?"

"The idle rich," he explained. "Perhaps you can give her a job—enlist her in the I. W. W."

"We don't want that kind," Janet declared.

"Have pity on her," he begged. "Nobody wants them — that's why they're so very pathetic."

She accompanied him up the narrow stairway to a great loft, the bareness of which had been tempered by draped American flags. From the trusses of the roof hung improvised electric lights, and the children were already seated at the four long tables, where half-a-dozen ladies were supplying them with enameled bowls filled with steaming soup. They attacked it ravenously, and the absence of the talk and laughter that ordinarily accompany children's feasts touched her, impressed upon her as nothing else had done, the destitution of the homes from which these little ones had come. The supplies that came to Hampton, the money that poured into Headquarters, were not enough to allay the suffering even now. And what if the strike should last for months! Would they be able to hold out, to win? In this mood of pity, of anxiety, mingled with appreciation and gratitude for what this man was doing, she turned to speak to him, to perceive on the platform at the end of the room a lady seated. So complete was the curve of her back that her pose resembled a letter *u* set sidewise, the gap from her crossed knee to her face being closed by a slender forearm and hand that held a lorgnette, through which she was gazing at the children with an apparently absorbed interest. This impression of willowy flexibility was somehow heightened by large, pearl-shaped pendants hanging from her ears, by a certain filminess in her black costume and hat. Flung across the table beside her was a long coat of gray fur shot through with gold. She struck an odd note here, presented a strange contrast with Janet's friend from Silliston, with his rough suit and rugged features.

"I'm sorry I haven't a table for you just at present," he was saying. "But perhaps you'll let me take your order." And he imitated the obsequious attitude of a waiter. "A little fresh caviar and a clear soup, and then a fish?"

The lady took down her lorgnette and raised an appealing face.

"You're always joking, Brooks," she chided him, "even when you're doing things like this! Can't I get you to talk seriously when I come all the way from New York to find out what's going on here?"

"How hungry children eat, for instance?" he queried.

"Dear little things, it's heartrending!" she exclaimed. "Especially when I think of my own children, who have to be made to eat. Tell me the nationality of that adorable tot at the end."

"Perhaps Miss Bumpus can tell you," he ventured. And Janet, though distinctly uncomfortable and hostile to the lady, was surprised and pleased that he should have remembered her name. "Brooks," this stranger had called him. That was his first name. This strange and sumptuous person seemed intimate with him—could it be possible that he belonged to her class?

"Mrs. Brocklehurst, Miss Bumpus."

Mrs. Brocklehurst focused her attention on Janet through the lorgnette, but let it fall immediately, smiling on her brightly, persuasively.

"How d'ye do?" she said, stretching forth a slender arm and taking the girl's somewhat reluctant hand. "Do come and sit down beside me and tell me about everything here. I'm sure you know—you look so intelligent."

Her friend from Silliston shot at Janet an amused but fortifying glance and left them, going down to the tables. Somehow that look of his helped to restore in her a sense of humor and proportion, and her feeling became one of curiosity concerning this exquisitely *soignéed* being of an order she had read about, but never encountered—an order

(*Continued on page 148*)

When Nature Wants a Man

By Angela Morgan

WHEN Nature wants to drill a man
And thrill a man
And skill a man,
When Nature wants to mold a man
To play the noblest part;
When she yearns with all her heart
To create so great and bold a man
That all the world shall praise—
Watch her methods, watch her ways!
How she ruthlessly perfects
Whom she royally elects,
How she hammers him and hurts him
And with mighty blows converts him
Into trial shapes of clay which only Nature understands,
While his tortured heart is crying and he lifts beseeching hands!
How she bends but never breaks
When his good she undertakes. . . .
How she uses whom she chooses
And with every purpose fuses him,
By every art induces him
To try his splendor out—
Nature knows what she's about!

WHEN Nature wants to take a man
And shake a man
And wake a man;
When Nature wants to make a man
To do the Future's will;
When she tries with all her skill
And she yearns with all her soul
To create him large and whole. . . .



DRAWN BY VINCENT ADERENTE

With what cunning she prepares him!
How she goads, and never spares him,
How she whets him and she frets him
And in poverty begets him. . . .
How she often disappoints
Whom she sacredly anoints;
With what wisdom she will hide him,
Never minding what betide him
Though his genius sob with slighting and his pride may not forget!
Bids him struggle harder yet.
Makes him lonely
So that only
God's high messages shall reach him,
So that she may surely teach him
What the Hierarchy planned.
Though he may not understand,
Gives him passions to command!
How remorselessly she spurs him,
With terrific ardor stirs him
When she poignantly prefers him!

WHEN Nature wants to name a man
And tame a man
And fame a man;
When Nature wants to shame a man
To do his heavenly best. . . .
When she tries the highest test
That her reckoning can bring—
When she wants a god or king!
How she reins him and restrains him
So his body scarce contains him
While she fires him
And inspires him!
Keeps him yearning, ever burning, for a tantalizing goal—
Lures and lacerates his soul.
Sets a challenge for his spirit,
Draws it higher when he's near it—
Makes the jungle, that he clear it;
Makes the desert, that he fear it
And subdue it if he can—
So doth Nature make a man.
Then, to test his spirit's wrath
Hurls a mountain in his path—
Puts the bitter choice before him
And relentlessly stands o'er him.
"Climb, or perish!" so she says. . . .

WATCH her purpose, watch her ways!
Nature's plan is wondrous kind
Could we understand her mind. . . .
Fools are they who call her blind.
When his feet are torn and bleeding
Yet his spirit mounts, unheeding,
All his higher powers speeding
Blazing newer paths and fine;
When the force that is divine
Leaps to challenge every failure, and his ardor still is sweet,
And love and hope are burning in the presence of defeat. . . .
Lo, the crisis! Lo, the shout
That must call the leader out.
When the people need salvation
Doth he come to lead the nation.
Then doth Nature show her plan
When the world has found—a *man!*



Laurette Taylor, playing the part of *'Aunted Annie*, the leading role in "Out There."

Out There

Old Velcet (Daisy Belmore): "I knew as somethin' was goin' t' 'appen! I bin that depressed all d'y!" *Lizzie* (Lynn Fontanne): "D' y' s'pose they'll let y' be a nurse? You? *Annie:* I'm goin' t' try. I ain't been much use 'ere. I may be *there!*" *Lizzie:* "Fawncy ol' 'Aunted Annie bein' a nurse! Mike a cat larf!" *'Erb* (Lewis Edgard): Stop that, will yer? She's wuth a dozen o' you!"

THIS engrossing play in three parts, by J. Hartley Manners, was one of the season's successes on Broadway—owing doubtless to its novel scenic settings, its unique characters, and its delicious Cockney dialect. In fact, all the parts, with one or two exceptions, are taken from the 'Arry and 'Arriet types to be found only in London. Nor must it be forgotten that "Out There"—meaning "somewhere at the Front"—is a first-class war-play, depicting the British Tommies who enlisted at the first call to arms and the "slackers"—no less effective fighters in the end—who at first held back. Finally the drama makes a powerful plea for enlistments and preparedness—everywhere!

The first scene in Part One is entitled "Inspiration." The action takes place in a Camden Town lodging house during the autumn of 1915. Here we meet the sister, *'Aunted Annie* (Laurette Taylor) and *Princess Lizzie* (Lynn Fontanne), their brother *'Erb* (Lewis Edgard), a swaggering young pugilist, *Monte* (Colin Campbell), Lizzie's "young man" and a Cockney box-maker, and *Dr. Hanwell* (Frank Kemble Cooper), a clever surgeon.

Annie is obsessed with the desire to do something for her country; she distributes army posters, she tries to get *'Erb* to enlist, but he doesn't see it; at last she taunts him into promising that if she will go to the war he'll go too. *Dr. Hanwell* announces that he is going "out there" as a Red Cross hospital surgeon, so *Annie* begs him to take her as nurse:

Annie—You're goin' t' do somethin' f'r your country. I'm 'ere doin' nothin'—nothin'!

Dr. H.—There will be plenty for everyone to do presently. Every class will have to do its share.

Annie—But I don' want t' wait. (*Earnestly*) I want t' begin naow. Tike me with ye. Will ye?

Dr. H.—*Take* you?

Annie—(*Nods*) Aat there. Will ye? I want t' 'elp.

Dr. H.—How?

Annie—I want t' be a nurse.

Dr. H.—That's impossible. You have had no training.

Annie—I'll learn. Learn fast, too. I'm very quick. Please tike me. I'll begin at the bottom. I'll scrub floors—wash their clo'es—tear up bandages—anythin' jus' t' be near 'em. I want t' be close t' the fellers who're gettin' wounded f'r us.

Dr. H.—My good girl——

Annie—Please tike me. It won't be long afore I'm broken in. I've done a bit o' nursin' 'ere, right in this room. W'en mother was all cut abaat I 'elped, didn't I? Y' said once I 'ad the right 'ands for a nurse: an' the kind o' voice: that me place was at a bedside. Was y' kiddin' me?

Dr. H.—No. But it's very different nursing your mother——

Annie—If I could do it f'r 'er w'y couldn't I do it f'r *them?* Do let me go. I want to be among 'em. D' y' know w'at 'appened t' father in Africa?

Annie: "I'm glad y' like pep'm'nts. I'll be scrubbin' raand 'is bed bimeby an I'll arst 'im f'r some. Naow cheer up!"

Courtesy of J. Hartley Manners, Author, and Klaw & Erlanger and Geo. C. Tyler, Producers

Miss Laurette Taylor, who plays *Annie* in "Out There."

The Play of the Month

Dr. H.—Killed?

Annie—(*Nods*) But 'e needn't 'a' bin. 'E laid all d'y with a bullit in 'im. No one t' give 'im a drop o' water or anythin'. W'en they faand 'im it was too late. I might find some like that an' save 'em. Let me go just as a water-carrier.

Dr. H.—But you've had no experience.

Annie—W'at experience 'ave the fine lidies got 'oo are goin' aat all the time? W'at d' they know that I cawn't learn. They go f'r the excitement—an' t' get their fices in the pipers. Does anyone arst them w'at experience they've 'ad? 'Ow d' they git aat? Becos they're rich an' know people. I only knows you. Do somethin' f'r me. I don't want no pay—jus' me keep. I'll go on till I drop. W'at can them lidies do that I cawn't? If one of 'em gits a stitch in 'er side an' goes back 'ome, w'y then she's an 'ero.

Dr. H.—You mustn't say that. Some of the finest people in the country are working nobly out there. No sacrifice is too great.

Annie—That's it. The fine can mike sacrifices. W'y cawn't the poor? W'y cawn't I? (*With a great cry*) Oh, doctor, I want t' do somethin'! If y'd only tike me!

Dr. H.—(*Puts hand on her shoulder*) Why not get into one of the munition factories? You'd be helping there.

Annie—Anyone can do that. Them as cawn't feel nothin' can do that. But I want t' be near the fellers who's fightin' f'r us. I want t' git at the reel *'eart* of it all. I'm allus thinkir' of it—all d'y an' 'alf the night. W'en I do sleep I dream of it. I'm a *real* nurse every night for a bit. An' then I wikes up t' *this!* An' see—wait a minit—I mus' show y'—this is 'ow much I've bin thinkin' of it. (*She discloses a nurse's dress, made of cheap material, a cap, and apron*) Mide 'em meself, aat o' w'at I sived. Are they all right? Eh?

Dr. H.—(*Very embarrassed*) They're very charming——

Annie—Oh no, they're not. Not 'arf good enough. I know that. But they're the best I could manage. They'd do at fust—wouldn't they? Till I could get real ones?

Dr. H.—You couldn't wear them until you'd passed the probationary period.

Annie—(*Hopelessly and dejectedly*) Couldn't I? Cawn't y' tike me? Or send me? Or 'elp me t' go? Some'ow?

Dr. H.—I'll see what can be done.

Annie—Oh, doctor——

Dr. H.—I can't promise anything will come of it. You've got the right stuff, my girl. The women behind us are going to win for us.

Annie—I'll 'elp t' win f'r y'. Y' will try?

Dr. H.—If it is possible.

Annie—(*Touching his arm*) Y' don't know w'at it'd mean t' me. Oh, there's one other thing, doctor. Wouldn't tike y' long. Would y' mind speakin' t' my bruvver?

Dr. H.—What about?

Annie—'E ought t' be aat there. An' 'e won't go.

Dr. H.—Why not?

Annie—Oh, it ain't becos 'e's frightened; 'e ain't afride of anythin'. I think it's becos o' father lyin' there till 'e died. 'E's kind o' bitter abaat that. Would y' mind speakin' to 'im? My feller's gorn. Y' know—Dick. My sweet'eart. Y've seen 'im 'ere.

Dr. H.—Oh, yes. Has he, indeed?

Annie—'E didn't want to very much, but I said I wouldn't speak to 'im agin if 'e didn't. So 'e went. Seemed quite 'appy, too, once 'e'd mide up 'is mind. That's all it is—jus' mikin' up y'r mind. Then nothin' seems 'ard. See 'ow 'appy you are t' be goin' aat! So w'd I be. It ain't enough mikin' other people do things. The praad part is doin' 'em y'rself.

Dr. H.—Quite right. You ought to be a recruiting-sergeant.

Annie—Oh, I'd 'ate meself all me life if anythin' 'appened t' the country an' I'd done nothin'. It'd seem as though it was my fault. 'Course I know nothin' will. We'll win. We got to. An' w'en we do, 'ow rotten it'll be f'r the kind that go t' the street-corner w'en the fellers come back an' scream, "We won!" w'en they've done nothink f'r it. An' w'en





Annie **does her bit at home, nailing up enlistment posters.**

they've done shoutin' they'll skulk back t' their little beds an' cry their eyes aat 'cos they shirked an' never took the chawnce they 'ad t' mike theirselves great. Muck! That's w'at they'll feel. Muck!

Dr. H.—(*to 'Erb*) Why don't you enlist?

'Erb—'Cos I don' want to.

Dr. H.—You know what they'll call you if you don't?

'Erb—Not to my fice, they won't. If they do I'll know what for! Be'ind me back they can s'y w'at they like.

Dr. H.—Why give them the chance to do it anywhere?

'Erb—Well, I'm not goin'. See?

Dr. H.—It's young men like you will force a condition that has never existed in this country before—conscription.

'Erb—All right. Let it. Then I'll know the other feller's goin'. W'y should I put meself abaat w'en the next street's full o' fellers sime as me?

Dr. H.—Show them the example.

'Erb—W'at abaat y'rself? Jus' recruitin', eh?

Dr. H.—No. I'm going out. We're all in this job, old and young, rich and poor. They'll need you, and you, and you. But for a strong, healthy young fellow like you to be holding back——

'Erb—(*Angrily*) I've 'ad abaat enough o' this!

Dr. H.—(*To Lizzie*) It's a pity you're not more like your sister, young woman.

Lizzie—Like Annie? Gawd 'elp us? W'at's she doin', I'd like t' know?

Dr. H.—The wish is there.

Lizzie—Oh, wish me foot! She's very ready with 'er tongue, tellin' others w'at t' do. W'y don' she do somethin' 'erself?

'Erb—(*To Lizzie*) Yaas. She sicked 'im on t' me. She's alwus barkin' at me. "Will y' go aat if I go?" says she. Knows bloomin' well they wouldn't tike a thing like 'er. (*To Dr. H.*) See 'ere. You git 'er t' go, an' bli' me I'll 'list to-morrer!

In Part Two, entitled "Devotion," we find *Annie* installed at a base hospital in the humble position of scrubber and general helper. She has had no training, you see, so she has to serve her apprenticeship under the staff nurses. But *Annie* proves to be a veritable angel of light among the pain-racked and maimed boys and men just out of the trenches, and jollies them all. This hospital scene is most effective. Finally, *Annie* gets her long-coveted nurse's cap:

Dr. H.—How's the leg?

Cockney—Don' min' that so much. (*Touches his left hand*) It's this 'ere gives me the pip.

Dr. H.—Oh! Does it hurt?

Cockney—Don' min' thet so much. But, y' see, I'm left 'anded. I alwa's copper 'em wi' th' left. Shawn't be much good wi' the gloves no more, will I? You know—in the ring?

Dr. H.—Oh, I wouldn't say that.

Cockney—But I cawn't close it! I'm done as a fighter. Not 'alf! Got t' 'andle wood the rest o' me life.

Dr. H.—Been out here long?

Cockney—Since it started. You know—Mons.

Dr. H.—Really?

Cockney—Yus. Not many of us left w'at started. You know—we got copped good an' plenty. Bad luck. It come my turn t' be a marker. Put a light coat on an' point 'em aat. 'E alwus gits it. I got it twice, 'ere an' 'ere. (*Touches hand and leg*) Never felt nothin' neither. Jes' flopped daan. My keptin come a-runnin' along. 'E sees me, an' 'e calls aat: "'Ello!" 'e says, "y've got it," 'e says. "Yus," says I. "Good job, too!" says 'e, tryin' t' laugh. "Y' bin aat 'ere long enough," 'e says. "Time y' went 'ome." Nice feller. 'E was on'ly jokin'.

Dr. H.—(*Nods*) Of course. . . . And how are you, Pat?

Pat—I don' know how I am.

Dr. H.—Do you sleep well?

Pat—I do not.

Dr. H.—Ah! (*Marks the chart*) Does it bother you much?

Pat—I can't use it.

Dr. H.—That's not to be wondered at, is it?

Pat—It is not.

Dr. H.—Is there anything you want?

Pat—Indade there is. There's a lot o' things I want. For one thing, I want more pillers.

Dr. H.—All right. You shall have them. (*Nods to nurse. She makes a note*) Anything else?

Pat—I want to be quiet. This place is too noisy. I hate it!

Dr. H.—When there is room I'll have you transferred where it is quieter. Anything else?

Pat—I want to walk.

Dr. H.—Well, you'll have the pillows, and we'll move you to a quieter place, and

(*Concluded on page 157*)

Annie "doing her bit" as a hospital drudge "Out There," willing to tackle anything "just to be near the boys who 're gettin' wounded for us!"

The big Hospital Scene: *Pat* (J. M. Kerrigan, ; *the Cockney* (Leonard Mudie); *the New Zealander* (A. E. Sproston); *the Canadian* (Herbert Druce); *the Scotsman* (Douglas Ross).—*Annie:* **" 'Ow are ye all?"**

His Daughter

By

Gouverneur Morris

Illustrated by

Howard Chandler Christy

SYNOPSIS:—The author presents four vividly contrasted vivacious feminine types, each throbbing with life and personality. First there is Dorothy Grandison, a charming American ingénue who, because of her unsullied youth, is both pure and piquant. Then we have the swarthy Arab dancing-girl, full of the passionate wiles of her sex-ancestry, and as sophisticated as Dorothy is innocent. Next there appears Claire D'Avril, a pretty Parisian midinette, sweet and devoted. And last but not least comes Lady Muriel Strange, by some described as "the wickedest woman in London." These, each in her way, leave their marks on the character and the artistic career of the impressionable Frederick Dayton. The story opens in the railway station at Alexandria, where Mrs. Grandison and her fifteen-year-old daughter Dorothy meet young Dayton, all three being bound for Cairo. Dayton is twenty-four, and admits that if the girl had only been a couple of years older he would have fallen in love on the spot—which is exactly what Dorothy does. They are together day after day; the girl does not attempt to hide her heart, and so it happens on the eve of Frederick's departure for Paris they become tacitly engaged. After Dorothy has gone home he meets Claire D'Avril—and straightway Dorothy is forgotten. Being summoned home by his mother's illness he perforce leaves Claire behind to face motherhood alone and practically without money; so she sublets the studio. On the train between Paris and Cherbourg the young artist meets Lady Muriel Strange. Arriving in New York, Dayton renews his affection for Dorothy Grandison, and almost at his mother's deathbed they are married. Meantime to Claire D'Avril, left alone in Paris, a daughter is born, and the girl accepts the friendship of Arnold Charnowski, a Polish painter and musician, for whom she poses. Through him she learns of Dayton's marriage.



Ellen had talent. She learned very early to mix colors and loved the smell of oil, paint, turpentine wet clay, and the like.

THERE passed a period of years during which automobiles became things of beauty and perfection; during which man caused a machine, heavier than the air which it displaced, to rise from the ground and fly; a period during which Frederick Dayton achieved notable success in several of his chosen lines.

Of his occasional escapades it seemed that the whole world knew, but that Dorothy Dayton did not. She presided over their house in town and their house in the country, and over their family goings and comings, with a serenity and affection that seemed to give his reputation the lie. Dorothy had married for life; for happiness or unhappiness. She soon learned that her husband did not love her as a husband should. She soon learned that other women came into his life and went out. And she had hours and whole nights even when she wished she was dead. But she was game to the core. And she would not for the world have let her father and mother know that she was unhappy. She loved her husband long after the respect which she had had for him was dead in her heart. It was curious, that—she loved him, she admired him, she forgave him, she took him back, she did not blame other women for loving him (she wondered how anybody could help loving him), she rejoiced in his accomplishments, his successes, his growing celebrity, she thought that the love which he had for their daughter was the most beautiful love that she had ever seen—but she did not respect him.

She had given everything that she had to give—and—well, she clung to the idea that during the first year of her married life she had received as much as she gave. She would think:

"I can't say that I haven't had absolute bliss in my life. I have had. And of course it couldn't last forever. It never does. It only lasted a little while; but I've had it, and that's all anybody has a right to expect. And whatever happens now, I'll remember, I'll remember *hard*, and then I won't whine."

She had Dayton's respect, gratitude and admiration. He thought her the most beautiful woman in the world. He took a tremendous and creative interest in her costumes; he did some charming busts of her; and he reproached himself bitterly at times for ever having loved anyone else. His first act of unfaith tormented him for a long time. He had tried hard to be a model husband, and, as he himself expressed it: "To keep his eyes in the boat." But his temperament was too much for him. More and more remorse lost its power to bite. Romance played less and less often the leading part in his intrigues; more and more models and chorus-girls became the important part of his life. With one exception.

There was in Dayton's nature one streak as pure as crystal and as strong as steel. He loved his daughter with a strength and beauty which transcended his own understanding. This love was almost her twin. Its birth coincided with her own; and long before she could speak a word she had showed with all her energy that she returned it in kind. She loved everybody who was connected with her—her mother, her nurse, her grandparents—but that was a mere bountiful overflow from that great reservoir of adoration which she had for her father.

"Oh," Dorothy used often to think, "if he could only have loved me as truly as that!" And it was a very wistful smile she wore sometimes when she heard them romping together or saw

Copyright, 1917, by International Magazine Co. (Hearst's)—Copyrighted in Great Britain

them "vanishing into the landscape" upon some exciting adventure.

She was a beautiful child, very strong and straight. She had a fine round head, bright brown hair with a little wave in it. Her eyes were blue and steadfast. She was afraid of nothing. She had a strong will, tempered by good-nature and generosity. Among her parents' friends she very early won a reputation for character and ability. What she said she would do, she did. Her given word was as good as a bond. She never lied.

Dayton admired her tremendously—her looks, her build, her character. He played boy's games with her by the hour. With a baseball she was better than the average boy of her own age. She could throw a fly nicely; she could shoot nicely with a twenty-two. She could be trusted to drive any of her father's cars. When he came out from town it was always she who met him at the station; but at such times he knew better than to take any liberties with her. She was then a chauffeur. She touched her hat, she opened the door; she put the rug over his knee; and then she drove away with him, proud as Punch.

She was so full of out-of-doors that they had hard work teaching her to read and write. She tried, but the things of out-of-doors kept getting between the thinking parts of her brain and prevented them from getting together. But her mother said:

"When father's away you can write letters to him and tell him about everything here, and he will write back and tell you about everything there; and perhaps if you ask him to bring you something sensible he will do it when he comes home."

After that the scattered little brain pulled itself together very quickly and she learned to read and write in no time at all.

Sometimes when he was away Dayton had frights about the child. They were entirely of his own imagining. But they filled him with excellent excuses for breaking any kind of an engagement and getting home as quickly as possible.

She had talent. She was musical, and she learned very early to love the smell of clay wet for the molding, of oil, paint, turpentine, and such like. From the first she was able to punch, knead and paddle a lump of clay till it looked like something. And Dayton did not for one moment doubt that she was the most beautiful, talented, wise and virtuous child that had ever been born into the world.

The thought that in the dim future—and not such a dim future at that—she could love some man (now probably a total stranger to her) more than her own father, and go away to live in his house, and be treated very likely just as her mother had been, gave him moments of real anguish.

He could see no happiness in a life where he had ceased to be her chief concern and interest. He had the fear, too, that as she grew older she would in the very nature of things turn more and more to her mother. He was afraid that some day she would find out that he had not been good to her mother, and that the knowledge, little by little, since for his conduct there was no very good excuse that could be offered, would embitter her against him. She wouldn't be rich, exactly; but she would be very well off. There are men in this world who are capable of securing a girl's affections and marrying her for her money. He cursed such men root and branch. Meanwhile, if only it weren't for galling memories and foreboding about the future, how happy he was! How much sheer delight there was in having such a daughter!

Long before [illegible] enough to understand [illegible], he believed that he would be a sedate and steady man whose conduct should no longer give grounds for reproach. In cool moments he did not mince terms, but called himself a beast, a satyr; but nothing that he could call himself helped for very often or very long. One day a young man, a total stranger to Dayton, pushed open the door of his studio and marched in. Dayton looked up with a kind of amazed inquiry in his face.

"Is your name Dayton?"

"Yes. What can I do for you?"

"Frederick Dayton?"

"Yes."

"I wanted to be sure."

The young man pulled a small automatic pistol from his pocket and shot Dayton in the stomach, then turned upon his heel and marched out.

Dayton, who had fallen heavily, and then fainted, came to in a few moments and struggled to the telephone. Even while he was giving his doctor's number, he was puzzling his brain to remember who that young man could be. To his best belief and knowledge he had never set eyes on him before. Yet not for one moment did he have to search for a possible cause for the shooting. There was more than one man in New York who had a good excuse for shooting him—he was lying on the floor again, just under the telephone—he could not remember whether the doctor had answered his call or not. . . . It didn't matter. . . . He guessed he was a goner, doctor or no doctor. . . . Suddenly he broke into a sweat of anguish. And once more, with the nerve and will of a better and stronger man, he dragged himself to his feet, caught up the receiver and gave the number of his country house.

"That you, Spagget? I wish to speak to Miss Ellen—" he waited, swaying and dizzy—he heard her voice.

"That you, Puss? It's father. I can't get home to-night. I may have to go away for a few days. Is it cool down there? That's good. It's been hot as blazes in town. . . . Is mother handy? I'd like to speak to her. All right, my darling. . . . So-long!"

He swayed and swayed, the sweat pouring off him. But he had had his wish. If he was going to die he had at least managed to hear once more the sound of her dear voice. Then it was Dorothy speaking. His own voice was now a ghastly shadow of itself.

"I've been badly hurt," he said, "but don't let Ellen know. I am at the studio. You had better telephone my doctor and see if he is coming or not. I tried to tell him, and I don't know whether I suc—cee—ded or not. . . . I'm sorry I've been such a rotten bad husband to you. . . . Don't let Ellen know what I'm really like—ev—er. *Please* don't, Dorothy——"

He could do no more. He rasped down the wall, into a position half-standing and half-crouching, and then fell over on his side.

But Frederick Dayton was not destined to die



Dayton admired Ellen tremendously—her looks, her build, her character. She was full of the out-of-doors.

of that wound. They got him to a hospital, operated at once, and managed to save him. There were many rumors, but the story that he had been suddenly seized with acute appendicitis was generally believed. And very few persons—and they were very wise—connected the affair in any way with the suicide of Frank Tilman, the rising young comedian, It had taken place within the hour following Dayton's seizure, and in a small park just around the corner from Dayton's studio. .

During his convalescence Dayton came across some reference to Tilman's suicide. "So *that's* who it was," he thought. The woman who had caused the bullet to fly had not made a strong impression on Dayton. Still, she might feel it her duty to graft on him. He was tired of New



And when Dorothy saw them "vanishing into the landscape" upon some exciting adventure she would sigh and think "Oh, if he could only have loved me as truly as that!"

York. Winter was coming on. He went to sleep thinking of Paris. A little of Paris would be good for them all—especially Ellen. Now was the time to make her French golden. He himself would be refreshed by a thousand fresh art impulses. Furthermore, he would be good now. He had had his lesson. Though it killed him he would go no more a-roaming by the light of the moon. What fun he and Ellen could have in Paris! It would bring them closer to each other than ever. She was beginning to enjoy "all those children" down in the country too much. He was frankly jealous of all those children.

"There are too many people in New York," he thought, "who might start something. In Paris——"

He began to think about Claire D'Avril. He had a real tenderness for her. They had been each other's first. They had ventured hand in hand, two timid children, into the dark. "But oh, my word," he thought, "how much water has rolled under the bridge since then! Fourteen years—more than fourteen years—and only think, I wanted to marry her! And if I had there never would have been any Ellen—no Ellen in all the world!" He pondered that. It was impossible to picture such a world! By no stretch of the imagination could he imagine such a world worth living in. In the morning he talked matters over with his wife—very frankly. A week later they sailed for Bordeaux.

THE shock of his recent experience had greatly sobered Dayton. He was very quiet, very gentle, very tender with his wife and daughter. The smoking-room had no charms for him. He made Dorothy realize that she was absolutely necessary to his well-being. And in a hundred ways he tried to make up to her for the past.

She was happier than she had been for many years. She had not wished to go to Paris, but she was very glad that she had given in. The change was doing them all good.

And Paris was so wonderful. She had forgotten how wonderful. It is the city where nothing ever changes. Knights in armor have yielded to the landau, the landau to the motor-car. But Paris does not change. Always for her friends she has the same sweet and cheerful face filled with understanding and good-humor.

"I am very happy," thought Dayton. "I have the best wife in the world, and the dearest daughter, and Paris."

The first month of their stay was devoted to sightseeing, to theater and restaurant life. Then, having rented a pleasant and spacious apartment, they all, as Dayton expressed it, "went to school."

A governess was found for Ellen, and twice a week—for the child had developed a surprising talent—she had a piano lesson from the famous Charnowski. He was very particular about pupils, and it was only through the influence of the Countess de Séjour that he consented to teach Ellen.

To Dayton the impulse to work had returned, and when he learned that his old studio was untenanted, he secured the key from the baleful Madame Sidon and ran lightly up the stairs to have a look at the place.

Madame Sidon had then fled at the sight of him. In her guilty soul she imagined that he had come to ask about his letters to Claire D'Avril. But this was not in his mind. Madame Sidon had always shown the handsome American her best sides. He remembered her with pleasure.

"Monsieur Sidon?"

He was dead. Dayton expressed his sorrow. He had liked the old man.

"Since my time," he said, "I suppose that many have occupied the studio."

"For a number of years Monsieur Charnowski lived in your rooms. But he had luck. He became rich and famous. He moved into a fine apartment across the river. After him two young Englishmen moved in. But when their money was all spent and they had not learned to paint they went away. Since then the studio has been unoccupied."

"Perhaps I myself will be the next tenant," said Dayton. He hesitated a moment and then, smiling, but a little ill-at-ease:

"What has become of Claire D'Avril?" he asked. "I had to go away without saying good-by. I wrote many letters, but she never answered them."

"If you want to know what has become of her," said Madame Sidon, "you will have to make inquiries of the police. And very likely they will not be able to tell you. After you had gone away she disappeared for a while. Then she used to drop in once in a while to pose for Monsieur Charnowski."

"But he is a musician."

Madame Sidon shrugged her shoulders.

"He would draw and paint a little," she said, "when it suited him."

Dayton could find nothing to say.

"After a while," said Madame Sidon, "she moved in bag and baggage. Then one fine day she disappeared. I do not know what has become of her. Monsieur Charnowski behaved like a madman; to find her he spent money like water; it was all in vain. Then success came to him, and now he makes love to countesses and princesses. He has forgotten her."

It was then that Dayton ran up stairs and let himself into the studio. There was little furniture left, but much dust. And yet it seemed to him as if he had only been out for a walk; the years fell from him, and a lump rose in his throat. He had been very happy in that place. He felt a little like Robin Hood returned to Sherwood Forest. By pressing your face close to the bedroom window, and flattening yourself generally, you could catch a glimpse of one of the bridges over the Seine.

"It seems like yesterday," he thought, "and yet how much water has flowed under the old bridge!"

Every now and then he drew a long breath that resembled a sigh. He wondered why it was that he had one judgment for himself, and a judgment altogether different for other people. He was sorry that Claire had come back to the studio to keep house for another man. He ought to have been glad. At least it proved that her heart had not been broken. But he was not glad.

He fell to remembering with the utmost vividness details of their first meetings and of their subsequent life together. How sweet and gentle she had been; how loving and how forgiving! What jolly sprees they had had. He remembered days in the fields and under cool green trees, the little dinners at Gibier's; the sweet, cool cheek that she would lay against his when he was discouraged.

Then he remembered how they used to write messages and love-letters to each other and hide them under the loose tile in the hearth. He must have a look at that tile for old sake's sake. He felt for it with his foot; but the drifting dust of many years had enfirmed it so that it no longer rattled to the touch. He pried it out with the nail-file in his knife.

He blinked hard for a moment, for there was a letter under the tile.

He carried it to the light, his hand trembling. It was yellow and stained with damp. The writing was faded. The thick wad of money that he had placed in it for Claire was stained and yellow too.

He sat down weakly on the edge of a chair.

"She came back," he thought, "and I had gone, and she never looked under the tile!"

The pathos and the tragedy of that were very heavy and hard to bear. There was worse to follow. For when he had returned the key to Madame Sidon, and had turned to go, she called after him.

"There is something else," she said, "that perhaps you would like to know. Although you haven't asked."

"What is that, Madame?"

"Claire D'Avril had a little girl born to her."

"When was that, Madame?"

"Six or seven months after you went away."

It was not for some seconds that the amazement in his eyes yielded to horror.

"That was a long time ago," said the old woman, "but I supposed that you had your suspicions."

He [illegible] numbly.

"And it may not have been yours."

If Madame Sidon had spoken the truth about the date of the child's birth there was no possible doubt as to the identity of the father. Dayton [illegible] crushing him down.

"I do not know what to say or do," he said. "What you have told me is horrible—horrible! What a brute she must have thought me! What a brute! See!" he cried, and he pulled the famous letter from his pocket and shook it in Madame Sidon's face. "The letter of explanation that I left for her, with my address, and money to take care of her until I could send her more! She never got it. She never looked under the loose tile in the hearth which we called our letter-box. She thought herself abandoned—abandoned!"

He paled upon the word, and after a wild glare at Madame Sidon turned and rushed out into the street. He walked in the direction of the river with long, furious strides. The light was failing and the cool air on his temples helped him to control himself.

In the middle of one of the bridges he halted and leaned against the parapet. His heart was beating furiously. And he felt as men at sea feel when they begin to think that the motion is going to affect them.

In his mind the images of his daughters were all mixed up; to picture that other daughter whom he had never seen he had only to think of his Ellen; the sheltered and protected Ellen; an Ellen abandoned by her father, poor, ill-nourished, abused, and whose mother perhaps had had to walk the streets for a living, was walking them at this very moment, perhaps [illegible] no longer very young nor beautiful. . . . All that was tender in him and kind was stricken to the quick.

He looked at the palms of his hands and saw that his nails had made them bleed. And he wished that he had been struck dead before he had done any harm in the world.

A slender girl came loitering across the bridge. She paused when she came near Dayton.

"*Bon soir, mon ami.*"

He looked up impatiently. But she saw more than the impatience in his face, and she made a little sound of pity, and with the swift direction of Frenchwomen:

"You are suffering?" she said.

"Yes," he said, "I am. That is true."

"We all have to suffer," said the girl, and she nodded to him and resumed her slow sauntering, but he called after her, and she returned to him with the swift obedience and hopefulness of her class.

He was taking from his pocket an envelope from which bulged a thick wad of money.

"I shall suffer less," he said, "when I have given this to some one who needs it more than I do. I don't know how much there is; but quite a lot. Perhaps it will make your life a little easier for a while."

"But this is a fortune," she said.

"It is yours."

Her small thin hands closed tightly on the money. He was drunk—of course. But what a cold, curious drunkenness.

"It will make my life a great deal easier, Monsieur," said the girl, "if that is any pleasure to you."

"The pleasure of your saying that will have helped me a great deal. Good-night, Mademoiselle."

She hesitated.

"Monsieur—why stay here looking at the river? That is not good."

Dayton laughed harshly.

"Don't worry. Life isn't so easily settled; and besides, if I jumped in the idea of death would frighten me, so that I would swim ashore. I am a coward."

He said this so fiercely that the girl shrank back. He turned his face once more to the river. And except that he remembered having done something that had relieved the tension of his thoughts, she faded from his mind.

She stood for a little, watching his broad back, then shrugged her shoulders ever so little, turned and sauntered on over the bridge. But as she reached the other side her pace quickened until it became a run. It was curious how the possession of much money could so lighten the spirit that one felt again like a little child.

(*Concluded on page 137*)



Her small thin fingers closed tightly on the money. "It will make my life a great deal easier, Monsieur, if that is any pleasure to you."

The Boob from the Burdock Patch

By Arthur Stringer

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson



"Otto Schoenfeld was doing his best to get a strangle-hold on my throat, and I knew that roof fight would go to a finish!"

THEY thought I was mad. The natives of that one-horse town clearly took me for a nut. And I can't altogether blame them, when I come to think it over. For it doesn't look like sanity to see a girl lying flat on her back in the sun, blinking up at the dome of heaven as though she were a she-Swami holding converse with the infinite.

But it wasn't converse I was after. It was two much simpler things—just freckles and tan. I had to have them, and I'd only two days to get them in. But I got them. I got them so strong that the end of my own nose looked like a Richmond cherry every time I squinted cross-eyed at it, and my hands looked as though I'd been runner-up in a hay-fest for female pitch-forkers. I looked like something that ought to have taken a high dive into a vat of cucumber-cream. And before that sunburn showed any signs of softening down into a good old bucolic tan I pranced into that one-horse town itself and purchased a pair of nifty white-cotton gloves, a gingham dress of watery blue that hung with a hike, a split-straw "sailor" encircled with forget-me-nots that perched on the back of my head like a last year's bird's-nest, and a dollar suitcase of rattan, trimmed with imitation sheepskin that wasn't even waterproof. Then I darkened two of my front teeth with repeated applications of tincture of iron, braided my hair up in a bob so close and tight that it seemed to pull my eyes out of focus, and adorned my feet with a pair of broad-toed "easies" whose half-inch heels made me walk as though I'd been born with fallen arches. And, thus equipped, I made my way back to the land of my birth.

I went back to the city looking so much like the Queen of the Rubes that the adenoid exercisers who dispense extras in front of the Grand Central Terminal gave each other the fraternal eye as I pushed out between them. A one-legged small boy even leaned against the Subway kiosk and called aloud to the world: "Say, Dutch, did youse pipe th' boob from th' burdock patch?"

But this didn't disturb me, not for a moment. I knew what I knew. I remembered that I was back in the land of my birth. I may have looked like a simp from the snake-fence region, as Toosey Attrill would have phrased it, but I knew my city of cement and steel and sandstone as well as any rural mail-driver ever knew his country route. And as I trundled my grass-woven suitcase laboriously down Fourth Avenue, with my jaw hanging appropriately loose at the sight of the sky-scrapers, and with a stare of worried innocence at the gentle strangers who accosted me, I had the consolation of recognizing Sergeant Gorman in the blue-clad figure just below the Belmont corner, to say nothing of the further satisfaction of placing the yellow-faced idler in the green fedora, at the corner of Thirty-eighth Street, as Chink Coppinger, the leather-dip and sneak-thief in general.

I had, too, the final consolation of knowing that my destination was a rooming-house at a certain number in East Twenty-fourth Street, where my arrival had been casually yet laboriously prepared for. The portly wife of Wilkins himself had told a Mrs. Jaeckel that she had an up-State niece who was crazy to get to the city for work. And Mrs. Jaeckel had duly imparted to Mrs. Munger, who operated the aforementioned rooming-house, the information that she knew of a country girl named "Bessie Laurie" who would work hard and cheap to get a start in the city. Mrs. Munger, being frugal by both training and instinct, had consented to give the up-State girl a trial at one-half regular wages.

Under ordinary circumstances, of course, the prospect of being a slavey in an East Side rooming-house would have proven anything but appealing to me. But in this case the circumstances were far from ordinary. Inspector Sloan, in fact, had announced that this same Twenty-fourth Street rooming-house held a certain old German who answered to the name of Otto Schoenfeld, and that while nothing definite as yet was known as to Schoenfeld's activities, there seemed to be certain substantial reasons for investigating that mild-mannered old German and his manner of life. And the Inspector had listened to my plea about doing that investigating alone, without Wilkins and Doyle hanging around to drape the Indian sign on my humble endeavors.

That was all I knew. But it was enough. Mrs. Munger, I soon found, was not the type of woman to make my task an over-luxuriously easy one. Under her soft and billowy form, I saw, resided a heart of granite. My first day in that rooming-house, indeed, convinced me that a month of it would give me both Alpine fever and housemaid's knee all at once. For, besides four long flights of stairs to climb, there were beds to make, halls to be swept, washings to be carried to the roof, towels to be ironed, bells to be answered, and a hundred and one other odd



"I went back to the city looking so much like the Queen of the Rubes that the adenoid exercisers in front of the Grand Central gave each other the eye as I pushed between them!"

errands to be run. For this I was to receive the lordly sum of three dollars a week, with the privilege of sharing the company of a morose, middle-aged and mysteriously silent Irishwoman known as "Bridgy," who at unexpected times was addicted to fits, and at all times to the use of [illegible] I was installed in a sulphur-colored sub-cellar at the top floor front, an attic-room that stood next to Bridgy's, our limited abode when off duty. It was a room which could be as stifling, on a hot summer night, as any stokehole.

To this, however, I offered no objection, for before the end of my second day in that shabby old rooming-house I'd discovered that the one other occupant of that top floor was a mild-mannered old oculist by the name of Schoenfeld. And it was, of course, encouraging to know that I was to be stationed, in my hours of ease, so satisfactorily close to the man I had been sent there to investigate.

OTTO SCHOENFELD, I soon found, was not as easy to investigate as I had imagined. In the first place, the hours of ease I've just spoken of were few and far between. Mrs. Munger, who acknowledged that she found me both short-sighted and stupid, did not believe in tempting her help with idleness. For Bridgy's newly arrived assistant, in fact, she devised ingenious and unlooked for tasks, all the way from kalsomining the basement kitchen ceiling to scrubbing and holystoning the broken old brownstone house-steps—and my heart came up in my mouth at the sudden thought of Winkie himself happening along and beholding me—*me*, Balmy Rymal, down on my knees scrubbing the house-steps of an East-Side rooming-house!

As for Otto Schoenfeld himself, he gave every promise of proving about as shy as a springbok. He vanished like a shadow, I found, at the first sign of my approach. It wasn't until my third day as a slavey, in fact, that I got a good look at him. And that look rather disturbed some of my preconceived ideas as to the man. In the first place, he wasn't as old as I expected. He at once reminded me of David Warfield in "The Music Master," although he was more fragile-looking than old *Anton Von Barwig*, and walked with more of a stoop. He struck me, indeed, as nothing more than a benevolent-eyed and absent-minded workman who was content to mind his own business so long as you minded yours. He was visibly startled when he first confronted me in the hall, and I knew that he stopped and studied me as I went stumbling and trudging on up the dusty stairway. He could have found nothing very disconcerting about me, I felt sure, for besides my general air of stupidity I was maintaining a pretense of being short-sighted. The rooms in Mrs. Munger's house were methodically numbered, and a short-sighted girl had a chance to overhear things, occasionally, when squinting up to make sure of a door number.

That bespectacled old German still continued to study me, during the next few days, but he did it more indirectly. As I've already said, he occupied the entire rear of the top floor where Bridgy and I had our sleeping quarters. There, I found, he did practically all his own cooking and housekeeping, to say nothing of looking after three canaries, of which he was inordinately proud. He lived very frugally, so far as I could judge, but was regarded as a good tenant by Mrs. Munger, always paying his rent in advance and bestowing a dollar a week on the taciturn Bridgy for washing his flannels—which, apparently, he wore winter and summer. He was a very busy man, I also learned, and apparently a prosperous one, getting even more work than he could handle as a manufacturing optician. In other words, he had a large room next to his living and sleeping room, shut off from the rest of the house, and there he worked all day long at cutting and grinding lenses.

It wasn't until the fourth day that I had a chance to visit his quarters, climbing the three long flights with a frugal parcel of laundry for which I was instructed to collect thirty-two cents. I could hear the hum of machinery as I repeated my knock on his door. I could also hear the sound of a bolt being withdrawn as old Otto answered that knock. He studied me with abstracted suspicion, stared at the laundry, and listened with his head on one side, like an old robin, while I stammered out my instructions about the thirty-two cents.

I was aching to have a look at the inside of that room, but it would pay me, I remembered, not to appear either too intelligent or too inquisitive. So I counted over the change he dropped into my hand, ponderously, scratched my head in doubt, and re-counted it, even more slowly. He was smiling a little as I backed away, but I could feel his eyes still on me as I stumbled back to the stairhead and went thumping down in my broad-toed "easies." He was beginning to see, of course, that I wasn't the sort of person to interfere with the activities of a benevolent-minded old lens-grinder whose only wish in life was to be left alone with his work.

This work of his, I soon discovered, involved the continuous receipt and despatch of carefully boxed spectacle-lenses. Sometimes they came by messenger, and sometimes they came by registered special delivery. But always they were delivered personally at Otto Schoenfeld's door. It was

impressed on me, from the first, that all such packages were to go at once to that top-floor optician. Several times, in fact, I had occasion to knock on his door, but each time, I noticed, the guarding bolt had to be withdrawn and the old German's body stood between me and his precious room of mysteries.

But I showed no interest in either that old German or his room, and day by day, I could see, his natural suspicions were subsiding. He even sent me out to a Third Avenue drug-store for a six-ounce bottle of turpentine, munificently rewarding me with a nickel for my own abandoned use. I hung my head, and made awkward efforts at declining it, but he patted me on the shoulder and abstractedly waved me away.

A few nights later, after he'd had a visitor, he came shuffling into my room in his German felt slippers and found me stooped over my tattered blue skirt, apparently dividing my attention between chewing gum and doing my best to mend a frayed skirt-hem. He stood studying me impersonally, which made me blink and squint all the harder at the hem, and then asked me if my eyes didn't trouble me. I pretended to be afraid of him, and stammered out an admission that I'd always been short-sighted, whereupon he lifted my chin and stared straight into my eyes. It was a movement which embarrassed me not a little, and I think I blushed violently, even under my coat of departing tan. That blush seemed to reassure him, however, for he blithely announced that some day when he wasn't so busy he'd fit me with a pair of spectacles. And then he turned and shuffled back to his room before I'd even had time to thank him.

But I felt that he was no longer hostile to the new arrival. He even stopped me in the hall, and asked me my name, facetiously remarking that he'd often heard of what must have been my older sister "Annie." He laughed at my stare of perplexity, "My sister?" I echoed.

"Vouldn't dot be der Annie Laurie vot dey sing aboudt?" he demanded with ponderous jocularity. I joined in his laugh.

"Maybe, some day, you vould like to learn to blay pinochle, eh?" he companionably inquired. And I hung my head and reminded him that even the taciturn Bridgy openly acknowledged that I wasn't very smart. That seemed to start him thinking.

"Vould you be smardt enough to do mendings mit my shirts and mit der holes in my socks?" he somewhat plaintively inquired. Seeing unlooked-for chances in any such undertaking, I promptly yet timidly announced that I was very fond of working with a needle. And so our compact was duly entered into.

That canny-eyed old optician, however, remained as shy as a springbok. He still persisted in shutting himself away from the little world of the Munger household, and I had two days of toil, crowned with a fit from Bridgy, before I found myself presented with a chance of even so much as penetrating the enemy's intrenchments. My chance came with a curt order, from the mountainous Mrs. Munger, to wash Otto Schoenfeld's windows. I was hoping that Otto himself would be absent during this operation. But it was the old German himself who answered my knock and unlocked the door to his Bluebeardy chambers. He seemed, in fact, rather unwilling to admit me, mildly protesting that he oughtn't to be disturbed. Yet while I went stumbling away with my pail of hot water, showing nothing but bovine indifference, he called me back. He held out a coin to me and asked me if I'd first run out to a Third Avenue grocery and buy some cuttle-bone for his canaries. He'd been too busy, he explained, and his birds were hungry.

The boob from the burdock patch prided herself on seeing through that ruse, but she went without a murmur.

On my return with the cuttle-bone Otto Schoenfeld was all ready to receive me. He even slipped a dime into my hand and announced that it was mine to buy hokey-pokey with. Then he locked me inside, pointed out that he wanted me to be especially careful of his photograph plates on the window-sills, and seated himself at a huge work-bench which ran along one wall of his room. But as I rubbed away at my window-panes, singing in a cracked voice that would probably have sent Toosey Attrill into convulsions, I was able to make a covert yet careful study of that room.

It proved to be a remarkably untidy room, but at the same time a remarkably interesting one. Along one wall, as I've already said, ran a wide work-bench. Installed under this bench was an electric dynamo, a huge galvanized can with a funnel on its top, obviously to catch drip, and a lidless tin bread-box as a receptacle for glass chips and the bench refuse in general. On the bench was a large smooth-rimmed grindstone, connected with the dynamo, with a small drip-can adjusted above it. This was plainly an automatic grinding-wheel for shaping and polishing lenses. Beside it was a lens-drill with a diamond-pointed shaft and next to this again was an instrument of many cogs and adjusting wheels, which I thought I recognized as a lens-cutter. About the bench-top, which was stained with oil, stood a scattering of topless cigar-boxes filled with lenses of different shapes and colors and weights, a number of bottles which apparently held cutting mixtures, a cabinet of small pliers, a couple of magnifying glasses, and a tobacco-tin half filled with what seemed to be eyeglasses spoiled in the cutting.

Against the opposite wall stood a cabinet of stock lenses, the different drawers, I later discovered, carrying such inscriptions as "Plano Prisms," "Crooke's Assorted," "Segments Edged," "Flat Minus," "Flat Plus," and "Toric," some of the descriptive epithets being followed by different numerals or combinations of numerals. About the walls were hung highly complex charts of the human eye, and a couple of calendars bearing the name of manufacturing opticians, together with an advertising sign announcing: "*The Schoenfeld Toric Will Save Your Eyes.*"

It was an innocent-enough looking work-room, and the sedentary old figure grinding spectacle-lenses at his humble work-bench impressed me as anything but ominous. And when I shifted to the windows of his living-room, and carefully inspected those equally unpretentious quarters, a distinct sense of disappointment crept through me. From the singing canaries to the little gas-stove beside the sink, it held nothing that did not speak of innocent frugality, of a preoccupied old workman intent only on relieving the eye-strain of his unknown patrons. And when later in the day I communicated this information to

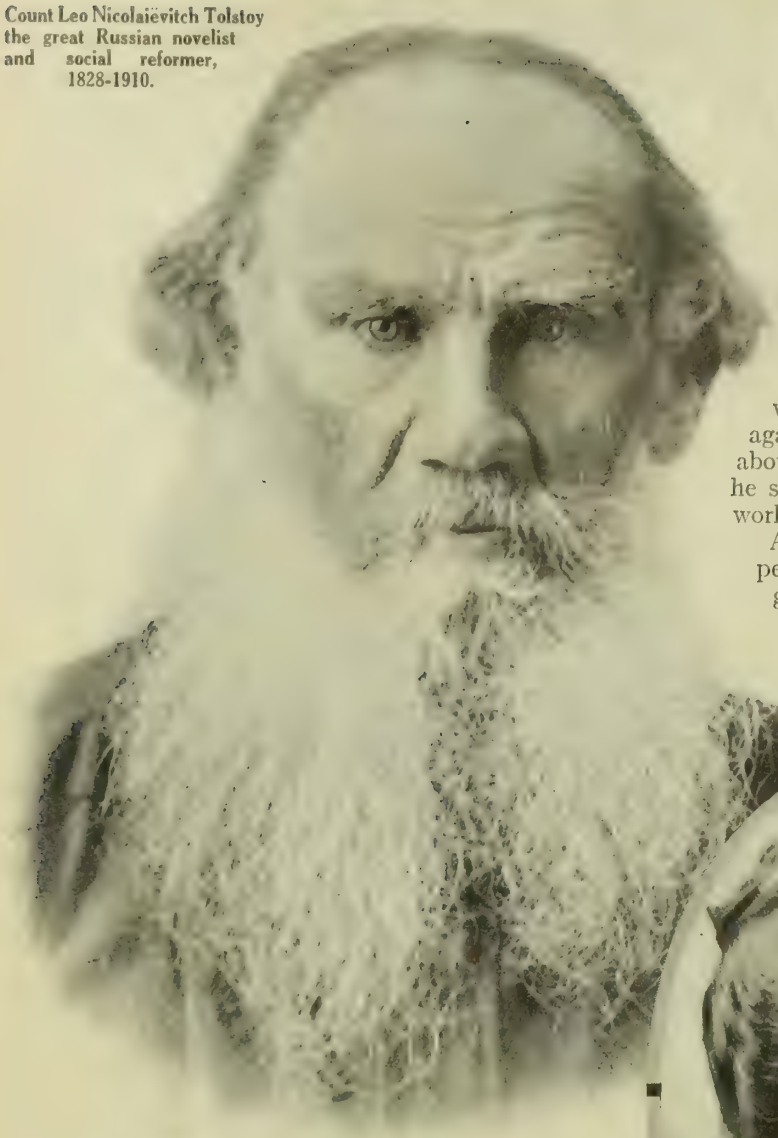
(*Continued on page 140*)



"My discovery was a neatly-kept pocket notebook on whose orderly pages were entered lists of stones and the addresses of all the big diamond thieves in the country!"

Tolstoy as Prophet of Russia's Freedom

By his son Count Ilys Tolstoy



Count Leo Nicolaïevitch Tolstoy the great Russian novelist and social reformer, 1828-1910.

MY FATHER was an artist, and therefore a true painter of life. But he was much more. He was a thinker who stood ever at the head of every intellectual movement of the world. And if he had no personal contact with this present Russian Revolution, he was an important factor in it.

All the questions which are now before the people and the new Russian Government, all the problems now agitating our free citizens, were dealt with by my father at different epochs of his life. All these issues over which we are puzzling to-day were perfectly clear to him. Not only did he work them out, but he solved them.

I may say that the Russian Revolution was caused by the self-education of the whole Russian nation. And in this my father had a great and noble part. In the same way was the French Revolution caused by the enlightenment of the French people under the great influence of the most famous man of that period, Jean Jacques Rousseau.

The aims of Tolstoy and those of the leaders of the Republican parties were always almost the same, only the means of attaining them were diametrically different.

Sharing the thoughts of Christ, the ideas of love and the absolute repudiation of every kind of violence, my father never believed in the possibility of the attainment of the Kingdom of God upon this earth by physical force.

Naturally, he was against all forms of violence, immaterial of the factor whether it originated in the Government or in the people.

The only part he saw—and this he constantly saw—was the pathway of love. It is interesting to notice that, in all the public activities of his life, Tolstoy was always isolated. His great power of human vision, [illegible] caused him to be more often alone, always steadfast, but lonely. He was never in the majority. Yet who will dare say he was not invariably in the right path? Tolstoy was always against the oppressors of the people; he always stood with the oppressed against the oppressor. He towered above his age. Throughout his life he stood as the Conscience of the world.

At all times and everywhere people have attributed to all great thinkers the gift of prophecy and the capacity of anticipating future events. During their lives they are grossly misunderstood. After they have passed away people invent all kinds of stories and legends and send these forth as actual truths relative to the departed pioneers. No thinker of any importance in the world escapes this fate. It is the price he must pay for clearness of thought and freedom of his own soul.

Unfortunately, Leo Tolstoy did not escape the result of these delusions. After his death, I myself heard a legend to the effect that my father had arisen from his tomb and appeared in a vision and that he had been seen walking around the woods of Yasnaya Polyana. I have been also informed, while in this country, that my father made a prophecy concerning the present war. Not only is he said to have foretold the world conflict, but other equally unreliable and even absurd rumors.

Knowing my father's power of psychological analysis and his utter lack of faith in the possibility of any kind of prophecies, I fear it is my duty to shatter the illusions of many well-meaning people and to set the reader right in this direction. My father never believed in prophecies. All pronouncements admitting the possibility of prophecy which are attributed to him are, from beginning to end, deceptive and untruthful. Take, for instance, the legend of his having been

(*Concluded on page 130*)



In the oval: Portrait of Countess Tolstoy. At right: Count Leo Tolstoy in the garb of a Russian Muzhik.



Portrait group showing the Tolstoy family at dinner, Count Leo and Countess Tolstoy seated at the extreme right.

A Lady in Distress

by

George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

Illustrated by

Clarence F. Underwood

SYNOPSIS:—In a veritable Happy Valley somewhere among the Blue Mountains of the Old Dominion dwelt a few of the aristocratic F. F. V.'s, including three doughty Colonels and Little Linnet Merridell, last of her line—a dreamy, romantic slip of a girl just budding into womanhood. She revels in a trunkful of novels and gloats over a chest of her dead mother's finery in the attic, visioning herself as some bygone beauty and dressing the part accordingly after dark when Aunt Cynthia's safely asleep, and then masquerading in the moonlit old garden as "Lady Linnet Merridell" and wishing some cavalier lover would come. Despite a band of moonshiners on Eagle's Neck all is drowsily peaceful in the Valley until valuable coal-lands are discovered—to which little Linnet is the heir. Then things begin to happen, and best of all a Prince of the Garden really does appear. But Linnet's troubles are just beginning. The Prince fails to reappear, so the girl thinks she is deserted—"betrayed," she tells Louise, who makes a fine champion, although she has troubles of her own, owing to John Gibbing and the coal-lands and the three Colonels. Then the Lord of the Hollyhocks comes to the garden once more and is shot at by the three chivalrous old Colonels. So Linnet's romantic secret is exposed and she runs away to be a trained nurse. But the Colonels and Aunt Cynthia and Louise head her off, and Linnet returns to resume her rightful place in society and become the belle of the countryside. Then comes the trial of the great coal case, wherein Louise is defeated because the Colonels kidnap her chief witness.



As Linnet stood gazing over the garden it was clear that the Lord of the Hollyhocks had landed very deep and hard indeed.

THERE were tears now in Parlor A, where three women stood alone amid the quiet; the noise had gone with the impromptu posse, and Linnet held one hand of Louise, while Aunt Cynthia held the other. It was all right with Darlton Old Top. A Byrd apology was ample to cover a Byrd insult, and to-morrow was another day, and it was time to go home or Helie's dinner would spoil. But what was the matter with Linnet? Poor kiddie, poor kiddie! She was crushed, lifeless. And it wasn't on account of the trial. Louise knew that, and Aunt Cynthia knew it; for, up at Dr. Burbane's, Linnet had gone straight to her aunt with this new development of her tragic lie. They had talked for awhile in the quiet way of the Byrds, and then they had come to the hotel to apologize to Louise, and get the report on the trial, and ask Louise to come back to Magnolia Pass and consult with them about Linnet's future. A tremendous compliment, that! But what was the matter with Linnet? She took but little interest in the proposed conference, except to be glad to have Louise go back with them.

The future? Yes, there must be a future, she supposed. But what did it matter since the Lord of the Hollyhocks had suddenly reappeared; since the Plumed Horseman had suddenly galloped out of the land of the sunset and as suddenly galloped away again. The glow in his black eyes! The luminous love-light that lay between the Lord of the Hollyhocks and the Spirit of the Jasmine for that tremulous first moment! That was all Linnet could see as they whirled away in the gray runabout; at least, that was what she tried to see—constantly! Oh, if her memory would only hold that one instant, and not the later one when scorn had glowed in place of the luminous light of love!

It had been there at first, that love-light. Yes, it had been there! He had come back to her, longing for her, seeking her, eagerly, fondly, tenderly. And he was still a worthy Prince of her Lady of Night, for it was no cowardice which had kept him away! She knew now the story of his illness from Louise, and even in her sorrow something exulted in her that there had been no unworthiness in him! Wherever you ride, oh, Plumed Horseman, may all be well with thee! For you have no blame and no shame! Only Linnet had these things. She had lied—lied so that it had cast stigma on one who was clean; and the granddaughter of General Byrd held down her pointed chin.

Yes, she would stay at home if they thought best. Oh, yes. Or she would try to put her education to some use if they thought best; there in Magnolia Pass, if possible. Oh, yes, yes. Or she would go away, under the tutelage of Louise, with Aunt Cynthia's permission, and try to make a place of usefulness for herself. Yes, very good, indeed. She was willing for anything upon which they might decide. She could play the piano excellently; her French was exceptional. Perhaps these, or some other of her gifts and accomplishments, might work into the scheme of things. Yes. Yes, no doubt.

She had seen him again! She had looked into his eyes! She had found the tremulous love-light there! She had known it in the instant and then——

He would not come back again, that much was certain. If she had cared no more for him than to throw that blot on him—if she had cared no more for herself than to throw that blot on them both—he would not come back. If he only knew how far that had been from her thought! It had been so impossible to explain, there in the daylight, with four people sternly listening—four men! Why, that story told by the lonely little gingham girl had been a thing of cobwebs and of moonlight, an unconscious weaving of romance; a mere metaphor to explain her loneliness and the colorlessness of her life. But when she had tried to make this plain, standing there on a gravel walk, at the side of an artificial fish-pond, in a smart up-to-date organdie and her hair in the latest style, it had sounded incredible even to herself.

The Lord of the Hollyhocks, he would come back, too; even if Ned Langdon stayed away! He'd not come back in his very self, the Prince of the Lady of Night, but he'd be a shade in her

Copyright, 1917, by International Magazine Co. (Hearst's)—Copyrighted in Great Britain

garden, and always there! That would be the joy of him now; always waiting for her to beckon him out of the shadows, those shadows behind the rigid hollyhock screen. At her barest thought of longing he would step through, and he would doff his hat and smile, and look at her with his great, glowing black eyes, luminous with the love-light, and would say: "Princess, I am here!"

Why, what was the child suddenly sobbing about? The two women in the little gray car—the old one and the young one—looked at each other, and then Aunt Cynthia put a thin arm around the little girl in the mechanician's seat, and wiped a tear from each side of her severe nose.

Somebody was sitting on the porch of the long, low Byrd residence when the little gray car stopped there, and he rose tall and slender. With all the effect of loafing, he came briskly down to the car. Joe Porp. Both Cynthia and Louise gave jumps of gladness at the sight of Joe. Welcome, Joe! The top o' the morning to you, Joe! The same to you, and many of 'em! Stay and have dinner! Have two dinners!

Linnet smiled as he swung her to the ground; and when Louise saw that smile her blue eyes clouded with concern. Poor kiddie! Poor kiddie!

He walked right away with her, did Joe. He was too eager, and too much possessed of his own tumultuous purposes to notice anything strange in Linnet. He whisked her straight around to the little vine-clad side-porch, through which no one ever entered and to which no one ever came. He took both her hands, and he looked down at her, with no trace in him of the eager entertainer. Handsome fellow was Joe, a handsome fellow, and a fine fellow!

"I'm going away, Linney. Had a telegram to-day from dad. He's going to fire me into the business out West; a branch office."

"Oh, I'm sorry you're going," and Linnet smiled up fondly at him. Joe was tremendously nice when one came to know him.

Mr. Porp seemed a bit disappointed. She was always bluffing him, however; one time it would be a pretended lack of cordiality, and at one time a pretended anger, and at another ridicule.

"I'd like it, except for one thing." He stooped to look under her lashes. "I've been loafing long enough. I'm twenty-four, and it's time I was doing something. The Dad's mighty decent about it, Linney. He's starting me with a good income, for a kid. And the finish is what I make it! There's only one thing holds me back!"

His voice lowered and he pressed her hands, and he gazed down at her with sparkling eyes. "You know I'm crazy about you, Linney!"

The little chin quivered, and she tried gently to disengage her hands, but she did not look up.

"I know it seems like a sudden case, Linney, but honest it isn't a habit with me!" He drew her toward him. "Tell me I have a chance, Linney, dear!"

She raised her lashes at last, and her eyes were brimming with tears.

"I'm sorry, Joe."

[illegible] young Mr. Porp [illegible] appeal, and a persuasive. He argued the [illegible] and when [illegible] because he had to pack for his train, he [illegible]

up and that he'd write at least three times a week!

Dear Joe, nice Joe! He had made a profound impression on Linnet; but when Louise found her in her bedroom by-and-by, gazing down in the garden, she had forgotten Joe, absolutely!

"What's the matter with Porp?" demanded Louise, in the severe tone of guardianship which she now felt a right to assume.

"Joe?" Linnet looked around with a smile. "Joe's a darling."

"And that's why you turned him down!" Louise pretended to storm, and part of it was real. "Talk about futures—there was one waiting for you on the porch. Joe Porp has a good family and a rich family; he's a handsome kid and a live one; and you two are the best-looking couple I ever saw! It seems to me that a darling like Joe would just about solve all your problems, kiddie. I say, jump in my car and overtake Joe Porp before he gets away!"

The chin of the granddaughter of General Byrd came up. "You've been like a mother to me, Louise, but——"

"Ouch! I've been in tough mining-towns, and I've raised three little devils of sisters, and I've done bloody battle with John Gibbing, but I never was called anything like that!"

"I apologize," smiled Linnet, slipping her hand into the hand of her friend. It was then Louise noticed the tear-stains on the smooth young cheeks.

"As bad as that, eh?" Louise studied the girl seriously as Linnet turned back to the garden. "So Ned Langdon landed as deep as that!" A quiver in the pointed chin. "Well, I'm saving up a rat-biscuit for that black-eyed subpœna jumper! If he had a bit of sense he'd have understood your explanation! He's a half-artist—he ought to! My opinion is that Ned Langdon——"

"Don't!" Linnet's voice was peremptory, but it was full of hurt. "He isn't at fault in anything." She turned back to the garden.



Linnet Merridell ran into the crevice, followed by Louise. The astonished Bill Scoville let them through, then poked his rifle quickly around the corner again.

"HOO-HOO! Hoo-hoo!" The mournful tone resounded from Eagle's Neck, and it was answered from far down the path. It was echoed an instant later from down the rapids. "Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo!"

A figure, crouched around the rock at Lookout Point, began to slip into the ravine on the lower side, keeping well in the shadows, and holding tightly to every scrub-oak and pine as it passed lest its foot might slip and roll an avalanche of loose gravel down the grade.

"Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo!" On Eagle's Neck the call, less mournful, more insistent.

"Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo!" Down in the rocks by the rapids.

"Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo!" Up the path, just above the shrinking figure; and all was intense silence for a moment; then a loud crack.

"Dang!" exploded the shrill voice of Sheriff Ding Fife as that branch broke under his clutch; then a shot rang out, and Ding Fife let go all holds, coasting feet foremost down the gravelly bank, until he was stopped by a stump just above the ford. He hung there and cursed until he was out of breath.

Even while he was finishing the last of his remarks, he was scrambling from the stump; then he was running down to the road and up to the cross-roads; where he stopped the first citizen he met, a cross-eyed colored man with a wide straw hat and bare feet.

"Where's Buck Blake?"

"Ye-ye-ye-ye-ye-ye-yessuh!" answered Quinn Hade. "Cu-cu-cu-cu-cu-cu——"

Ding Fife grabbed Quinn Hade by the shoulders, and shook him until his hat bobbed off his head.

"Where's Buck Blake?"

"Yessuh!" Quinn's voice suddenly went high and shrill, and his eyes screwed straight. "Cunnel Blake an' Cunnel Peters an' Cun-

nel Smiley—scuse me——" Quinn was talking so fast he was compelled to pause for breath. "They jes' done start up Eagle's Neck path, and 'pears like they was in a hurry. That's all I know."

"Dang!" Sheriff Fife let go of Quinn Hade with a shove, and tore around the post-office corner, where half-a-dozen of the select riffraff from over the river were playing horseshoes by the light of the narrow post-office window; a half-dozen more, sitting on the ground, with their backs hunched against the post-office wall, were engaged in the serious and silent occupation of chewing tobacco.

"Posse!" yelled Ding Fife. "You're all appointed deputees, every dang one!"

"What fur?" inquired the largest and loafingest of the silent workers.

"To chase Colonels!" growled Ding. "Git up!"

"I ain't got no insurance on my life."

"You better be gettin' one on your death, you wampus!" crackled Ding, and grabbing the fellow by his shoulders, lifted him up with a vigorous jerk, turned him, and gave him a vigorous kick. "Fall in, yo'-all!" and they fell in.

Ding marched them down to his small office, opened the heavy oak door inside, brought out his rifles and ammunition, and armed them with the energy of an unchained fury. He'd been three days, penned up in the inner cave of the Beehive amid the fermenting mash; and only his temper had made him dare his desperate escape through the fissure, and every whisker on him fairly crackled with vindictiveness.

At about the same moment there came down Magnolia Road, from Hammond, two seven-passenger automobiles.

In the front seat of the foremost car rode baby-skinned Judge Heatherspoon with a rifle in his hands and a smile of infantile glee on his face. Just before they came to the post-office corner they met a shambling figure in a wide straw hat and bare feet.

"Hey!" called the Judge.

"Ye-ye-ye-ye-ye-ye-yessuh!"

"Yo'-all seen Colonel Buck Blake?"

Quinn Hade grabbed his straw hat with both hands, and hopped up and down like a rooster, then he pitched his voice an octave high, and talked so fast that his lips flapped.

"Yessuh. Cunnel Blake an' Cunnel Peters an' Cunnel Smiley—scuse me—they done went up Eagle's Neck path, and 'pears to me like they was in a hurry. Scuse me. Sheriff Fife done asked the same question. Scuse me. Done 'peared to me like he was in a hurry too." Quinn released his straw hat and drew a long breath. "Ye-ye-ye-ye-ye-ye-yessuh!" he finished, and shambled on.

"I knew it," chuckled Judge Heatherspoon. "I knew just where they'd go. That's why I waited till we had our dinner." The cars turned down Eagle's Neck path.

Quinn Hade, stuttering something to himself, shambled on. Opposite the Byrd residence Quinn was stopped by a hearty voice. A pudgy young man stepped forward from the porch, where Louise and Linnet and six eager entertainers—only six to-night—had been wondering about the excitement at the post-office corner.

"I say!"

Quinn grabbed off his hat and began fanning himself agitatedly, while his face turned up, and his eyes popped straight, and his hasty voice shrilled like a peanut whistle.

"Cunnel Blake an' Cunnel Peters an' Cunnel Smiley done gone up Eagle's Neck path—scuse me—and 'pears like they was in a hurry. An' Sheriff Fife an' a posse—scuse me—done gone up also, an' 'pears like they was in a hurry. An' Judge Heatherspoon and Mr. Gibbing an'—buh-buh-buh-buh-buh-Buhjack—Buh-Buh-Buh-Buh-Wow! Zowie!——" And Quinn Hade, utterly stumped on that impossible name, gave it up and rolled in the grass, kicking his bare feet in an ecstasy of nerves.

The howls of laughter from the porch resounded in Magnolia Road for full five minutes, dying down and breaking out afresh. It was still going on when a touring-car stopped at the post-office corner, hesitated, turned and came down to the laughter. A square-built man jumped out and plodded straight inside the gate.

"You fellows are deputized," he observed in a grating bass voice. "I'm State Detective Douglas. Any more boys in the house?"

"Men, you mean!" corrected Pudge cheerfully. "We are but six, detective. What's the idea?"

"Blow up a still!" rumbled the bass of Detective Douglas. "The dynamite's in the car. Jump in."

"Hip, hip, hip, and a hoot!" yelled Pudge, racing out to the car, followed by the five eager adventurers.

"Oh, dash!" said Louise soberly, as the car whizzed round the post-office corner. "Giggle, Linney, I can't. That flattie means business."

Linnet was already on her feet, her eyes straining up Eagle's Neck path; but the quarter moon had gone behind the clouds and it was dark.

"Dynamite!"

"Where's that still, kiddie?" Louise had Linnet by the hand, and was gripping it.

"Still?" The hesitation (*Continued on page 152*)



Louise stood at the very edge of her stone of safety while John Gibbing leaned over and took his first kiss, then slipped off in water up to his knees!

The Flaw

by

Virginia Terhune Van de Water

Illustrated by

Walter Tittle



"I want you to tell me," said Don, "if you will be a bit happier for my coming? Tell me, Agnes."

"HAVE you had a pleasant afternoon, dear?"

The tone in which the mother asked the question was almost deferential, as one might speak to a superior rather than to one's child.

"Oh, yes, pleasant enough," the girl replied. "We motored over to Red Bank. But the drives about here are fearfully monotonous. There is no scenery to amount to anything. I shall be glad to get away to the mountains for a while."

"I shall miss you when you are gone," the older woman remarked.

There was a wistful look in her eyes, but her companion did not notice it.

Gladys Wyndham was nineteen and very pretty. Many people thought her beautiful. Her beauty was of the kind that is not dependent upon the expression of the face. Her skin was clear, with only a slight flush in the cheeks; her eyes were brown and calm. She wore her dark and abundant hair brushed back from her smooth forehead in a way that is trying to any but classic features. These she possessed. Her curved mouth was perfect in outline. That it betokened selfishness might not have been detected by anyone but a student of physiognomy. Her figure was slender, yet gracefully rounded, and she dressed so as to show it to the best advantage. Her hands and feet were shapely. Altogether, as she stood now before her mother, she was a daughter of whose appearance any woman might be proud.

"I think I'll lie down for a while before I dress for dinner," she announced. "I am going out this evening."

"Oh, are you, dear?" The question escaped the matron involuntarily, then she corrected her blunder. "I only meant that I thought, perhaps, as you had been out so much to-day, you would prefer to stay in and dance this evening."

"The dances here at this hotel have degenerated into a kind of kindergarten display," Gladys complained. "All the kids in the place disport themselves in the parlors the first part of the evening, and when they go up to bed a few stupid, awkward people bump around in what they fancy are the modern dances. It makes me tired. I do hope that up at Twilight Park there will be a different kind of crowd from what there is here."

"Yet you have had a rather pleasant summer so far—haven't you?" the mother ventured timidly.

Gladys Wyndham shrugged her shoulders. "Pleasant enough, yes. But all summer resorts on the Jersey coast are cut off the same piece of goods. They are about alike. The bathing is good here, and that's all that can be said for the place. If I had not had my car this summer I would have been bored to death."

Agnes Wyndham's face lighted with gratification.

"I am so glad you are enjoying your car!" she exclaimed. "I knew you wanted it, and since I got it for you I have actually reveled in the thought of the good time you are having with it. And, dearest, you drive very well."

"So everybody tells me." The girl accepted the compliment as her due. "And that reminds me—when I go up to Twilight next week I would like to motor up. I have spoken to Helen Grafton about going with me. She says her husband can get off for a few days, so they will chaperon me. A man Jack Grafton knows—a friend of his—will make the fourth in the party."

"Oh, my dear child!"

The girl did not frown at the parent's exclamation. Instead she laughed indulgently.

"Now, mother dear," she argued, "you're not beginning to worry already about this plan, are you? What possible objection can there be to my going in the car? The roads are good, and scores of tourists are making the trip every day. You arranged to have me spend a month with Mrs. Drake, and what's the difference whether I go by rail or motor? Be a sensible little parent and stop fussing. I'll be perfectly safe, of course, so let's call the matter settled. And now I'm going to get a bit of beauty sleep before dinner."

Agnes Wyndham stood up. "Let me get out your wrapper and slippers for you, daughter."

She spoke eagerly, as one asking a boon.

"All right, honey. Come along!" Gladys called back over her shoulder as she went into the adjoining room.

After she had seen her child lying down, and had drawn the curtains so as to soften the afternoon glare, the mother heart overflowed.

"My darling!" she murmured, pressing her lips to the cool, round cheek. "My darling!"

Gladys returned the kiss, then yawned. "I'm dreadfully sleepy!" she murmured.

"Get a good nap, dear," the older woman soothed.

She went softly from the room, closing the door of communication between her own chamber and the larger one occupied by her child. Then she sat down and gazed out across the ocean sparkling in the late afternoon sunlight.

The view was a fair one and the woman was fond of it, but just now her thoughts were turned inward, rather than outward. In spirit she stood by the side of her sleeping child and tried to silence the insistent crying out of her mother love.

For Gladys was her only child. Mark Wyndham, in dying a half-dozen years ago, had left everything to his wife, secure in the knowledge that his little girl would be cared for. It is to be doubted if even he, knowing his wife as he did, had any idea of how lavishly the mother's all would be spent upon her child. For hers was an unreasoning devotion, and the girl was what such unselfish love, poured forth upon a self-centered nature, had made her.

The American girl of to-day is sufficient unto herself. She has her own views and her own aims, which are sometimes curbed or directed by those who have authority over her. Even so, her individuality is permitted to develop to an extent that would have horrified the women of former generations.

That Agnes Wyndham was not horrified was due to the blindness of her love. She saw that

Gladys was pretty; she fancied that she was clever; the girl's wilfulness she termed "self-reliance," her determination to do as she pleased "originality."

Gladys had expressed a desire to come to the seashore this summer, and her mother had unhesitatingly acceded to her wishes. For a year the girl had longed for a motor-car of her own. She did not want a cheap car, she had declared, but "a regular high-power machine." That she had had to wait for some months before having this yearning satisfied was due to the fact that Mrs. Wyndham herself had to wait until certain dividends fell due before buying the automobile. For she was not a wealthy woman. Her husband had felt that he was leaving her well provided for. He had had no experience in the extravagance of the younger generation.

If a passing wonder as to how it was all to end ever came to the mother's mind, she put it from her as unfair to her child. What had she to live for but Gladys? Would it be fair to dwarf such a wonderful personality as this young creature's? Could she do better than to spend and be spent in making her darling happy? Some day, when she, Agnes Wyndham, was an old woman, and Gladys had married a man who could appreciate her and surround her with such luxuries as were her right, the mother would have time to rest and take care of herself. She had lived her own joyous youth, her time of love and happiness with the man she had married; now it was Gladys's turn to have hers.

One of the guests in the hotel stepped forward as Mrs. Wyndham, a wrap over her arm, followed her daughter downstairs that night.

"Where are you going?" Mrs. Hadley asked.

"Oh, I'm not going anywhere," Mrs. Wyndham said. "But Gladys and several of her friends are taking a little drive before bedtime, and I am afraid she will not be warm enough."

"Why don't you go too?" Mrs. Hadley asked impulsively.

"I?" in surprise. "Why, I had not thought of it. Older people are a bit in the way when young folks are off for a frolic—don't you think so? But I must hurry and catch Gladys before she starts."

Yet, when she ran out to the head of the front steps, called her daughter and signaled to her to take the extra wrap, Gladys shook her head.

"I don't need it, dear!" she exclaimed. "I can't use a rug when I am driving the car."

"Oh—I forgot!" the mother apologized.

"Poor mother!" Gladys laughed, turning to the man who sat beside her. "She never remembers that I am grown up."

"Does she often motor with you?" the young man queried, more for the sake of saying something than because he felt any interest in the topic.

"Not often," the girl replied. "She does not care for motoring. Ye gods—what a moon!"



"This is what I've lived for, Gladys," the mother reminded her, "to have you happy. Donald is as nearly worthy of my little girl as any man can be."

The couple on the rear seat—another young man and a girl—echoed her exclamation, and the matter of the middle-aged woman and her preferences was forgotten.

As Agnes Wyndham turned back into the hotel Mrs. Hadley asked a question similar to the one asked by Gladys's companion a moment earlier. "Don't you care for motoring, Mrs. Wyndham? I notice you seldom go."

"Why, yes—I like it," the mother said, as if considering the subject for the first time. "But the car belongs to Gladys, you know—and young people like to be with young people."

"I see," Mrs. Hadley rejoined dryly. "Ah!" as a tall figure approached them, "here is a friend I want you to meet. He has run on from Philadelphia to see this place, with an idea of spending a week here later. Mrs. Wyndham—let me introduce Mr. Armstrong—Mr. Donald Armstrong."

"Mr. Armstrong!" The exclamation with which Agnes greeted the newcomer was fraught with pleased surprise. "Why—I have not seen you in years—not since I was a girl."

"Yet I would have known you anywhere," the man declared. Then, to Mrs. Hadley: "This lady and I were friends when we were youngsters."

"It is over twenty years since that winter I spent in Philadelphia with my aunt," Agnes reminded him. "I was married that next spring. Looking back, it seems a half-century ago."

"And looking at you makes it seem but yesterday," he added gallantly. "Are you here alone?"

"With my daughter—the only person left who belongs to me," she said briefly.

It was later, when Mrs. Hadley had left the pair alone that, tactfully, Donald Armstrong drew from the woman he had once known the story of the years that had intervened since that winter in the Quaker City when he had been a frequent caller at her aunt's home. And in return he told her of what had befallen him since then.

"I have never married," he said. "I am now, at forty-five, pretty lonely. I am a prosperous old bachelor with a comfortable place to live in, money to provide me with luxuries, and no home."

"I know," the woman sympathized. "I am only a couple of years younger than you—and but for my little girl I, too, would have no home."

"Mrs. Hadley has told me that she is very pretty," Armstrong said. "I shall be back in ten days for a week's sojourn. I shall see her then."

"I am afraid you won't," the mother regretted. "She is going up to Twilight Park to spend a month with a friend of mine. She will be gone by the time you return here."

"Then," the man said with a little bow, "I may, perhaps, have the pleasure of preventing her mother's being too utterly lonely while her little girl is absent. For I shall bring my car down, and it may be you will let me help you pass away some of your unoccupied hours by taking some nice long drives with me."

"Oh, thank you!" Agnes exclaimed. "I shall be only too glad—for"—with a catch in her throat—"I shall miss Gladys horribly."

"Does she go alone?" the man asked.

"Oh, no—she takes three other young people with her—a young married couple and a friend of theirs. She goes in the automobile."

GLADYS WYNDHAM had been away from her mother and the seashore for three weeks. Donald Armstrong had been on the Jersey coast for a fortnight. And, during that fortnight, he had spent much of his time with Agnes Wyndham.

If there was gossip about them in the summer hotel neither of the pair was aware of the fact. The man was enjoying Agnes's society as he always enjoyed the society of a bright woman. He did not stop to analyze just how much interested he was in her. It was enough for him that she was delightful company, an excellent comrade, and that she had the leisure to accept his attentions.

As for Agnes herself, with each passing day she looked younger, and more like the daughter whose beauty was so often commented upon. It was a long time since she had regarded herself as of any importance except as the mother of her child. Now that child was away, and time would have dragged drearily had it not been for the presence of (*Continued on page 138*)

The Sorrows of a Summer Guest

By Stephen Leacock

Illustrated by F. Strothmann



For a brief hour or so there is peace. Then Miss Larkspur, the "jolly" English girl, will throw open her window and yell: "Hullo everybody! What a ripping morning!"

LET me admit, as I start to write, that the whole thing is my own fault. I should never have come. I knew better. I have known better for years. I have known that it is sheer madness to go and pay visits in other people's houses.

Yet in a moment of insanity I have let myself in for it and here I am. There is no hope, no outlet now till the first of September when my visit is to terminate. Either that or death. I do not greatly care which.

I write this, where no human eye can see me, down by the pond—they call it the lake—at the foot of Beverly-Jones's estate. It is six o'clock in the morning. No one is up. For a brief hour or so there is peace. But presently Miss Larkspur—the jolly English girl who arrived last week—will throw open her casement window and call across the lawn, "Hullo everybody! What a ripping morning!"—and young Poppleton will call back in a Swiss yodel from somewhere in the shrubbery, and Beverly-Jones will appear on the piazza with big towels round his neck and shout, "Who's coming for an early dip?" And so the day's fun and jollity—heaven help me—will begin again.

Presently they will all come trooping in to breakfast, in colored blazers and fancy blouses, laughing and grabbing at the food with mimic rudeness and bursts of hilarity. And to think that I might have been breakfasting at my club with the morning paper propped against the coffee-pot, in a silent room in the quiet of the city.

I repeat that it is my own fault that I am here.

For many years it had been a principle of my life to visit nobody. I had long since learned that visiting only brings misery. If I got a card or telegram that said, "Won't you run up to the Adirondacks and spend the week-end with us?" I sent back word: "No, not unless the Adirondacks can run faster than I can," or words to that effect. If the owner of a country house wrote to me: "Our man will meet you with a trap any afternoon that you care to name," I answered, in spirit at least: "No, he won't, not unless he has a bear-trap or one of those traps in which they catch wild antelope." If any fashionable lady friend wrote to me in the peculiar jargon that they use: "Can you give us from July the twelfth at half-after-three till the fourteenth at four?" I replied: "Madam, take the whole month, take a year, but leave me in peace."

Such at least was the spirit of my answers to invitations. In practice I used to find it sufficient to send a telegram that read: "Crushed with work impossible to get away," and then stroll back into the reading-room of the club and fall asleep again.

But my coming here was my own fault. It resulted from one of those unhappy moments of expansiveness such as occur, I imagine, to everybody—moments when one appears to be something quite different from what one really is, when one feels oneself a thorough good fellow, sociable, merry, appreciative, and finds the people around one the same. Such moods are known to all of us. Some people say that is is the superself asserting itself. Others say it is from drinking. But let it pass. That at any rate was the kind of mood that I was in when I met Beverly-Jones and when he asked me here.

It was in the afternoon, at the club. As I recall it, we were drinking cocktails and I was thinking what a bright, genial fellow Beverly-Jones was, and how completely I had mistaken him. For myself—I admit it—I am a brighter, better man after drinking two cocktails than at any other time—quicker, kindlier, more genial. And higher, morally. I had been telling stories in that inimitable way that one has after two cocktails. In reality, I only know four stories, and a fifth that I don't quite remember, but in moments of expansiveness they feel like a fund or flow.

It was under such circumstances that I sat with Beverly-Jones. And it was in shaking hands at leaving that he said: "I *do* wish, old chap, that you could run up to our summer place and give us the whole of August!" and I answered, as I shook him warmly by the hand: "My *dear* fellow, I'd simply *love* to!" "By gad, then, it's a go!" he said. "You must come up for August, and wake us all up!"

Wake them up! Ye gods! Me, wake them up!

One hour later I was repenting of my folly, and wishing, when I thought of the two cocktails, that the prohibition wave could be hurried up so as to leave us all high and dry—bone-dry, silent and unsociable.

Then I clung to the hope that Beverly-Jones would forget. But no. In due time his wife wrote to me. They were looking forward so much, she said, to my visit; they felt—she repeated her husband's ominous phrase—that I should wake them all up!

What sort of alarm-clock did they take me for anyway!

Ah, well! They know better now. It was only yesterday afternoon that Beverly-Jones found me standing here in the gloom of some cedar-trees beside the edge of the pond and took me back so quietly to the house that I realized he thought I meant to drown myself. So I did.

I could have stood it better—my coming here, I mean—if they hadn't come down to the station in a body to meet me in one of those long vehicles with seats down the sides—silly-looking men in colored blazers and girls with no hats, all making a hullabaloo of welcome. "We are quite a small party," Mrs. Beverly-Jones had written. Small! Great heavens, what would they call a large one? And even those at the station turned out to be only half of them. There were just as many more all lined up on the piazza of the house as we drove up, all waving a fool welcome with tennis rackets and golf clubs.

Small party, indeed! Why, after six days there are still some of the idiots whose names I haven't got straight! That fool with the fluffy mustache, which is he? And that jackass that made the salad at the picnic yesterday, is he the brother of the woman with the guitar, or who?

But what I mean is, there is something in that sort of noisy welcome



And to think that I might have been breakfasting at my club, with the morning paper propped against the coffee-pot.



I could have stood it better—my arrival here, I mean—if they hadn't all come down to the station to meet me, silly-looking men in blazers and girls with no hats, all making a hullabaloo of welcome!

that puts me to the bad at the start. It always does. A group of strangers all laughing together and with a set of catchwords and jokes all their own, always throws me into a fit of sadness, deeper than words. I had thought when Mrs. Beverly-Jones said a *small* party, she really meant small. I had had a mental picture of a few sad people, greeting me very quietly and gently, and of myself, quiet, too, but cheerful—somehow lifting them up, with no great effort, by my mere presence.

Somehow from the very first I could feel that Beverly-Jones was disappointed in me. He said nothing. But I knew it. On that first afternoon, between my arrival and evening dinner, he took me about his place, to show it to me. I wish that at some proper time I had learned just what it is that you say when a man shows you about his place. I never knew before how deficient I am in it. I am all right to be shown an iron-and-steel plant, or a soda-water factory, or anything really wonderful, but being shown a house and grounds and trees, things that I have seen all my life, leaves me absolutely silent.

"These big gates," said Beverly-Jones, "we only put up this year." I said, "Oh." That was all. Why shouldn't they put them up this year? I didn't care if they'd put them up this year or a thousand years ago. "We had quite a struggle," he continued, "before we finally decided on sandstone." I said: "You did, eh?" There seemed nothing more to say; I didn't know what sort of struggle he meant, or who fought who; and personally sandstone or soapstone or any other stone is all the same to me.

"This lawn," said Beverly-Jones, "we laid down the first year we were here." I answered nothing. He looked me right in the face as he said it and I looked straight back at him, but I saw no reason to challenge his statement.

"These geraniums along the border," he went on, "are rather an experiment. They're Dutch." I looked fixedly at the geraniums but never said a word. They were Dutch; all; right why not? They were an experiment. Very good; let them be so. I know nothing in particular to say about a Dutch experiment.

I could feel that Beverly-Jones grew depressed as he showed me round. I was sorry for him, but unable to help. I realized that there were certain sections of my education that had been neglected. How to be shown things and make appropriate comments seems to be an art in itself. I don't possess it. It is not likely now, as I look at this pond, that I ever shall.

Yet how simple a thing it seems when done by others. I saw the difference at once the very next day, the second day of my visit, when Beverly-Jones took round young Poppleton, the man that I mentioned above who will presently give a Swiss yodel from a clump of laurel bushes to indicate that the day's fun has begun.

Poppleton I had known before, slightly. I used to see him at the club. In club surroundings he always struck me as an ineffable young ass, loud and talkative and perpetually breaking the silence rules. Yet I have to admit that in his summer flannels and with a straw hat on he can do things that I can't.

"These big gates," began Beverly-Jones as he showed Poppleton round the place with me trailing beside them, "we only put up this year."

Poppleton, who has a summer place of his own, looked at the gates very critically. "Now, do you know what *I'd* have done with those gates, if they were mine?" he said.

"No," said Beverly-Jones.

"I'd have set them two feet wider apart; they're too narrow, old chap, too narrow."

Poppleton shook his head sadly at the gates. "We had quite a struggle," said Beverly-Jones "before we finally decided on sandstone."

I realized that he had one and the same line of talk that he always used. I resented it. No wonder it was easy for him.

"Great mistake," said Poppleton. "Too soft. Look at this,"—here he picked up a big stone and began pounding at the gate-post. "See how easily it chips! Smashes right off. Look at that—the whole corner knocks right off, see!"

Beverly-Jones entered no protest. I began to see that there is a sort of understanding, a kind of freemasonry, among men who have summer places. One shows his things; the other runs them down, and smashes them. This makes the whole thing easy at once.

Beverly-Jones showed his lawn. "Your turf is all wrong, old boy," said Poppleton. "Look! it has no body to it. See, I can kick holes in it with my heel. Look at that, and that! If I had on stronger boots I could kick this lawn all to pieces."

"These geraniums along the border," said Beverly-Jones, "are rather an experiment. They're Dutch."

"But my dear fellow," said Poppleton, "you've got them set in wrongly. They ought to slope *from* the sun you know, never *to* it. Wait a bit," —here he picked up a spade that was lying where a gardener had been working. "I'll throw a few out—notice how easily they come up—ah!—that fellow broke; they're apt to—there, I won't bother to reset them, but tell your man to slope them over from the sun. That's the idea."

Beverly-Jones showed his new boathouse next and Poppleton knocked a hole in the side with a hammer to show that the lumber was too thin. "If that were *my* boathouse," he said, "I'd rip the outside clean off it and use shingle and stucco."

It was, I noticed, Poppleton's plan first to imagine Beverly-Jones's things his own, and then to smash them, and then give them back smashed to Beverly-Jones. This seemed to please them both. Apparently it is a well-understood method of entertaining a guest and being entertained. Beverly-Jones and Poppleton, after an hour or so of it, were delighted with one another.

Yet somehow, when I tried it myself, it failed to work.

(*Concluded on page 136*)

"God the Invisible King"

By H. G. Wells

The Most Discussed Book of the Year

By Courtesy of The Macmillan Company, Owners of Copyright



EDITOR'S NOTE:—Hearst's Magazine gives over this department to Mr. Wells's confession of faith simply because it is the most interesting and most discussed of all recent books. To know what a man of Mr. Wells's standing thinks is always worth while, but whether you will agree with him is another matter. The fact that we publish the gist of his remarkable volume does not imply that Hearst's Magazine approves everything he says.

"THIS book sets out as forcibly and exactly as possible the religious belief of the writer," states H. G. Wells in his confession of faith, "God the Invisible King," recently published by The Macmillan Company. He goes on: "That belief is not orthodox Christianity; it is not, indeed, Christianity at all; its core nevertheless is a profound belief in a personal and intimate God. There is nothing in its statements that need shock or offend anyone who is prepared for the expression of a faith different from, and perhaps in several particulars opposed to, his own.

"The modern religious man will almost certainly profess a kind of universalism; he will assert that whensoever men have called upon any God and have found fellowship and comfort and courage and that sense of God within them, that inner light which is the quintessence of the religious experience, it was the True God that answered them. For the True God is a generous God, not a jealous God; the very antithesis of that bickering monopolist who 'will have none other gods but Me;' and when a human heart cries out—to what name it matters not—for a larger spirit and a stronger help than the visible things of life can give, straightway the nameless Helper is with it and the God of Man answers to the call.

"He will assert that his God is a god of salvation, that He is a spirit, a person, a strongly marked and knowable personality, loving, inspiring, and lovable, who exists or strives to exist in every human soul. For the purposes of human relationship it is impossible to deny that God *presents Himself as finite*, as struggling and taking a part against evil.

"At the back of all known things there is an impenetrable curtain; the ultimate of existence is a Veiled Being, which seems to know nothing of life or death or good or ill. Of that Being, whether it is simple or complex or divine, we know nothing; to us it is no more than the limit of understanding, the unknown beyond. It may be of practically limitless intricacy and possibility. The new religion does not pretend that the God of its life is that Being, or that He has any relation of control or association with that Being. It does not even assert that God knows all or much more than we do about that ultimate Being.

"For us life is a matter of our personalities in space and time. Human analysis probing with philosophy and science toward the Veiled Being reveals nothing of God, reveals space and time only as necessary forms of consciousness, glimpses a dance of atoms, of whirls in the ether. Some day in the endless future there may be a knowledge, an understanding of relationship, a power and courage that will pierce into those black wrappings. To that it may be our God, the Captain of Mankind, will take us.

"Modern religion bases its knowledge of God and its account of God entirely upon experience. It has encountered God. It does not argue about God; it relates. God comes, we know not whence, into the conflict of life. He works in men and through men.

"Modern religion appeals to no revelation, no authoritative teaching, no mystery. We all live in the storm of life, we all find our understandings limited by the Veiled Being; if we seek salvation and search within for God, presently we find Him. All this is in the nature of things. If every one who perceives and states it were to be instantly killed and blotted out, presently other people would find their way to the same conclusions; and so on again and again.

Coming to the Realization of God

"THE finding of him is salvation from the purposelessness of life. This cardinal experience is an undoubting, immediate sense of God. It is the attainment of an absolute certainty that one is not alone in oneself. The moment may come while we are alone in the darkness, under the stars, or while we walk by ourselves or in a crowd, or while we sit and muse. It may come upon the sinking ship or in the tumult of the battle. There is no saying when it may not come to us. . . . But after it has come our lives are changed, God is with us and there is [illegible] of God.

"To find God is but the beginning of wisdom, because then for all our days we have to learn His purpose with us and to live our lives with Him.

"A life perfectly adjusted to its surroundings is a life without mentality; no judgment is called for, no inhibition, no [illegible] of the instinctive flow of perfect reaction. Consciousness is discord evoking the will to adjust; it is inseparable from need. So that every need [illegible] disappointment and dissatisfaction and call for help and effort, is a means whereby men may [illegible] the realization of God.

[illegible] at little or no remote from God or life, and rack their inadequate brains to meet fancied difficulties and state unnecessary perfections. They seek God by logic, ignoring the marginal error that creeps into [illegible]. Their very mind binds them to the limitations upon their thinking. They [illegible] spider like webs of puzzles and [illegible] across the path by which men [illegible] God. [illegible] and different aspect [illegible] of knowing.

"One of the most universal of natural misconceptions of God is to consider Him as something magic serving the ends of men. The missionary and teacher of any creed is all too apt to hawk God for what He will fetch; and so it comes about that many people who have been led to believe themselves religious are in reality still keeping back their own souls and trying to use God for their own purposes. They call upon His name, they do certain things that are supposed to be peculiarly influential with Him.

"In return for these fetishistic propitiations God is supposed to interfere with the normal course of causation in their favor. He becomes a celestial log-roller. He remedies unfavorable accidents, cures petty ailments, contrives unexpected gifts of medicine, money, or the like; He averts bankruptcies, arranges profitable transactions, and does a thousand such services for His little clique of faithful people. The pious are represented as being constantly delighted by these little surprises, these bouquets and chocolate boxes from the divinity.

"But the true God as those of the new religion know Him is no such God of luck and intervention. He is not to serve men's ends or the ends of nations or associations of men; He is careless of our ceremonies and invocations. It is for us to serve Him. He captains us, He does not coddle us.

A Personal God a Real God

"IF you would fly into the air, there is no God to bank your airplane correctly for you or keep an ill-tended engine going; if you would cross a glacier, no God nor angel guides your steps amidst the slippery places. But God will be with you nevertheless. In the reeling airplane or the dark ice-cave God will be your courage. Though you suffer or are killed, it is not an end. He will be with you as you face death; He will die with you as He has died already countless myriads of brave deaths. He will come so close to you that at the last you will not know whether it is you or He who dies, and the present death will be swallowed up in His victory.

"God is a person who can be known as one knows a friend, who can be served and who receives service, who partakes of our nature; who is, like us, a being in conflict with the unknown and the limitless and the forces of death; who values much that we value and is against much that we are pitted against. He feels us and knows us; He is helped and gladdened by us. He hopes and attempts. . . . God is no abstraction nor trick of words, no Infinite. He is as real as a bayonet thrust or an embrace.

"He is a Being of the minds and in the minds of men. He is in immediate contact with all who apprehend Him.

"Those who profess modern religion accept the conception that a person, a spiritual individual, may be without an ordinary mortal body. . . . They declare that God is without any specific body, that He is immaterial, that He can affect the material universe—and that means that He can only reach our sight, our hearing, our touch—through the bodies of those who believe in Him and serve Him.

"His nature is of the nature of thought and will. He is the undying human memory, the increasing human will.

"But this, you may object, is no more than saying that God is the collective mind and purpose of the human race. You may declare that this is no God, but merely the sum of mankind. But those who believe in the new ideas very steadfastly deny that. God is, they say, not an aggregate but a synthesis. He is not merely the best of all of us, but a Being in Himself, composed of that but more than that, as a temple is more than a gathering of stones, or a regiment is more than an accumulation of men. They point out that a man is made up of a great multitude of cells, each equivalent to a unicellular organism. Not one of those cells is He, nor is He simply just the addition of all of them. He is more than all of them. You can take away these and these and these, and He still remains.

"I give myself to God not only because I am so and so but because I am mankind. The influence of biology upon thought in general consists essentially in diminishing the importance of the individual and developing the realization of the species, as if it were a kind of super-individual, a modifying and immortal super-individual, maintaining itself against the outer universe by the birth and death of its constituent individuals. Natural History has come to see that the species has its adventures, its history and drama, far exceeding in interest and importance the individual adventure.

"Man, acutely aware of himself as an individual adventure, and unawakened to himself as a species, finds life jangling and distressful, finds death frustration. He fails and falls as a person in what may be the success and triumph of his kind. He does not apprehend the struggle or the nature of victory, but only his own gravitation to death and personal extinction. But the species goes on steadily from newness to newness, remaining still a unity. The drama of the individual life is a mere episode, beneficial or abandoned, in this continuing adventure of the species.

"What can this 'religion of the future' be but that devotion to the racial adventure under the captaincy of God which we have already found.

Working With and For God

"MEN and women need only to change their orientation, as men will change about at a work-table when the light that was coming in a little while ago from the southern windows begins presently to come in chiefly from the west, to become open and confessed servants of God. This work that they were doing for ambition, or the love of men or the love of knowledge or what seemed the inherent impulse to the work itself, or for money or honor or country or king, they will realize they are doing for God and by the power of God. Self-transformation into a citizen of God's kingdom and a new realization of all earthly politics as no more than the struggle to define and achieve the kingdom of God in the earth, follow on, without any need for a fresh spiritual impulse, from the moment when God and the believer meet and clasp one another.

"The necessary elements of religion could be written on a postcard; this book, small as it is, bulks large not by what it tells positively but because it deals with misconceptions.

"Many people feel the need of prayer to resist the evil in themselves and to keep them in mind of divine emotion. And many want not merely prayer, but formal prayer and the support of others, praying in unison. The writer does not understand this desire or need for collective prayer very well, but there are people who appear to do so and there is no reason why they should not assemble for that purpose.

"And again, under God, there may be associations and fraternities for research in pure science; associations for the teaching and simplification of languages; associations for promoting and watching education; associations for the discussion of political problems and the determination of right policies. In all these ways men may multiply their use by union. Only when associations seek to control things of belief, to dictate formulæ, restrict religious activities or the freedom of religious thought and teaching, when they tend to subdivide those who believe and to set up jealousies or exclusions, do they become antagonistic to the spirit of modern religion.

"We have to follow our reason as our sole guide in our individual treatment of all such things as food and health and sex. God is the king of the whole world, He is the owner of our souls and bodies and all things. He is not particularly concerned about any aspect, because He is concerned about every aspect. We have to make the best use of ourselves for His kingdom; that is our rule of life

Mobilizing Men and Money

by B. C. Forbes

THE United States is raising two armies.

One is our army of soldiers.

The other is an army of investors.

To win "the war after the war" a standing army of investors is as essential as an army to win the war of the battlefield. After the army of destruction has done its work the army of construction must be ready to take up the not-less-vital tasks of peace.

Money is often referred to as "the sinews of war." Not less is money the sinews of peace and industrial and commercial development. Little need be said to emphasize the momentous importance of money in waging successful warfare, for we have had convincing demonstrations of this during the last three years. Germany, for example, could never have accomplished such feats of arms and maintained so strong a resistance had she been as poor as her Austro-Hungarian ally. And where would the Allies have been to-day had not Great Britain been able to advance billion after billion of dollars to the weaker nations fighting on her side? Could France, think you, have battled so valiantly and effectively had she been a bankrupt, poverty-stricken nation, unable to supply her forces with the best of equipment?

Our own nation has been aroused during recent months to the imperative need for money to wage war. Some of the appeals to investors have measured money in terms of munitions. We have been told that a $50 Liberty Bond would buy a thousand rounds of ammunition or three standard rifles. We have been told that $50 will equip one soldier for the front and that $500 will keep him there for a year. We have been told that $50 would buy eight pairs of army blankets or twenty-five cots or twenty-one cotton-khaki suits.

Result of the Campaign

THEN the campaign for war funds did not fall on deaf ears or stony hearts or empty pockets was demonstrated by the result.

Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo was able, a week after the loan closed, to report:

"The total of the subscription to the $2,000,000,000 Liberty Loan amounts to $3,035,226,850—an oversubscription of $1,035,226,850, or 50 per cent. more than the amount offered.

"More than 4,000,000 men and women of the United States subscribed for the bonds, placing this vast sum of money at the disposal of their Government for the prosecution of the war. Of this number *it is estimated that 3,960,000 people, or 99 per cent., subscribed in amounts ranging from $50 to $10,000* while the number of individual subscriptions of $5,000,000 and over was 21, their subscriptions aggregating $188,789,900.

"One of the chief purposes of the campaign was to distribute the Liberty bonds widely throughout the country and place them as far as possible in the hands of the people. This was important because the strength of Government finance, like the strength of Government policies, rests upon the support of the people. The large number of subscribers, especially the large number of small subscribers, is most gratifying and indicates that the interest of the people was aroused as never before in an issue of bonds."

The Treasury decided that all who subscribed $50 to $10,000 would receive the full amount of bonds they asked for. This absorbed $1,296,684,850. Every other subscriber was allotted less than applied for, the largest subscribers getting only one-fifth of the amount they wanted—the First National Bank of New York, for example, subscribed for $25,000,000 but got only about $5,000,000, and John D. Rockefeller was awarded little more than $3,000,000 instead of the $15,000,000 he wanted.

No other country secured so vast a sum through its first war loan. Nor did any nation come forward in such numbers in response to the initial call for funds. A total of over 4,000,000 subscribers is a magnificent showing. It is full of encouragement for the future.

Investing the Nation's Savings

THE United States has done something more than merely raise these billions of dollars to prosecute the war. It has done something more than raise a force of soldiers and sailors. It has recruited an army of investors, an army upon whom the future of the country will depend to a degree not realized by the layman.

Every new investor recruited will mean as much for America's future as every soldier recruited for the colors. The business backbone of a country in times of peace is its individual investors, those who do not consume all they earn but who save something and either invest it or deposit it in financial institutions to be invested for them. No business, little or large, can be established without some measure of capital. The bootblack must have money to buy his brushes and his blacking before he can take his stand on a street corner, just as a department store or a steel corporation or a grocer must have capital before establishing a business. The more money there is available for organizing a steel corporation or a mining company or a well-conducted store or for building a railroad, the greater will be the development of our national resources, the stronger our position in the world's markets and the higher our place among the peoples of the earth.

In the past so scant attention has been given by the greater part of America's population to the investment of money that, though our national wealth equaled the combined wealth of Britain, Germany and France, and though our per capita wealth was also unmatched, we actually were chronic borrowers from foreign investors. Notwithstanding that our farmers alone drew an annual check for almost ten billion dollars—ten thousand millions—that our manufactures approximated $25,000,000,000, and that our national income reached some forty billions, our great railroad systems, our industrial corporations and our mining companies had to go, sometimes hat in hand, to the thrifty peasants of France and frugal English and Scots for capital with which to carry on our country's activities.

Authorities tell us that not more than four persons in every hundred in America own a dollar's worth of bonds or stocks, a percentage shockingly small in comparison with the principal nations of Europe. Of course, many millions more—many, many millions more—were interested in securities through their having money in savings-banks or having policies in insurance companies. These institutions were dependent and are dependent very materially upon the welfare of railroad and other enterprises for their income; but few small bank-depositors or holders of insurance policies stopped to take this into consideration, so that they did not feel any direct, personal interest in whether corporations were well treated or badly treated.

The lack of a huge body of investors has had several unfortunate but perhaps inevitable consequences, of which the principal have been these: Corporation directors and executives too often have regarded small investors or the public as entitled to very little consideration—they have felt free to do as they desired. The absence of a force of wideawake stockholders and bondholders gave many financiers and officials courage to line their own pockets by various forms and degrees of graft. When the flagrant abuses of the past stirred up the wrath of the public and the politicians, punitive measures were sometimes adopted which went too far and which tended to cripple rather than to cure, the reformers feeling that they could indulge in corporation-baiting with impunity, since, they reasoned, they were hitting only "capitalists." Inasmuch as the overwhelming majority of the people were not direct owners of stocks or bonds, the demagogues were able to play fast and loose with corporate interests.

A New Class of Investors

BUT will not the doubling or the trebling of the number of investors have far-reaching influence alike upon corporation managers and legislators?

Says John D. Rockefeller: "An increase in security-holders will prove most beneficial. It will strengthen a sense of responsibility among corporation managers and will cause more people to study conditions carefully before approving attacks upon business."

Too many American companies have been regarded and run as close corporations by insiders despite the fact that the stocks and bonds have been disposed of to the public. In the days of few small investors this was perhaps excusable, but from now on such an attitude will be inexcusable.

Perhaps you remark: "The new army of investors hold only U. S. Government bonds, not securities of corporations." True—for the moment.

But it is as certain as mathematics that many thousands of those who have for the first time tasted the joy of clipping coupons and receiving interest checks will apply themselves diligently to increasing their holdings of investments. When war no longer needs the people's savings, other channels will be sought. Men and women in modest circumstances who have once begun to receive money for which they did not have to work, so to speak, will in most cases strive painstakingly to continue and to develop this pleasurable experience.

They will turn from Government bonds to railroad or industrial bonds and stocks, the income yields of which will be found most attractive and stimulating.

My own belief is that almost one-half of all those who become investors during the war will develop into investors in other securities after the war is over.

The probabilities are that (*Concluded on page 160*)



The twin duties of citizenship: To enlist and to invest!

TOLSTOY AS PROPHET OF RUSSIA'S FREEDOM

(*Concluded from page 120*)

seen about the woods of Yasnaya Polyana. My father never had a niece by the name of Nathalie Tolstoy, the author with whom this story originated.

But let us ignore the fiction of these alleged prophecies. Let us rather see what Tolstoy practically said.

Being a Christian—an anarchist, in the philosophical sense of the word, *i. e.*, contrasting the freedom of Conscience of the Christian with the slavery of the patriot, he saw in the latter the true source of evil, and found in it the principal cause of European wars.

"Patriotism cannot be good. Why do not the people say that egotism can be good?" We must remember that as long as we extol patriotism, and teach it to the young generations, we shall have armaments, destroying both the physical and the spiritual strength of nations; there will be wars—horrible, dreadful wars.

These words of my father seemed to ring with prophecy. They foretold the tragedy. His prophecy unfortunately has only too soon been fulfilled. The views of my father on war were the logical result of the principle of non-resistance.

The sentiment of Nationalism, that in its basis is the same as egotism, means selfishness of the nation. It is the chief lever that leads us to the greatest misunderstandings.

THE Russian Revolution has given liberty to the individual, it has put my nation on the level of other democratic nations. But my father wished to see more. The liberty of the soul of the people is not yet complete. The souls of men are fettered by narrow prejudices. According to his views, the personal freedom of the individual was only the nucleus of the freedom of the soul. It was only the first step to it.

His strivings were toward a broader freedom, toward this freedom which cannot be attacked by anyone or destroyed by anything, neither by oppression nor autocracy, the tragedies of our lives, nor by death itself. With a free soul no man can ever be a slave, no matter what his circumstances are, no matter what misfortune may be his lot.

This is the freedom that elevates our souls above the slavery of public opinion and the hypnotism, the influence of the majority, and above the instincts of egotism. Russia, together with all other nations involved in this terrible war, is under the fascination of this hypnotic nightmare.

Equally prophetic sounded the words he uttered concerning the Hague Conference, on which formerly so many exaggerated hopes were placed.

Not only did he not believe in the possibility of settling international conflicts in a peaceful way; on the contrary, in his eyes that Conference proved, once more, the absolute futility of that course. These were his words: "After the Hague Conference it became evident that so long as governments exist with troops at their service, the abolition of armaments and of wars is impossible."

I fear that this is but too prophetic. God grant that I be mistaken.

The only way to overcome the evil of war is to forget forever the difference between nationalities. After the emancipation of the people from the yoke of bondage, Absolutism, they must free themselves from their other bondage, the slavery of Nationalism, and only this liberty can lead the human race to complete freedom of soul. This must be the ideal to which we must all aspire in order to reach our goal.

In the life and writings of my father you can see as in a good mirror, I may say even as through a magnifying-glass, all the struggles of the Russian nation toward liberty during the long period of the last sixty years.

What part did he play in the preparation for this great Revolution? The struggle of the people for education, the struggle of the people for freedom of religion, for freedom of the press, freedom from the slavery of the power of absolutism, and especially the struggle of the Russian people for just distribution of land property—these are all to be found in my father's works and in his correspondence with the Emperors.

I KNOW about two letters that he wrote to Emperor Nicholas II. One letter was written to him in the winter of 1901-02 when my father was in the Crimea. At that time he was very ill and nearly dead. This letter was almost in the character of a last testament. In this letter to the Emperor he addressed him as "Dear Brother" and said: "I write you as from the other world."

He told him that autocracy was an obsolete form of government; that this was proved by the fact that it could be preserved, together with Orthodoxy, only by acts of violence, by banishment, by administrative processes, by executions, corporal punishment, religious persecution, the prohibition of books and periodicals, the perversion of education, and by all sorts of other wicked, unjust and cruel deeds. He enumerated all the evil deeds of his reign—the regulations in regard to Finland, the project of a Hague Conference accompanied by the increase in the army, the restriction of self-government throughout the whole Empire, the amplification of administrative tyranny and the Czar's obstinacy in maintaining forms of corporal punishment so disgraceful to the Russian people.

Tolstoy called attention to the modern idea that the only means of governing a people was for a ruler to make himself a leader in their steady march from darkness to light, from evil to good. This could be accomplished only by letting the people express their desires and needs and then fulfilling the demands of the majority of the people—of the working people.

Those demands were the abolition of special laws which made paupers of the peasantry, the right to go from one place to another, freedom of education, freedom of conscience. He insisted upon freedom to use the land, private ownership of which should be abolished. First of all, he demanded the removal of the gag that prevented the people from expressing its desires. "You cannot do good to a man whose mouth has been tied up so that he cannot utter his needs." Every suggestion which Tolstoy formulated is now spoken of openly as being part of the claims of the Russian people.

The second of these letters concerned the question of land, in which my father tried to induce the Emperor to accept the doctrine of a single tax as advocated by that great American, Henry George.

At another time he wrote to the Russian Emperor, Alexander III, after the murder of his father, Alexander II, a long letter, in which he tried to persuade him not to punish the anarchists who had plotted and perpetrated this crime. He tried to convince him that such measures as capital punishment lead only to greater hatred and violence, and that the only possibility of a peaceful life between the Czar and his subjects was forgiveness as taught by the entire life and teachings of Christ. Certainly this advice was not followed by the Emperor. Anarchists were convicted and hanged, invariably being sentenced to capital punishment.

THE Russian Government was not blind to the independent views of Tolstoy. They regarded him as their most influential and powerful enemy. Their anger grew into fierce hatred; yet they felt too cowardly to attack his person. This hatred increased markedly, especially after my father had rejected the rites and beliefs of the Orthodox Church and had the courage to openly express his new religious views. This was under the reign of Emperor Alexander III.

Many of the advisers of the Czar were anxious to have Tolstoy exiled, but the Czar on this question proved to be wiser than his advisers.

"Do not put me in a quarrel with this man," said the Emperor, "because I am only the Ruler of All the Russias, while Tolstoy is the Ruler of the Universe of the Mind. I cannot attack him; he is stronger than I am."

However, the son of Alexander III, the deposed Czar Nicholas II, had not such wisdom. He evidently felt himself stronger than his father, for under his reign Tolstoy was excommunicated from the Orthodox Church. The Holy Synod issued a statement in which it informed the faithful children of the Orthodox Church that "God had permitted a new, false teacher to appear, well known as a writer, a Russian by birth, Orthodox by baptism and education, this insolent Count Leo Tolstoy, who, seduced by his pride, had repudiated his Mother Church."

This statement was signed by seven "humble" Bishops and Archbishops. This act proved only the dependence of our Russian Church on the Government. On the Russian people it produced just the opposite effect to that intended, and Tolstoy subsequently became more popular than ever before. If Tolstoy had not borne the great name that he made for himself throughout the world, he would, undoubtedly long before, have been sent out to those parts of Siberia where many noble Russian hearts met a sad and premature doom.

THE last years of my father's life were darkened, not by any official persecution of himself, but by the persecution of his friends. This grieved him so much that he tried time and again to attract the enmity of the Government upon himself. When the Government failed to inflict further insult upon this giant, they turned their wrath upon his friends whom he loved and from whom he felt inseparable.

His sympathy with the liberated peasantry was most distasteful to the proprietors. They charged him with provoking rebellion, with encouraging the freed peasants to commit unlawful acts, with bringing about a state of anarchy. My father received threatening letters. A plot was evolved to provoke him into fighting a duel; many complaints were lodged against him, most of them having no legal justification. Almost every decision that he gave was reversed, the fact that the peasants placed implicit confidence in him being charged against him.

So annoyed was he by this experience that in March, 1862, he informed the Government Board of Peasant Affairs that he was handing over his office to a deputy, and left forever the Government service.

While he took no further part in the public service, still Tolstoy could not altogether turn his back to the stream of life. He was too full of sympathy for our poor Russian folk. He was too conscious of the injustice under which they labored. He himself suffered from the misery and affliction of the oppressed people. Their sufferings were his also.

He worked on the relief of famine. He worked also toward the improvement of the standard of literature for the people.

All these public activities were diametrically opposed to the views of the retrograde Russian Government, who always tried to maintain the Russian people in its illiterate and wretched state.

When, after the emancipation of the peasants in Russia in the year 1861, my father established primary schools, the Government authorities constantly tried to interfere. Finally, when my father left his estate for the Caucasus, agents of the Russian police rushed on his school and also entered his house. They frightened the whole household, among whom was an aunt of my father, an old lady, and turned everything upside-down, opened all drawers and boxes, and all tables were turned topsy-turvy. They searched everything and everywhere, probably hoping to find some revolutionary literature. The teachers were put under arrest, and this invasion created the wildest conjectures in the minds of the peasants.

The police-officer went so far as to read aloud to the *gendarmes* all the private correspondence and also the diaries of my father.

WHEN the news of this outrage reached him, my father felt so offended that he wished, for a time, to exile himself forever from Russia, to share the fate of our greatest Russian exile, Herzen. My father proclaimed that he was going to sell his estate and leave Russia. He resented especially the fact that the intrusion had been made while he was away from home. He decided to complain directly to the Emperor, which he succeeded in doing. Alexander II chanced to be in Moscow a little later and my father personally handed him his protest. The Emperor read it and sent one of his aides to apologize.

Any one who knows my father's life and work knows also the result of this incident. He did not give up his work in the education of the people. He went on with it. In the 70's he again became involved in the interests and education of the people, but the persecution of the Government certainly lessened his energy and finally made him abandon his work in this direction.

Another typical example of the opposition against the activities of my father was proved, during the years of the Russian famine in the 90's of the past century. My father lived then on my own estate and I worked on the famine together with him. He was disposing of money intrusted to him, contributions from the people. We arranged together many dinners for the starving people in the different villages. We fed chiefly the children, the women, and the aged people who were helpless and out of work.

But the Russian police forbade the people to eat. They went so far that once a police official came to the village where the starving people were eating their dinners and took away all the cups, dishes and spoons, and threw away the dinner which was served on the tables. He explained that his act was in accordance with the law which "prohibits all illegal meetings." Feeding these famished people was characterized as unlawful and so, acting in this legal capacity, he destroyed all the food provided for the actual need of the victims of autocratic incompetence.

I recollect the conversation which took place between my father and the policeman who enacted this terrible violence. It was very illuminating. My father said to him: "I cannot understand how you have the courage to thus violate the inborn rights of the people to eat." The policeman replied: "What can I do, Count? You should place yourself in my position; I must obey the commands of my superior." "Then you must not act in any such service where you are obliged to be inhuman," my father replied gently. "If you know of something that is evil, do not be an accessory to it, do not participate in it."

FOR this reason, my father never took any part in the political life of the country. His only active service was his military service during the wars of the Caucasus at Sebastopol, and his service as Peace Arbiter during the serfs' liberation in Russia in 1861. In this last service he was not successful.

This answer to the policeman was so just and so much in accordance with his entire life and, at the same time, so simple, that most people ought to be able to grasp the fundamental idea of it and to follow it to its logical end: Have no share in any action that is evil; help no man to commit iniquity; do not support what is unjust; do not expose yourself to the risk of doing ill to others.

Many people will accuse me of being a dreamer. But who in this free American Continent, in this land of striving after freedom, can blame me for dreaming such dreams?

America is the only country where my father's ideals can be understood even at the present time, even during the time of the war in which this country is also involved.

In fact, the population of the United States of America consists of people from all nations of the world. And all the citizens of this great country are united under one flag. All Americans are brothers, sons of the same father.

Is not the application of this principle possible throughout the whole world? This is my dream and this is my message to all who are now suffering in this terrible struggle.

The history of humanity moves slowly along its destined path. This path is inevitable. The war will end only with the victory of Democracy over the world.

Such is also the feeling of the American people. This is the only motive that prompts this peaceful land to participate in the glorious and gigantic movement of the war.

America may not have time to take an actual part in the war. The financial aid of this country, the ammunition and food supplies that will be liberally distributed to the Allies, and especially the moral influence of this the greatest Democratic Power in the world will, however, contribute to an earlier close of this frightful conflict. Then wars must be forever abolished.

This is the aim of Democracy, this is the prophecy of all the Sages of the world. This is the heritage left in my father's teachings. It is the command of our conscience, the ever-present but Silent Witness. It is the voice of Our Lord!



The parting gift—

A Vest Pocket Kodak.

It is monotony, not bullets that our soldier boys dread. No fear, when the time comes, they will uphold bravely the traditions that are dear to every loyal American heart. But in the training camps and during the months of forced inaction there are going to be some tedious, home-sick days—days the Kodak can make more cheerful.

Pictures of comrades and camp life, pictures of the thousand and one things that can be photographed without endangering any military secret will interest them, and will doubly interest the friends at home. Tens of thousands of brave lads in the camps and trenches of France are keeping their own Kodak story of the war—a story that will always be intense to them because it is *history* from their view-point. And when peace comes it will make more vivid, more real *their story of their war* as they tell it again and again to mother and sister and wife and little ones.

The nation has a big job on its hands. It's only a little part, perhaps, but a genuine part of that job to keep up the cheerfulness of camp life, to keep tight the bonds between camp and home. Pictures from home to the camp and from camp to the home can do their part.

There's room for a little Vest Pocket Kodak in every soldier's and sailor's kit. The expense is small, six dollars. The cheerfulness it may bring is great. They are on sale by Kodak dealers everywhere.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

THE WEST WIND

(Continued from page 103)

winningly sweet, "do you, in fact, love me a little—for Djack's sake?"

"Yes'm."

"I borrow of you that automatic pistol. Yes?" She smiled at him engagingly.

"Sure. Anything you want! What's the trouble, Maryette?"

She shrugged her pretty shoulders:

"Nothing. It just came into my cowardly head that the path to the *lavoir* is lonely at sundown. And there are new muleteers in Sainte Lesse. And I must wash my clothes."

"I reckon," he said gravely, unbuckling his weapon-filled holster and quietly strapping it around her shoulder with its pocketed belt of clips.

"You will not require it this afternoon?" she asked.

"No fear. You won't either. Them mule-whacking coons is white."

She understood.

"Some men who seem whitest are blacker than any negro," she remarked. "*Eh, bien!* I thank you, Keed, *mon ami*, for your complaisance. You are very amiable to submit to the whim of a silly girl who suddenly becomes afraid of her own shadow."

Glenn grinned and glanced significantly at the cross dangling from her bosom:

"Sure," he said, "your Government decorates cowards. That's why it gave you the Legion."

She blushed but looked up at him seriously:

"Keed, if I flew a little toy balloon in the air, where would the west wind carry it?"

"Into the German trenches," he replied, much interested in the idea. "If you've got one, we'll paint 'To hell with Willie' on it and set it afloat! But we'll have to get permission from the gendarmes first."

She said, smiling:

"I'm sorry, but I haven't any toy balloons."

She picked up her basket with its new load of soiled linen, swung it gracefully to her head, ignoring his offered assistance, gave him a beguiling glance, and went away along the sheep-path.

Once more she followed the deep-trodden and ancient trail through copse and pasture and over the stream down into the meadow, where the west wind furrowed the wild flowers and the early afternoon sun fell hot.

She set her clothes to soak, laid paddle and soap beside them, then, straightening up, remained erect on her knees, her intent gaze fixed on the distant clump of aspens, delicate as mist above the hazel copse on the little hill beyond.

It was a whole hour before her eyes caught the high glimmer of a tiny balloon. Only for a moment was it visible at that distance, then it became merged in the dazzling blue above the woods.

She waited. At last she concluded that there were to be no more balloons. Then a sudden fear assailed her lest she had waited too long to investigate; and she sprang to her feet, hurried over the single plank used as a foot-bridge, and sped down through the alders.

Suddenly, on the ground in front of her, she caught sight of a small iron cylinder. Evidently it had rolled down there from the

Very gingerly she approached and picked it up. It was not very heavy, not too big for her skirt pocket.

As she slipped it into the pocket of her blue woolen peasant-skirt, her quick eye

on the hillside to her right. She sank to the ground and lay huddled there.

Down the slope, through the thicket, came

dust-colored breeches and tan puttees, like

no big, clanking Mexican spurs.

The man passed in front of her, his burly

She rose, turned, ran over the moss, hurried through the ferns of the warren, retracing her steps, and arrived breathless at the

knees and seized soap and paddle, than a

appeared on the opposite bank of the stream,

The girl, bending above the water, suddenly struck sharply with her paddle.

Instantly the man halted in his tracks, knee deep in clover.

Maryette, apparently unconscious of his presence, continued to soap and scrub and slap her wash, singing in her clear, untrained voice of a child the *chansonette* she had made that morning. But out of the corner of her eyes she kept him in view—saw him come sauntering forward as though reassured, became aware that he had approached very near, was standing behind her.

Turning, presently, where she knelt, to pick up another soiled garment, she suddenly encountered his dark gaze; and her start and slight exclamation were entirely genuine.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she said, with offended emphasis, "one does not approach people that way, without a word!"

"Did I frighten mademoiselle?" he asked, in recognizable French, but with an accent unpleasantly familiar to her. "If I did, I am very sorry and I offer mademoiselle a thousand excuses and apologies."

The girl, kneeling there in the clover, flashed a smile at him over her shoulder. The quick color reddened his face and powerful neck. The girl had been right; her smile had been an answer that he was not going to ignore.

"What a pretty spot for a *lavoir*," he said, stepping to the edge of the pool; "and what a pretty girl to adorn it!"

Maryette tossed her head:

"Be pleased to pass on your way, monsieur. Do you not perceive that I am busy?"

"It is not impossible to exchange a polite word or two when people are busy, is it, mademoiselle?" he asked, laughing and showing a white and perfect set of teeth under a short, dark mustache.

She continued to wring out her wash; but there was now a slight smile on her lips.

"May I not say who I am?" he asked persuasively. "May I not venture to speak?"

"*Mon Dieu, monsieur*, there is liberty of speech for all in France. That blackbird might be glad to know your name if you choose to tell him."

"But I ask *your* permission to speak to *you!*" There seemed to be no sense of humor in this young man.

She laughed:

"I am not curious to hear who you are! . . . But if it affords you any relief to explain to the west wind what your name may be——" She ended with a disdainful shrug. After a moment she lifted her pretty eyes to his—lovely, provocative, tormenting eyes. But they were studying the stranger closely.

He was a powerfully built, dark-skinned young man in the familiar khaki of the American muleteers, wearing their insignia, their cap, their holster and belt, and an extra pouch or wallet, loaded evidently with something heavy.

She said coolly:

"You must be one of the new Yankee muleteers who came with that beautiful new herd of mules."

He laughed:

"Yes, I'm an American muleteer. My name is Charles Braun. I came over in the last transport."

"You know Steek?"

"Who?"

"Steek! Monsieur Steekee Smeet?"

"Sticky Smith?"

"*Mais oui?*"

"I've met him," he replied curtly.

"And Monsieur Keed Glenn?"

"I've met Kid Glenn, too. Why?"

"They are friends of mine—very intimate friends. Of course," she added, nose uptilted, "if they are not also *your* friends, any acquaintance with me will be very difficult for *me*, Monsieur Braun."

He laughed easily and seated himself on the grass beside her; and, as he sat down, a metallic clinking sounded in his wallet.

"*Tenez*," she remarked, "you carry old iron and bottles about with you, I notice."

"Snaffles, curbs and stirrup-irons," he replied carelessly. And in the girl's heart there leaped the swift, fierce flame of certainty in suspicion.

"Why do you bring all that ironmongery down here?" she inquired, with frankly childish curiosity, leisurely wringing out her linen.

"A mule got away from the corral. I've been wandering around in the bushes trying to find him," he explained, so naturally and in such a friendly voice that she raised her eyes to look again at this young gallant who lingered here at the *lavoir* for the sake of her *beaux yeux*.

Could this dark-eyed, smiling youth be a spy? His smooth, boyish features, his crisp short hair and tiny mustache shading lips a trifle too red and over-full, did not displease her. In his way he was handsome.

His voice, too, was attractive, gaily persuasive, but it was his pronunciation of the letters *c* and *d* which had instantly set her on her guard.

Seated on the bank near her, his roving eyes full of bold curiosity bent on her from time to time, his idle fingers plaiting a little wreath out of long-stemmed clover and *boutons d'or*, he appeared merely an intrusive, irresponsible young fellow willing to amuse himself with a few moments' rustic courtship here before he continued on his way.

"You are exceedingly pretty," he said. "Will you tell me your name in exchange for mine?"

"Maryette Courtray."

"Oh," he exclaimed in quick recognition; "you are bell-mistress in Sainte Lesse then! *You* are the celebrated Carillonette! I have heard about you. I suspected that you might be the little mistress of Sainte Lesse bells, because you wear the Legion——" He nodded his handsome head toward the decoration on her blouse.

"And to think," he added effusively, "that it is just a mere slip of a girl who was decorated for bravery by France!"

She smiled at him with all the beguilingly *bête* innocence of the young when flattered:

"You are too amiable, monsieur. I really do not understand why they gave me the Legion. To encourage all French children, perhaps—because I really am a dreadful coward." She tapped the holster on her thigh and gazed at him quite gullelessly out of wide and trustful eyes. "You see? I dare not even come here to wash my clothes unless I carry this—in case some Boche comes prowling."

"Whose pistol is it?" he asked.

"The weapon belongs to Monsieur Steek. When I come to wash here I borrow it."

"Are you the sweetheart of Monsieur Steek?" he inquired, mimicking her pronunciation of "Stick," and at the same time fixing his dark eyes boldly and expressively on hers.

"Does a young girl of my age have sweethearts?" she demanded scornfully.

"If she hasn't had one it's time," he returned, staring hard at her with a persistent and fixed smile that had become almost offensive.

"Oh, la!" she exclaimed with a shrug of her youthful shoulders. "Perhaps you think I have time for such foolishness—what with housework to do and washing, and caring for my father, and my duties in the belfry every day!"

"Youth passes swiftly, *belle* Maryette."

"Imitate him, *beau monsieur*, and swiftly pass on your way!"

"*L'amour est doux, petite Marie!*"

"*Je m'en moque!*"

He rose, smiling confidently, dropped on his knees beside her, and rolled back his cuffs.

"Come," he said, "I'll help you wash. We two should finish quickly."

"I am in no haste."

"But it will give you an hour's leisure, *belle* Maryette."

"Why should I wish for leisure, *beau monsieur?*"

"I shall try to instruct you why, when we have our hour together."

"Do you mean to pay court to me?"

"I am doing that now. My ardent courtship will already be accomplished, so that we need not waste our hour together!" He began to laugh and wring out the linen.

"Monsieur," she expostulated smilingly, "your *à-propos* disturbs me. Have you the assurance to believe that you already appeal to my heart?"

"Have I not appealed to it a little, Maryette?"

The girl averted her head coquettishly. For a few minutes they scrubbed away there together, side by side on their knees above the rim of the pool. Then, without warning, his hot, red lips embraced her neck. Her swift recoil was also a shudder; her fa burned:

"Don't do that!" she said sha straightening up in the grass where she w kneeling.

"You are so adorable!" he pleaded in low, tense voice.

There was a long silence. She had mov aside and away from him on her knees: h head remained turned, too, and her featu were set as though carven out of rosy marb

She was summoning every atom of re-ol tion, every particle of courage to do what s must do. Every fiber in her revolted wi the effort; but she steeled herself, and last the forced smile was stamped on her li and she dared turn her head and meet h burning gaze.

"You frighten me," she said, and her v steady voice was convincing. "A young g is not courted so abruptly."

"Forgive me," he murmured. "I co not help myself—your neck is so fragrant, childlike——"

"Then you should treat me as you would child!" she retorted pettishly. "Amuse if you aspire to any comradeship with m Your behavior does not amuse me at all."

"We shall become comrades," he said co fidently, "and you shall be sufficien amused."

"It requires time for two people to beco comrades."

"Will you give me an hour this evening

"What? A rendezvous?" she exclaim laughing.

"Yes."

"You mean somewhere alone with you

"Will you, Maryette?"

"But why? I am not yet old enough such foolishness. It would not amuse me all to be alone with you for an hour." S pouted and shrugged and absently plucke hollow stem from the sedge.

"It would amuse me much more to here and blow bubbles," she added, clear the stem with a quick breath and soaping end of it.

Then, with tormenting malice, she let eyes rest sideways on him while she plung the hollow stem into the water, withdrew dripping, and deliberately blew an enorm golden bubble from the end.

"Look!" she cried, detaching the bubb apparently enchanted to see it float upwa "Is it not beautiful, my fairy balloon?"

On her knees there beside the basin blew bubble after bubble, detaching e with a slight movement of her wrist, laughing delightedly to see them mount i the sunshine.

"You *are* a child," he said, worrying red under lip with his teeth. "You're baby, after all."

She said: "Very well, then, children quire toys to amuse them, not sighs a kisses and bold, brown eyes to frighten perplex them. Have you any toys to am me if I give you an hour with me?"

"Maryette, I can easily teach you——"

"No! Will you bring me a toy to am me?—a clay pipe to blow bubbles? I ad bubbles."

"If I promise to amuse you, will you g me an hour?" he asked.

"How can I?" she demanded with sud caprice. "I have my wash to finish; the have to see that my father has his soup, t I must attend to customers at the inn, go to the belfry, oil the machinery, play the ca lon later, wind the drum for the night——

"I shall come to you in the tower after Angelus," he said eagerly.

"I shall be too busy——"

"After the carillon, then! Promise, Ma ette!"

"And sit up there alone with you in dark for an hour? *Ma foi!* How amusin She laughed in pretty derision. "I shall even be able to blow bubbles!"

Watching her pouting face intently, he s

"Suppose I bring some toy balloons for to fly from the clock tower? Would t amuse you—you beautiful, perverse chil

"Little toy balloons!" she echoed, chanted. "What pleasure to set them aff from the belfry! Do you really promise bring me some little toy balloons to fly?"

"Yes. But *you* must promise not to sp about it to anybody."

"Why?"

"Because the gendarmes wouldn't let fly any balloons."

"You mean that they might think me a spy?" she inquired naïvely.

"Or me," he rejoined with a light laugh. "So we shall have to be very discreet and go cautiously about our sport. And it ought to be great fun, Maryette, to sail balloons out over the German trenches. We'll tie a message to every one! Shall we, little comrade?"

She clapped her hands:

"That *will* enrage the Boche!" she cried. "You won't forget to bring the balloons?"

"After the carillon," he nodded, staring at her intently.

"Half-past ten," she said; "not one minute earlier. I cannot be disturbed when playing. Do you understand? Do you promise?"

"Yes," he said, "I promise not to bother you before half-past ten."

"Very well. Now let me do my washing here in peace."

SHE was still scrubbing her linen when he went reluctantly away across the meadow toward Sainte Lesse. And when she finally stood up, swung the basket to her head, and left the meadow, the sun hung low behind Sainte Lesse Wood and a rose and violet glow possessed the world.

At the White Doe Inn she flew feverishly about her duties, aiding the ancient peasant woman with the simple preparations for dinner, giving her father his soup and helping him to bed, swallowing a mouthful herself as she hastened to finish her household tasks.

Kid Glenn came in as usual for an *apéritif*, while she was gathering up her wooden gloves.

"Did a mule stray to-day from your corral?" she asked, filling his glass for him.

"No," he said.

"Are you sure?"

"Dead certain. Why?"

"Do you know one of the new muleteers named Braun?"

"I know him by sight."

"Keed!" she said, going up to him and placing both hands on his broad shoulders, "I play the carillon after the Angelus. During Steek to the bell-tower half-an-hour after you hear the carillon end. You will hear it end; you will hear the quarter-hour strike presently. Half-an-hour later, after the third quarter-hour strikes, you shall arrive. Bring pistols. Do you promise?"

"Sure! What's the row, Maryette?"

"I don't know yet. I *think* we shall find a spy in the tower."

"Where?"

"In the belfry, *parbleu!* And you and Steek shall come up the stairs and you shall wait in the dark, there where the keyboard is, and where you see all the wires leading upward. You shall listen attentively, and I shall be on the landing above, among my bells. And when you hear me cry out to you, then you shall come running with pistols!"

"For heaven's sake——"

"Is it understood? Give me your word, Steed!"

"Sure!"

"*Allons! Assez!*" she whispered excitedly. "Make prisoner any man you see there!—any man! You understand?"

"You bet!"

"*Any man!*" she repeated slowly, "even if he wears the same uniform *you* wear."

There was a silence. Then:

"By gad!" said Glenn under his breath.

"You suspect?"

"Yes! And if it *is* one of our German-American muleteers, we'll lynch him!" he hissed in a white rage.

But Maryette shook her head:

"No," she said in a dull, even voice, "let the *gendarmerie* take him in charge. Spy or suspect, he must have his chance. That is the law in France."

"You don't give rats a chance, do you?"

"I give everything its chance," she said simply. "And so does my country."

She drew the automatic pistol from her holster, examined it, raised her eyes gravely to the American beside her:

"This is terrible for me," she added, in a firm but steady voice. "If it were not for my country——" She made a grave gesture, turned and went slowly out through the arched stone passage into the main street of the town. A few minutes later the Angelus sounded sweetly over the woods and meadows of Sainte Lesse.

AT ten, as the last stroke of the hour had ended, there came a charming, intimate little murmur of awakening bells; it grew sweeter, clearer, filling the starry sky, then swing, exquisitely increasing in limpid, transparent volume, sweeping through the night, dim belfry like a great wind from Paradise carrying heaven's own music out over the darkened earth. In fifteen minutes the carillon ended; a slight pause followed, then the quarter-hour struck.

With the last stroke of the bell, the girl drew off her wooden gloves, laid them on the keyboard, turned slowly in her seat, listening. A slight sound coming from the spiral staircase of stone set her heart beating violently. Had the suspected man violated his word? She drew the automatic pistol from her holster, rose, and stole up to the stone platform overhead, where, rising tier on tier into the darkness, the great carillon of Sainte Lesse loomed overhead.

She listened uneasily. Had the man lied? It seemed to her as though her hammering heart must burst from her bosom with the terrible suspense of the moment.

Suddenly a shadowy form appeared at the head of the stairs, reaching the platform at one bound. And her heart seemed to stop as she realized that this man had arrived too early for her friends to be of any use to her. He had lied to her. And now she must take him, unaided, or kill him here in the starlight under the looming bells.

"Maryette!" he called. She did not stir.

"Maryette!" he whispered. "Where are you, little sweetheart? Forgive me, I could not wait any longer. I adore you——"

All at once he discovered her standing motionless in the shadow of the great bell Bayard—sprang toward her, eager, ardent, triumphant.

"Maryette," he whispered, "I love you! I shall teach you what a lover is——"

Suddenly he caught a glimpse of her face; the expression in her eyes checked him.

"What has happened?" he asked, bewildered. And then he caught sight of the pistol in her hand.

"What's that for!" he demanded harshly. "Are you afraid to love me? Do you think I'm the kind of lover to stop for a thing like that——"

She said in a low, distinct voice: "Don't move! Put up both hands instantly."

"What!" he snapped out, like the crack of a lash.

"I know who you are. You're a Boche and no Yankee! Turn your back and raise your arms!"

For a moment they looked at each other.

"I think," she said steadily, "you had better explain your gas cylinders and balloons to the *gendarmes* at the Poste."

"No," he said, "I'll explain them to you, *now!*"

"If you touch your pistol I fire!"

But already he had whipped out his pistol; and she fired instantly, smashing his right hand to pulp.

"You little hell-cat!" he screamed, stretching out his shattered hand in an agony of impotent fury. Blood rained from it on the stone flags. Suddenly he started toward her.

"Don't stir!" she whispered. "Turn your back and raise both arms!"

His face became ghastly.

"Let me go, in God's name!" he burst out in a strangled voice. "Don't send me before a firing-squad! Listen to me, little comrade—I surrender myself to your mercy——"

"Then keep away from me! Keep your distance!" she cried, retreating. He followed, fawning:

"Listen! We were such good comrades——"

"Don't come any nearer to me!" she called out sharply; but he still shuffled toward her, whimpering, drenched in blood, both hands uplifted:

"Kamerad!" he whined, "Kamerad!" and suddenly launched a kick at her.

She just avoided it, springing behind the bell Bayard; and he rushed at her and struck with both uplifted arms, showering her with blood but not quite reaching her.

In the darkness among the beams and the deep shadows of the bells she could hear him hunting for her, breathing heavily and making ferocious, inarticulate noises, as she swung herself up onto the first beam above and continued to crawl upward.

"Where are you, little fool?" he cried at length. "I have business with you before I cut your throat—that smooth white throat of yours that I kissed, down there by the *lavoir!*" There was no sound from her.

He went back toward the stairs and began hunting about in the starlight for his pistol; but there was no parapet on the bell-platform, and he probably concluded that it had fallen over the edge into the street.

Supporting his wounded hand, he stood glaring blankly about him, and his bloodshot eyes presently fell on the door to the stairs. But he must have realized that flight would be useless for him if he left this girl alive in her bell-tower, ready to alarm the town the moment he ran for the stairs.

With his left hand he fumbled under his tunic and disengaged a heavy trench knife from its sheath. The loss of blood was making his legs a trifle unsteady, but he pulled himself together and moved stealthily under the shadows of beam and bell until he came to the spot he selected. And there he lay down, the hilt of the knife in his left hand, the blade concealed by his opened tunic.

HIS heavy groans at last had their effect on the girl, who had climbed high up into the darkness, creeping from beam to beam and mounting from one tier of bells to another. Standing on the lowest beam, she cautiously looked out through an *oubliette*, and saw him lying on his back near the sheer edge of the roof.

After a few moments, opening his eyes again, he saw her standing on the roof beside him, looking down at him. And he whispered his appeal in the name of Christ. And in His name the little bell-mistress responded.

When she had used the blue kerchief at her neck for a tourniquet, and had checked the hemorrhage, he was still patiently awaiting a better opportunity to employ his knife. It would not do to bungle the affair. And he thought he knew how it could be properly done—if he could get her head in the crook of his muscular elbow.

"Lift me, dear ministering angel," he whispered weakly.

She stooped impulsively, hesitated, then suddenly terrified at the blazing ferocity in his eyes, she shrank back at the same instant that his broad knife flashed in her very face.

He was on his feet at a bound, and, as she raised her voice in a startled cry for help, he lunged heavily at her, but slipped and fell in his own blood. Then the clattering jingle of spurred boots on the stone stairs below caught his ear. He was trapped and he realized it. He slowly got to his feet.

As Smith and Glenn appeared, springing out of the low-arched door, the muleteer, Braun, turned and faced them.

There was a silence, then Glenn said bitterly: "It's you, is it, you dirty Dutchman!"

"Hands up," added Smith quietly. "Come on, now; it's a case of 'Kamerad' for yours." Braun did not move to comply with the demand. Gradually it dawned on them that the man was game.

"Maryette!" he called, "where are you?"

Smith said curiously: "What do you want with her, Braun?"

"I want to speak to her."

"Come over here, Maryette," said Glenn sullenly. The girl crept out of the shadows. Her face was ghastly.

Braun looked at her with pallid scorn:

"You little, ignorant fool," he said, "I'd have made you a better lover than you'll ever have now!"

He shrugged his square shoulders in contempt, turned without a glance at Smith and Glenn, and stepped outward into space. And as he fell there between sky and earth, hurtling downward under the stars, Glenn's pistol flashed twice, killing his quarry in mid-air while falling.

"Can you beat it?" he demanded hoarsely, turning on Smith. "Ain't that me all over!—soft-hearted enough to do that skunk a kindness thataway!"

But his youthful voice was shaking, and he stared at the edge of the abyss, listening to the far tumult now arising from the street below. "Did you shoot?" he inquired, controlling his nervous voice with an effort.

"Naw," said Smith disgustedly. . . . "Now, Maryette, put one arm around my neck, and me and the Kid will take you down them stairs, because you look tired—kind o' peaked and fussed, what with all this funny business going on——"

"Oh, Steek! Steek!" she sobbed. "Oh, *mon ami*, Steek!"

She began to cry bitterly. Smith picked her up in his arms.

"What you need is sleep," he said very gently. But she shook her head; she had business to transact on her knees that night—business with the Mother of God that would take all night long—and many, many other sleepless nights, and many candles.

She put her left arm around Smith's neck and hid her tear-wet face on his shoulder. And, as he bore her out of the high tower and descended the unlighted, interminable stairs of stone, he heard her weeping against his breast, and softly asking intercession in behalf of a dead young man who had tried to be to her a "*Kamerad*"—as he understood it—including the entire gamut, from amorous lover to doing his duty as he had been taught to see it.



Quick and Easy

—no work at all to serve Grape-Nuts food.

Many and many a housewife has been captivated by the helpful convenience of this delicious food.

Just open the package, and there it is—ready to eat—fresh, crisp, and appetizing!

Add cream or good milk, and you have a dish that is unrivalled in food-strength—all the goodness of whole wheat and barley, including their mineral elements so essential to sturdy health.

Grape-Nuts

is ideal food for hot weather; easy to digest, delicious, economical—a saver of time and labor.

Every table should have its daily ration of this famous food.

"There's a Reason"

MY FIFTY YEARS IN THE NAVY

Continued from page 105

retreating figure, and then turned to those of us who were gathered about him, for we were always interested in him, if not in his works.

"Did you ever see anything to equal that?" he complained. "A man gets a rare—I may say an almost unique—specimen and some infernal fool comes along, calls it a 'squid' and throws it overboard!"

We anchored four times going through the Straits of Magellan. In Possession Bay, off Sandy Point, at Port Gallant, and in New York Roads. Sandy Point, with less than one hundred inhabitants, was the only settlement south of the Argentine frontier, one thousand miles away. During our stay there the Commodore heard that coal had been found only a few miles inland. He instantly conceived the idea that, with this supply to draw on, heavy tugs might be stationed in Possession Bay to tow sailing ships through the Straits and to a good offing in the Pacific, thus affording them an escape from the dangers, losses and hardships of beating to the westward round Cape Horn, the severest task imposed upon a seaman.

Of course, before a report could be made on the subject, samples of the coal must be secured and tested, and the Commodore determined on a visit to the reputed mine. A few horses were obtained and a small party, of which I was a member, started on the expedition. Our route, for part of the way, lay up the dry bed of a stream strewn with boulders and overhung with low, stunted trees. It must have been one of these trees that knocked the Commodore from his saddle. At any rate, the first thing we knew, he was on the ground, being dragged over the loose rocks and boulders, his foot having caught in the stirrup. It seemed an age before some one, seizing his horse's bridle, pulled him out of the way of trampling hoofs, and we were all much excited save the Commodore himself, who was heard to calmly express the wish, as he was jerked and bumped along, that some one would be kind enough to "extricate" his foot.

We returned to the ship with several bags of specimens, and various experiments were made in the cabin, as in the case of the luminous fish, and equally to the captain's exasperation. The Commodore came to the conclusion that the coal was too poor for steaming purposes, and so dropped the matter, but many of us thought it was a plan that should have been perfected, even had it entailed the shipping of coal to the Straits. Had the Commodore's idea been carried out it might have delayed the construction of the Panama Canal a number of years.

Our ship and the *Powhatan* made their way out of the Straits into the Pacific, at the western entrance, and proceeded up the coast to San Estevan Bay in the Gulf of Peñas. There the *Monadnock* and the *Tuscarora*—to which the Commodore had temporarily transferred his flag—joined us, they having come up through the inside channel. The *Monadnock* and the other ships had coaled, while at Sandy Point, from a sailing ship, which had been sent there to meet us, and at San Estevan Bay we again coaled the *Monadnock* from our own bunkers. We then sailed in company for Valparaiso.

When we left Hampton Roads the strength of the French fleet was the question that engrossed us. On our way down the east coast of South America we had found Brazil and Argentina—or Buenos Ayres, as it was then called—at war with Paraguay, and we knew that Chili, Peru and Bolivia, on the west coast, were at war with Spain, but we had not dreamed that this latter conflict could affect us vitally until we reached Valparaiso, and found ourselves part of a situation which [illegible] more tensely exciting than any prospect of an encounter with the French [illegible]

The Spanish fleet, under Admiral Mendez Nuñez, was lying in the harbor of Valparaiso when we arrived, waiting for orders concerning the bombardment of the city. The fleet under Nuñez consisted of his flagship, the [illegible] frigate *Isabel*, mounting thirty-four guns, four fine wooden frigates, the *Villa de Madrid*, *Resolucion*, *Blanca*, and *Berenguela*, and the gunboat *Vincidora*, all [illegible] carrying about two hundred [illegible]

The English fleet lying at Valparaiso—which, with ours, the residents anxiously looked to, to prevent the bombardment of an [illegible] town—had three ships, the *Sutlej* and *Leander*, frigates, and the gunboat *Shearwater*, mounting in all about one hundred and ten guns. To these we could add sixty, having found the *Mohongo*, one of our double-enders, in port on our arrival.

The *Sutlej* was flying the flag of Rear-Admiral Denman, and on board the *Leander* was Commodore DeCourcey. Two greater contrasts in type could not have been imagined.

The Spanish admiral, Mendez Nuñez,—or "Mondays-Tuesdays"—as we used to call him—had a most attractive personality. He had reached the rank of admiral at a comparatively early age. His reputation, not only as an officer, but as a man, was of the highest, nor was it clouded because Queen Isabella, of whose character the same could not be said, was devoted to his interests. No one felt more deeply than he the alternative of either yielding to the threats of the American and English commanders, or bombarding a defenseless city as his orders from Madrid demanded.

The interval of waiting for these orders was filled with the wildest speculations. Would they, or would they not come, and if they did would the English and American squadrons interfere? I venture to say that there were few in our squadron who were particularly pleased with the prospect of interference and the resulting conflict with the Spanish fleet.

When it became known that Valparaiso was actually to be bombarded, the excitement, not only on shore but afloat, was intense. Millions of dollars' worth of property belonging to foreigners would undoubtedly be destroyed, and while the English stood to lose the largest amount, yet the *Vanderbilt* was besieged by ministers and consuls from many other nations, all appealing to the Commodore to interpose. There were meetings and councils both in Santiago and Valparaiso.

There was, I think, a general feeling among our officers and crews that the affair was really none of our business. Chili was at war with a nation possessing a navy, and could scarcely look to others to save her seaports from contribution or destruction. So far as property was concerned, there was little or nothing belonging to Americans to protect. Of course the worst feature of the bombardment was the misery it would occasion in a city of one hundred thousand people, among whom there would certainly be numbers too sick or helpless to be moved, and the many homes that would be destroyed.

Our Commodore was undoubtedly influenced by these last considerations, for it was evident from the outset that he meant to interfere if he could induce the English admiral to take part with him. There were a few of our officers—Captain Sanford was one of them—who attributed this readiness on the Commodore's part to his desire to see a fight between the American monitor and the Spanish ironclad.

The Commodore became strongly attached to Nuñez. I remember hearing him say one night, when he returned from a conference on the *Numantia*: "Nuñez is brave and true. He will do his duty. My heart warmed toward him while he spoke."

I learned that Nuñez had thoroughly won the Commodore's approval by the frank way in which he stated his intentions. "Commodore," said he, "you have a reputation in your country," and, turning to our Minister, "You too, General Kilpatrick. But I also have one in mine, and I shall try to keep it. I shall bombard Valparaiso. Of course, you know," he added, "that this matter could be adjusted. I have plenipotentiary powers, and if the Chileans would just stop blowing their bugles in my face and salute our flag, at the very first gun I would hoist their flag and return the salute, then go on shore and settle all troubles. As they are not willing to do this, I must carry out my orders. If you feel it your duty to interfere, Commodore, your *Monadnock* may be too strong for my *Numantia*, but I think I can dispose of everything else, and then if I find I can't whip the *Monadnock* I will leave."

It was this calm certainty of being able to "dispose of everything else" that troubled all of us except the Commodore, and even he may have had his misgivings. Meantime the preparations for battle went forward. Twelve hundred bags of coal were stored in the gangways of the *Vanderbilt* to shelter the most exposed parts of her boilers and machinery. The *Tuscarora* plated her sides with chain cables.

In the midst of these preparations, the English admiral, Denman, suddenly announced that he had orders from home which positively forbade him to interfere. Then all was confusion and dismay. The English residents, realizing that their property was likely to be lost or injured, were furious because their admiral would not, in violation of his instructions, give an order that meant a battle of the most sanguinary description. They sent him a wooden sword, and talked of "our fancy squadron, Lady Denman commanding." The squat and truculent DeCourcey went on the warpath. He declared—so we heard—that if we decided to fight he would be with us. If any shot came his way he was going to fire back. Of course this stand made him generally popular, and the contrast with Denman the more telling. Nevertheless, if Admiral Denman, aware from the first that he was powerless to interfere, felt that by threatening to unite with us he might force the Spaniard to spare the city, he took a chance that involved his reputation, and braved what many would regard as worse than death. Cables and wireless telegraphy practically insure against such a situation at the present day.

The Valparaisans still cherished a faint hope that the Spaniards might relent, or that we might be induced to interpose. In fact, we were regarded for a time with enthusiasm, in the light of their sole defenders, and I remember seeing illuminations in the plaza of Valparaiso in honor of the squadron "de los Estados Unidos." Our Commodore now felt that the time had come to dispel these false hopes, and spoke out decisively. A large delegation of foreign residents had come on board the *Vanderbilt*, stating that, as far as lay in their power, they made the Commodore official protector of the rights of their respective countries. The insistent urging of General Kilpatrick was supported by an Englishman, one who had been just a few months before an ardent Southern sympathizer. He drew an animated picture of the gratitude his countrymen would feel toward Americans, winding up with the phrase: "Blood is thicker than water."

"Yes," retorted the Commodore, losing his hitherto unruffled serenity, "but I notice that you would have America contribute all the blood!"

Then turning to our Minister and the delegation: "We are not afraid to fight, even against great odds; but England must be involved. All I ask is a cutter with the English flag flying, to tow astern of the *Vanderbilt!* The gratitude you speak of would not prevent certain Englishmen from fitting out new *Alabamas* and *Floridas* to destroy what little commerce we have left should we get into a war with Spain."

It must be said of the Chileans, that when they saw there was no longer any hope of protection they showed no intention of submitting. When Nuñez announced the bombardment for four days later, he declared his intention of firing only upon the public buildings, but as they extended all the way from the bonded warehouses at Reeftopsail Point to the Naval Academy and railroad station at the northern end of the city, it was evident that no quarter would be really out of reach of shot and shell. So, on the day before the bombardment, the sad exodus began.

A little after eight o'clock the Spanish frigates and the *Vincidora* stood in and took their stations near the shore. About nine o'clock a signal was hoisted on the *Numantia*, lying just to the northward of our ships, and her consorts opened fire. At first, except when a slanting roof was struck, we could not see that much damage was being done, for nearly all the buildings were of stone, but, soon smoke began to rise above the bonded warehouses, and it was evident fires had started. Very shortly these began to spread, especially in the southern portion of the city. The firing from the ships was erratic. Sometimes a frigate would let go a whole broadside, and again the shots would be intermittent. A little after eleven, the *Numantia* hoisted another signal, upon which the ships ceased firing, and stood out past us to their former anchorage. We immediately ran in, and sent large fire-parties from all our ships. As we pulled in to the Mole—as the landing place in front of the custom-house was called—we could see that it was torn up in every direction. The building itself, from the front, showed only holes where the projectiles had entered, but the moment we passed through the arched gateway we found a complete wreck, and the square between it and the Intendencia was filled with *débris*. The latter building also was ruined. The fires were soon under control, and late in the afternoon our fire-parties were withdrawn. We did not hear of any loss of life, which was not extraordinary, as the city was deserted. It was said that property amounting to many millions of dollars was destroyed, but there was never, to my knowledge, any careful estimate made.

Not long after this, the *Vanderbilt* and *Monadnock* sailed for Callao, leaving the *Powhatan* and *Tuscarora* behind to await orders from Admiral Pearson. For hours after leaving port we kept Aconcagua, the loftiest of the Andes, in sight over our starboard quarter, though it was already distant over a hundred and ten land miles from our starting point. We had left the Spanish fleet at Valparaiso, but owing to the *Monadnock's* slow rate of speed it must have caught up with us on the way north, for just after we made San Lorenzo, the high island outside of Callao, it was seen in the offing. It was then the custom in our service, dating perhaps from the attack upon the unprepared *Chesapeake*, to carry guns loaded while at sea, removing the charges when in port, and so, as we neared Callao, the first lieutenant came up to ask the captain's permission to send the crew to quarters. Captain Sanford turned upon him sharply: "What! Unload the guns now with the Spanish fleet close aboard?"

The Commodore, who was standing near, half-jokingly, half-reproachfully, asked: "Do you have them loaded, captain, at Valparaiso?"

This was the only time I ever heard him show any feeling about the captain's protests and opposition.

In coming to Callao we had known that we should probably witness another bombardment, but in this case the object of attack was very far from being defenseless. In fact, so well prepared were the Peruvians, that it was said that Nuñez had received an intimation from home not to jeopardize his fleet in an action with shore batteries, but he felt that his country had lost honor in the eyes of other nations by the bombardment of Valparaiso and Castilian pride demanded that he should fight at Callao.

The Spanish fleet anchored under San Lorenzo, while ours took up a position near the town. Callao, which was really the port of the capital city, Lima, a few miles inland, was much less populous than Valparaiso, and was defended by a citadel and heavy batteries. We found the Peruvians had about six guns of the average caliber already mounted and were working desperately upon six heavy Armstrong rifled guns, but I think only two of these—three-hundred-pounders—were in readiness when the battle began. They also had a small monitor, but she was neither heavily armed nor armored. We heard that they had among their forces several officers who had served in our Union and Confederate armies. There were also two or three ex-Confederate naval officers in Callao at the time, but whether the Peruvians made use of their services I do not know.

The battle of Callao commenced a little after noon on the second of May, 1866. The iron-clad *Numantia* led the right wing, her companions being the frigates *Blanca* and *Resolucion*. The frigates *Villa de Madrid*, *Beranguela* and the newly arrived *Almanza* formed the left wing. All the merchant shipping had been shifted to the northward of its usual anchorage, and the *Monadnock* and the *Vanderbilt* lay off the town, a position that gave us an excellent view of the battle. As it was—the Commodore considered—out of gunshot of the smooth-bores, while as the only two rifled guns were mounted at the northern end of the line of batteries, we were well to the right of their line of fire.

The *Numantia*, or one of the Peruvian batteries just beyond her—we could not tell which—opened the engagement, and immediately sixty guns on shore and half of the two hundred and seventy-five afloat came into action. A thick pall of smoke hung over the bay, pierced by flashes from the guns, whose steady roar was almost appalling

resently the cloud began to drift away in
ots, and our attention centered on the
cranguela, which seemed to be entirely
veloped in smoke or dust. As it gradually
eared we could see a large opening in her
de amidships. She headed out at once, and
s she passed us, steaming at full speed for
an Lorenzo, she was listed well over to keep
loat. A boat from our ship, carrying both
rgeons, pulled under her bows to offer
edical assistance, but the captain, shouting
at he must save his ship, would not stop.
en minutes later the *Villa de Madrid* made
gnals, and the gunboat *Vincidora* steamed
and gave her a line, so it was evident that
r boilers or machinery were disabled.
ith such a heavy battery as she had, it
ight have been expected that she would
ke the gunboat alongside and remain in
tion, and we were somewhat surprised
nen we saw her being towed over to San
renzo. The *Resolucion* hauled out after
o o'clock, but later returned, and fought
r nearly an hour, when she again retired.
ie *Blanca* held out until almost four o'clock.
er captain, Topete, who was badly wounded
this action, later became Minister of
arine, and when in command at Cadiz
rted the revolution that overthrew Queen
abella. The *Numantia* and her brave con-
rt the *Almanza* fought until sunset. The
umantia was practically uninjured, but the
trepid Nuñez, who had refused to go behind
r armor, because he wished to share the
ngers to which his companions on the
oden ships were exposed, was severely
unded. We were told that Prado, the
esident of Peru, had been helping to
ve the guns on shore, and his Secretary of
ar had been killed in one of the batteries.
About four o'clock we had seen a boat pull
er from the *Almanza* to the flagship, and
re informed that she was taking the
manza's captain, Sanchez, over to confer
th the Admiral. The conference ended,
nchez returned to his ship and continued
fight.

It was my outspoken admiration for this
ively-fought ship and her captain that was
occasion for a talk with Commodore Rod-
s that made an indelible impression on me.
. Bush, our Chaplain, had told us once that
positions the Commodore took in an argu-
nt, which so often surprised us, came in
ny instances from a desire to get the view-
nts of others. But sometimes there was
re beneath the surface, as I learned on this
asion to my sorrow. I had just given vent
an outburst of enthusiasm for the gallant
nchez, when the Commodore, overhearing
, made some remark about "the pride and
tinacy of a Spaniard." Although I felt
s opinion might have been advanced for
ument's sake, I was still considerably
tled because the enthusiasm I had shown
l been quenched in such an unlooked-for
nner, and seeing what I thought a vulner-
e point that I could seize on, I said:
ell, to my mind, the *Almanza* was a nobly-
ght ship, and I know of none in our war,
ept one, that was more determinedly kept
action."

"Indeed!" said the Commodore, much
erested in such a positive statement,
hat ship was it?"

"The *Galena* in the James River," I an-
red promptly.

n an instant the Commodore's face, which
been all eager inquiry, clouded over.
turned away, motioning for me to follow.
was not till we were quite alone that he
an, so slowly and seriously that his words
e never been forgotten: "The *Galena* was
istake. The monitor was the right prin-
e. We could not afford mistakes, fighting
uch a war, and with the danger of foreign
erference. I had to prove the *Galena* a
take. The poor fellows who died on
rd her that day did not die in vain."

ly satisfaction in what I had thought a
rt rejoinder had totally crumbled by this
, and I could only brokenly express my
et, but the regret was even then tem-
d by the feeling that I had gained a still
rer idea of the character of the man before
and a new knowledge of life's values.
deep sadness of the Commodore's face,
e uttered those few words, taught me that
t the world regards as glory may weigh
slightly against the heavy responsibility
a man must face when he communes
himself.

OM Callao we sailed for San Francisco,
stopping at Panama, Acapulco, Magdalena
, and San Diego on our way. This was
first acquaintance with the magnificent
ntain scenery of the west coasts of Cen-
America and Mexico. Later in life many
he mountain peaks seemed as familiar as the faces of old friends, I used their summits so often in triangulation work. Colima, Isalco and Onestepe wore feathery plumes of smoke on their superb heads, for they were active volcanoes.

The greater part of the time that I remained on the *Vanderbilt* was spent in San Francisco harbor, with the exception of one trip which we made to Honolulu. Queen Emma, the wife of Kamehameha V, had just returned to this country from a visit to England and we were detailed to give her a passage home. Admiral Thatcher turned over his cabin to her and an Englishwoman in her suite, a Miss Spurgeon. The queen was an agreeable and cultivated woman, but the English companion was a good deal of a trial to the Admiral. She generally contrived to lead the conversation at meals to "odious comparisons" between the North and South, always assuming that everyone must concede the latter to be immensely superior, though of course if she were wrong in these views she was amiably anxious that the "dear Admiral" should set her right. The restraint which the Admiral's chivalry put upon him, while in the cabin, was usually followed by a terrific outburst as soon as he reached the deck.

About seven months after we left Honolulu, I and several other officers were transferred from the *Vanderbilt* to the *Suwanee*, a double-ender, whose captain was Commander Young. He died soon after we joined the ship and was succeeded by Commander Richard L. Law. We were lying at Panama at this time, where we had just relieved the *Dacotah*. A massacre, which had taken place at Panama, and in which a number of Americans returning from California had been killed, caused our Government to keep a vessel of the Pacific squadron at that port, except at those times when an English man-of-war could undertake the duty. On several occasions it had been necessary to land an armed force, but as a rule the presence of the ship was enough to protect foreigners and their property. One day, two of our officers, Lieutenant-Commander Wood and Ensign Wilson, with their boat's crew, were given permission to go ashore. They wanted to visit the ruins of the old tower, the only vestige left to mark the site of Old Panama, the city destroyed two centuries before by Morgan and his buccaneers. It came near being a fatal visit for them.

The party, having made a landing, left one man to look out for the boat, which was drawn up on the beach. Unfortunately, this man, or rather a boy—for he was an inexperienced landsman—took a crazy notion to experiment with his charge in the absence of the others. They had not gone far when they heard wild cries for help, and rushing back to the beach saw their boat, her bow pointed to sea, and her jib set, already some distance from the shore. Her panic-stricken occupant, in answer to repeated shouts to "haul down the jib," threw himself down in the sternsheets and stretched his arms despairingly to the little group on the beach. Seeing it was useless to expect anything from him, Wood and Wilson began to look about for some means of pursuit, and finally found an old native canoe, hollowed out from a single log. In this frail and treacherous craft they courageously put off, and as they became more accustomed to the use of the paddle were gradually gaining on the boat, when the breeze freshened and she began to draw away from them. It was then that the desperate nature of their venture came upon them, for with the breeze the sea was getting up, and it was doubtful if they could have returned to the shore, even had they been willing to give up all hope of rescuing the author of their troubles.

The sailors left upon the beach watched pursuers and pursued out of sight, and then began the six-mile walk into Panama. It was nearly evening before they reached their ship, and as all knew it would be a matter of several hours before she could get up steam and the breeze was carrying the two boats to the eastward all the time, off the track of the few steamers coming to Panama, it was felt that there was practically no hope of a rescue.

The improbable occurred, however, as it sometimes does. An English man-of-war, the *Malacca*, commanded by Captain Oldfields, was coming up the coast under sail and stood well over to the eastward. She was just putting about when cries for assistance were heard in the darkness. She rounded to, and in a few minutes a canoe manned by two almost exhausted but very thankful young men came alongside. A little later the boat, with its prostrate occupant, was sighted and hoisted on board, and before the night was over the *Suwanee* had her full complement again. (*To be Continued.*)



Wheat Bubbles Puffed to Eight Times Normal Size

How Much Whole Wheat

Do Your Children Get?

They get white flour in scores of things, no doubt.

But what of the phosphates, lime, vitamines, etc.?

One cannot thrive without them, as you know. And they are in the outer coats of wheat.

Prof. Anderson's Wheat Multiplies the Supply

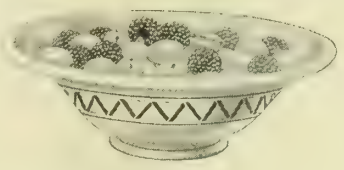
Puffed Wheat—invented by Prof. Anderson—supplies a whole-wheat dainty. It brings to children an all-day-long delight—a food and a confection.

It makes every atom of the whole grain available as food. No food cells are left unbroken. Here, for the first time—by steam explosion—every granule is fitted for digestion.

Every ounce of Puffed Wheat means an ounce of whole-wheat nutriment. In ordinary cooking at least half the food cells will remain unbroken. But here no element is lost.

And this whole wheat is tempting. Every taste calls for more. The airy bubbles are crisp and nut-like, yet as flimsy as a snowflake. Millions of children, in this delightful way, get their quota of whole wheat.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**
and Corn Puffs
Each 15c Except in Far West



With Berries

Both the Wheat and Rice are whole grains. And in every kernel we create a hundred million steam explosions.

Serve with cream and sugar, mix with fruit, or float in bowls of milk. Douse with melted butter, and let children eat the grains like peanuts.

Let them take the place of part-grain foods, of sweetmeats and of cookies. They are even more inviting. They don't upset the stomach. And they supply the needed whole-grain diet.



In Milk

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

MRS. JERMYN IN HEAVEN

(*Concluded from page 93*)

one for "men" and one for "women"—the distinction of "gentleman" and "lady" not obtaining here, as everybody is supposed to be one or the other if he or she gets in here at all. That is the supposition, but my dear! —if you could see some of the creatures who —but criticism is one of the sports forbidden here.

Just as I was hastening to enter the proper place for my sex, I met a person coming out who rushed up to me and said effusively:

"Why, Mrs. McKibbeny Jermyn,—fancy meeting you here!"

The voice, and the unfortunate habit of saying the wrong thing in the wrong manner, I reconized instantly as belonging to Mrs. Harry Trethewat—you remember, the widow who got herself so much talked about for blonding her hair, lacing so tightly and being so careless of appearances. It seems that while she was distinctly indiscreet, she never did anything wrong and was very good at heart.

She used to look all the more *passée* from trying to look so young, and her kittenish manners with her old-cat figure always got on one's nerves. I remember how you used to criticize her: we both did. But my dear! if you could only know how the "Who's Who in Heaven" differs from "Who's Who in Englewood." So many prominent church-workers, whom I expected to find in the very front pew here, never got here at all, and so many that never went to church and played golf and went boating, etc., on Sunday are moving in the very best circles here.

But I was speaking of Mrs. Harry Trethewat. It was only her voice that I recognized. In place of peroxided hair and a clothes-horse figure, pieced out with air-cushion plumpers and the like, she was a dream of beauty. She looked like all the "After Taking" advertisements in the back of the magazines.

So I hurried in and checked my halo and things and was given one of the largest-sized bathing suits. It fitted me rather riskily at that.

The pool was very popular. It was crowded with people in all sorts of curious conditions, young in spots, old in spots, bony arms and beautiful limbs, etc. I dipped in my right foot to test the water. Instantly that poor old scrawny extremity that bore so many scars of battle with tight shoes (though you know, my dear, a shoe that is too large is quite as bad, so I've been told, though I must admit I never tried it)—well, my poor old foot was changed to the most exquisite pink-toed, pearl-nailed, rosy-heeled thing you ever saw outside of a canvas!

It was so miraculous that I was afraid to think how indecently attractive I should be when I was that way all over. It didn't seem proper at my time of life. So I was hesitating, standing first on one foot (the old one) then on the other (the new one) when I heard a loud call in a rather slangy tone:

"Come on in, the water's fine."

I recognized it as the voice of that poor, worn-out stock actress, Mrs. Kitty Mayhew, who played soubrettes till she was sixty, then had to switch to grandmothers, and finished very respectably in the Actors' Fund Home. I used to like her very much as the old mother in—what was the play?—I forget.

But here she was, a dazzling dream of pulchritude (if I've spelt it right), and she was saying:

"Gee, what a bully adventuress I'd be now, and as a vampire I'd make (this name came over blurred) look like thirty cents. If they asked me to play *Rosalind* or *Viola*, I could deliver the goods all right, all right."

The change was so wonderful that I decided not to wait to walk in, but to take it on the dive. I clasped my hands over my head and drew in my breath, hoping that I wouldn't make the awful whack and splash I used to make at the Pier, the one the boys used to call by such a funny name—you remember it—a little inelegant, but very funny—and descriptive!

Just before I pitched over, I paused. I had a hard time regaining my balance, but I said to another old fat lady, just trying to get up courage for the plunge, I said to her:

"If I walk out of here looking like a cloak-model or a show-girl, how will my poor husband and my boys recognize me when they get here?"

I can see my youngest boy now—only twelve he is, named Bruce after an uncle, and he always came running home to me with his troubles. He'd bolt in at the door and begin calling "Mamma! Mamma!" as he ran upstairs. Then he'd throw himself in my arms and bury his head in my breast and tell me what the matter was, and if it was awfully bad, he'd cry. Then I'd pet him and soothe him, and rock him, and pretty soon he'd be caressing my hair and kissing my cheeks.

Well, I thought of these things in a flash, and I said to myself. "Suppose some accident should befall my little boy Bruce—he might so easily get run over, or something; boys are so reckless. And suppose he came up to heaven, as of course he will, being a good boy, in spite of having his father's quick temper and proneness to use his fists and breaking an occasional window—boys will be boys, you know. Well, suppose my boy, my littlest boy, should die now and come to Heaven. He would be so scared in that dark valley and he always was so embarrassed when he met strangers—he used to hide whenever we had company. As soon as he came through the gate, he'd look about among all the mothers waiting for children—everybody here is waiting for somebody—many of them for loved ones who will never come, I'm afraid.

As soon as Bruce looked about he'd get scared and he'd run through all the golden streets crying "Mamma! Mamma! Where are you?" Suppose then I should hurry up to him saying, "My boy, my boy," and looking like a comic-opera queen? Why, he'd knock my hands away, and if I clung to him he'd kick my shins and say: "Let me go, my mother looks like a—like a mother," and he'd run on forever crying, "Mamma! Mamma!"

I couldn't stand that, could I? I'd just drop down and die, even if I am immortal, if my own son disowned me, wouldn't I?

And suppose that my husband should come to Heaven—as he must and will, because what wrongs he has done were the wrongs that a strong man has to commit fighting for life in that terrible world of yours. Suppose I stood near the gate and saw my splendid old grizzly haired warrior stalk in. He would stand there tugging at his gray mustache and scowling at the crowd as he always scowls at strangers.

And then I walk up, looking like Venus or Mme. Pompadour, and I'd take him by the arm and say: "Gerald, my dear." Can you imagine the way he would snatch his arm from me and step back and glare and growl!

"What do you mean, young woman, by taking my arm in public without an introduction? I am not looking for a chorus-girl. Madam, I am looking for my wife."

Then I'd say: "But, Gerald, I am your wife; don't you know me?"

And he'd say: "No, I don't know you and I don't want to know you. I nearly broke my wife's heart by knowing one of your sort once. My wife is a beautiful and elderly lady of venerable manner with silver-gray hair. I've called her 'Mother' and she has called me 'Father' ever since the first of our children was born. So kindly go away, young woman, and let me alone."

That's what Gerald would probably say and I suspect that he would probably add a swear word or two. But I believe that it would be excused even in Heaven.

So, thinking of all these things in a flash, I did not take the dive, and I shall remain a while I am, at least until all my family is gathered together—then we can take the plunge en *famille*. But, dear me!—what would my daughters think to have a mother the same age and no fat, comfortable bosom to come to—and of course there'll be the second generation looking for a grandmother—have no right to deny the dears this luxury. So it will be a long while before I shall cease to be anything but the homely, tired, gray creature you know. I shall, however, not allow myself to get any fatter, at least, and after all I'm rather glad that I got that net foot. I can take a peek at it once in a while and think what I might be if I tried. It's like having beauty in the savings-bank.

Yours till we meet again,

ANNE MCK. J.

THE SORROWS OF A SUMMER GUEST

(*Concluded from page 127*)

"Do you know what I would do with that cedar summer-house if it was mine?" I asked my host the next day.

"No," he said.

"I'd knock the thing down and burn it," I answered. But I think I must have said it too fiercely. Beverly-Jones looked hurt and said nothing.

Not that these people are not doing all they can for me. I know that. I admit it. If I *should* meet my end here and if—to put the thing straight out—my lifeless body is found floating on the surface of this pond, I should like there to be documentary evidence of *that* much. They are trying their best. "This is Liberty Hall," Mrs. Beverly-Jones said to me on the first day of my visit. "We want you to feel that you are to do absolutely as you like!"

Absolutely as I like! How little they know me. I should like to have answered: "Madam, I have now reached a time of life when human society at breakfast is impossible to me; when any conversation prior to eleven A.M. must be considered out of the question; when I prefer to eat my meals in quiet, or with only such mild hilarity as [illegible] when I can no longer wear nankeen pants and a colored blazer without a sense of personal indignity; when I can no longer leap and play in the water like a young fish; when I do not yodel, cannot sing and, to my regret, dance even worse than I did when young; and when the mood of mirth and hilarity comes to me only as a rare visitant—shall we say at a [illegible] Madam, I am unfit to be a summer guest. If this is Liberty Hall indeed, let me, oh, let me go!"

[illegible] I could make it [illegible] Indeed, the more I analyze it the more impossible it seems, for a man of my temperament at any rate, to be a summer guest. These people, and I imagine, all other summer people, seem to be trying to live in a perpetual joke. Everything, all day, has to be taken in a mood of uproarious fun.

However, I can speak of it all now in quiet retrospect and without bitterness. It will soon be over now. Indeed, the reason why I have come down at this early hour to this quiet water is that things have reached a crisis. The situation has become extreme and I must end it.

It happened last night. Beverly-Jones took me aside while the others were dancing the foxtrot to the victrola on the piazza.

"We're planning to have some rather good fun to-morrow night," he said, "something that will be a good deal more in your line than a lot of it, I'm afraid, has been up here. In fact, my wife says that this will be the very thing for you."

"Oh," I said.

"We're going to get all the people from the other houses over and the girls"—this term Beverly-Jones uses to mean his wife and her friends—"are going to get up a sort of entertainment with charades and things, all impromptu, more or less, of course——"

"Oh," I said. I saw already what was coming.

"And they want you to act as a sort of master-of-ceremonies to make up the gags and introduce the different stunts and all that. I was telling the girls about that afternoon at the club, when you were simply killing us all with those funny stories of yours, and they're all wild over it."

"Wild?" I repeated.

"Yes, quite wild over it. They say it will be the hit of the season."

Beverly-Jones shook hands with great warmth as we parted for the night. I knew [illegible] that my character was about to be triumphantly vindicated, and that he was glad for my sake.

Last night I did not sleep. I remained awake all night thinking of the "entertainment." In my whole life I have done nothing in public except once when I presented a walking-stick to the vice-president of our club on the occasion of his taking a trip to Europe. Even for that I used to rehearse to myself far into the night sentences that began: "This walking-stick, gentlemen, means far more than a mere walking-stick."

And now they expect me to come out as a merry master-of-ceremonies before an assembled crowd of summer guests.

But never mind. It is nearly over now. I have come down to this quiet water in the early morning to throw myself in. They will find me floating here among the lilies. Some few will understand. I can see it written, as it will be, in the newspapers.

But what is this? I raise my eyes from the paper and I see Beverly-Jones hurriedly approaching from the house. He is hastily dressed, with flannel trousers and a dressing-gown. His face looks grave. Something has happened. Thank God, something has happened. Some accident! Some tragedy! Something to prevent the charades!

I write these last few lines on a fast train that is carrying me back to New York, a cool, comfortable train, with a deserted club-car where I can sit in a leather armchair, with my feet up on another, smoking, silent, and at peace.

Villages, farms and summer places are flying by. Let them fly. I, too, am flying—back to the rest and quiet of the city.

"Old man," Beverly-Jones said, as he laid his hand on mine very kindly (he is a decent fellow, after all, is Jones), "they're calling you by long distance from New York."

"What is it?" I asked, or tried to gasp.

"It's bad news, old chap—fire in your office last evening—I'm afraid a lot of your private papers were burned. Robinson—that's your senior clerk, isn't it—seems to have been on the spot trying to save things. He's badly singed about the face and hands. I'm afraid you must go at once."

"Yes, yes," I said, "at once."

"I know. I've told the man to get the trap ready right away. You've just time to catch the seven-ten. Come along."

"Right," I said. I kept my face as well as I could, trying to hide my exultation. The office burnt! Fine! Robinson singed! Glorious! I hurriedly packed my things and whispered to Beverly-Jones farewell message for the sleeping household. I never felt so jolly and facetious in my life. I could see that Beverly-Jones was admiring the spirit and pluck with which I took my misfortune. Later on he would tell them all about it.

"The trap ready! Hoorah! Good-by, old man! Hoorah! All right. I'll telegraph . . . right you are, good-by . . . hip, hip, hoorah! . . . Here were are! Train right on time. . . . Just these two bags, porter, and there's a dollar for you. What merry, merry fellows these darky porters are anyway!"

And so here I am in the train, safe bound for home and the summer quiet of my club.

Well done for Robinson! I was afraid that it had missed fire, or that my message to him had gone wrong. It was on the second day of my visit that I sent word to him to invent an accident—something, anything to call me back. I thought the message had failed. I had lost hope. He certainly pitched the note pretty high.

Of course I can't let the Beverly-Jones's know that it was a put-up job. I must set fire to the office as soon as I get back. But it's worth it. And I'll have to singe Robinson about the face and hands. But it's worth that, too!

HIS DAUGHTER

(*Concluded from page 116*)

HE did not tell Dorothy that night. Indeed, he managed to pull himself together and give the ladies of his family an entertaining account of how he had spent the afternoon. It was not until Ellen had been kissed and sent to bed that he allowed his wife to perceive that there was something on his mind.

"Has Ellen a music lesson to-morrow?" he asked.

"Yes. Tuesdays and Fridays."

"I'd rather she didn't take from him any more. Anyway till I've had a talk with him."

"Have you heard something about him that you don't like?"

"Yes."

"Am I not to be told?"

"To-morrow, dear," said Dayton. "After I've talked with him I'll tell you all about everything."

He rose, and with one of those sudden affectionate impulses which had helped Dorothy to forgive him for many injuries to her heart and pride, seated himself on the floor at her feet and rested his cheek against her knee.

With a certain hesitance and timidity she laid one hand on his thick hair and patted gently with the tips of her fingers. They did not speak. She was as happy as she could be. And that is to say that she was happy within reason and with reservations.

After quite a long time Dayton took the hand that rested on his head in his and kissed it—very reverently as if it had been the hand of a saint.

"Is it possible, dear," he asked, "to begin life all over again?"

"It's always possible to try."

"I'm going to try."

The next morning Ellen was not feeling well. She had a slight headache and her temperature was a little above normal.

"Somehow I don't feel a bit worried about her," Dayton said, "but by all means have the doctor. I'll call on Charnowski at the time when Ellen was to have had her lesson. Then I'll be sure to find him."

CHARNOWSKI received Dayton with dignity and politeness. He regretted that Miss Ellen was indisposed. She had talent. It was curious how Paris brought out the talent if only people had it in them.

"We've never met, I think," said Dayton.

"And yet we are not strangers. Madame your sister—eh, if it had not been for her cleverness and generosity I should never have got my start. I have for her almost more gratitude than my heart can contain."

Dayton bowed, then looking Charnowski straight in the eyes:

"Monsieur Charnowski," he said, "please tell me anything that you can about Claire D'Avril."

Charnowski considered, chin in hand.

"Monsieur," he said presently, "I was once passionately jealous of you."

"You knew about me?"

"One had only to love that estimable girl," said Charnowski, "to realize that she had given her love to another—and for all time. It was very humiliating. She left me. She left for me a sad little note. And that was the end. I was frantic. I tried to trace her. But she had vanished like a soap-bubble. She left because—I will be very frank with you—the luck was not good. One night I was such a fool as to complain about expenses. I went out to keep a business appointment. I returned. She had gone. It was a great pity. A great pity. For almost immediately the luck changed and if she had stayed with me I could and would have given them everything."

"Them?" said Dayton in a numb voice.

Charnowski murmured: "I thought you knew."

"Until yesterday," said Dayton, "I did not suspect." He straightened himself and looked very brave and handsome.

"Monsieur," he said, "I wish you would tell me a little what my daughter was like."

"She was like her father, monsieur. She was like Miss Ellen—more fragile—but very like. She had also her talent for music; but hers, if I do not mistake the signs, was a prodigious talent. Only think, before she could even talk, she would sit in my arms while I played for her, and then she would follow her pleasure, and always she crowed on the right key!"

A lump was thickening in Dayton's throat. "How shall I find them?" he said simply. But there was a tragedy of appeal in his voice.

"I do not know," said Charnowski. "Such women as Claire—so affectionate, so gentle, so trusting, so unselfish—when they vanish, it is like soap-bubbles. You know what life is like, however, as well as I do."

"It is an unbearable situation!"

"I too grieve over them sometimes," said Charnowski. "I have only one comfort: It was Claire who abandoned me."

"I do not know why I should care in what light I appear," said Dayton, "and yet in every man the impulse for self-justification is strong. This letter—it was filled with money—I found it yesterday under the tile in the hearth in the old studio. She never thought to look for it. And she thought that I had abandoned her!"

Charnowski smiled faintly and waved the letter aside.

"Often," he said, "I have felt with my foot that one of the tiles was loose, but I never thought to look under it."

Prosperity had removed from Charnowski's face its former sinister and hawk-like character. If he was not a gentleman, he was a pretty good imitation of one. Dayton was surprised to find that he rather liked him, and he was inclined to let Ellen continue her lessons.

"I will keep my eyes and ears open," said Charnowski, "and, of course, if I see or hear anything I shall let you know. Do you know the Chief of Police? I will give you a card to him. It happens that, aside from being a very clever fellow, he is an excellent musician. He finds his way in here sometimes and I play for him."

"I'm obliged to you," said Dayton. "Is it worth while for my daughter to keep on with her music?"

"Distinctly."

DAYTON was so wrapped up in his own thoughts that his feet carried him a block past his own door. It had seemed easy enough to tell Dorothy. It no longer seemed so. Still, after he had learned that Ellen was more comfortable, and sleeping, he told her the whole story from the beginning.

For the first time in his knowledge of her Dorothy looked stern and defensive and spoke without heart or justice.

"It will be better if it turns out that they are both dead," she said. "Do you want them both to come and live with us, or only the child?"

"Neither," said Dayton meekly. "I only thought that without robbing you and Ellen I could find enough money to make them comfortable and give the little girl a chance. When he told me that she looked like Ellen——"

Dorothy was softening.

"I'm sorry I said what I did."

"Any other woman would have said things long ago, and chucked me. . . . But, Dorothy, I've wronged them even more than I've wronged you. And I've got to try to make up to them too. Haven't I?"

Dorothy drew a long breath.

"Yes, of course."

Dayton sent for a taxi and drove at once to the Prefecture of Police. And when he had been received by the chief he stated his business briefly.

"I remember the name very well," said the chief. "She figured in an inquest. Her lover was killed in an automobile accident. But that is many years ago. I will look into the matter. Will you call again—let us say a week from to-day?"

"That is very good of you. Is there anything that I can do to help?"

"Not the least thing." The chief laughed to himself when Dayton had gone.

"I have read of such things in their literature," he thought. "It is what they call the New England conscience. It does not prevent you from doing wrong things, but years afterward it assails you and makes you sorry that you have done them. Claire D'Avril. The thing made a noise at the time. The lover was an American, rich and well known. She was left unprovided for . . . so much I can remember in my own head."

Dayton returned to his apartment and learned that Ellen was worse. Her temperature had risen to a hundred and four. And the doctor was afraid that she had typhoid.

Fear pierced Dayton like a cold, blunt knife.

(*To be Continued*)



Il n'y a aucune excuse pour Madame d'acheter du talc français à moins de choisir et d'exiger le meilleur. —*Kerkoff, Paris.*

Translation—There is no excuse for Madame buying French talc unless she exacts with discrimination the best.

De la neige en Juillet

Snow in July—that is my Djer-Kiss Talc. So soothing when the hot sun burns. So refreshing after the out-of-doors. So cooling to the skin *délicate.* My Djer-Kiss Talc will enchant you.

In all your good shops, big and little, my *importateurs* have placed it.

So I urge you: *Try my Djer-Kiss Talc.* You'll be charmed if you do.

—*Kerkoff, Paris.*

ALFRED H. SMITH COMPANY
Sole Importers : New York City

Djer-Kiss
Made in France only

EXTRACT
FACE POWDER
SACHET

TALC

TOILET WATER
SOAP
VEGETALE

THE FLAW

(Continued from page 125)

this man of the world, the man who was bringing back to her her own youth.

Unconsciously, she refused to speculate upon the cause of her present happiness. She was missing Gladys less than she had expected to. Of that she was thankful. She was also thankful to the man who had brought about this state of affairs. He had meant to stop at the seashore for only a week, but had lingered on after the time for departure was past. Now, at the end of the two weeks, he was going to carry out his other plans for his vacation and spend a little while in the mountains.

"I shall, however, come back to Philadelphia by way of the Jersey coast," he announced on the last afternoon of his stay at the beach. "The place is becoming a habit with me. Perhaps, Agnes, you yourself are becoming a habit with me."

She flushed. He had not called her by her first name before. They had motored over to Allaire and were now driving slowly through the wooded road that leads from the deserted billage.

"It—it—has been very pleasant having you down here," she stammered, flushing more hotly as she appreciated that she was behaving like a silly school-girl. Then, to take his attention from herself, she asked: "What part of the mountains are you going to?"

"To Twilight Park first," he replied. "But I shall be there for only two or three days."

"Twilight Park!" she repeated. "Then you may see Gladys. I do want you to meet her."

"And I want to meet her," he said, "for she is her mother's daughter."

AGNES WYNDHAM and Donald Armstrong did not speak of Gladys again until that night just before they parted. They had been strolling up and down the long board-walk, listening to the waves dash upon the beach, talking of indifferent things, as those talk whose thoughts are upon dangerously serious matters.

"Give my little girl my love when you see her," Agnes said as she held out her hand to Armstrong at the foot of the hotel steps.

He took the small hand in his warm grasp. "Indeed I will, Agnes," he said. "I am prepared to be fond of the child—for the mother's sake."

"Thank you!" she murmured, turning to go.

"Wait a minute," he pleaded.

"It is late," she began, but he checked her.

"I am not going to detain you," he said.

"But I want you to tell me if you will be glad to have me stop here on my way back home—I mean—if you will be a bit happier for my coming. Tell me, Agnes."

She tried to laugh. "Why, of course I shall be happier for seeing you," she affirmed. "You know that, Don. Good-night!"

Before he could say another word she had snatched her hand away and had run into the house as lightly as her daughter might have run.

Alone in her own room, she turned on the light and looked at herself in the glass—at her sparkling eyes, her glowing cheeks.

"I did not dare stay," she whispered. "I did not dare let myself tell him how glad I shall be to see him again. I wonder if, after all,

[illegible]

[illegible] "I am a silly fool!" [illegible] And yet [illegible] I am very happy!"

A WEEK later Gladys Wyndham wrote to her mother for the second time since her departure. She did not like to write letters. She announced that her hostess, Mrs. [illegible] had urged her to prolong her visit a few days more.

"So I shall be gone for five weeks in all instead of a month," the girl added. "I am [illegible] Mr. Armstrong was here, you [illegible] is up here at Twilight. I am glad I am to have a fortnight more in this lovely place. I know you [illegible] I am enjoying myself.

"Donald Armstrong was ill at [illegible] Lucy [illegible] that he had intended to stay there but two or three days. Well, he probably found the place pleasanter than he had expected. He was having an opportunity to meet Gladys. Of course he would like the child. She was so lovely that nobody could help liking her. But Donald would be interested in her because of the child's mother. If Gladys liked him it would make it easier if——

She shook her head impatiently, then smiled. How foolish she was growing these days, and how ridiculously young she felt!

She had had two short notes from Donald since he had told her good-night a week ago. One had mentioned his arrival at Twilight Park. The next one, written the following day, had contained but a few lines.

"I want you to know that I have met your daughter," the man wrote. "I have had no talk with her as yet—but she is, as you say, very sweet, and very much like her mother. That is why I hope to know her better."

That had been all—but that had been enough to make the heart of a woman forty-two years old beat a bit faster than it had beaten for many years.

DURING the fortnight that followed, Agnes Wyndham received several post-cards from her daughter saying that she was well and having a good time. Why should the child write more than that? That was all that the mother needed to know—that she was well and happy. No word came from Donald Armstrong. Doubtless he had gone on his proposed trip and had no time to write. As Gladys did not refer to him again, that was the natural supposition.

It was on the morning of the day that the girl was to return that, on pausing at the desk for her mail, Mrs. Wyndham was handed an envelope addressed in Armstrong's handwriting. She started slightly as she saw that it bore the imprint of a hotel in Twilight Park. Had he stopped there again on his way home?

She went out upon the veranda, and, as the day was cool and breezy, seated herself in a sunny and sheltered corner before opening her letter.

"Dear Mrs. Wyndham," it began.

She was conscious of a slight sensation of disappointment. She had supposed that Donald would begin this, his first real letter to her, by some less-formal address than "Mrs. Wyndham."

"I am too fanciful!" she muttered.

Then, as her eyes fell again upon the page before her, she sat transfixed, taking it all in at a glance, yet reading every word slowly as if she would grasp its full meaning. Had anyone spoken to her just then she would scarcely have heard. It is doubtful if she would have been able to tell where she was.

For only one fact seemed to exist at this moment. It was that Donald Armstrong loved Gladys, that he had asked her to become his wife, that Gladys had accepted him.

Agnes Wyndham did not know that she had folded the letter and slipped it into her pocket. She did not know that for a half hour she sat with hands tightly clasped gazing out across the [illegible] water. All she knew was that [illegible] in her brain the words she had just read were repeating themselves.

It was not until Mrs. Hadley, coming around the end of the veranda, called her by name that she came back to a realization of her surroundings.

"Why, good-morning!" Mrs. Hadley greeted her. "Isn't this a wonderful day?"

Agnes looked at her blankly for an instant, then pulled herself together.

"Yes—it is a wonderful day," she rejoined. "I—I—have been taking a sun-bath out here."

"Oh, don't go in!" Mrs. Hadley urged as Agnes rose from her chair.

"I must. I have some matters to attend to," the mother said slowly, as if feeling her way. "Gladys comes home to-night, and I must see that her room is ready for her." As she started toward the door, she staggered slightly.

"Look out, my dear!" Mrs. Hadley said. "Are you not feeling well? You are deathly pale."

"Oh, yes, I am perfectly well, thank you," Agnes assured her. "I have been looking out at the sun on the water for so long that I can't see very clearly just yet, that's all. The glare has made spots over my eyes—you know how it does that?"

The spots were still there when she reached her room and shut and locked the door. In spite of her blurred vision, she sank into a chair facing the window and continued to gaze out across the ocean just as she had done out on the veranda.

The most cruel battles of the world are not fought by men on an open field. They are fought by the mothers of the world, alone, with no one looking on but God. It is well that nobody but He does look on—for He is the only one who could understand.

Such battles leave no scarred and bloody ground as witnesses of what has happened. The only signs they leave are hair a little grayer and lines a little deeper in the fast-aging faces of the contestants.

So that afternoon, when Gladys Wyndham, reaching the hotel earlier than she had anticipated, came into her mother's room, she saw nothing amiss in the smiling countenance of the occupant, nor heard any note of pain in the voice that greeted her.

"My dear little girl!" the mother said, clasping her in her arms. "You stole a march on me and got here an hour sooner than I expected you."

"We made a very rapid run," the girl explained after she had returned her mother's kiss. Then, she added quickly: "You got Don's letter, mother—didn't you?"

"Yes, my darling. I am very glad for you—very glad!"

"I knew you would be," Gladys declared. "Donald insisted on writing to you at once, without waiting for me to tell you. Oh, mother—isn't he fine?"

"He is indeed," the mother agreed.

"Of course he's lots older than I am—but I don't care if he is," Gladys went on. "He's got love enough and money enough to satisfy me—even though I am an exacting young person." She laughed, but her mother did not smile.

"You love him, Gladys, don't you?" she questioned sternly.

"Of course I do!" the girl exclaimed. "Come, don't look so grave about it, Honey," she protested, dropping a light kiss on Agnes's forehead. "For I'm perfectly happy."

"That is what I've lived for dear," the mother reminded her, "to have you happy. And I have known Donald Armstrong for many years. He is a good man—as nearly worthy of my little girl as any man can be. Remember always, darling—that what your mother wishes and prays for is your happiness."

She said the same in substance two days later when Donald Armstrong came on from Philadelphia to see his fiancee and her mother.

"She has been all I have had to live for since her father's death," Agnes told him. "Her happiness has been my one aim. I [illegible] giving her to you. I know she will be so [illegible]

The man looked at her keenly. When he had been here before he had thought this woman wonderfully young for her age. Now she seemed strangely shrunken and old. He supposed it was because of the contrast between her and her daughter. Middle-age pales and shrivels in the presence of youth and beauty.

"I will try to be worthy of your trust in me," he murmured, lifting his future mother-in-law's hand to his lips.

Before the trio had parted for the night Gladys had set the date for the wedding. It must be early in January. She wanted to go to Palm Beach for her honeymoon. If her mother set right to work, everything—the trousseau and all—could be ready by January first—couldn't it?

Certainly, the mother affirmed, everything could be ready by that time.

THE afternoon before the wedding Agnes Wyndham sent a note to Donald Armstrong. He was to dine at her house that evening with the bridal party, and after dinner they were all to go down to the church for the final wedding-rehearsal. There would be a quiet half-hour before dinner while Gladys was dressing. Could Donald come to Mrs. Wyndham's sitting-room at that time? He replied that he would be glad to do so.

Thus it came about that the pair were seated before the grate fire when Agnes Wyndham told him that she had recently made her will, although in case of her death everything she had would, naturally go to her child.

"I have thought until lately that I might live on for years to come," she explained, "and I have felt that the law makes as good a will as I could make. Perhaps I have deferred thinking of death, aware that my going would leave Gladys all alone in the world. Now it is different. I want you, Donald, to know that while I may live for a long while, I have the same trouble that took my father off when he was younger than I am. The end in such cases always comes suddenly."

"Does Gladys know this?" he asked abruptly.

"No—and she must not. It is of that very thing I wanted to speak to you. I will not have my ailments, and something that may not happen for several years yet, mar her happiness. But I want you to know what arrangements I have made, so that, when the end does come, there need be no trouble, no perplexity for my little girl."

"Yes, yes," he murmured sympathetically. Man of the world though he was, he was at a loss what to say. Even in the ruddy fire-light he could see that his companion looked shockingly ill. How she had changed in the last few months! Strange that Gladys had not noticed it!

"Don't you think——" the man began.

He stopped suddenly as the door opened and his betrothed entered.

"Why, mother dear," she exclaimed, "What under the sun are you doing sitting here in the dark—you and Don? It is dinner time now, and you know we are due at the church for rehearsal at half-past eight. I wish you would jerk the maids up a bit and remind them that I want dinner promptly. I thought of course you would see to that, mother."

"I meant to!" Agnes exclaimed, rising hurriedly.

"Can't I give the order for you?" Donald interposed as she started toward the door.

"Oh, no!" she protested. "You stay here with Gladys. She has had only a glimpse of you to-day. I will see why dinner is not ready."

As Agnes Wyndham left the room, Gladys turned to her betrothed with a bewitching little pout.

"I do not see what makes mother so forgetful these days," she remarked. "Have you noticed it?"

"She has a good deal on her mind, darling," Donald said.

"You mean my wedding?" the girl asked, drawing nearer to him and looking into his face.

In the gleam from the fire she was very beautiful. Her skin was like a rose-leaf in texture; her neck and shoulders perfect in outline; her eyes dark and deep. Her lips were held up as if for his kiss.

He caught her in his arms. "Ah!" he ejaculated rapturously. "Is not the though

THE MOBILIZATION OF JOHANNA

is the title of a gripping and entertaining two-part story by

RUPERT HUGHES

to begin in Hearst's for September, on sale at all news-stands August 29. "Good wine needs no bush," says the old adage; neither does Mr. Hughes need any introduction to Hearst's readers. His short stories are appearing exclusively in this magazine for 1917.

of our wedding enough to make everybody in the world forget everything else—you darling?"

"Yes," she murmured, smiling under his caresses. "I know it is. So I suppose we must excuse poor dear mother's negligence—mustn't we?"

"Indeed we must," he said.

But it was evident from the tone of his voice that his thoughts were already far from his wife's mother.

MR. AND MRS. DONALD ARMSTRONG were at Palm Beach when the telegraphed message reached the husband telling him of Agnes Wyndham's death. Her old friend, Mrs. Drake, had sent such particulars as the fifty-word limit of a "night-letter" would permit. But much can be told in fifty words. These stated the bare facts and asked that the dead woman's daughter telegraph at once what arrangements she wished made for the funeral, etc.

It was not until Gladys had sobbed out her first horror and grief that her husband asked her what reply she wished to send to Mrs. Drake's question.

"I am sorry, darling," he apologized, "to add to your distress by making you talk of such matters when you are nearly heart-broken. But these details have to be attended to, and I cannot take the responsibility of settling them without consulting you. How soon do you think you can be ready to start for home?"

"Start for home!"

The exclamation was indicative of such genuine consternation that the husband gasped in surprise. Then he forced himself to speak gently. The sudden shock had dazed the poor child.

"Yes, dear," he said slowly, "I mean—can you be ready to take to-night's train back to New York? If so, we can telegraph that the"—he hesitated—"that the funeral services can be held on Thursday."

"Oh!" the face into which he was looking had grown suddenly pale. "I cannot go back to New York yet—we have not had half our visit here! What good—Donald—*wh t good* could it do for me to go back now?"

"No good," her husband began, "I only thought you would want——"

But she interrupted him. "*Want* to go back now! Want to go back to all that sadness and depression! Why should I? Here am I, a young bride, away on my wedding-trip, and this awful news comes! Is not that bad enough—the shock and dreadfulness of it all—without making it more real by going back to that lonely house and to those awful services—and everything! I tell you I can't stand it! Mother would not want me to. Mrs. Drake can arrange everything without us. You know she can. Why, Don," as her husband's face did not relax, "you know that mother would not want my happiness spoiled like this. She always said that she lived for my happiness."

"Yes," the man said slowly, "she lived for your happiness. I see that now." He paused. "It seems almost," he added under his breath, "as if she had died for it."

"What did you say?" his wife asked.

"Nothing of any consequence," he replied. "Now tell me just what you want me to do." She told him with the clear decision as to what she wished that was one of her characteristics.

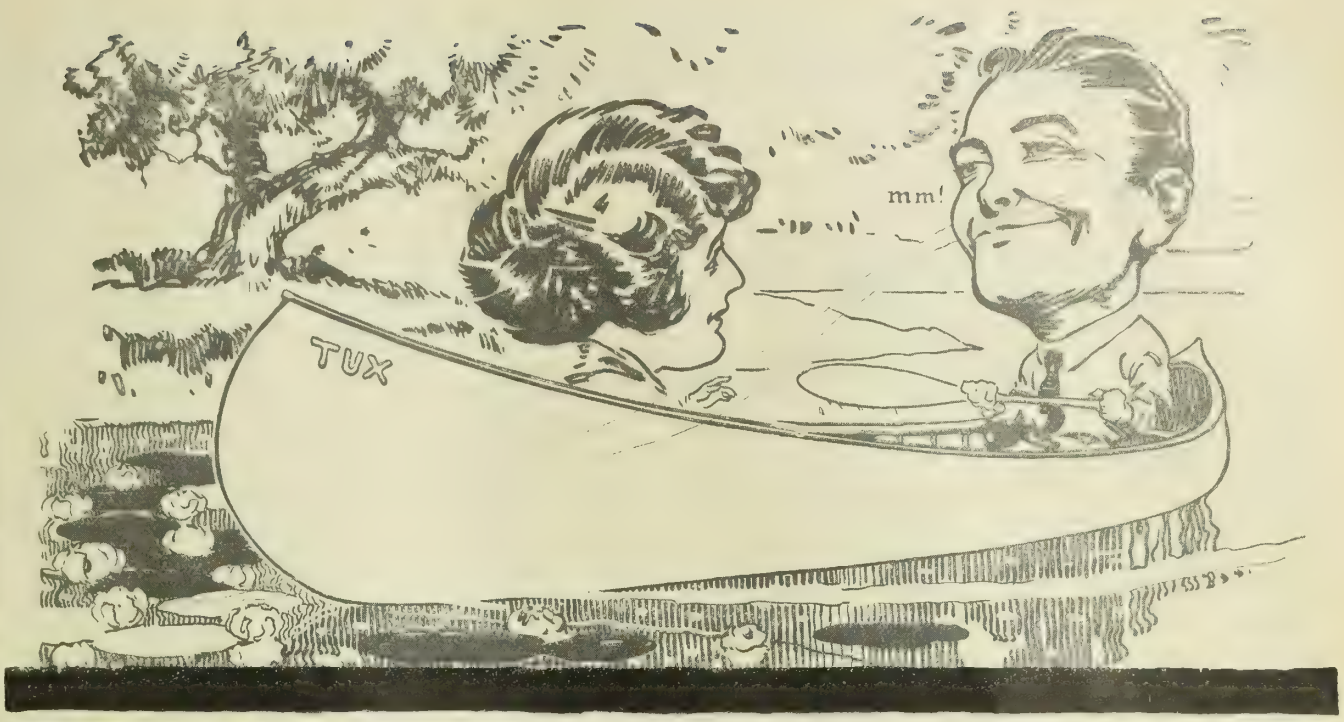
WHEN he had sent the lengthy telegram dictated by Gladys, Donald Armstrong came back into her room. She was sitting just where he had left her, and glanced up at his entrance.

"I was just thinking, Don," she said eagerly, "that since nobody here at The Breakers knows about mother, it would be just as well not to mention this awful trouble. We can be here such a little while longer—and, if it was told, I would be expected to remain out of things—perhaps even to put on black for a while. You know," as he did not answer, "that mother would have hated to have me do that. And, really, Don—don't you think I am doing just what she would have told me to do?"

"Yes," he said gravely, "you are doing just what she would have told you to do."

He stood for a full minute looking at her, a new expression creeping into his eyes. It was the look that might come to the eyes of a man who had paid a great price for a jewel selected by artificial light, and who found, on coming out into the glare of full noon, that it had an ugly flaw at its heart.

But his wife was twisting the rings about on her pretty fingers, and did not see the look. Had she seen it, she would not have understood.





HOW do you know you're among the Water Lilies?

"Your Nose Knows"

By the *fragrance*—a *pure fragrance*, so delicate, so different, so wonderfully appealing! Nature always makes her most intimate appeal through *fragrance*. And it never deceives. With absolute certainty it is the *pure fragrance* of a good tobacco that must always establish your smoke preference—"Your Nose Knows."

Nature's proof of *fragrance* will lead you to

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

The rich, ripe, Burley leaves of which Tuxedo is blended store the sunshine of the Blue Grass sections of Old Kentucky and bring to you with every smoke a delightful, *pure fragrance* that has no equal—"Your Nose Knows."



Try this Test:—Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious *pure fragrance* will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment—

"Your Nose Knows"

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.



THE BOOB FROM THE BURDOCK PATCH

(Continued from page 119)

Sloan himself, he retorted with a characteristically laconic message. That message was one of only four words, and it said: "Get his finger-prints."

Another two days slipped by, however, before I had a chance to obtain the finger-prints demanded by the Inspector's office. The chance, in fact, was one of my own making. It presented itself when Mrs. Munger sent me up to the second-floor back with a box of collars to be delivered to the vaudeville acrobat residing therein. But instead of taking that box to the second-floor back I climbed to the top of the house and knocked on Otto Schoenfeld's door. I could hear the hum of the machinery come to a stop, the shuffling feet across the floor, and the key turn in the lock.

"I guess them's for you!" I vacuously announced as the door was cautiously opened for a foot or two and the old German peered out at me. He took the parcel in his hand, and turned it over. Then he shook his head and called me back. His fingers, I could see, were stained with oil.

"Not for me, leedle girl," he said with good-natured forbearance, as he handed the parcel back to me. I gaped at him gratefully, mumbled something about being sorry, and backed away. But once that door was re-locked I had the satisfaction of seeing the wrapping-paper about the collar-box clearly impressed with the loops and whorls of a thumb and forefinger slightly stained with oil. And before I presented the box to its rightful owner I'd torn away the necessary portion of wrapping-paper.

By noon this was on its way to the Inspector's office. Before night an answering message had reached me. It was a brief message, but it was not exactly what I had expected. The word that came back from Sloan, however, was very much to the point. Or perhaps I ought to say the six words were, for they read: "Watch that man like a hawk."

SO I watched Otto Schoenfeld more closely, and in doing so made a number of discoveries. One was that the old German had a habit of slipping out late at night and remaining away for a couple of hours. Another was that the different-sized plate-holders which he kept in a row on his window-ledge were not there for the printing of photographs. The order of their arrangement, in fact, was altered day by day, and my immediate inference was that they were being used as an ingenious sort of signaling to the back window of some room or office on the north side of Twenty-third Street. I also discovered that certain messengers repeated their calls on Schoenfeld, and in doing so, I noticed, they showed every evidence of a desire to avoid undue observation.

But my most urgent need, I began to realize, was to obtain admission to that old German's workroom. This, I knew, could never be done with his knowledge and consent. It could never be done, I also discovered, by means of my "spider," since an especially intricate spring-lock guarded that precious door from unlawful entry. Even Mrs. Munger, I found, was not in possession [illegible] I was compelled to resort to strategy. I first tried to get a ward-impression on a wax-covered blank for the cutting of a new key. But the nature of the lock made this impossible. It wasn't until I carried the old fox's fresh bed-linen up to [illegible] arrival to do his own bed-[illegible] and stood waiting to carry away [illegible] that I [illegible] on the littered work-table. I was once more chewing gum at the time. I knew I had only a moment or two, before the old man emerged from the bedroom. But I sidled over to the table, turned over the key-ring, picked out what I [illegible] and promptly took a gum impression of it against the palm [illegible]

[illegible] I hardened that imprint by holding it against [illegible]

pass-key for that German's precious door-lock.

With that key in my possession I at once felt myself more mistress of the situation. And that night when I listened and watched behind my partly closed door and heard Otto Schoenfeld stealing quietly down to the street, my heart was beating like a trip-hammer as I crept toward his chamber of mysteries. Then occurred one of those sudden disappointments which can never be foreseen. My key refused to work. There was a flange or two which bit too closely against the ward-edges, and I wasn't ready to exert much pressure, for fear of injuring the lock. So, early the next morning, I bought a ten-cent saw-file, noted the bruised edges of my key-flange, and cut away a minute fragment of the metal. And two nights later, when Otto Schoenfeld again departed on one of his mysterious midnight errands, I tried my key, found that it fitted, and slipped into the forbidden Bluebeard room, bolting the door behind me.

I first groped my way to the windows, and carefully drew the blinds. Then I turned on the lights and began a methodic yet hurried inspection of the work-room. Everything I found there tended to confirm my earlier impression that the occupant of the room was nothing more than a lens-grinder engaged in the ordinary pursuits of a manufacturing optician. A search of the old German's living-room was equally without result. I was unable to unearth anything of a suspicious nature. There was something almost pathetic, in fact, in that old workman's transparent little resources of economy that lay all about me. And I went back to the work-room again, both troubled in mind and depressed in spirit. There I sat down on his leather-covered work-stool and studied the littered bench in front of me. I studied it carefully and minutely. And suddenly I made a discovery.

It wasn't an important one, apparently, but it added to my perplexity of mind. On the oil-stained edge of the work-table in front of me I noticed a dark-colored globule sticking firmly to the wood. I pried it loose with the point of an awl, and found it to be nothing more than a drop of fixing-wax. But the discovery of it there left me suddenly more alert.

I looked more carefully over the grinding-wheel, studied out its connection with the dynamo-shaft, and discovered a connection which I couldn't quite account for. So I got down on my hands and knees, peered under the table, and found a swivel-shelf adjusted there, hidden from the casual eye by a fringe of pinked oilcloth. This shelf, I next discovered, swung outward and revealed an auxiliary shaft and bevel-gearing which connected with the dynamo on the one hand and on the other with a second grinding-wheel. This second wheel was much smaller than the one above the table. But the most important feature about it, I saw, lay in the fact that it didn't operate in a vertical position, as did the wheel on the table-top. It was geared and adjusted to run in a horizontal position. It was also geared to revolve at a very high rate of speed. And this was the sort of wheel, I knew, that was used by diamond-cutters, just as the fixing-wax was used for embedding a stone, and thus holding it firmly while its facets were being ground.

I sat there for a moment or two, as excited as a prospector who has suddenly stumbled on pay-dirt or a minute speck of "color" after countless weeks of pan-rocking. Otto Schoenfeld, I saw, was an optician only on pretense. His vocation as a lens-grinder was merely a blind. He was a diamond-cutter, working in secret. And working in secret at such a calling plainly implied that his work was illicit. And I saw, in a breath, what it all meant. He was a "fence" for diamond thieves. He was maintaining a carefully organized agency for the receipt of stolen jewels. The lenses which were almost daily coming to him by mail and messenger were not lenses at all, but stolen diamonds pried out of their settings, forwarded to an expert who examined them under a microscope, removed all distinguishing marks from them, probably split them if they were of a suspiciously large size, completely disguised them by re-cutting, and sent them out into the world again, to be sold as freely and fearlessly as though they were the latest shipment from Amsterdam duly passed by the Board of Appraisers. The Alliance office had been right. The mild-eyed German had been a man well worth watching. He was the king-pin, apparently, of a gang which might be operating across every State in the Union, a sort of hopper toward which converged perhaps millions of dollars' worth of stolen stones, the center of a confederation of outlawry which had been able to defy not only our own Protective Alliance but also the Bureau of Lost Property officials down at Police Headquarters. He was quietly depriving jewel-thieving of nine-tenths of its dangers and rewarding the thieves themselves with prices which no pawnshop dealer could dare to pay. Every jewel passing through that work-room came out with a new face. Its trail ended forever, no matter what its history or its earlier features. It was for all time lost to its owners. It could never be traced and never reclaimed. And it could be bartered without fear, sold from State to State with all the dignity of a Maiden Lane shipment, without the slightest danger of identification.

I woke up to the fact that it was my duty to search those quarters more thoroughly than I'd yet done. But I'd lost all track of time, and the vague fear that Schoenfeld might at any moment return persuaded me to postpone my researches. So I restored everything to its place, switched out the lights, put up the blinds again, and carefully unbolted the door. As I stepped out through that door, after making sure the coast was clear, I caught the sound of heavy steps ascending the stairs. It sent me scurrying in a panic to my room, where I promptly tumbled into bed, clothes and all.

I could hear the old German unlock his door and move cautiously about his room. I could hear him step out into the narrow hallway again and apparently stop at the stairhead to listen. Then he moved stealthily toward my own door, which was without a lock, and pushed it an inch or two further open. I knew he was listening there. His heavy breathing, in fact, was an advertisement, not only of some secret excitement, but also of the fact that he had climbed the stairs at a rate of speed which was exceptional with him. So I satisfied his straining ears by producing as regular and sonorous an imitation of snoring as I was able.

It seemed to satisfy him that all was well in my particular direction, for he finally withdrew, shuffling stealthily along the hallway until his own room swallowed him up again. But the next morning I demanded some sort of door-fastening from Mrs. Munger, proclaiming that I had plainly heard somebody in my room during the night. That mountainously impassive autocrat pooh-poohed my fears of nocturnal disturbance, but compromised by giving me a screw-hook and eye off a dish-cupboard. It was not much of a protection, but it would at least serve as a warning, I felt, in case anyone tried to force that faded-paneled old door of mine. The report of an intruder, I felt, would also serve to cloud the issue in case Otto Schoenfeld might register a complaint about his quarters being invaded.

The next night Schoenfeld went out earlier than usual. I noticed that he carried a hand-bag with him. No particular significance could be attached to this, however, as he quite often carried the same bag when doing his household shopping. But I felt that my chance had come, and proceeded to act on that conviction. Yet some unknown sixth sense, which to this day I'm unable to define, prompted me to hold back. I waited and watched at the stairhead, returned to my room, hooked my door shut, and stood there again, irresolutely listening. Then I crossed to my little front window up under the eaves and stared down at the street. As I did so I caught sight of Otto Schoenfeld quietly turning in at Mrs. Munger's house-steps. Two minutes later I could hear him creeping stealthily up the musty stairways. I could hear him unlock his door and step inside. But he stayed there only a moment or two. Then he slipped as quietly down the stairs again, emerged to the street, and turned southward, as far as I could make out in the uncertain light, at the corner of Madison Avenue. There was a chance, of course, that he had forgotten something and come back for it. But there was a greater chance, I remembered, that something had awaken[illegible] his suspicion and prompted him to drop back unexpectedly, in case that unknown intruder was taking too prompt advantage of his absence.

That unknown intruder, however, was not ignorant of the fact that time was a factor in her work, and once the old German was well out of sight she was bolted in his room and renewing her search of his possessions there. And nothing presented itself to reward that search until from under a white-enameled iron bed she unearthed an iron-bound box about the size of a steamer-trunk. It was made of oak, with hand-wrought hinges and corner irons, and looked a good deal like a carpenter's chest. Its huge wrought-iron lock was a formidable-looking one, but so old-fashioned in its simplicity that five minutes with my "spider" had conquered it and I was able to lift back the heavy lid.

The first thing I encountered was a tray, filled with small cardboard mailing-boxes, a few packages of Toric lenses, a text-book on optometry, a collection of smoking pipes, and a shallow biscuit-tin nearly full of unused Special Delivery stamps and ordinary postage-stamps.

All this, I acknowledged to myself as I lifted away the tray, was distinctly disappointing. But I made it a point to disturb nothing unnecessarily, putting everything back in its former position. And it was not until I delved below the tray that I discovered anything of importance. Then things began to happen.

I first unearthed an automatic pistol with a box of cartridges beside it. Then came a small pair of jeweler's scales and a diamond-gage. Then came rows of small manila envelopes, dozens and dozens of them, each one dated and bearing a number and an inscription which I was unable to decipher. But I carefully lifted out one of these envelopes and peeked into it. It held a beautifully cut diamond of the first water, about three carats in weight. And each envelope I looked into contained one or more of these stones. Beside them I saw an old cigar-box, a much-handled box with faded labels and a dog-eared revenue stamp encircling it. It was a humble-enough looking container. But I blinked, involuntarily, as I lifted the lid, for it flashed back the light in a thousand broken prisms and I realized as I stared down at it that I was looking at several hundred cut diamonds, diamonds of all shapes and sizes, some of them pure white, some a canary yellow, some faintly tinged with blue and pink, some cut rose and double rose, with two or three cut *briolette*. Among them was an especially large stone, slightly feathered, and so plainly chipped on one side that it announced its physical injury to even the naked eye.

Then I delved deeper again. Below the envelopes I found a couple of cardboard boxes, one holding a number of emeralds carefully wrapped in tissue-paper, and the other almost filled with mixed stones, a few pigeon-blood rubies, a handful of garnets and turquoises, and an especially large and beautiful amethyst which had been broken and showed evidences of having been put on the wheel to be re-cut, though this re-cutting, for some unknown reason, had never been carried very far.

But I was unable to give all the time I wanted to that little Aladdin's Cave of wealth, for it was my duty to know what the rest of the trunk contained. So I prospected still deeper, moving everything with the utmost care, to the end that no evidence of my intrusion might be left behind me. And it was under a German textbook on high explosives that I stumbled across something which brought a catch in my breath and a little tingle of triumph up and down my backbone.

My discovery was nothing more than a neatly kept pocket notebook. But on its orderly pages were entered lists of stones received, with dates, and among the addresses I found such names as Angelo Pareto, Samuel Everson, August Zwack, Fidelo Focarino, Marie Deschamps, and William Rellstab, each established as a trafficker in stolen jewels and each with his present whereabouts duly revealed. There, before me, were the names that Sloan and his agents had spent fruitless weeks in trying to find. There they were, authentic, convincing, unequivocal, thrown into my hand by a single turn of the cards!

Yet my thrill of delight at that discovery merged suddenly into an after-mood of perplexity. I wanted that book and that list more than anything else. But would it be safe for me to carry it away? The labor of making a faithful copy of it was out of the question, for I was already skirting the margin of peril in remaining in that room. Any moment might bring Otto Schoenfeld back to his quarters. And the awakening of that old German's suspicions would very promptly and very effectively put an end to all my plans.

I thought it over, there on my knees beside the open trunk, and decided to restore the book to where I had found it. I carefully replaced the tray, relocked the trunk, and pushed it back to its earlier position beneath the white enameled bed. Then I quite as carefully inspected the room, to make sure everything was in its place, readjusted the blinds, put out the lights, and re-locked the door behind me. I breathed more freely when I was out of that room and safely back in my own. There I made ready for the street, for I realized that I had important business ahead of me that night.

I carried my slab-sided old sailor hat in my hand, remembering that the adamantine Mrs. Munger would resent any such excursion at any such time of the night. And I made my descent down her many-odored stairs as noiseless as I could, with my hat under my arm and my face peering over every turn of the banisters.

I had reached the second floor when I made a discovery which was disturbing in its suddenness. I found that another person was coming up those stairs and coming as noiselessly as I was trying to go down them. This other person was a man, but I'd been unable to catch sight of his face. So I did the only thing that was left for me to do. I stepped quietly in through the partly opened door of the second-floor bathroom and swung it shut after me. I stood there listening as the steps mounted the stairway, as they rounded the landing and continued on their way toward the top of the house.

That mysterious visitor was too much for my curiosity. I slipped out of the bathroom and crept up a complete flight of stairs without hearing a sound. So I decided to try another flight.

I was three-quarters of the way up these stairs when I found a stranger intently regarding me over the banister rail. His face was in shadow, but I knew at a glance he was not one of Mrs. Munger's roomers. And I knew quite as well that it would be both foolish and useless to do what I wanted to do, which was to turn about and bolt for all I was worth. So I decided to face it out, and saunter on to my room.

But the man at the stairhead didn't intend that this should happen. He moved along the banister so that he stood directly in front of me on the top step. I noticed, for the first time, that he carried a parcel in his hand. Then he spoke to me.

"Escusa, mees, but you know ol' man call' Schoenfeld?"

I remained silent for a moment, and then nodded my head in assent. I did this because I wasn't able to speak. For as I heard that suave and full-toned voice ask its question I knew even before I saw the outlines of the olive-skinned face in the clearer light from the hall-bracket that I was once more standing face to face with Angelo Pareto. And I could feel my heart jump like a frog and nearly choke off my breathing trying to get out through my throat.

"Then where mus' I go finda heem?" he asked as I came to a stop. He was smiling, smiling with that unctuous and ingratiating smile which is so essentially Latin, as he put that second question to me. Then he suddenly stood stock still, and the smile died away from his olive-skinned face. He looked at me long and earnestly, with a cogitative intentness which seemed to darken his seal-brown eyes until they seemed black in the strong sidelight. Then he backed slowly away, until his groping hand came into contact with the wall at his side. And I knew that he knew.

I also knew that he stood on higher ground than I did, and this, I remembered, would always be a disadvantage. So instinctively I moved up the remaining three steps of the stairway, clinging to the banisters and watching him at each step. It wasn't until I reached the hall floor that he either moved or spoke.

"Escusa, please," he said in his full-voweled Latin intonation. "I maka one beeg meestak, I t'ink!"

There was a note of irony, of mockery, I'm sure, in that apology of his. But it wasn't this that caught my attention. It was more the soft and panther-like quickness with which he stepped past me and with a celerity which in some way didn't seem a sacrifice of dignity, stepped down the stairs, took the turn, and continued on his way to the street.

I KNEW, as I heard the street-door close that the cat was out of the bag. I could no longer pose in that house as a boob from the burdock patch. I was discovered. Pareto and Schoenfeld were working together, hand and glove, and anything that was to be done would have to be done before those two came together.

Perhaps, I told myself, as I hurried back to my room, they were already together. It was at least ten to one that I would not be allowed to escape from that house unobserved. And it was equally important that I should know what movements might be essayed that night on Mrs. Munger's top floor.

I made a pretense of preparing for bed, but it was a pretense and nothing more. Then I unearthed my revolver from the dog-eared old suit-case and slipped it under my pillow. Then I hooked my door shut, switched out the light, and peered from my open front window along the light-spangled quietness of Twenty-fourth Street. I could see nothing of importance there. Sleep, I knew, was out of the question. I sat on my hard little bed with its hundred and one bumps and waited for the unexpected.

And the unexpected came. It came in the form of a stealthy step to my door. It was a mysteriously studied step, a step that sent a little shiver along my spine. The next moment I knew that someone was quietly yet cautiously trying to open my door. And if my first thought was of Pareto, my second was of the door itself. For nothing more than a slender hook-eye held that door shut. A child of twelve, once set on any such end, could force it open. And I was in the land of the enemy. So I groped quietly under the pillow at the head of my bed, and found the revolver I had hidden there. And I stood there, scarcely breathing, wondering what the next movement would be.

That next movement took the form of a knock on my door, a carefully moderated and yet a distinct knock. It became louder and more determined as it was repeated. And I could hear an anxious and somewhat guttural voice say "Leetle one!" twice over, as though to announce to me in my drowsiness that it was a friend and not an enemy disturbing me at such an unseemly hour.

I stood there for a moment, wondering just what I ought to do. Then I slipped my revolver back under my pillow and stepped slowly across the narrow room. I stood for one hesitating moment with my hand on the door-knob, and then, as the knock was repeated still again, I asked aloud: "What is it?"

I was answered only by another tattoo of knocking, lower in tone, more intimate in its quietness. So I freed the hook and peered out through an inch or two of door-crack.

I could see the figure of the old German there at my door. And the discovery didn't altogether add to my peace of mind.

"What is it?" I repeated, assuming the vacuous drawl which I always practiced when addressing him. I could see, in the uncertain light, that he was crowding his heavy face in close to the door-crack between us.

"What do you want?" I demanded in the tones of timorous innocence.

"I vant to speak mit you, please," retorted the somber figure so close to me. The next moment he was pushing bodily into my room. I didn't actually try to bar his way, for I realized that any such opposition would be useless. But I hesitated sufficiently to make it necessary for him to force the door back out of my clutch. He turned about and groped his way after me as I shrank back at his approach. He seemed a little bewildered by the darkness.

"Listen, leetle one," he said as his groping hand came in contact with my bare forearm. "Vill you help an oldt man in trouble?"

It was scarcely what I expected. But I schocled myself to calmness.

"What can I do?" I asked.

"I haf vorked hard, leetle one, vorked many years, and I haf saved vat I could. To-night, I belief, somebody vill come to rob me of vat I haf!"

"But how can they?" I temporized, frantically pondering the tenor and end of his stratagem.

"Vat leetle I haf is in a troonk in my room. Somebody vill come to rob me of dat leetle."

"But you can lock them out! You can send for a policeman!" I vaguely suggested. The old German shook his head. And the

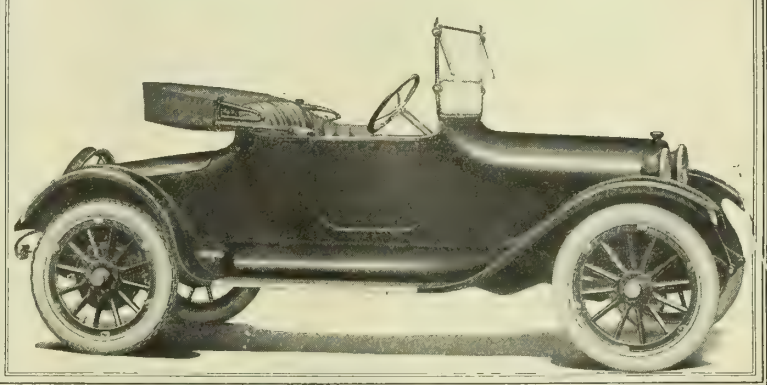
DODGE BROTHERS
ROADSTER

All the qualities which you look for in roadster design and construction.

There is generous room for the passengers. The seats are tipped at the most comfortable angle. The luggage space is extra large. The car is steady on the road at all speeds.

Roadster or Touring Car, $835. In Canada, $1185
Coupe or Sedan, $1265. In Canada, $1800
All prices f. o. b. Detroit

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



Wanted: An Idea

Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and list of Patent Buyers.

RANDOLPH & CO., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 43, Washington, D. C.

Your Roll of Films Developed and Printed 10c

Special Trial Offer: Any size roll developed 10c; six prints FREE or six prints from Kodak negatives any size for 10c. 8 x 10 mounted enlargements 35c. **Roanoke Photo Finishing Company,** Formerly Roanoke Cycle Co., 211 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.



Series A

DO YOU WANT TO

—remind a friend that you are still alive?
—continue a pleasant acquaintance that distance threatens to kill?
—send something to somebody that will make a hit?

THEN MAIL HARRISON FISHER POSTCARDS

There are three sets of these cards, each containing six postals: Series A is decorated with a single girl; Series B with two or more figures; while Series C has one or two figures against softly shaded backgrounds. The reproduction is in every instance in the exact colouring of the original painting, and when framed, singly or in the set, makes a satisfying decoration for either house or bungalow.

Send these cards to your friends who are on vacations—they'll like them to cover bare walls; take them with you when you go away to mail to the folks back home—they'll carry the spirit of vacation.

SERIES A (6 cards) - - 25c, *postpaid.*
" *B* " - - 25c, "
" *C* " - - 25c, "

SOLD IN SERIES ONLY

ALL DELIVERIES GUARANTEED; IF OUTSIDE OF U. S. ADD 10c FOR POSTAGE

Cosmopolitan Print Department
119 West 40th Street New York City

surprising part of it all was that he seemed to be in earnest about it.

"Dey vill stop at nodding," he protested.

"Then what can I do?" I protested, letting my arm shake in the close grasp of his long fingers. But all the while I was warning myself to keep my wits about me, and see that no misstep was made.

"One ding," he said in a sort of confidential whisper which obliquely served to bracket me as a fellow-conspirator with him. "One ding you can do. You can keep dat troonk of mine here, mit you. Here, under your bedt, it vill be safe. And den I vill not be robbed!"

It took a moment or two for this to sink in. The only trunk I had caught sight of in Otto Schoenfeld's rooms had been the iron-bound chest of oak. And that iron-bound chest held everything which had brought me as a spy into that household.

"But they would come and kill me," I cried, with a show of purely rustic terror at the undefined perils of urban existence.

"Dey vill nefer know," he argued. "Dey vill look only for vat iss mine, in dat room of mine!"

"But I haven't even a lock on my door," I still contended.

"I vill put one on," was his prompt and somewhat unexpected reply.

"When?" I demanded, still trying to fence for time.

"To-night," he calmly informed me.

"But something might happen to your money when I had it, and then you would blame me," I still equivocated. I could see him shake his head in the half-light.

"Nodding vill happen," he said with a cold assurance which made me feel rather uncomfortable.

"But how can you tell?" I persisted.

"Because I vill be here, I vill watch. But efery minute vat you talk, leetle one, is a minute lost. And dere vas danger, efery minute ve vait."

I backed away from him a little. "I wish I was home," I said, with a well-simulated sob of distress.

"I vill help you go dere ven dis trouble is ofer," he announced in his heavy and intimate whisper.

"But there's Mrs. Munger," I still pointed out. "She will send me away without my wages."

"You vill haf more from me, ven dis is ofer, dan Mrs. Munger vill efer gif you." He shuffled back toward the door, as though the entire matter were finally settled. "So now I vill bring de troonk and fix dat lock-bolt on dis door of yours!"

I stood there listening as his quiet yet heavy tread passed along the little hallway. I could hear the clink of metal as he unlocked his door. I stood there wondering what my course of action ought to be. I stood there, thinking, for a full minute. Then I heard him shuffling back along the hall, and whispering for me to turn on the light.

He had come in through the narrow door sideways, for he was carrying the oak chest by its two iron handles. He was breathing hard and I could see that it was heavy, as heavy as my own heart was suddenly light. He toddled across the room to my iron bed, put down the chest, and carefully pushed it under the bed. He seemed to know just what he intended to do. Then he reached into his coat-pocket and lifted out a screw-driver and a wrought-iron draw-bolt. Reaching into another pocket he took out some screw-nails, held the bolt against the edge of my door, and proceeded to fasten it there. On the frame of the door he screwed a loop of iron into which this bolt could slide. Then he closed the door and slid the bolt back and forth several times, to make sure that it worked.

"Lock yourself in—so—and it vill be all right," he said with a reassuring smile. Then he perked his head on one side a little, in an attitude of sudden listening. And [illegible] he [illegible] through the door and disappeared within his own quarters, leaving me [illegible] sound that had caused his sudden retreat.

But I heard nothing. So I promptly [illegible] my door, crossed to the bed, and cautiously pulled the mysterious chest a little out from its hiding-place. The [illegible] that it was [illegible]. At second glance, I saw that the keyhole of the huge lock had been filled with sealing-wax and stamped while still fluid with a seal of oddly intermingled initials. That old German, in other words, had made sure that his trunk was not to be [illegible].

I [illegible] my bed, trying to [illegible] what I ought to do. My [illegible] was to drop that trunk out of my window to the street, and bolt for the open by way of the stairs. But such a fall, I felt, would surely smash that box of wood and probably send what it held scattering along half a city block. Then it occurred to me that I might tie my scanty bedclothes together, and by this means lower the trunk to the sidewalk. But two sheets and a coverlet, I soon saw, would never reach the pavement. Even though I pieced it out with every shred of clothing I could spare, that fantastic rope would still fall far short of its requirements. And a treasure-chest such as this could never be left dangling in mid-air, an announcement to every passer-by of illicit adventures transpiring within the walls from which it swayed.

My next idea was to steal down to the street, leaving the trunk where it was—to steal down and get help as quickly as I could, even a patrolman from the corner, followed by a hurried 'phone message to Sloan himself.

But old Otto Schoenfeld, I remembered, was on guard there, and would regard such a movement with prompt suspicion. The trunk itself, too, would remain exposed, as I had no way of locking my door behind me, once I left the room.

Then I thought of the roof. I wondered if there might not be a chance of slipping up there and dodging down through some other house further along the block. And the more I thought of it the more possible it seemed. But whichever course I should take, I remembered, I'd have to get the rest of my clothes on. So I proceeded to dress, with haste and yet with thoroughness, for there was no knowing what that night might still have in store for me. And as I dressed I felt somewhat depressed at the thought of my blindness in essaying that adventure alone. After all, I was only a woman. And there were times and situations, I began to realize, when one stalwart man might be worth a whole houseful of petticoats.

As I dressed I decided on exactly what my plan of action would be. I'd go to the roof, but I'd take the trunk with me. It would be too heavy for me to carry up that steep little stairway, but I'd untie the clothes-line from the roof stanchions up above, double it, and by this means drag the heavy trunk up to the house-top, to wait there until the coast was clear.

I moved the trunk out, to test its weight. As I did so a sudden question crossed my mind. How was I to be certain that it really held what I thought it held? I didn't know, of course. The fact that its lock had been so carefully sealed may have been only a trick—and the man against whom I was campaigning had shown himself extremely resourceful in tricks. So I didn't hesitate. I saw my Rubicon, and crossed it. I remembered a pair of nail-scissors in my suitcase, got them out and with them cut and gouged away the sealing-wax that covered the lock-front. Once I'd cleaned out that keyhole I got busy with my spider. In two minutes I had the lid open, and the tray of lenses and mailing boxes lifted away. Then I suddenly thanked my stars I'd had the courage to do what I'd done. For the automatic pistol was gone, the rows of manila envelopes were gone, the boxes of precious stones were gone, and the notebook with its orderly rows of addresses was also gone. That tricky old scoundrel had duped me, had fooled me to the queen's taste. And it was ten to one that I'd lost all chance of redeeming the situation.

But I at least lost no more time in meditation. I hurriedly closed and relocked the trunk, pushed it under my bed, and switched out my light. Then I crept to my door and unbolted it. There wasn't a sound or a sight of movement in the hallways outside. So I crept on to the old German's door, cautiously tried it, and found it still locked. Then I stood at the head of the stairs, listening.

As I did so I heard a sound, like that of a street-door being opened and closed. And at almost the same time I heard a second sound, only this one came from behind Otto Schoenfeld's door.

I backed away, instinctively, until I came to the foot of the stairs that led to the roof-hatch, for here the shadow was deepest and a way to the open stood closest behind me. Then I took advantage of that avenue of escape. I went up those narrow stairs, step by step, holding my breath, for at the same time that my straining ears caught the sound of steps advancing up through the house I heard Otto Schoenfeld's door open and the snap of the spring-lock which told me it had been swung shut again. I recognized the stealthy shuffle as the old German crossed to the head of the stairs and listened there for a moment or two. But I took advantage of that diversion to scurry up the remaining steps to the roof and slip out through the door which I had come to know tolerably well in my daily activities with Mrs. Munger's clothes-basket.

My attention, as I did so, was attracted by the winking of a flash-light from one of the windows of the Twenty-third street office-building facing me. This reminded me of Schoenfeld's window-sill arrangement of plate-frames and of the fact that even in that uncertain light I might be visible to some unknown accomplice signaling from that office-building. So I crouched there behind a sheltering chimney-tier, in the shadow of a wall coping. I crouched there motionless, watching that repeated and mysterious wink of light. I had no means of reading that message of luminous dots and dashes, but I had sense enough to make sure of the quarter from which they came. It was, I found, from what would be the fourth floor of the building, and from the window that was plainly the third from its most westerly wall. And I was busy repeating "Third window from the west on the fourth floor," when my attention was suddenly engaged elsewhere.

My eyes had got more used to the darkness by this time, and uncertain as was the light along that broken tier of roofs, I could make out what was taking place so close to where I lay hidden. I could see the roof deck door swing back and the heavy figure slowly shoulder out through it. I knew at a glance that it was Otto Schoenfeld himself. From his left hand hung a long and narrow laundry-bag, tied at the top. In his right hand, which he held doubled up close to his chest, he held an automatic, and as he backed stealthily out through the narrow door his attention was directed toward some person or persons who seemed to be threatening him from within the house. But that threatened interference, apparently, was something only of the instant. For the next moment he dropped the bag to the roof, swung the door shut, and wedged it in that position with a screwdriver which he took from one of his pockets. Then, after pressing his ear against the door for several moments, in an attitude of listening, he caught up the laundry-bag again and crept along the roof until he came to where the clothes-line swayed in the night breeze. The next moment I saw him cut this clothes-line away from its stanchions. It occurred to me, as I watched him tie one end of the line to his bag, that he was about to repeat my own contemplated maneuver and lower that precious bag of his over the edge of the roof. But in this I was mistaken. He crept back to a row of three chimneys in one that stood at the easterly edge of the house-roof, pushed his bag down inside the middle chimney and let it hang there by the clothes-line, after wedging the upper end of the cotton rope in between two chimney bricks where the mortar had been abraded away. Then I saw him cut off the few inches of rope that protruded, so that even in daylight small evidence would remain to show the spot where he had so ingeniously but involuntarily repeated a device which is supposed to be peculiar to Santa Claus alone.

Then my heavy-footed friend felt his way carefully to the back of the roof. There I saw him reach into his pocket and lift something out. For a moment I thought he was going to bombard the back of Twenty-third Street with his automatic. But I soon discovered my mistake. What he now held in his right hand was a pocket flashlight, and with it he was plainly signaling to the window of his unknown confederate. The next minute, in fact, I could see the answering wink of a corresponding light in the fourth-floor window. Then the series of flashes suddenly stopped and Otto Schoenfeld himself crept cautiously back to the roof door and leaned forward with his ear pressed against its surface. For below stairs certain more or less interesting things were plainly taking place. I could hear the sound of sudden and shattering blows, like those an axe would make in smashing in a door, followed by shouts and calls, and the thump of hurrying feet. It sounded to me remarkably like a police raid. But the heavy-bodied German seemed no longer interested in those movements. He was, in fact, sitting on the roof and engaged in solemnly removing his shoes. This done, he pulled his screw-driver wedge away from the door where it had held that door shut, picked up his shoes, and pussyfooted cautiously across the roof until he came to the very wall-coping against which I pressed, nothing more than a huddled shadow. He clambered gruntingly over the coping, within ten feet of where I lay holding my breath. I could see him, in the vague starlight, standing behind the three-foot screen of masonry, staring intently toward the roof door. Then, with his gaze still fixed on that door, he reached into a pocket and took out his automatic, which he placed carefully on the top of the wall coping. The sight of that firearm gave me a rather disagreeable feeling just under the breast-bone. But I knew better than to move. It was the man on the other side of the wall, in fact, who did the moving. He had caught up his shoes in one hand, and his pistol in the other, and was apparently about to adventure further along those uneven housetops when the roof-door through which he had so recently passed swung open with a thump. A flashlight suddenly exploded on the darkness, a much stronger flash than that used by the German. It wavered and danced inquiringly about the empty roof for a moment or two and then went out as suddenly as it had appeared. And still again I lay in my sheltering shadow, scarcely daring to breathe. I lay there for what must have been a very long time. Then I was startled by a small sound that was disturbing only because it was so unexpectedly close to me. It brought the fact that Otto Schoenfeld had sought shelter from that inquisitive light by dropping down behind the same wall-coping which shielded my own body, only on the opposite side of it.

The sound which had startled me, in fact, was that made by a pair of heavy shoes being placed on the wall directly over my head. By rising on one elbow I could just see the tops of them. And I was hoping against hope that the automatic would be placed there beside them. But the seconds slipped away and no such movement took place. So I quietly reached up and lifted one of the shoes from its resting-place. Sinking down again, I threw that shoe lightly and silently out over the house cornice. A few seconds later I could hear the faint thud of sound as it struck the street pavement.

Then I reached up and took possession of the second shoe. I was about to repeat the process with this, remembering that what-

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM WRITES ANOTHER BIG SERIAL

"THE PAWNS COUNT"

BEGINS IN SEPTEMBER HEARST'S

It's always a good story when E. Phillips Oppenheim gets together with his writing tools. The Oppenheim style is a distinct charm that gets your interest from beginning to end.

So he is in again—in next month's Hearst's—with one of those rapid-action novels of his: swiftly changing scene, New York, Washington, England; not directly of the World at War, but the shadow of it; wit against wit; clever men and cleverer women and big issues at stake—plot.

Everything the story has that makes up the most popular, most universal fiction form to-day—the detective secret-service story. Begins in September.

ever happened a shoeless man would always be an easy quarry to follow, when a grunt of surprise, a throaty grunt of incredible astonishment, sounded from the wall-top not three feet away from my head. I could hear the interrogative pawing of a hand along the coping-tiles and the crackle of the tin roof as the body on the other side of the bricks scrambled to an upright position. To reach that position it was necessary for the none too limber-jointed German to grasp the edge of the coping-tile. About this movement itself, of course, there was nothing extraordinary. The extraordinary feature of the whole thing was the fact that the hand which pawed for a clutch along the glazed corner of the tile held an automatic pistol in its fingers. I could not see it clearly but I could see it clearly enough to understand what it was. And in my own right hand I still held that empty shoe. But instead of flinging it out into space, as I had at first intended, I did something quite different. Holding it by the toe, I brought its heavy heel down with all my power on the fingers clustered about the pistol-stock. These fingers, it so happened, rested on the thick coping-tile as the blow fell. Now, a number-nine shoe could never be reckoned as a deadly weapon. But when the well-pegged heel of it descends on a cluster of phalanges resting on a coping-tile, as a horseshoe rests on an anvil, it can deliver a blow not altogether without benumbing effect. For, as I struck the second time, in a panicky little frenzy of desperation, I had the satisfaction of seeing the automatic knocked free of the relaxed fingers. That side-blow was strong enough, in fact, to send it rattling to the roof-tin, where it skidded along the gentle slope and dropped out of sight.

But I wasn't giving much attention to that acrobatic firearm at the moment. I was giving my attention to the much more acrobatic man from whose hand I had knocked it. For our next movement was a prompt even though an essentially ludicrous one. We each rose to our feet, facing each other across that narrow wall-top which came scarcely to my waist. And we each eagerly and immediately reached out for the other. To an impartial and unenlightened observer that house-top encounter would have looked like the clandestine meeting of two lovers—of two hungrily affectionate lovers—who struggled to draw each other close, whose clasp became so passionate that the coping-tiles themselves were displaced while the body of the yielding girl was being drawn forcibly to the bosom of the conquering man.

But the girl, in this case, didn't happen to be a yielding one. She was struggling and fighting, every moment of the time, against those bear-like arms that encompassed her. For I knew there could and would be no half-measures in that house-top fight with Otto Schoenfeld. I knew what to expect. And my knowledge keyed me up to keep on fighting, fighting like a wildcat, even after we had fallen to the roof together and the old scoundrel was doing his best to get a stranglehold on my throat. I became dimly conscious that we were rolling over and over, like two wrestlers who have gone to the mat. I dimly remembered that we were on a house-roof, some five stories above the street level. Then I shut my eyes, and gave up all effort, for I could feel my revolving body roll off the edge of things and drop into space.

It dropped into space, but, luckily, it was only four or five feet into space, as far as the level of the next roof. But I was uppermost when we struck that roof, and I rolled free of my opponent without coming to a stop.

Then I sat up, dazed, a little puzzled by the fact that this opponent of mine did not start in pursuit of me. I sat there for several moments, gaping through the uncertain light at this huddled figure, lying face up on the level roof. He had got the brunt of the fall, I suddenly realized, and was emitting guttural and helpless little moans of pain. But I must have been quite merciless by this time, for those cries of pain completely failed to awaken any feeling of compassion in me. Instead of going to him, I scrambled to my feet, groped my way to where I saw a clothes-line swaying on the roof, and fumblingly untied that line. Then I crept over to my enemy and tied first his feet together and then his hands together behind his back. Then I clambered back across the roof which I had so recently and so convulsively traversed, climbing the wall-coping, crossed to the chimney that held the laundry-bag, and carefully drew that soot-covered bag up from its hiding-place. Then I staggered in through the roof-door and down the narrow steps, where Mrs. Munger was wrapped in grief and a thin cotton "nightie." She was, in fact, seated on the top step of the house-stairs, looking more mountainous than ever in her attenuated apparel, weeping over the wreckage of her top floor rear, which looked strangely as though a cyclone had swept through it.

The strong light made me blink a little as I came to a stop. But I must have proved an unlooked-for apparition to the overwrought Mrs. Munger, who, the moment she clapped eyes on me, threw her hands above her head and vanished precipitately down the stairs, shouting as she went: "Police! Come back! Police!"

But I was more interested, just then, in my laundry-bag, and I promptly sat down on the very step so recently vacated by the incoherent Mrs. Munger, and investigated the contents of that bag. It held, I found, dozens and dozens of small manila envelopes, a worn cigar-box filled with small stones which glittered and shone in the bald electric light, two cardboard boxes filled with equally iridescent pebbles, and a notebook filled with orderly rows of names and addresses. And I knew, as I dropped these back in the soot-covered bag, that my night hadn't been an altogether wasted one. I had won! I had obtained what I had been sent after!

Then I became conscious of something more immediately personal than mere professional triumph. I noticed that I was a rather sorry-looking heroine. My hands were scratched and bleeding, my watery blue skirt was torn, my hair was down, I was generously powdered with roof dust and chimney soot, and an unmistakable bruise on my lower lip was minute by minute making itself more conspicuous to both sight and touch. What was more, I seemed to fit into my immediate surroundings. For Otto Schoenfeld's door lay a battered wreck along the side wall against which I leaned; a showering of broken lenses glistened along the floor; bedding and boxes and clothing lay scattered about; and, as though to give articulation to that scene of ruin and disorder, Mrs. Munger's lugubrious wails rose louder than ever from below stairs.

"Yuh come batterin' down the doors of a decent woman," she lamented aloud, "who's always tried to keep a decent house! Yuh come raidin' the rooms of the quietest-mannered old gen'l'man I ever had under my roof and makin' uproar and vi'lence when there was no call for it! Yuh call you'selfs officers, but instead of insultin' my decent roomers you'd be officerin' more to the point if yuh'd arrest that young girl up there who's stealin' and pickin' her fill of other folks' belongings! That's what you'd be doin'!"

"What girl?" demanded a voice which made me suddenly sit up. For I knew it was the voice of Sloan himself. I knew, also, that he didn't even wait for an answer. He mounted those stairs two steps at a time.

I was still sitting there when he drew up, a little short of breath, with both weariness and disgust on his heavy-lined face. He didn't look his best during his moments of defeat. He was the type of man who always needed triumph to crown his acidulated sogginess, the same as lemon-pie always needs its airier dash of meringue.

"Well, this is a fine night's work, isn't it?" he demanded, in a tone of wearied and unadulterated disgust.

I merely sat there grinning down at him. "What's wrong with it?" I inquired, as soft and dreamy as any bulbul-bird.

"Nothing, of course," he retorted with heavy scorn, "except that you bungled your whole job here, and Wilkins bungled his raid, and Schoenfeld got away, and the whole bunch of Diamond Thieves has given the Alliance the all-night laugh again! That's the only thing that's wrong with it!"

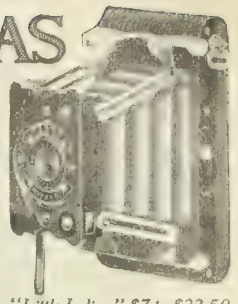
"Aren't you leaving something out?" I quietly asked of him.

"What?" he barked.

"This," I said as I swung the laundry-bag toward him. "And Otto Schoenfeld, who's tied down up there on the second roof. And if you can trust Wilkins and Doyle to go to the third office-door on the fourth floor of the Twenty-third Street office-building backing on this dump, you'll probably gather in a stick-up or two who've been gay-catting there for our German friend! And I wish you'd order me a taxi, for I feel like a welter-weight who's taken the count, and am rather longing to get into something loose!"

Note.—The next story in "The Diamond Thieves" series, entitled "A Pagliacci in Pumps," by Arthur Stringer, will appear in September Hearst's.

SENECA CAMERAS



"Little Indian" $7 to $22.50
"Seneca Junior" $8 to $55

Hold the Keys to Memory

They enable you to get intimate pictures of the very people and places which interest you the most, and tell the story of your vacation so clearly that you and yours can live it over for years to come. The pictures you take to-day are the keys which unlock memory to-morrow.

For artistic pictures indoors or out try one of the

VEST POCKET SENECAS

The Cameras with the Focus Fixed for You

The "Little Indian" for 1⅝" x 2½" pictures—The "Seneca Junior" for 2¼" x 3¼" pictures. So simple that from the time you slip off the back for loading, until you point the camera and press the lever for your last exposure there is nothing to bother you. So light and thin that they slip into your pocket, never make you feel conspicuous and yet are instantly ready to get the picture—

Ask Your Dealer or Send for Free Seneca Catalogue

Designed to help you choose the right Seneca, it illustrates the exact size picture taken by each model, shows the enlarging value of Vest Pocket Negatives, describes the capability of each Seneca from the Scout at $2 to the superb Roll Film Senecas, and is full of valuable photographic helps for every amateur. Send a postal for Free Copy.



Agency SENECA CAMERAS

Seneca Dealer's Sign

Druggists, Stationers, Jewelers and Dealers will find it to their advantage to write for our novel sales plan showing how to get a Seneca Agency with a $50.00 investment.

Seneca Camera Mfg. Company
167 State Street Rochester, N. Y.

You have no time for Personal Opinions

Americans Want Facts

HILAIRE BELLOC'S ELEMENTS OF THE GREAT WAR



is a concise and authoritative account of the World's War

FREE FROM ALL PERSONAL NARRATIVE

The Only Big War Book

All Critics Agree on This

"The reader finds profit in Belloc because a reason is furnished for every statement."
—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

"A critical and authoritative account of one of the world's greatest battles."
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"As was true of 'The First Phase,' Mr. Belloc's second book is written in a vivid and dramatic style, taking the reader close to the scenes of battle."
—*The Kansas City Star.*

"Mr. Belloc's book is a rare achievement. Anyone who cares to clearly understand this war on its military side must have Mr. Belloc's book for his guide."
—*Boston Transcript.*

"The book is a model of clear exposition, a true analytical history and not a simple military chronicle. It deserves and doubtless will have a wide reading."
—*New York Evening Post.*

"Mr. Belloc's military understanding and compelling literary style make his book the most interesting and informing for laymen yet produced."
—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Two Volumes Now Ready — Price $1.50 each

Vol. 1—CAUSES AND FORCES INVOLVED
Vol. 2—THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE

Hearst's International Library
119 W. 40th Street New York City

A STOIC—By John Galsworthy

(Continued from page 96)

How are our pockets going to be affected? I came here with some misgivings, but the attitude of the Chairman has been such as to remove them; and I shall support the proposition." The Secretary thought: 'That's all right—only, he said it rather queerly—rather queerly.'

Then, after a long silence, the Chairman, without rising, said:

"I move the adoption of the Report and accounts."

"I second that."

"Those in favor signify the same in the usual way. Contrary? Carried." The Secretary noted the dissentients, six in number, and that Mr. Westgate did not vote.

A quarter of an hour later he stood in the body of the emptying room supplying names to one of the gentlemen of the Press. The passionless fellow said: "Haythorp, with an 'a'; oh! an 'e'; he seems an old man. Thank you. I may have the slips? Would you like to see a proof? With an 'a' you said—oh! an 'e.' Good-afternoon!" And the Secretary thought: 'Those fellows, what *does* go on inside them? Fancy not knowing the old Chairman by now!'

BACK in the private office of "The Island Navigation Company" old Heythorp sat smoking a cigar and smiling like a purring cat. He was dreaming a little of his triumph, sifting with his old brain, still subtle, the wheat from the chaff of the demurrers: Westgate—nothing in that—professional discontent till they silenced him with a place on the Board—but not while he held the reins! No, no! That chap at the back—an ill-conditioned fellow! "Something behind!" Suspicious brute! There *was* something—but—hang it! They might think themselves lucky to get four ships at that price, and all due to him! It was on the last speaker that his mind dwelt with a doubt. That fellow Ventnor, to whom he owed money—there had been something just a little queer about his tone—as much as to say "I smell a rat." Well! one would see that at the creditors' meeting in half an hour.

"Mr. Pillin, sir."

"Show him in!"

In a fur coat which seemed to extinguish his thin form, Joe Pillin entered. It was snowing, and the cold had nipped and yellowed his meager face between its slight gray whiskering. He said thinly:

"How are you, Sylvanus? Aren't you perished in this cold?"

"Warm as a toast. Sit down. Take off your coat."

"Oh! I should be lost without it. You must have a fire inside you. So—so it's gone through?"

Old Heythorp nodded; and Joe Pillin, wandering like a spirit, scrutinized the shut doors. He came back to the table, and said in a low voice:

"It's a great sacrifice."

Old Heythorp smiled. "Have you signed the Deed, Poll?"

Producing a parchment from his pocket Joe Pillin unfolded it with caution, to disclose his signature, and said:

"I don't like it—it's irrevocable."

A chuckle escaped old Heythorp. "As death."

Joe Pillin's voice passed up into the treble clef. "I can't bear irrevocable things. I wonder you stampeded me, playing on my nerves."

Examining the signatures old Heythorp murmured: "Tell your lawyer to lock it up. He must think you a sad dog, Joe."

[illegible] death it comes to the knowledge of my wife!"

[illegible] make it hotter for you than you'll be already."

Joe Pillin replaced the deed within his coat, [illegible] thin noise. He simply [illegible] said, "you've got your way; [illegible] Mrs. Larne[illegible] me in the dark. It [illegible] her at your house. You [illegible]

[illegible] He [illegible] It makes it all the more doubtful. As soon as the transfer's complete, I shall get away abroad. This cold's killing me. I wish you'd give me your recipe for keeping warm."

"Get a new inside."

Joe Pillin regarded his old friend with a sort of yearning. "And yet," he said, "I suppose, with your full-blooded habit, your life hangs by a thread, doesn't it?"

"A stout one, my boy!"

"Well, good-by Sylvanus. You're a Job's comforter. I must be getting home." He put on his hat and, lost in his fur coat, passed out into the corridor. On the stairs he met a man who said:

"How do you do, Mr. Pillin? I know your son. Been seeing the Chairman? I see your sale's gone through all right. I hope that'll do us some good; but I suppose you think the other way?"

Peering at him from under his hat, Joe Pillin said: "Mr. Ventnor, I think? Thank you! It's very cold, isn't it?" And with that cautious remark he passed on down.

Alone again, old Heythorp thought: 'By George! What a wavering, quavering thread-paper of a fellow! What misery life must be to a chap like that! He walks in fear—he wallows in it. Poor devil!' And a curious feeling swelled his heart—of elation, of lightness, such as he had not known for years. Those two young things were safe now from penury—safe! After dealing with these infernal creditors of his he would go round and have a look at them. With a hundred and twenty a year the boy could go into the Army—best place for a young scamp like that. The girl would go off like hot cakes, of course, but she needn't take the first calf that came along. As for their mother, she must look after herself; nothing under two thousand a year would keep *her* out of debt. But trust her for wheedling and bluffing her way out of any scrape! Watching his cigar smoke curl and disperse, he was conscious of the strain he had been under these last six weeks, aware suddenly of how he had baulked at to-day's General Meeting. Yes! It might have turned out nasty. He knew well enough the forces, on the Board and off, that would be only too glad to shelve him. If he were shelved here his other two companies would be sure to follow suit, and bang would go every penny of his income—he would be a pauper dependent on that 'holy woman.' Well! Safe now for another year if he could stave off these sharks once more. It might be a harder job this time, but he was in luck—in luck, and it must hold! And, taking a luxurious pull at his cigar, he rang the handbell.

"Bring 'em in here, Mr. Farney. And let me have a cup of China tea as strong as you can make it."

"Yes, sir. Will you see the proof of the Press Report or will you leave it to me?"

"To you."

"It was a good meeting, wasn't it?"

Old Heythorp nodded.

"Wonderful how your voice came back just at the right moment. I was afraid things were going to be difficult. The insult did it, I think. It was a monstrous thing to say. I could have punched his head."

Again old Heythorp nodded; and, looking into the Secretary's fine blue eyes, he repeated: "Bring 'em in."

The lonely minute before the entrance of his creditors passed in the thought: 'So that's how it struck him! Short shrift I should get if it came out.'

The eight gentlemen, who numbered ten this time, bowed to their debtor, evidently wondering why the deuce they troubled to be polite to an old man who kept them out of their money. Then, the Secretary reappearing with a cup of China tea, they watched while their debtor drank it. The feat was tremulous. Would he get through without spilling it all down his front, without choking? To those unaccustomed to his private life it was slightly miraculous. Old Heythorp put the cup down empty, tremblingly removed some yellow drop from the little white tuft below his lip, relit his cigar, and said:

No use beating about the bush, gentlemen, I can offer you fourteen hundred a year as long as I live and hold my directorships, and not a penny more. If you can't accept that you must make me bankrupt, and get [illegible] in the pound. My qualifying shares will fetch just under a thousand at market price. I own nothing else. The house I live in and everything in it, barring my clothes, my wine, and my cigars, belong to my daughter under a settlement fifteen years old. My solicitors and bankers will give you every information. That's the position in a nutshell."

In spite of business habits, the surprise of the ten gentlemen was only partially concealed. A man who owed them so much would naturally say he owned nothing, but would he refer them to his solicitors and bankers unless he were telling the truth? Then Mr. Ventnor said:

"Will you submit your passbooks?"

"No, but I'll authorize my bankers to give you a full statement of my receipts for the last five years—longer, if you like."

The strategic stroke of placing the ten gentlemen around the Board table made it impossible for them to consult freely without being overheard; but the low-voiced transference of thought traveling round was summed up at last by Mr. Brownbee.

"We think, Mr. Heythorp, that your fees and dividends should enable you to set aside for us a larger sum. Sixteen hundred, in fact, is what we think you should give us yearly. Representing as we do sixteen thousand pounds—the prospect is not cheering, but we hope you have some good years before you yet. We understand your income to be two thousand pounds."

Old Heythorp shook his head. "£1,930 in a good year. Must eat and drink; must have a man to look after me—not as active as I was. Can't do on less than five hundred. Fourteen hundred's all I can give you, gentlemen; it's an advance of two hundred pounds. That's my last word."

The silence was broken by Mr. Ventnor. "And it's my last word that I'm not satisfied. If these other gentlemen accept your proposition I shall be forced to consider what I can do on my own account."

The old man stared at him. "You can't get blood from a stone."

"So you say, sir; we shall see."

The others had risen and were gathered in a knot at the end of the table, old Heythorp and Mr. Ventnor alone remained seated. The old man's lower lip projected till the white hairs below stood out like bristles. 'You ugly dog,' he was thinking, 'you think you've got something up your sleeve. Well, do your worst!' The "ugly dog" rose abruptly and joined the others. And old Heythorp closed his eyes, sitting perfectly still, with his cigar, which had gone out, sticking up between his teeth. Mr. Brownbee, turning to voice the decision come to, cleared his throat.

"Mr. Heythorp," he said, "if your bankers and solicitors bear out your statements we shall accept your offer *faute de mieux*, in consideration of your—" but meeting the old man's eyes, that said so very plainly: "Hang your consideration!" he ended with a stammer: "Perhaps you will kindly furnish us with the authorizations you spoke of?"

Old Heythorp nodded, and Mr. Brownbee, with a little bow, clasped his hat to his breast and moved toward the door. The nine gentlemen followed. Mr. Ventnor, bringing up the rear, turned and looked back. But the old man's eyes were already closed again. The moment his creditors were gone, old Heythorp sounded the handbell.

"Help me up, Mr. Farney. That Ventnor—what's his holding?"

"Quite small. Only ten shares, I think."

"Ah! What time is it?"

"Quarter to four, sir."

"Get me a taxi."

After visiting his bank and his solicitors, he struggled once more into his cab, and caused it to be driven toward Millicent Villas. A kind of sleepy triumph permeated his whole being, bumped and shaken by the cab's rapid progress. So! He was free of those sharks now so long as he could hold on to his Companies; and he would still have a hundred a year or more to spare for Rosamund and her youngsters. He could live on four hundred or even three-fifty without losing his independence, for there would be no standing life in that "holy woman's" house unless he could pay his own scot! A good day's work! The best for many a long month!

The cab stopped before the villa.

THERE are rooms which refuse to give away their owners, and rooms which seem to say: "They really are like this." Of such was Rosamund Larne's—a sort of permanent confession, seeming to exclaim to anyone who entered: "Her taste? Well, you can see—cheerful and exuberant; her habits—yes, she sits here all the morning in a dressing-gown, smoking cigarets and dropping ink; kindly observe my carpet. Notice the piano—it has a look of coming and going, according to the exchequer. This very deep-cushioned sofa is permanent, however; the water colors on the walls are safe, too—they're by herself. Mark the scent of mimosa—she likes flowers and likes them strong. No clock, of course. Examine the bureau—she is obviously always ringing for 'the drum stick,' and saying: 'Where's this, Ellen, and where's that? You naughty girl, you've been tidying.' Cast an eye on that pile of manuscript—she has evidently a genius for composition; it flows off her pen—like Shakespeare, she never blots a line. See how she's had the electric light put in, instead of that horrid gas; but try and turn either of them on—you can't; last quarter isn't paid, of course; and she uses an oil lamp, you can tell that by the ceiling. The dog over there, who will not answer to the name of Carmen, a Japanese spaniel like a little Djinn, all prominent eyes rolling their whites, and no nose between—yes, Carmen looks as if she didn't know what was coming next; she's right—it's a pet-and-slap-again life! Consider, too, the fittings of the tea-tray, rather soiled, though not quite tin; but I say unto you that no millionaire's tea-tray in all its glory ever had a liqueur bottle on it."

When old Heythorp entered this room, which extended from back to front of the little house, preceded by the announcement "Mr. Æsop," it was resonant with a very clatter-bodandigo of noises, from Phyllis playing the machiche; from the boy Jock on the hearth-rug emitting at short intervals the most piercing notes from an ocarina; from Mrs. Larne on the sofa, talking with her trailing volubility to Bob Pillin; from Bob Pillin muttering: "Ye– es! Qui-ite! Ye—es!" and gazing at Phyllis over his collar. And on the window-sill, as far as she could get from all this noise, the little dog Carmen was rolling her eyes. At sight of their visitor Jock blew one rending screech, and bolting behind the sofa, placed his chin on its top, so that nothing but his round, pink, unmoving face was visible; and the dog Carmen tried to climb the blind-cord.

Encircled from behind by the arms of Phyllis and preceded by the gracious perfumed bulk of Mrs. Larne, old Heythorp was escorted to the sofa. It was low, and when he had plumped down on to it the boy Jock emitted a hollow groan. Bob Pillin was the first to break the silence.

"How are you, sir? I hope it's gone through."

Old Heythorp nodded. His eyes were fixed on the liqueur and Mrs. Larne murmured:

"Guardy, you must try our new liqueur. Jock, you awful boy, get up and bring Guardy a glass."

The boy Jock approached the tea-table, took up a glass, put it to his eye and filled it rapidly.

"You horrible boy, you could see that glass has been used."

In a high round voice, rather like an angel's, Jock answered:

"All right, mother; I'll get rid of it," and rapidly swallowing the yellow liqueur took up another glass.

Mrs. Larne laughed. "What *am* I to do with him?"

A loud noise prevented a response. Phyllis, who had taken her brother by the ear to lead him to the door, had let him go with a squeal to clasp her injured self. Bob Pillin went hastening toward her; and, following the young man with her chin, Mrs. Larne said, smiling:

"He's *such* a nice fellow. We like him so much, Guardy."

The old man grinned. So she was making up to that young pup, was she!

"Oh! Guardy, you're as bad as Jock. He takes after you terribly. Look at the shape of his head. Jock, come here!" The innocent boy approached; with his girlish complexion, his flowery blue eyes, his perfect mouth, he stood before his mother like a large

cherub. And suddenly he blew his ocarina in a dreadful manner. Mrs. Larne launched a box at his ears; and receiving the wind of it he fell prone.

"That's the way he behaves. Be off with you, you awful boy. I want to talk to Guardy."

The boy withdrew on his stomach, and sat against the wall cross-legged, fixing his innocent round eyes on old Heythorp. Mrs. Larne sighed.

"Things are worse and worse, Guardy. I'm at my wits' end to tide over this quarter. You wouldn't advance me a hundred on my new story? I'm sure to get two for it in the end."

The old man shook his head. "I've done something for you and the children," he said. "You'll get notice of it in a day or two; ask no questions."

"Oh! Guardy! Oh, you dear!" And her gaze rested on Bob Pillin, leaning over the piano, where Phyllis was again sitting.

Old Heythorp snorted. "What are you cultivating that young gaby for? She mustn't be grabbed up by any fool who comes along."

Mrs. Larne murmured at once: "Of course, the dear girl is *much* too young. Phyllis, come and talk to Guardy."

When the girl was installed beside him on the sofa, and he had felt that little thrill of warmth which the proximity of youth can bring, he said:

"Been a good girl?"

She shook her head. "Can't, when Jock's not at school. Mother can't pay for him this term."

Hearing his name, the boy Jock blew his ocarina till Mrs. Larne drove him from the room, and Phyllis went on:

"He's more awful than anything you can think of. Was my Dad at all like him, Guardy? Mother's always so mysterious about him. I suppose you knew him well."

Old Heythorp, incapable of confusion, answered stolidly: "Not very."

"Who was his father? I don't believe even mother knows."

"Man-about-town in my day."

"Oh! Your day must have been jolly. Did you wear pegtop trousers and Dundrearys?" Old Heythorp nodded.

"What larks!"

"And I suppose you had lots of adventures with opera dancers and gambling. The young men are all so good now." Her eyes rested on Bob Pillin. "That young man's a perfect stick of goodness."

Old Heythorp grunted.

"You wouldn't know how good he was," Phyllis went on musingly, "unless you'd sat next him in a tunnel. The other day he had his waist squeezed and he simply sat still and did nothing. And then, when the tunnel ended it was Jock after all, not me. His face was—Oh! ah! ha! ha! Ah! ha!" She threw back her head, displaying all her white, round throat. Then edging near, she whispered:

"He likes to pretend, of course, that he's fearfully lively. He's promised to take Mother and me to the theater and supper afterward. Won't it be scrummy! Only I haven't anything to go in."

Old Heythorp said: "What d'you want? Irish poplin?"

Her mouth opened wide: "Oh! Guardy! Soft white satin!"

"How many yards to go round you?"

"I should think about twelve. We could make it ourselves. You are a chook!"

A scent of hair, like hay, enveloped him, her lips bobbed against his nose, and there came a feeling in his heart as when he rolled the first sip of a special wine against his palate. This little house was a rumty-too affair, her mother was a humbug, the boy a cheeky young rascal, but there was a warmth here he never felt in that big house that had been his wife's and was now his holy daughter's. And once more he rejoiced at his day's work and the success of his breach of trust, which put some little ground beneath these young feet in a hard and unscrupulous world. Phyllis whispered in his ear:

"Guardy, do look; he *will* stare at me like that. Isn't it awful—like a boiled rabbit!"

Bob Pillin, attentive to Mrs. Larne, was gazing with all his might over her shoulder at the girl. The young man was moonstruck, that was clear! There was something almost touching in the stare of those puppy-dog's eyes. And he thought: "Young beggar—wish I were his age!" The utter injustice of having an old and helpless body when your desire for enjoyment was as great as ever! They said a man was as old as he felt! Fools! A man was as old as his legs and arms, and not a day younger. He heard the girl beside him utter a discomfortable sound, and saw her face cloud as if tears were not far off; she jumped up and, going to the window, lifted the little dog and buried her face in its brown-and-white fur. Old Heythorp thought: 'She sees that her humbugging mother's using her as a decoy.' But she had come back, and the little dog, rolling its eyes horribly at the strange figure on the sofa, in a desperate effort to escape, succeeded in reaching her shoulder, where it stayed perched like a cat, held by one paw and trying to back away into space. Old Heythorp said abruptly:

"Are you very fond of your mother?"

"Of course, Guardy. I *adore* her!"

"H'm! Listen to me. When you come of age or marry you'll have a hundred and twenty a year of your own that you can't get rid of. Don't you ever be persuaded into doing what you don't want. And remember this: Your mother's a sieve; no good giving her money; keep what you'll get for yourself—it's only a pittance and you'll want it all—every penny."

Phyllis's eyes had opened very wide; so that he wondered if she had taken in his words.

"Oh! Isn't money horrible, Guardy?"

"The want of it."

"No, it's beastly altogether. If only we were like birds. Or if one could put out a plate overnight, and have just enough in the morning to use during the day."

Old Heythorp sighed. "There's only one thing in life that matters—independence. Lose that, and you lose everything. That's the value of money. Help me up."

Phyllis stretched out her hands, and the little dog, running down her back, resumed its perch on the window-sill close to the blind-cord.

Once on his feet, old Heythorp said: "Give me a kiss. You'll have your satin to-morrow."

Then, looking at Bob Pillin, he remarked: "Going my way? I'll give you a lift."

The young man, giving Phyllis one appealing look, answered dully: "Tha-anks!" And they went out together to the taxi. In that draughtless vehicle they sat, full of who knows what contempt of age for youth and of youth for age; the old man resenting this young pup's aspiration to his granddaughter; the young man annoyed that this old image had dragged him away before he wished to go. Old Heythorp said at last:

"Well!"

Thus expected to say something, Bob Pillin muttered: "Glad your meetin' went off well, sir. You scored a triumph, I should think."

"Why?"

"Oh! I don't know. I thought you had a good bit of opposition to contend with."

Old Heythorp looked at him. "Your grandmother!" he said; then, with his habitual instinct of attack, added: "You make the most of your opportunities, I see."

At this rude assault, Bob Pillin's red-cheeked face assumed a certain dignity. "I don't know what you mean, sir. Mrs. Larne is very kind to me."

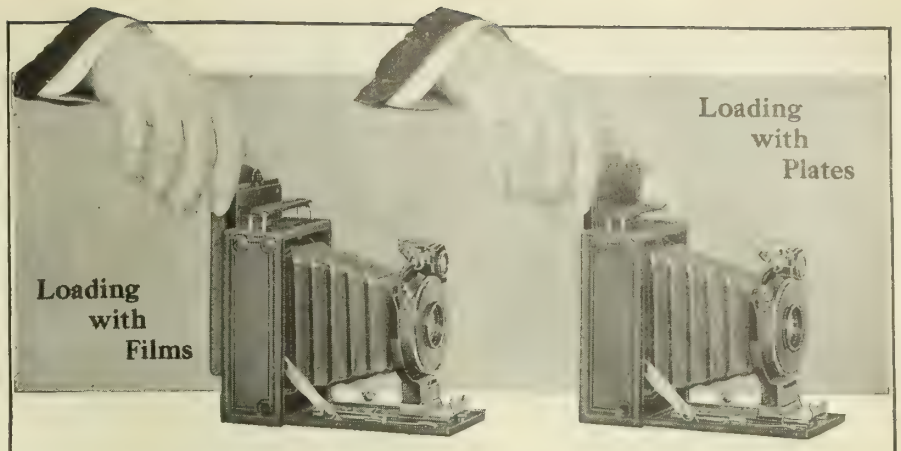
"No doubt. But don't try to pick the flowers."

Thoroughly upset, Bob Pillin preserved a dogged silence. This fortnight, since he had first met Phyllis in old Heythorp's hall, had been the most singular of his existence up to now. He would never have believed that a fellow could be so quickly and completely bowled, could succumb without a kick, without even wanting to kick. To a philosopher who just believed in having a good time and never committing himself too far, it was in the nature of "a fair knock-out," and yet so pleasurable, except for the wearing anxiety about one's chances. If only he knew how far the old boy really counted in the matter. To say: "My intentions are strictly honorable," would be old-fashioned; besides—the old fellow might have no right to hear it. They called him Guardy, but without knowing more he did not want to admit the old curmudgeon's right to interfere.

"Are you a relation of theirs, sir?" he said suddenly, and old Heythorp nodded.

Bob Pillin went on with desperation: "I should like to know what your objection to me is."

The old man turned his head as far as he was able; a grim smile bristled the hairs about his lips and twinkled in his eyes. What did he object to? Why, everything! Object to! That sleek head, those puppy-dog eyes, fattish red cheeks, high collars, pearl pin, spats, and drawl—pah! the imbecility, the smugness of his mug! No go, no devil in any of his sort, in any of these fish-veined, coddled-up young bloods, nothing but playing for safety! And he wheezed out:



Really two cameras in one

PREMO No. 12

And it is such a small, such a thoroughly capable one, too. It is at once a plate or a daylight loading film camera. One method may be employed as easily as the other. It's just as the user chooses.

Focusing and composing may be done by use of finder and focusing scale, or at any time, for absolute accuracy the ground glass screen is easily used with either film or plates.

The camera makes 2¼ x 3¼ pictures, it measures 1⅝ x 3¼ x 4⅝ inches, it weighs but 24 ounces, but it is so cleverly constructed that it will accommodate a three-hundredth of a second shutter, and the best and speediest of anastigmat lenses, including the Kodak Anastigmat *f*.6.3, and the B. & L. Ic Tessar *f*.4.5. Also furnished with Kodak Ball Bearing shutter and either Rapid Rectilinear or Kodak Anastigmat lens, *f*.7.7. Prices, $15.00 to $56.00.

Premo catalogue free at your dealer's, or mailed by us on request.

ROCHESTER OPTICAL DEPARTMENT

Eastman Kodak Co. Rochester, N. Y.

Short-Story Writing

A COURSE of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the Short Story taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, for years Editor of Lippincott's.



Dr. Esenwein

One student writes: — "Before completing the lessons, received over $1,000 for manuscript sold to Woman's Home Companion, Pictorial Review, McCall's and other leading magazines."

Also courses in Photoplay Writing, Versification and Poetics, Journalism. In all over One Hundred Courses, under professors in Harvard, Brown, Cornell, and other leading colleges.

150-Page Catalog Free. *Please Address*

The Home Correspondence School

Dept. 200, Springfield, Mass.

Get a Government Job

Railway Mail Service Pays up to $1800		**Positions for Women** Pay up to $1800	
P. O. Clerk or Carrier Pays up to $1200		**Government Clerk** Pays up to $1800	
Customs or Revenue Service Up to $2190—$2500		**Stenographer or Bookkeeper** Up to $1800—$2500	

TEAR THIS OUT — MARK POSITION (X)

Mail it to me, with your name and address. I'll advise you (free) about Civil Service examination and getting place on eligible list for early appointment. With my coaching I give guarantee of position or money back, issued by Washington Civil Service School.

292,296 protected positions under Civil Service; permanent places, sure pay, short hours, regular promotions, annual vacations. It's great to work for Uncle Sam. Learn all about it by **Writing for "Book JG 1067".**

EARL HOPKINS, Washington, D. C.

ALVIENE SCHOOLS — Est. 20 Years

The Acknowledged Authority on

DRAMATIC STAGE PHOTO-PLAY AND DANCE ARTS

Each department a large school in itself. Academic, Technical and Practical Training. Students' School Theatre and Stock Co. Afford New York Appearances. Write for catalogue, mentioning study desired.

T. C. IRWIN, Secretary

225 West 57th Street, near Broadway, New York

Wanted—Ideas

Manufacturers are writing for patents procured through me. **FREE:**—72-page guide book, "Successful Patents;" "Stepping Stones" (containing hundreds of inventions wanted); and "Patent Promotion" (tells how to sell your rights; chief causes of failure, etc.). "Patent Buyers" publishes over 400 letters from those who desire to buy Owen's Patents. Send for them. Free manufacturing facilities. Advice free.

Richard B. Owen, 56 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

A guaranteed salary

The demand for HEARST'S MAGAZINE has become so great that we must have at once a representative in every community to look after our increasing subscription business, and we offer a Guaranteed Monthly Salary to every person who qualifies for the position.

The work is simple, attractive and dignified, and the amount of money any representative can earn is limited only by the time which can be devoted to our interests. We will gladly pay $25.00—$50.00—$100.00, and more, each month to the person who can take care of our business.

Address all inquiries to Manager, Agents' Department,

HEARST'S MAGAZINE

119 West 40th Street New York City

"Milk and water masquerading as port wine."

Bob Pillin frowned. It was almost too much for the composure even of a man of the world. That this paralytic old fellow should express contempt for his virility was really the last thing in jests. Luckily he could not take it seriously. But suddenly he thought: "What if he really has the power to stop my going there; and means to turn them against me!" And his heart quailed.

"Awfully sorry, sir," he said, "if you don't think I'm wild enough. Anything I can do for you in that line——"

The old man grunted; and realizing that he had been quite witty, Bob Pillin went on: "I know I'm not in debt, no entanglements, got a decent income, pretty good expectations and all that; but I can soon put that all right if I'm not fit without."

It was perhaps his first attempt at irony; and he could not help thinking how good it was.

But old Heythorp preserved a deadly silence. He looked like a stuffed man, a regular "Aunt Sally," sitting there, with the fixed red in his cheeks, and his square block of a body, and no neck that you could see—only wanting the pipe in his mouth! Could there really be danger from such an old idol? The idol spoke:

"I'll give you a word of advice. Don't hang round there, or you'll burn your fingers. Remember me to your father. Good-night."

The taxi had stopped before the house in Sefton Park. An insensate impulse to remain seated and argue the point fought in Bob Pillin with an impulse to leap out, and shake his fist in at the window. He merely said, however:

"Thanks for the lift. Good-night!" And, getting out deliberately, walked off.

Old Heythorp, waiting for the driver to help him up, thought: "Fatter, but no more guts than his father!"

In his sanctum he sank at once into his chair. It was wonderfully still there every day at this hour; just the click of the coals, just the faintest ruffle from the wind in the trees of the park. And it was cosily warm, only the fire lightening the darkness. A drowsy beatitude pervaded the old man. A good day's work! "A triumph," that young pup had said. Yes! Something of a triumph! He had held on and won. And dinner to look forward to yet. But now—a nap! And soon, rhythmic, soft, sonorous, his breathing rose, with that pathetic twitching of the old who dream.

WHEN Bob Pillin emerged from the little front garden of 23 Millicent Villas ten days later, his sentiments were raveled and he could not get hold of an end to pull straight the stuff of his mind.

He had found Mrs. Larne and Phyllis in the sitting-room, and Phyllis had been crying—he was sure she had been crying; and that memory still infected the sentiments evoked by later happenings. Old Heythorp had said: "You'll burn your fingers." The process had begun. Having sent her daughter away on a pretext really a bit too thin, Mrs. Larne had installed him beside her scented bulk on the sofa, and poured into his ear such a tale of monetary woe and entanglement, such a mass of present difficulties and rosy prospects, that his brain still whirled, and only one thing emerged clearly—that she wanted fifty pounds, which she would repay him on quarter-day; for their Guardy had made a settlement by which, until the dear children came of age, she would have sixty pounds every quarter. It was only a question of a few weeks; he might ask Messrs. Scriven & Coles; they would tell him the security was quite safe. He certainly might ask Messrs. Scriven & Coles—they happened to be his father's solicitors; but it hardly seemed to touch the point. Bob Pillin had a certain shrewd caution, and the point was [illegible] to lend money to a woman who, he could see, might borrow up to seventy times seven on the strength of his infatuation for her daughter. That was [illegible] he didn't like he might take a sudden dislike to him, and where would he be then? Besides, would not [illegible] And then—such is the effect of love even on the [illegible] on Phyllis's pretty pale-pink cheeks; and her petulantly mournful: "Oh! young man, [illegible] pounds was fifty pounds, and goodness knew how much more; and what did he know of Mrs. Larne, after all, except that she was a relative of old Heythorp's and wrote stories—told them, too, if he was not mistaken. Perhaps it would be better to see Scriven. But again that absurd nobility assaulted him. Phyllis! Phyllis! Besides, were not settlements always drawn so that they refused to form security for anything? Thus hampered and troubled he hailed a cab. He was dining with the Ventnors on the Cheshire side, and would be late if he didn't get home sharp to dress.

Driving, white tied and waistcoated, in his father's car, he thought with a certain contumely of the younger Ventnor girl, whom he had been wont to consider pretty before he knew Phyllis. And, seated next her at dinner, he quite enjoyed his new sense of superiority to her charms, and the ease with which he could chaff and be agreeable. And all the time he suffered from the suppressed longing, which scarcely ever left him now, to think and talk of Phyllis. Ventnor's fizz was good and plentiful, his old Madeira absolutely first chop, and the only other man present, a teetotal curate, withdrew with the ladies to talk his parish shop. Favored by these circumstances, and the perception that Ventnor was an agreeable fellow, Bob Pillin yielded to his secret itch to get near the subject of his affections.

"Do you happen," he said airily, "to know a Mrs. Larne—relative of old Heythorp's—rather a handsome woman—she writes stories."

Mr. Ventnor shook his head. A closer scrutiny than Bob Pillin's would have seen that he also moved his ears.

"Of old Heythorp's? Didn't know he had any, except his daughter and that son of his in the Admiralty."

Bob Pillin felt the glow of his secret hobby spreading. "She is, though, lives rather out of town; got a son and daughter. I thought you might know her stories—clever woman."

Mr. Ventnor smiled. "Ah!" he said enigmatically, "these lady novelists! Does she make any money by them?"

Bob Pillin knew that to make money by writing meant success, but that not to make money by writing was artistic, and implied that you had private means, which perhaps was even more distinguished. And he said:

"Oh! She has private means, I know."

Mr. Ventnor reached for the Madeira. "So she's a relative of old Heythorp's," he said. "He's a very old friend of your father's. Pity's he's in such low water."

To Bob Pillin, glowing with passion and Madeira, the idea of low water seemed discreditable in connection with a relative of Phyllis. Besides, the old boy was not; far from it! Had he not just made that settlement on Mrs. Larne? And he said:

"I think you're mistaken. That's of the past."

Mr. Ventnor smiled. "Will you bet?" he said.

Bob Pillin also smiled. "I should be bettin' on a certainty."

Mr. Ventnor passed his hand over his whiskered face. "Don't you believe it; he hasn't a mag to his name. Fill your glass."

Bob Pillin said with a certain resentment: "Well, I happen to know he's just made a settlement of five or six thousand pounds. Don't know if you call that being in low water."

"What! On this Mrs. Larne?"

Confused, uncertain whether he had said something derogatory or indiscreet, or something that added distinction to Phyllis, Bob Pillin hesitated, then gave a nod.

Mr. Ventnor rose, and extended his short legs before the fire. "No, my boy," he said; "no!"

Unaccustomed to flat contradiction, Bob Pillin reddened. "I'll bet you a tenner. Ask Scriven's."

Mr. Ventnor ejaculated: "Scriven's—but they're not—" then, staring rather hard, he added: "I won't bet. You may be right. Scriven's are your father's solicitors, too, aren't they? Always been sorry he didn't come to me. Shall we join the ladies?" And to the drawing-room he preceded a young man more uncertain in his mind than on his feet. . . .

Charles Ventnor was not one to let you see that more was going on within than met the eye. But there was a good deal going on that evening, and after his conversation with young Bob he had occasion more than once to turn away and rub his hands together. When, after that second creditors' meeting, he had walked down the stairway that led to the offices of The Island Navigation Co. he had been deep in thought. Short, squarely built, rather stout, with moustache and large mutton-chops of a red brown, and a faint floridity both in face and dress, he impressed at first sight only by a certain truly British vulgarity. One felt that here was a hail-fellow-well-met man who liked lunch and dinner, went to Scarborough for his summer holidays, sat on his wife, took his daughters out in a boat and was never sick. One felt that he went to church every Sunday morning, looked upward as he moved through life, disliked the unsuccessful, and expanded with his second glass of wine. But then a clearer look at his well-clothed face and red-brown eyes would give the feeling: "There's something fulvous here; he might be a bit too foxy." A third look brought the thought: "He's certainly a bully."

He was not a large creditor. With interest on the original he calculated his claim at three hundred pounds—unredeemed shares in that old Ecuador mine. But he had waited for his money eight years; and could never imagine how it came about that he had been induced to wait so long. There had been, of course, for one who liked "big pots," a certain glamour about the personality of old Heythorp, still a bit of a swell in shipping circles and a bit of an aristocrat in Liverpool. But during the last year Charles Ventnor had realized that the old chap's star had definitely set—when that happens, of course, there is no more glamour, and the time has come to get your money. Weakness in oneself and others is despicable! Besides, he had food for thought, and, descending the stairs, he chewed it. He smelt a rat—creatures for which both by nature and profession he had a nose. Through Bob Pillin, on whom he sometimes dwelt in connection with his younger daughter, he knew that old Pillin and old Heythorp had been friends for thirty years and more. That, to an astute mind, suggested something behind this sale. The thought had already occurred to him when he read his copy of the Report. A commission would be a breach of trust, of course, but there were ways of doing things; the old chap was devilish hard-pressed, and human nature was human nature! His lawyer's mind habitually put two and two together. The old fellow had deliberately appointed to meet his creditors again just after the General Meeting which would decide the purchase—had said he might do something for them then. Had that no significance?

In these circumstances Charles Ventnor had come to the meeting with eyes wide open and mouth tight closed. And he had watched. It was certainly remarkable that such an old and feeble man, with no neck at all, who looked indeed as if he might go off with apoplexy any moment, should actually say that he "stood or fell" by this purchase, knowing that if he fell he would be a beggar. Why should the old man be so keen on getting it through? It would do him personally no good, unless——exactly! He had left the meeting, therefore, secretly confident that old Heythorp had got something out of this transaction which would enable him to make a substantial proposal to his creditors. When, therefore, the old man had declared that he was going to make none, something had turned sour in his heart, and he had said to himself: "All right, you old rascal! You don't know C. V." The cavalier manner of that beggarly old rip, the defiant look of his deep little eyes, had put a polish on the rancor of one who prided himself on letting no man get the better of him. All that evening, seated on one side of the fire, while Mrs. Ventnor sat on the other, and the younger daughter played Gounod's "Ave Maria" on the violin—he cogitated. And now and again he smiled, but not too much. He did not see his way as yet, but had little doubt that before long he would. It would not be hard to knock that chipped old idol off his perch. There was evidently a healthy feeling among shareholders that he was past work and should be scrapped. The old chap should find that C. V. was not to be defied; that when he got his teeth into a thing he did not let it go. By hook or crook he would have the old man off his Boards, or his debt out of him as the price of leaving him alone. His life or his money—and the old fellow should determine which. With the memory of that defiance fresh within him, he almost hoped it might come to be the first, and turning to Mrs. Ventnor he said abruptly:

"Have a little dinner Friday week, and ask young Pillin and the curate." He specified the curate, a teetotaler, because he had two daughters, and males and females must be paired, but he intended to pack him off after dinner to the drawing-room to discuss parish matters, while he and Bob Pillin sat over their wine. What he expected to get out of the young man he did not as yet know.

On the day of the dinner before departing for the office, he had gone to his cellar. Would three bottles of Perrier Jouet do the trick, or must he add one of the old Madeira? He decided to be on the safe side. A bottle or so of champagne went very little way with him personally, and young Pillin might be another.

The Madeira having done its work by turning the conversation into such an admirable channel, he had cut it short for fear young Pillin might drink the lot or get wind of the rat. And when his guests were gone, and his family had retired, he stood staring into the fire, putting together the pieces of the puzzle. Five or six thousand pounds—six would be ten per cent. on sixty! Exactly! Scriven, young Pillin had said. But Crow & Donkin, not Scriven & Coles, were old Heythorp's solicitors. What could that mean, save that the old man wanted to cover the tracks of a secret commission, and had handled the matter through solicitors who did not know the state of his affairs. But why Pillin's solicitors? With this sale just going through, it must look deuced fishy to them, too. Was it all a mare's nest, after all? In such circumstances he himself would have taken the matter to a London firm who knew nothing of anybody. Puzzled, therefore, and rather disheartened—feeling, too, that touch of liver which was wont to follow his old Madeira—he went up to bed and woke his wife to ask her why the dickens they couldn't always have soup like that!

Next day he continued to brood over his puzzle, and no fresh light came; but having a matter on which his firm and Scriven's were in touch, he decided to go over in person, and see if he could surprise something out of them. Feeling, from experience, that any really delicate matter would only be entrusted to the most responsible member of the firm, he had asked to see Scriven himself, and just as he had taken his hat to go, he said casually:

"By the way, you do some business for old Mr. Heythorp, don't you?"

Scriven, raising his eyebrows a little, murmured: "Er—no," in exactly the tone Mr. Ventnor himself used when he wished to imply that though he didn't as a fact do business, he probably soon would. He knew, therefore, that the answer was a true one. And, nonplused, he hazarded:

"Oh! I thought you did, in regard to a Mrs. Larne."

This time he had certainly drawn blood of sorts, for down came Scriven's eyebrows, and he said:

"Mrs. Larne—we know a Mrs. Larne, but not in that connection. Why?"

"Oh! Young Pillin told me——"

"Young Pillin? Why, it's his——" A little pause, and then: "Old Mr. Heythorp's solicitors are Crow & Donkin, I believe."

Mr. Ventnor held out his hand. "Yes, yes," he said: "good-by. Glad to have got that matter settled up," and out he went, and down the street, important, smiling. By George! He had got it! "It's his father," Scriven had been going to say. What a plant! Exactly! Oh, neat! Old Pillin had made the settlement direct; and the solicitors were in the dark; that disposed of his difficulty about *them*. No money had passed between old Pillin and old Heythorp—not a penny. Oh, neat! But not neat enough for Charles Ventnor, who had that nose for rats. Then his smile died, and with a little chill he perceived that it was all based on supposition—not quite good enough to go on! What then? Somehow he must see this Mrs. Larne, or better—old Pillin himself. The point to ascertain was whether she had any connection of her own with Pillin. Clearly, young Pillin didn't know of it; for according to him old Heythorp had made the settlement. By Jove! That old rascal was deep—all the more satisfaction in proving that he was not as deep as C. V. To unmask the old cheat was already beginning to seem in the nature of a public service. But on what pretext could he visit Pillin? A subscription to the Windeatt almshouses! Ha! That would put him into a chatty mood if he took care not to press the request to the actual point of getting a subscription. And he caused himself to be driven to the Pillin residence in Sefton Park. Ushered into a room on the ground floor, heated in American fashion, Mr. Ventnor unbuttoned his coat. A man of sanguine constitution, he found this hothouse atmosphere a little trying. And having sympathetically endorsed Joe Pillin's reluctant refusal with a—"Quite so! One can't definitely extend one's subscriptions even for the best of causes!"—he said gently:

"By the way, you know Mrs. Larne, don't you?"

The effect of that simple shot surpassed his hopes. Joe Pillin's face, never highly colored, turned a sort of gray; he opened his thin lips, shut them quickly, as birds do, and something seemed to pass with difficulty down his scraggy throat. The hollows which nerve-exhaustion delves in the cheeks of men whose cheekbones are not high increased alarmingly. For a moment he looked deathly; then, moistening his lips, he said:

"Larne—Larne? No, I don't seem——"

Mr. Ventnor, who had taken care to be drawing on his gloves, murmured:

"Oh! I thought—your son knows her; a relation of old Heythorp's," and he looked up.

Joe Pillin had his handkerchief to his mouth; he coughed feebly, but with increasing vigor:

"I'm in very poor health," he said at last, "I'm getting abroad at once. This cold's killing me. What name did you say?" And he remained with his handkerchief against his teeth.

Mr. Ventnor repeated: "Larne. Writes stories."

Joe Pillin muttered into his handkerchief: "Ah! H'm! No—I—no! My son knows all sorts of people. I shall have to try Mentone. Are you going? Good-by! Good-by! I'm sorry; I'm sorry; ah-ha! My cough-ah!-ha-h'h'm! Very distressing. Ye-hes!"

OUT in the drive Mr. Ventnor took a deep breath of the frosty air. Not much doubt now! The two names had worked like charms. This weakly old fellow would make a pretty witness, would simply crumple under cross-examination. What a contrast to that hoary old sinner Heythorp, whose brazenness nothing could affect! The rat was as large as life! and the only point was, how to make best use of it. Then—for his experience was wide—the possibility dawned on him that after all this Mrs. Larne might only be old Pillin's mistress—or his natural daughter, or have some other blackmailing hold on him. Any such connection would account for his agitation, for his denying her, for his son's ignorance. Only it wouldn't account for young Pillin's saying that old Heythorp had made the settlement. He could only have got that from the woman herself. Still, to make absolutely sure, he had better try and see her. But how? It would never do to ask Bob Pillin for an introduction after this interview with his father. He would have to go on his own and chance it! Wrote stories—did she? Perhaps a newspaper would know her address; or the Directory would give it—not a common name! And, hot on the scent, he drove to a post-office. Yes, there it was, right enough! "Larne, Mrs. R.—23 Millicent Villas." And thinking to himself: "No time like the present," he turned in that direction. The job was delicate. He must be careful not to do anything that might compromise his power of making public use of his knowledge. Yes—ticklish! What he did now must have a proper legal bottom. Still, anyway you looked at it, he had a *right* to investigate a fraud on himself as a shareholder of the I. N. C., and a fraud on himself as a creditor of old Heythorp. Quite! But suppose this Mrs. Larne was really entangled with old Pillin, and the settlement a mere reward of virtue? Well! In that case there would be no secret commission, nothing to make public, and he would not be going further. So that, in either event, he would be all right. Only—how to introduce himself? He might pretend he was a newspaper man wanting a story. No, that wouldn't do! He must not represent that he was what he was not, in case he had afterward to justify his actions publicly, always a difficult thing if you were not careful! At that moment there came into his mind a question Bob Pillin had asked the other night! "By the way, you can't borrow on a settlement, can you? Isn't there generally some clause against it?" Had this woman been trying to borrow from him on that settlement? But at this moment he reached the house, and got out of his cab still undecided as to how he was going to work the oracle. Impudence, constitutional and professional, sustained him in saying to the little maid:

"Mrs. Larne at home? Say Mr. Charles Ventnor, will you?"

His quick brown eyes took in the apparel of the passage that served for hall—the deep-blue paper on the walls, lilac-patterned curtains over the doors, the print of a nude young woman looking over her shoulder, and he thought: "H'm, distinctly tasty!"

"Will you please to come in, sir?"

Mr. Ventnor ran his hand over his whiskers, and, entering a room, was impressed at once by its air of domesticity. On a sofa a handsome woman and a pretty young girl were surrounded by sewing apparatus and some white material. The girl looked up, but the elder lady rose.

Mr. Ventnor said easily: "You know my young friend, Mr. Robert Pillin, I think."

The lady, whose bulk and bloom struck him to the point of admiration, murmured in a full, sweet drawl:

"Oh! Ye-es. Are you from Messrs. Scriven?"

With the swift reflection: "As I thought!" Mr. Ventnor answered:

"Er—not exactly. I *am* a solicitor, though; came just to ask about a certain settlement that Mr. Pillin tells me you're entitled under."

"Phyllis, dear!"

Seeing the girl about to rise from underneath the white stuff, Mr. Ventnor said quickly:

"Pray don't disturb yourself—just a formality!" It had struck him at once that the lady would have to speak the truth in the presence of this third party, and he went on: "Quite recent, I think. This'll be your first interest—on £6,000? Is that right?" And at the limpid assent of that rich, sweet voice, he thought: 'Fine woman; what eyes!'

"Thank you; that's quite enough. I can go to Scriven's for any detail. Nice young fellow, Bob Pillin, isn't he?" He saw the girl's chin tilt, and Mrs. Larne's full mouth curling in a smile.

"Delightful young man; we're very fond of him."

And he proceeded: "I'm quite an old friend of his; have you known him long?"

"Oh! no. How long, Phyllis, since we met him at Guardy's? About a month. But he's so unaffected—quite at home with us. A *nice* fellow."

Mr. Ventnor murmured: "Very different from his father, isn't he?"

"Is he? We don't know his father; he's a ship-owner, I think."

Mr. Ventnor rubbed his hands: "Ye-es," he said, "just giving up—a warm man. Young Pillin's a lucky fellow—only son. So you met him at old Mr. Heythorp's. I know him, too—relation of yours, I believe."

"Our dear Guardy — a wonderful man."

Mr. Ventnor echoed: "Wonderful—regular old Roman."

"Oh! but he's so *kind!*" Mrs. Larne lifted the white stuff: "Look what he's given this naughty gairl!"

Mr. Ventnor murmured: "Charming! Charming! Bob Pillin said, I think, that Mr. Heythorp was your settlor."

One of those little clouds which visit the brows of women who have owed money in their time passed swiftly athwart Mrs. Larne's eyes.

"Won't you sit down?" she said. "You must forgive our being at work."

Mr. Ventnor, who had need of sorting his impressions, shook his head. "Thank you; I must be getting on. Then Messrs. Scriven can—a mere formality! Good-by! Good-by, Miss Larne! I'm sure the dress will be most becoming."

And with memories of a too-clear look from the girl's eyes, of a warm, full pressure from the woman's hand, Mr. Ventnor backed toward the door and passed away just in time to avoid hearing in two voices:

"What a nice lawyer!"

"What a horrid man!"

Back in his cab, he continued to rub his hands. No, she *didn't* know old Pillin! That was certain; not from her words, but from her face. She wanted to know him or about him, anyway. She was trying to hook young Bob for that sprig of a girl—it was as clear as mud. H'm! It would astonish his young friend to hear that he had called. Well, let it! And a curious mixture of emotions beset Mr. Ventnor. He saw the whole thing now so plainly, and really could not refrain from a certain admiration. The law had been properly diddled! There was nothing to prevent a man from settling money on a woman he had never seen, and so old Pillin's settlement could probably not be upset. But old Heythorp could. It was neat, though, oh! neat! And that was a fine woman—what a bust! He had a sort of feeling that if only the settlement had been in danger it might have been worth while to have made a bargain—a woman like that could have made it worth while! And he believed her quite capable of entertaining the proposition. Her eyes! Pity—quite a pity! Mrs. Ventnor was not a wife who satisfied every aspiration. But alas! the settlement was safe.

But, getting into his tram to return to Mrs. Ventnor, he thought: "A woman like that would have been——!" And he sighed.

(To be Concluded)



ICE-MINT

The Modern Way to Foot Comfort

Now that tender, aching, swollen, corn-pestered feet are turning gratefully to Ice-Mint, every drug store is a Mecca of the foot-sore.

Since the discovery of this Good Samaritan, thousands have enjoyed the cooling, soothing comfort that Ice-Mint brings. In this creamy, snow-white, harmless, easy-to-apply preparation, you too may find just the foot comfort that you have been longing for. Try it for yourself.

Make This Test

From your druggist get a small jar of Ice-Mint. Rub a little on any tender, aching corn or callus. Instantly it will relieve the pain and soreness and make the feet feel cool, comfortable and rested. Soon, under its pleasant influence, hard corns, soft corns, corns between the toes and painful calluses will gradually loosen and can be lifted out easily with the fingers—root and all, leaving the surrounding skin in normal, healthy condition.

Ice-Mint is so pure and harmless that a child could even eat it. Therefore, it can never inflame or irritate even the most tender skin. Its refreshing perfume, born in the dewy mint-beds of old Japan, quickly banishes all foot-odors. Ice-Mint's active ingredients are all imported from Japan, home of the healthiest, best-cared-for little feet on earth. The principle behind Ice-Mint embodies the oldest and soundest practise of the proper care of the feet.

Wise Ancients annointed their feet with oil
Wise Moderns rub their feet with Ice-Mint

Those who have experimented in vain with sticky plasters and harsh liquids will find a delightful contrast in the cooling, soothing comfort that Ice-Mint brings. Hot days, modern footwear or long hours of standing have no terrors for the friends of Ice-Mint. Therefore, if you have tender, tired, aching feet, painful, stinging corns or calluses, by all means get acquainted with Ice-Mint. It is waiting eagerly to help you—meet it half-way at your drug store. You will enjoy the cooling, restful comfort that it brings.

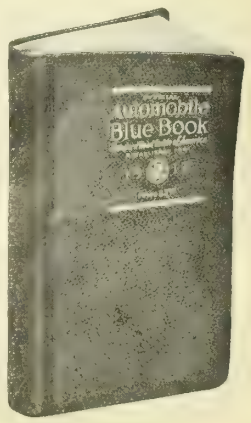
UNITED SALES & MFG. CO., Elmira, New York

They're Here!

EVERY motorist has been waiting for the new 1917 Automobile Blue Books. 400,000 miles of the best motor roads in the country are covered by this largest edition of the "Standard Road Guide of America." They're here!

Don't follow the crowd. Get out into the country. Discover new roads, new scenery, new pleasures in motoring. The Blue Book will unfold a new world to you, right near your home or anywhere in the United States.

You don't have to ask any questions when you drive with a Blue Book on your lap. It guides you from anywhere to everywhere and, by keeping you on the good roads, it saves you money in gasoline, tires, wear and tear on your car.



The Blue Books are used by more than 250,000 motor tourists in every part of the country.

Buy Your Copy Today
Price $3.00 Per Volume

On sale at all leading bookshops, automobile supply houses, garages, hotel news-stands or sent direct upon receipt of $3.00.

THE AUTOMOBILE BLUE BOOK PUBLISHING COMPANY

Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. | 900 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. | 243 West 39th Street, New York City

THE DWELLING-PLACE OF LIGHT

(*Continued from page 108*)

which her newly acquired views declared to be usurpers and parasites. But despite her palpable effort to be gracious—perhaps because of it—Mrs. Brocklehurst had an air about her that was disconcerting Janet, however, seemed composed as she sat down.

"I'm afraid I don't know very much. Maybe you will tell me something, first."

"Why, certainly," said Mrs. Brocklehurst sweetly, when she had got her breath.

"Who is that man?" Janet asked.

"Whom do you mean—Mr. Insall?"

"Is that his name? I didn't know. I've seen him twice, but he never told me."

"Why, my dear, do you mean to say you haven't heard of Brooks Insall?"

"Brooks Insall." Janet repeated the name as her eyes sought his figure between the tables. "No."

"I'm sure I don't know why I should have expected you to hear of him," declared the lady repentantly. "He's a writer—an author." And at this Janet gave a slight exclamation of pleasure and surprise. "You admire writers? He's done some delightful things."

"What does he write about?" Janet asked.

"Oh, wild flowers and trees and mountains and streams, and birds and humans—he has a wonderful insight into people."

Janet was silent. She was experiencing a swift twinge of jealousy, of that familiar rebellion against her limitations.

"You must read them, my dear," Mrs. Brocklehurst continued, softly, in musical tones. "They're remarkable—they have such distinction. He's walked, I'm told, over every foot of New England, talking to the farmers and their wives and—all sorts of people." She, too, paused to let her gaze linger upon Insall as he laughed and chatted with the children as they ate. "He has such a splendid 'out-door' look—don't you think? And he's clever with his hands—he bought an old abandoned farmhouse in Silliston and made it all over himself until it looks as if one of our great-great-grandfathers had just stepped out of it to shoot an Indian—only much prettier. And his garden is a dream. It's the most unique place I've ever known."

Janet blushed deeply as she recalled how she had mistaken him for a carpenter; she was confused, overwhelmed, she had a sudden longing to leave the loft, to be alone, to think about this discovery. Yet she wished to know more.

"But how did he happen to come here, to Hampton—to be doing this?" she asked.

"Well, that's just what makes him interesting, one never can tell what he'll do. He took it into his head to collect the money to feed these children; I suppose he gave much of it himself. He has an income of his own, though he likes to live so simply."

"It's not connected with any organization?" Janet ejaculated.

"That's the trouble; he doesn't like organizations, and he doesn't seem to take any interest in the questions or movements of the day," Mrs. Brocklehurst complained. "Or at least he refuses to talk about them, though I've known him for many years, and his people and mine were friends. Now there are lots of things I want to learn, that I came up from New York to find out. I thought of course he'd introduce me to the strike leaders, and he tells me he doesn't know one of them. Perhaps you know them," she added, with sudden inspiration.

"I'm only an employee at strike headquarters," Janet replied, stiffening a little [illegible] which evidently was usually effective.

"You mean the I. W. W.?"

[illegible]

Meanwhile Insall had come up and [illegible] on the edge of the platform.

"Oh, Brooks, your friend Miss Bumpus [illegible] Mrs. Brocklehurst cried and turning to Janet she went on: "I didn't realize you [illegible] don't [illegible]

Once more a gleam of amusement from [illegible] compelling her to meet the affair somewhat [illegible] to be [illegible]

"You never can tell what factory-girls do look like in these days," she observed mischievously.

"That's so," Mrs. Brocklehurst agreed; "we are living in such extraordinary times, everything topsy-turvy. I ought to have realized—it was stupid of me—I know several factory-girls in New York; I've been to their meetings, I've had them at my house—shirtwaist strikers."

She assumed again the willowy *u* position, her fingers clasped across her knee, her eyes supplicatingly raised to Janet. Then she reached out her hand and touched the I. W. W. button. "Do tell me all about the Industrial Workers, and what they believe," she pleaded.

"Well," said Janet, after a slight pause, "I'm afraid you won't like it much. Why do you want to know?"

"Because I'm so interested—especially in the women of the movement. I feel for them so, I want to help—to do something, too. Of course you're a suffragist."

"You mean, do I believe in votes for women? Yes, I suppose I do."

"But you *must*," declared Mrs. Brocklehurst, still sweetly, but with emphasis. "You wouldn't be working, you wouldn't be striking, unless you did."

"I've never thought about it," said Janet.

"But how are you working-girls ever going to raise wages unless you get the vote? It's the only way men ever get anywhere—the politicians listen to them." She produced from her bag a gold pencil and a tablet. "Mrs. Ned Carfax is here from Boston—I saw her for a moment at the hotel—she's been here investigating for nearly three days, she tells me. I'll have her send you suffrage literature at once, if you'll give me your address."

"You want a vote?" asked Janet, curiously, gazing at the pearl earrings.

"Certainly I want one."

"Why?"

"Why?" repeated Mrs. Brocklehurst.

"Yes. You must have everything you want."

Even then the lady's sweet reasonableness did not desert her. She smiled winningly, displaying two small and even rows of teeth.

"On principle, my dear. For one reason, because I have such sympathy with women who toil, and for another, I believe the time has come when women must no longer be slaves, they must assert themselves, become individuals, independent."

"But you?" exclaimed Janet.

Mrs. Brocklehurst continued to smile encouragingly, and murmured, "Yes?"

"You are not a slave."

A delicate pink, like the inside of a conch shell, spread over Mrs. Brocklehurst's cheeks.

"We're all slaves," she declared with a touch of passion. "It's hard for you to realize, I know, about those of us who seem more fortunate than our sisters. But it's true. The men give us jewels and automobiles and clothes, but they refuse to give us what every real woman craves—liberty."

Janet had become genuinely interested.

"But what kind of liberty?"

"Liberty to have a voice, to take part, in the government of our country, to help make the laws, especially those concerning working women and children, what they ought to be."

Here was altruism, truly! Here were words that should have inspired Janet, yet she was silent. Mrs. Brocklehurst gazed at her solicitously.

"What are you thinking?" she urged—and it was Janet's turn to flush.

"I was just thinking that you seemed to have everything life has to give, and yet—and yet you're not happy."

"Oh, I'm not unhappy," protested the lady. "Why do you say that?"

"I don't know. You, too, seem to be wanting something."

"I want to be of use, to count," said Mrs. Brocklehurst, and Janet was startled to hear from this woman's lips the very echo of her own desire.

Mrs. Brocklehurst's feelings had become slightly complicated. It is perhaps too much to say that her complacency was shaken. She was, withal, a person of resolution—of resolution taking the form of unswerving faith in herself, a faith persisting even when she was being carried beyond her depth. She had the kind of pertinacity that never admits being out of depth, the happy buoyancy that does not require to feel the bottom under one's feet. She floated in swift currents. When life became uncomfortable, she evaded it easily; and she evaded it now, as she gazed at the calm but intent face of the girl in front of her, by a characteristic inner refusal to admit that she had accidentally come in contact with something baffling. Therefore she broke the silence.

"Isn't that what you want—you who are striking?" she asked.

"I think we want the things that you've got," said Janet. A phrase one of the orators had used came into her mind, "Enough money to live up to American standards"—but she did not repeat it. "Enough money to be free, to enjoy life, to have some leisure and amusement and luxury." The last three she took from the orator's mouth.

"But surely," exclaimed Mrs. Brocklehurst, "surely you want more than that!"

Janet shook her head.

"You asked me what we believed, the I. W. W., the Syndicalists, and I told you you wouldn't like it. Well, we believe in doing away with you, the rich, and taking all you have for ourselves, the workers, the producers. We believe you haven't any right to what you've got, that you've fooled and cheated us out of it. That's why we women don't care much about the vote, I suppose, though I never thought of it. We mean to go on striking until we've got all that you've got."

"But what will become of us?" said Mrs. Brocklehurst. "You wouldn't do away with all of us! I admit there are many who don't—but some do sympathize with you, will help you get what you want, help you, perhaps, to see things more clearly, to get about it less—ruthlessly."

"I've told you what we believe," repeated Janet.

"I'm so glad I came," cried Mrs. Brocklehurst. "It's most interesting! I never knew what the Syndicalists believed. Why, it's like the French Revolution—only worse. How are you going to get rid of us—cut our heads off?"

Janet could not refrain from smiling.

"Let you starve, I suppose."

"Really!" said Mrs. Brocklehurst, and appeared to be trying to visualize the process. She was a true Athenian; she had discovered some new thing; she valued discoveries more than all else in life, she collected them, though she never used them save to discuss them with intellectuals at her dinner-parties. "Now you must let me come to Headquarters and get a glimpse of some of the leaders—of Antonelli, and I'm told there's a fascinating man named Rowe."

"Rolfe," Janet corrected.

"Rolfe—that's it," She glanced down at the diminutive watch, set with diamonds, on her wrist, rose and addressed Insall. "Oh, dear, I must be going, I'm to lunch with Nina Carfax at one, and she's promised to tell me a lot of things. She's writing an article for 'Craven's Weekly,' all about the strike and the suffering and injustice—she says it's been horribly misrepresented to the public, the mill-owners have had it all their own way. I think what you're doing is splendid, Brooks, only—" here she gave him an appealing, rather commiserating look—"only I do wish you would take more interest in—in underlying principles."

Insall smiled.

"It's a question of brains. You have to have brains to be a sociologist," he answered, as he held up for her the golden fur coat. With a gesture of gentle reproof she slipped into it, and turned to Janet.

"You must let me see more of you, my dear," she said. "I'm at the best hotel, I can't remember the name, they're all so horrible—but I'll be here until to-morrow afternoon. I want to find out everything. Come and call on me. You're quite the most interesting person I've met for a long time—I don't think you realize how interesting you are. *Au revoir!*" She did not seem to expect any reply, taking acquiescence for granted. She glanced once more at the rows of children, who had devoured their meal in an almost uncanny silence. "The dears!" she exclaimed. "I'm going to send you a cheque, Brooks, even if you have been horrid to me—you always are."

"Horrid!" repeated Insall; "put it down to ignorance."

He accompanied her down the stairs. From her willowy walk a sophisticated observer would have hazarded the guess that her search for an occupation had included a course of lessons in fancy dancing.

SOMEWHAT dazed by this interview which had been so suddenly forced upon her, Janet remained seated on the platform. She had the perception to recognize that in Mrs. Brocklehurst and Insall she had come in contact with a social stratum hitherto beyond the bounds of her experience; those who belonged to that stratum were not characterized by the possession of independent incomes alone, but by an attitude toward life, a manner of not appearing to take its issues desperately. Ditmar was not like that. She felt convicted of enthusiasm, she was puzzled, rather annoyed and shamed. Insall and Mrs. Brocklehurst, different though they were, had this attitude in common. . . . Insall, when he returned, regarded her amusedly.

"So you'd like to exterminate Mrs. Brocklehurst?" he asked.

And Janet flushed. "Well, she forced me to say it."

"Oh, it didn't hurt her," he said.

"And it didn't help her," Janet responded quickly.

"No, it didn't help her," Insall agreed, and laughed.

"But I'm not sure it isn't true," she went on, "that we want what she's got." The remark, on her own lips, surprised Janet a little. She had not really meant to make it. Insall seemed to have the quality of forcing one to think out loud.

"And what she wants, *you've* got," he told her.

"What have I got?"

"Perhaps you'll find out some day."

"It may be too late," she exclaimed. "If you'd only tell me, it might help."

"I think it's something you'll have to discover for yourself," he replied, more gravely than was his wont.

She was silent a moment, and then she demanded: "Why didn't you tell me who you were? You let me think, when I met you in Silliston that day, that you were a carpenter. I didn't know you'd written books."

"You can't expect writers to wear uniforms, like policemen—though perhaps we ought to; it might be a little fairer to the public," he said. "Besides, I am a carpenter, a better carpenter than a writer."

"I'd give anything to be an author!" she cried.

"It's a hard life," he assured her. "We have to go about seeking inspiration from others."

"Is that why you came to Hampton?"

"Well, not exactly. It's a queer thing about inspiration; you only find it when you're not looking for it."

She missed the point of this remark, though his eyes were on her. They were not like Rolfe's eyes, insinuating, possessive; they had the anomalistic quality of being at once personal and impersonal, friendly, alight, evoking curiosity yet compelling trust.

"And you didn't tell me," he reproached her, "that you were at I. W. W. headquarters."

A desire for self-justification impelled her to exclaim: "You don't believe in Syndicalism—and yet you've come here to feed these children!"

"Oh, I think I understand the strike," he said.

"How? Have you seen it? Have you heard the arguments?"

"No, I've seen you. You've explained it."

"To Mrs. Brocklehurst?"

"It wasn't necessary," he replied—and immediately added, in semi-serious apology: "I thought it was admirable, what you said. If she'd talked to a dozen syndicalist leaders she couldn't have had it put more clearly. Only—I'm afraid she doesn't know the truth when she hears it."

"Now you're making fun of me!"

"Indeed I'm not," he protested..

"But I didn't give any of the arguments,

any of the—philosophy," she pronounced the word hesitatingly. "I don't understand it yet as well as I should."

"You *are* it," he said. "It's not always easy to understand what we are—it's generally after we've become something else that we comprehend what we have been."

And while she was pondering over this one of the ladies who had been waiting on the table came toward Insall.

"The children have finished, Brooks," she informed him. "It's time to let in the others."

Insall turned to Janet. "This is Miss Bumpus—and this is Mrs. Maturin," he said. "Mrs. Maturin lives in Silliston."

The greeting of this lady differed from that of Mrs. Brocklehurst. She, too, took Janet's hand.

"Have you come to help us?" she asked.

And Janet said: "Oh, I'd like to, but I have other work."

"Come in and see us again," said Insall, and Janet, promising, took her leave.

"Who is she, Brooks?" Mrs. Maturin asked, when Janet had gone.

"Well," he answered, "I don't know. What does it matter?"

Mrs. Maturin smiled.

"I should say that it did matter," she replied. "But there's something unusual about her—where did you find her?"

"She found me." And Insall explained. "She was a stenographer, it seems, but now she's enlisted heart and soul with the Syndicalists," he added.

"A history?" Mrs. Maturin queried. "Well, I needn't ask—it's written on her face."

"That's all I know," said Insall.

"I'd like to know," said Mrs. Maturin. "You say she's in the strike?"

"I should rather put it that the strike was in her."

"What do you mean, Brooks?"

But Insall did not reply.

JANET came away from Dey Street in a state of mental and emotional confusion. The encounter with Mrs. Brocklehurst had been upsetting; she had an uneasy feeling of having made a fool of herself in Insall's eyes; she desired his approval; even on that occasion when she had first met him and mistaken him for a workman she had been conscious of a compelling faculty in him, of a pressure he exerted demanding justification of herself, and to-day, because she was now pledged to Syndicalism, because she had made the startling discovery that he was a writer of some renown, she had been more than anxious to vindicate her cause. She found herself, indeed, wondering uneasily whether there were a higher truth of which he was in possession. And the fact that his attitude toward her had been one of sympathy and friendliness rather than of disapproval, that his insight seemed to have fathomed her case, apprehended it in all but the details, was even more disturbing—yet vaguely consoling. The consolatory element in the situation was somehow connected with the lady, his friend from Silliston, to whom he had introduced her, and whose image now came before her—the more vividly, perhaps, in contrast with that of Mrs. Brocklehurst. Mrs. Maturin—could Janet have so expressed her thought!—had appeared as an extension of Insall's own personality. She was a strong, tall, vital woman with a sweet irregularity of feature, with a heavy crown of chestnut hair turning slightly gray, quaintly braided, becomingly framing her face. Her color was high. The impression she conveyed of having suffered was emphasized by the simple mourning gown she wore, but the dominant note she had struck was one of dependability. It was, after all, Insall's dominant, too. Insall had asked her to call again; and the reflection that she might do so was curiously comforting. The soup-kitchen in the loft, with these two presiding over it, took on something of the aspect of a sanctuary. . .

INSALL, in some odd manner, and through the medium of that frivolous lady, had managed to reinforce certain doubts that had been stirring in Janet—doubts of Rolfe, of the verity of the doctrine which with such abandon she had embraced. It was Insall who, though remaining silent, just by being there seemed to have suggested her manner of dealing with Mrs. Brocklehurst. It had, indeed, been *his* manner of dealing with Mrs. Brocklehurst. Janet had somehow been using his words, his method, and thus for the first time had been compelled to look objectively on what she had deemed a part of herself. We never know what we are, he had said, until we become something else! He had forced her to use an argument that failed to harmonize, somehow, with Rolfe's poetical apologetics. Stripped of the glamour of these, was not Rolfe's doctrine just one of taking, taking? And when the workers were in possession of all, would not they be as badly off as Mrs. Brocklehurst or Ditmar? Rolfe, despite the inspiring intellectual creed he professed, lacked the poise and unity that go with happiness. He wanted things for himself; whereas she beheld in Insall one who seemed emancipated from possessions, whose life was so organized as to make them secondary affairs. And she began to wonder what Insall would think of Ditmar.

These sudden flashes of tenderness for Ditmar startled and angered her. She had experienced them before, and always had failed to account for their intrusion into a hatred she cherished. Often, at her desk in the Bibliothèque, she had surprised herself speculating upon what Ditmar might be doing at that moment; and it seemed curious, living in the same city with him, that she had not caught a glimpse of him during the strike. More than once, moved by a perverse impulse, she had ventured of an evening down West Street toward the guard of soldiers in the hope of catching sight of him. He had possessed her, and the memory of the wild joy of that possession, of that surrender to great strength, refused to perish. Why, at such moments, should she glory in a strength that had destroyed her? and why, when she heard him cursed as the man who stood, more than any other, in the way of the strikers' victory, should she paradoxically and fiercely rejoice? Why should she feel pride when she was told of the fearlessness with which he went about the streets, and her heart stop beating when she thought of the possibility of his being shot? For these unwelcome phenomena within herself Janet could not account. When they disturbed and frightened her, she plunged into her work with a greater zeal. . . .

As the weeks went by the strain of the strike began to tell on the weak, the unprepared, on those who had many mouths to feed. Shivering with the cold of that hardest of winters, these unfortunates flocked to the Franco-Belgian Hall, where a little food or money, in proportion to the size of their families, was doled out to them. In spite of the contributions received by mail, of the soup-kitchens and relief stations set up by many organizations in various parts of the city, the supply little more than sufficed to keep alive the more needy portion of the five-and-twenty thousand who now lacked all other means of support. Janet's heart was wrung as she gazed at the gaunt, bewildered faces growing daily more tragic, more bewildered and gaunt; she marveled at the animal-like patience of these Europeans, at the dumb submission of most of them to privations that struck her as appalling. Some indeed complained, but the majority recited in monotonous, unimpassioned tones their stories of suffering, or of ill-treatment by the "Cossacks" or the police. The stipends were doled out by Czernowitz, but all through the week there were special appeals. Once it was a Polish woman, wan and white, who carried her baby wrapped in a frayed shawl.

"Wahna littel money for milk," she said, when at length their attention was drawn to her.

"But you get your money every Saturday," the secretary informed her kindly. She shook her head.

"Baby die, 'less I have littel milk—I show you."

Janet drew back before the sight of the child with its sunken cheeks and ghastly blue lips. And she herself went out with the woman to buy the milk, and afterward to the dive in Kendall Street which she called home—in one of those "rear" tenements separated from the front buildings by a narrow court reeking with refuse. The place was dank and cold, malodorous. The man of the family, the lodgers who lived in the other room of the kennel, were out on the streets. But when her eyes grew used to the darkness she perceived three silent children huddled in the bed in the corner. . .

On another occasion a man came running up the stairs of the hall and thrust his way into a meeting of the Committee—one of those normally happy, irresponsible Syrians who, because of a love for holidays, are the despair of mill overseers. Now he was dazed, breathless, his great eyes grief-stricken like a wounded animal's.

ANSCO
CAMERAS & SPEEDEX FILM

"What happened?" you ask, when part of your most interesting picture fails to appear on the film.

The little sketch in the center gives the answer; you forgot to make allowances when you took the picture the long way of the film.

The exact radius finder on the No. 3A Folding Ansco prevents mistakes like this, which spoil good pictures and waste the film.

The film did not show those parts of the picture appearing above and below the cross lines in this old-style "finder." This cannot happen with the Ansco.



The exact radius finder shows you *all* of the picture as it will appear on the film. It works automatically—leaves nothing to guesswork.

This important picture-saving device is found only on the Ansco. It gives extra value; costs you nothing extra. Why not have it?

Other exclusive Ansco features are described in the catalog—free from the Ansco dealer or direct from us.



No. 3A Folding Ansco Pictures, 3¼ in. x 5½ in. Prices, $22.50 to $30.00 depending on equipment. Other Anscos, $2.00 up.

The Sign of the Ansco Dealer

ANSCO COMPANY BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK

Driver Agents Wanted

Drive and demonstrate the Bush Car. Pay for it out of your commissions on sales. My agents are making money. Shipments are prompt. Bush ars guaranteed or money back. Write at once for my 48-page catalog and all particulars. Address J. H. Bush, Pres., Dept. 879.



Five-Pass., 34.7 H.P. 32x3½ tires 114-in. Wheelbase Delco Ignition—Elect. Stg. & Ltg.

BUSH MOTOR COMPANY, Bush Temple, Chicago, Illinois



Typewriter Prices Smashed!

We will sell you Underwoods, Remingtons, Royals, L. C. Smiths, Monarchs, etc., at a **saving from 50 to 70 per cent.** Your choice of any standard new built machine at a bargain. Every one perfect and **guaranteed for five years.** Write today for our free circulars and price list.

$12 AND UP

DEARBORN TYPEWRITER CO., Dept. J-2, Chicago

For ONE person in every town

We want ONE live representative in each community of one thousand or more inhabitants. Any intelligent man or woman can do the work. Those who can give a portion of their time to our interests can earn liberal salaries in their spare time. A few hours each day devoted to the work will earn a substantial and regular monthly income. Faithful attention to our instructions will result in an established, paying business. We will fully instruct beginners in the duties of the position and supply all necessary equipment without charge.

If you wish to increase your earnings or add to your present income, HEARST'S plan will surely interest you. Let us tell you about it. The information will cost you nothing and may put hundreds of dollars in your pocket.

Address all inquiries to Manager, Agents' Department,

HEARST'S MAGAZINE

119 West 40th Street New York City

"She is killidd, my wife—de polees, dey killidd her!"

It was Anna Mower who investigated this case. "The girl wasn't doing nothing but walk along Hudson Street when one of those hirelings set on her and beat her. She put out her hand because she thought he'd hit her—and he gave her three or four with his billy and left her in the gutter. If you'd see her you'd know she wouldn't hurt a fly, she's that gentle looking, like all the Syrian women. She had a '*Don't be a scab*' ribbon on—that's all she done! Somebody'll shoot that guy, and I wouldn't blame 'em." Anna stood beside Janet's typewriter, her face red with anger as she told the story.

"And how is the woman now?" asked Janet.

"In bed, with two ribs broken and a bruise on her back and a cut on her head. I got a doctor. He could hardly see her in that black place where they live."

Such were the incidents that fanned the hatred into hotter and hotter flame. Daily reports were brought in of arrests, of fines and imprisonments for picketing, or sometimes merely for booing at the remnant of those who still clung to their employment. One magistrate in particular, a Judge Hennessy, was hated above all others for giving the extreme penalty of the law, and even stretching it. "Minions, slaves of the capitalists, of the masters," the courts were called, and Janet subscribed to these epithets, beheld the judges as willing agents of a tyranny from which she, too, had suffered. There arrived at Headquarters frenzied bearers of rumors such as that of the reported intention of landlords to remove the windows from the tenements if the rents were not paid. Antonelli himself calmed these. "Let the landlords try it!" he said phlegmatically. . . .

After a while, as the deadlock showed no sign of breaking, the siege of privation began to tell, ominous signs of discontent became apparent. Chief among the waverers were those who had come to America with visions of a fortune, who practised a repulsive thrift in order to acquire real-estate, who carried in their pockets dog-eared bankbooks recording payments already made. These had consented to strike reluctantly, through fear, or had been carried away by the eloquence and enthusiasm of the leaders, by the expectation that the mill-owners would yield at once. Some went back to work, only to be "seen" by the militant, watchful pickets—generally in their rooms at night. One evening, as Janet was walking home, she chanced to overhear a conversation taking place in the dark vestibule of a tenement.

"Working to-day?"

"Yah."

"Work to-morrow?"

Hesitation. "I d'no."

"You work, I cut your throat." A significant noise.

"Naw, I no work."

"Shake!"

She hurried on trembling, not with fear, yet exultingly. Nor did she reflect that only a month ago such an occurrence would have shocked and terrified her. This was war. . . On her way to Fillmore Street she passed, at every street corner in this district, a pacing sentry, muffled in greatcoat and woolen cap, alert and watchful, the ugly knife on the end of his gun gleaming in the blue light of the arc. It did not occur to her, despite the uniform, that the souls of many of these men were divided also, that their voices and actions, when she saw them threatening with their bayonets, were often [illegible] unexpectedly in false situations. Once she heard a woman shriek as the sharp knife grazed her skirt; at another time a man whose [illegible] at a safe distance, and shouted defiantly:

[illegible]

"or I'll give you yours."

The man caught sight of Janet's button as she overtook him. He was walking [illegible]

"That feller has a job in a machine-shop over in Barrington, I seen him there when I was in the mills. And here he is tryin' to [illegible]

[illegible] down the street and became lost [illegible]

though never lacking in a certain pathos. The wife of a Russian striker had her husband arrested because he had burned her clothes in order to prevent her returning to the mill. From the police-station he sent a compatriot with a message to Headquarters. "Oye, he fix her! She no get her jawb now—she gotta stay in bed!" this one cried triumphantly.

"She was like to tear me in pieces when I brought her the clothes," said Anna Mower, who related her experience with mingled feelings. "I couldn't blame her. You see, it was the kids crying with cold and starvation, and she got so she just couldn't stand it. I couldn't stand it, neither."

Day by day the element that wished to compromise and end the strike grew stronger, brought more and more pressure on the leaders. These people were subsidized, Antonelli declared, by the capitalists. . . .

A MORE serious atmosphere pervaded Headquarters, where it was realized that the issue hung in the balance. And more proclamations, *à la* Napoleon, were issued to sustain and hearten those who were finding bread and onions meager fare, to shame the hesitating, the wavering. As has been said, it was Rolfe who, because of his popular literary gift, composed these appeals for the consideration of the Committee, dictating them to Janet as he paced up and down the Bibliothèque, inhaling innumerable cigarets and flinging down the ends on the floor. A famous one was headed: "*Shall Wool and Cotton Kings Rule the Nation?*" "We are winning!" it declared. "The World is with us. Forced by the unshaken solidarity of tens of thousands, the manufacturers offer bribes to end the reign of terror they have inaugurated. . . . Inhuman treatment and oppressive toil have brought all nationalities together into one great army to fight against a brutal system of exploitation. In years and years of excessive labor we have produced millions for a class of idle parasites, who enjoy all the luxuries of life while our wives have to leave their firesides and our children their schools to eke out a miserable existence." And this for the militia: "The lowest aim of life is to be a soldier! The 'good' soldier never tries to distinguish right from wrong, he never thinks, he never reasons, he only obeys."

"But," Janet was tempted to say, "your Syndicalism declares that none of us should think or reason. We should only feel." She was beginning to detect Rolfe's inconsistencies, yet she refrained from interrupting the inspirational flow.

"The soldier is a blind, heartless, soulless, murderous machine." Rolfe was fond of adjectives. "All that is human in him, all that is divine, has been sworn away when he took the enlistment oath. No man can fall lower than a soldier. It is a depth beyond which we cannot go!"

"All that is human, all that is divine," wrote Janet, and thrilled a little at the words. Why was it that mere words, and their arrangement in certain sequences, gave one a delicious, creepy feeling up and down the spine? Her attitude toward him had become more and more critical, she had avoided him when she could, but when he was in this ecstatic mood she responded, forgot his red lips, his contradictions, lost herself in a medium she did not comprehend. Perhaps it was because, in his absorption in the task, he forgot her, forgot himself. She, too, despised the soldiers, fervently believed they had sold themselves to the oppressors of mankind. And Rolfe, when in the throes of creation, had the manner of speaking to the soldiers themselves, as though these were present in the lane just below the windows; as though he were on the tribune. At such times he spoke with such rapidity that, quick though she was, she could scarcely keep up with him. "Most of you, Soldiers, are working-men!" he cried. "Yesterday you were slaving in the mills yourselves. You will profit by our victory. Why should you wish to crush us? Be human!"

Pale, excited, he sank down into the chair by her side and lit another cigaret.

"They ought to listen to that!" he exclaimed. "It's the best one I've done yet."

Night had come. Czernowitz sat in the other room talking to Jastro, a buzz of voices came from the hall through the thin pine panels of the door. All day long a sixty-mile gale had twisted the snow of the lake into whirling farinaceous columns, and rattled the windows of Franco-Belgian Hall. But now the wind had fallen. . .

Presently, as his self-made music ceased to vibrate within him, Rolfe began to watch the girl as she sat motionless, with parted lips and eyes alight, staring at the reflection of the lamp in the blue-black window.

"Is that the end?" she asked, at length.

"Yes," he replied sensitively. "Can't you see it's a climax? Don't you think it's a good one?"

She looked at him, puzzled.

"Why, yes," she said, "I think it's fine. You see, I have to take it down so fast I can't always follow it as I'd like to."

"When you feel, you can do anything," he exclaimed. "It is necessary to feel."

"It is necessary to know," she told him.

"I do not understand you," he cried, leaning toward her. "Sometimes you are a flame—a wonderful, scarlet flame—I can express it in no other way. Or again, you are like the Madonna of our new faith, and I wish I were a Del Sarto to paint you. And then again you seem as cold as your New England snow, you have no feeling, you are an Anglo-Saxon, a Puritan."

She smiled, though she felt a pang of reminiscence at the word. Ditmar had called her so, too.

"I can't help what I am," she said.

"It is that which inhibits," he declared. "That Puritanism. It must be eradicated before you can develop, and then—and then you will be completely wonderful. When this strike is over, when we have time, I will teach you many things—develop you. We will read Sorel together; he is beautiful, like poetry—and the great poets, Dante and Petrarch and Tasso—yes, and D'Annunzio. We shall live."

"We are living now," she answered. The look with which she surveyed him he found enigmatic. And then, abruptly, she rose and went to her typewriter.

"You don't believe what I say!" he reproached her.

But she was cool. "I'm not sure that I believe all of it. I want to think it out for myself—to talk to others, too."

"What others?"

"Nobody in particular—everybody," she replied, as she set her notebook on the rack.

"There is someone else!" he exclaimed, rising.

"There is everyone else," she said.

As was his habit when agitated, he began to smoke feverishly, glancing at her from time to time as she fingered the keys. Experience had led him to believe that he who finds a woman in revolt and gives her a religion inevitably becomes her possessor. But more than a month had passed; he had not become her possessor. And now for the first time there entered his mind a doubt as to having given her a religion! The obvious interence was that of another man, of another influence in opposition to his own; characteristically, however, he shrank from accepting this, since he was of those who believe what they wish to believe. The sudden fear of losing her—intruding itself immediately upon an ecstatic, creative mood—unnerved him, yet he strove to appear confident as he stood over her.

"When you've finished typewriting that, we'll go out to supper," he told her.

But she shook her head.

"Why not?"

"I don't want to," she replied—and then, to soften her refusal, she added, "I can't, to-night."

"But you never will come with me any more. Why is it?"

"I'm very tired at night. I don't feel like going out." She sought to temporize.

"You've changed!" he accused her. "You're not the same as you were at first—you avoid me."

The swift gesture with which she flung over the carriage of her machine might have warned him.

"I don't like that Hampton Hotel," she flashed back. "I'm—I'm not a vagabond—yet."

"A vagabond!" he repeated.

She went on savagely with her work.

"You have two natures," he exclaimed. "You are still a bourgeois, a Puritan. You will not be yourself, you will not be free, until you get over that."

"I'm not sure I want to get over it."

He leaned nearer to her.

"But now that I have found you, Janet, I will not let you go."

"You have no rights over me," she cried in sudden alarm and anger. "I'm not doing this work, I'm not wearing myself out here, for you."

"Then why are you doing it!" His suspicion rose again, and made him reckless.

"To help the strikers," she said. . . He could get no more out of her, and presently, when Anna Mower entered the room, he left it. . . .

MORE than once since her first visit to the soup-kitchen in Dey Street, Janet had returned to it. The universe rocked, but here was equilibrium. The streets were filled with soldiers, with marching strikers; terrible things were constantly happening; the tension at Headquarters never seemed to relax. Out in the world and within her own soul were strife and suffering, and sometimes fear; the work in which she thought to lose herself no longer sufficed to keep her from thinking, and the spectacle—when she returned home—of her mother's increasing apathy grew more and more appalling. But in Dey Street she grew calmer, was able to regain something of that sense of proportion, the lack of which, in the chaos in which she was engulfed, often brought her to the verge of madness.

At first she had had a certain hesitation about going back, and on the occasion of her second visit had walked twice around the block before venturing to enter. She had no claim on this man. He was merely a chance acquaintance, a stranger—and yet he seemed nearer to her, to understand her better, than anyone else she knew in the world. This was queer, because she had not explained herself, nor had he asked her for any confidences. She would have liked to confide in him—some things; he gave her the impression of comprehending life; of having, as his special art, humanity itself; he should, she reflected, have been a minister, and smiled at the thought; ministers, at any rate, ought to be like him and then one might embrace Christianity—the religion of her forefathers that Rolfe ridiculed. But there was about Insall nothing of religion as she had grown up to apprehend the term.

Now that she had taken her courage in her hands and renewed her visits, they seemed to be the most natural proceedings in the world. On that second occasion, when she had opened the door and palpitatingly climbed to the loft, the second batch of children were finishing their midday meal, rather more joyously, she thought, than before—and Insall himself was stooping over a small boy, whom he had taken away from the table. He did not notice her at once, and Janet watched them. The child had a cough, his extreme thinness was emphasized by the coat he wore, several sizes too large for him.

"You come along with me, Marcus; I guess I can fit you out," Insall was saying, when he looked up and saw Janet. "Why, if it isn't Miss Bumpus! I thought you'd forgotten us."

"Oh, no," she protested. "I wanted to come."

"Then why didn't you?"

"Well, I have come," she said, with a little sigh; and he did not press her further. And she refrained from offering any conventional excuse, such as that of being interested in the children. She had come to see him, and such was the faith with which he inspired her—now that she was once more in his presence—that she made no attempt to hide the fact.

"You've never seen my clothing-store, have you?" he asked. And with the child's hand in his he led the way into a room at the rear of the loft. A kit of carpenter's tools was on the floor, and one wall was lined with boxlike compartments made of new wood, each with its label in neat lettering of the articles contained therein. "Shoes?" he repeated, as he ran his eye down the labels and suddenly opened a drawer. "Here we are, Marcus. Sit down there on the bench, and take off the shoes you have on."

The boy had one of those long faces of the higher Jewish type, intelligent, wistful. He seemed dazed by Insall's kindness. The shoes he wore were those of an adult, but cracked and split, revealing the cotton stocking and here and there the skin. His little blue hands fumbled with the knotted strings that served for lacings until Insall, producing a pocket-knife, deftly cut the strings.

"Those are summer shoes, Marcus—well ventilated."

"They're by me since August," said the boy.

"And now the stockings," prompted Insall. The old ones, wet, discolored and torn, were stripped off, and thick, woolen ones substituted. Insall, casting his eye over the open drawer, chose a pair of shoes that had been worn, but which were stout

and serviceable, and taking one in his hand knelt down before the child. "Let's see how good a guesser I am," he said, loosening the strings and turning back the tongue, imitating good-humoredly the deferential manner of a salesman of footwear as he slipped on the shoe. "Why, it fits as if it were made for you. Now for the other one. Yes, your feet are mates—I know a man who wears a whole size larger on his left foot." The dazed expression remained on the boy's face. The experience was beyond him. "That's better," said Insall, as he finished the lacing. "Keep out of the snow, Marcus, all you can. Wet feet aren't good for a cough, you know. And when you come in to supper a nice doctor will be here, and we'll see if we can't get rid of the cough."

The boy nodded. He got to his feet, stared down at the shoes and walked slowly toward the door, where he turned.

"Thank you, Mister Insall," he said. And Insall, still sitting on his heels, waved his hand.

"It is not to mention it," he replied. "Perhaps you may have a clothing-store of your own some day—who knows!" He looked up at Janet amusedly and then, with a spring, stood upright, his easy, unconscious pose betokening command of soul and body. "I ought to have kept a store," he observed. "I missed my vocation."

"It seems to me that you missed a great many vocations," she replied. Commonplaces alone seemed possible, adequate. "I suppose you made all those drawers yourself."

He bowed in acknowledgment of her implied tribute. With his fine nose and keen eyes—set at a slightly downward angle, creased at the corners—with his thick, graying hair, despite his comparative youth, he had the look one associates with portraits of earlier, patriarchal Americans. . . These calls of Janet's were never of long duration. She had fallen into the habit of taking her lunch between one and two, and usually arrived when the last instalment of youngsters were finishing their meal; sometimes they were filing out, stopping to form a group around Insall, who always managed to say something amusing—something pertinent and good-naturedly personal. For he knew most of them by name, and had acquired a knowledge of certain individual propensities and idiosyncrasies that delighted their companions.

"What's the trouble, Stepan—swallowed your spoon?" Stepan was known to be greedy. Or he would suddenly seize an unusually solemn boy from behind and tickle him until the child screamed with laughter. It was, indeed, something of an achievement to get on terms of confidence with these alien children of the tenements and the streets who from their earliest years had been forced to shift for themselves, and many of whom had acquired a precocious suspicion of Greeks bearing gifts. Insall himself had used the phrase, and explained it to Janet. That sense of *caveat donor* was perhaps their most pathetic characteristic. But he broke it down; broke down, too, the shyness accompanying it, the shyness and solemnity emphasized in them by contact with hardship and poverty, with the stark side of life they faced at home. He had made them—Mrs. Maturin once illuminatingly remarked—more like children. Sometimes he went to see their parents—as in the case of Marcus—to suggest certain hygienic precautions in his humorous way, and his accounts of these visits, too, were always humorous. Yet through that humor ran a strain of pathos that clutched—despite her smile—at Janet's heartstrings. This gift of emphasizing and heightening tragedy while apparently dealing in comedy she never ceased to wonder at. She, too, knew that tragedy of the tenements of the poor, its sordidness and cruelty. All her days she had lived precariously near it, and lately she had visited these people, had been torn by the sight of what they endured. But Insall's jokes, while they stripped it of sentimentality—of which she had an instinctive dislike—made it for her even more poignant. One would have thought, to have such an insight into it, that he too must have lived it, must have been brought up in some dirty alley of a street. That gift, of course, must be a writer's gift. When she saw these waifs trooping after him down the stairs, Mrs. Maturin called him the Pied Piper of Hampton.

As time went on, Janet sometimes wondered over the quiet manner in which two people, Insall and Mrs. Maturin, took her visits as though they were matters of course, and gave her their friendship. There was, really, no obvious excuse for her coming, not even that of the waifs for food—and yet she came to be fed. The sustenance they gave her would have been hard to define; it flowed not so much from what they said, but from what they were; it was in the atmosphere surrounding them. Sometimes she looked at Mrs. Maturin to ask herself what the lady would say if she knew her history, her relationship with Ditmar—which had been her real reason for entering the ranks of the strikers. And was it fair for her, Janet, to permit Mrs. Maturin to bestow her friendship without revealing this? She could not make up her mind as to what this lady would say. Janet had had no difficulty in placing Ditmar; not much trouble, after her first surprise was over, in classifying Rolfe and the itinerant band of Syndicalists who had descended upon her restricted world. But Insall and Mrs. Maturin were not to be ticketed. What chiefly surprised her, in addition to their kindliness, to their taking her on faith without the formality of any recommendation or introduction, was their lack of intellectual narrowness. She did not, of course, so express it. But she sensed, in their presence, from references casually let fall in their conversation, a wider culture of which they were in possession, a culture at once puzzling and exciting, one that she despaired of acquiring for herself. Though it came from reading, it did not seem "literary," according to the notion she had conceived of the term. Her speculations concerning it must be focused and interpreted. It was a culture, in the first place, not harnessed to a Cause; something like that struck her. It was a culture that contained tolerance and charity, that did not label a portion of mankind as its enemy, but seemed, by understanding all, to forgive all. It had no prejudices; nor did it boast, as the Syndicalists boasted, of its absence of convention. And little by little Janet connected it with Silliston.

"It must be wonderful to live in such a place as that," Janet exclaimed when the Academy was mentioned. On this occasion Insall had left for a moment, and she was in the little room he called his "store," alone with Mrs. Maturin, helping to sort out a batch of garments just received.

"It was there you first met Brooks, wasn't it?" She always spoke of him as Brooks. "He told me about it, how you walked out there and asked him about a place to lunch." Mrs. Maturin laughed. "You didn't know what to make of him, did you?"

"I thought he was a carpenter!" said Janet. "I—I never should have taken him for an author. But of course I don't know any other authors."

"Well, he's not like any of them; he's just like himself. You can't put a tag on people who are really big."

Janet considered this. "I never thought of that. I suppose not," she agreed.

Mrs. Maturin glanced at her. "So you like Silliston," she said.

"I liked it better than any place I ever saw. I haven't seen many places, but I'm sure that few can be nicer."

"What did you like about it, Janet?" Mrs. Maturin was interested.

"It's hard to say," Janet replied, after a moment. "It gave me such a feeling of peace—of having come home, although I lived in Hampton. I can't express it."

"I think you're expressing it rather well," said Mrs. Maturin.

"It was so beautiful in the spring," Janet continued, dropping the coat she held into the drawer. "And it wasn't just the trees and the grass with the yellow dandelions, it was the houses, too—I've often wondered why those houses pleased me so much. I wanted to *live* in every one of them. Do you know that feeling?" Mrs. Maturin nodded. "They didn't hurt your eyes when you looked at them, and they seemed to be so much at home there, even the new ones. The new ones were like the children of the old."

"I'll tell the architect. He'll be pleased," said Mrs. Maturin. Janet flushed.

"Am I being silly?" she asked.

"No, my dear," Mrs. Maturin replied. "You've expressed what I feel about Silliston. What do you intend to do when the strike is over?"

"I hadn't thought." Janet started at the question, but Mrs. Maturin did not seem to notice the dismay in her tone. "You don't intend to—to travel around with the I. W. W. people, do you?"

"I—I hadn't thought," Janet faltered. It was the first time Mrs. Maturin had spoken of her connection with Syndicalism. And she surprised herself by adding: "I don't see how I could. They can get stenographers anywhere, and that's all I'm good for." And the question occurred to her—did she really wish to?

"What I was going to suggest," continued Mrs. Maturin, quietly, "was that you might try Silliston. There's a chance for a good stenographer there, and I'm sure you are a good one. So many of the professors send to Boston."

Janet stood stockstill. Then she said: "But you don't know anything about me, Mrs. Maturin."

Kindliness burned in the lady's eyes as she replied: "I know more now—since you've told me I know nothing. Of course there's much I don't know—how you, a stenographer, became involved in this strike and joined the I. W. W. But you shall tell me or not, as you wish, when we become better friends."

Janet felt the blood beating in her throat, and an impulse to confess everything almost mastered her. From the first she had felt drawn toward Mrs. Maturin, who seemed to hold out to her the promise of a woman's friendship—for which she had felt a lifelong need; a woman friend who would understand the insatiate yearning in her that gave her no rest in her search for a glittering essence never found, that had led her only to new depths of bitterness and despair. It would destroy her, if indeed it had not already done so. Mrs. Maturin, Insall, seemed to possess the secret that would bring her peace—and yet, in spite of something urging her to speak, she feared the risk of losing them. Perhaps, after all, they would not understand; perhaps it was too late!

"You do not believe in the Industrial Workers of the World?" was what she said.

Mrs. Maturin herself, who had been moved and excited as she gazed at Janet, was taken by surprise. A few moments elapsed before she could gather herself to reply, and then she managed to smile.

"I do not believe that wisdom will die with them, my dear. Their—their doctrine is too simple; it does not seem as if life, the social order, is to be so easily solved."

"But you must sympathize with them, with the strikers." Janet's gesture implied that the soup-kitchen was proof of this.

"Ah," replied Mrs. Maturin, gently, "that is different—to understand them. There is one philosophy for the lamb, and another for the wolf."

"You mean," said Janet, trembling, "that what happens to us makes us inclined to believe certain things?"

"Precisely," agreed Mrs. Maturin, in admiration. "But I must be honest with you—it was Brooks who made me see it."

"But—he never said that to me. And I asked him once, almost the same question."

"He never said it to me, either," Mrs. Maturin confessed. "He doesn't tell you what he believes; I simply gathered that this is his idea. And apparently the workers can only improve their condition by strikes, by suffering—it seems to be the only manner in which they can convince the employers that the conditions *are* bad. It isn't the employers' fault."

"Not their fault!" Janet repeated.

"Not in a large sense," said Mrs. Maturin.

Janet breathed deeply. She was thinking of Ditmar. And Mrs. Maturin, regarding her, tactfully changed the subject.

"I didn't intend to give you a lecture on sociology or psychology, my dear," she said. "I know nothing about them, although we have a professor who does. Think over what I've said about coming to Silliston. It will do you good—you are working too hard here. I know you would enjoy Silliston. And Brooks takes such an interest in you," she added impulsively. "It is quite a compliment."

"But why?" Janet demanded, bewildered.

"Perhaps it's because you have—possibilities. You may be typewriting his manuscripts. And then, I am a widow, and often rather lonely—you could come in and read to me occasionally."

"But—I've never read anything."

"How fortunate!" said Insall, who had entered the doorway in time to hear Janet's exclamation. "More than half of modern culture depends on what one shouldn't read."

Mrs. Maturin laughed. But Insall waved his hand deprecatingly.

"That isn't my own," he confessed. "I cribbed it from a clever Englishman. But I believe it's true."

(*To be Continued*)



"You Get The Job"

"We've been watching you, young man. We know you're made of the stuff that wins. The man that cares enough about his future to study an I. C. S. course in his spare time is the kind we want in this firm's responsible positions. You're getting your promotion on what you *know*, and I wish we had more like you."

The boss can't take chances. When he has a responsible job to fill, he picks a man *trained to hold it*. He's watching *you* now, hoping you'll be ready when the opportunity comes.

The thing for you to do is to start today and train yourself to do some one thing better than others. You can do it in spare time through the International Correspondence Schools. Over 5000 men reported advancement last year as a result of their I. C. S. training.

The first step these men took was to mark and mail this coupon. Make *your* start the same way—and make it right now.

I. C. S., Box 2822, Scranton, Pa.

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 2822, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I mark X.

☐ ELECTRICAL ENGINEER	☐ SALESMANSHIP
☐ Electric Lighting	☐ ADVERTISING MAN
☐ Electric Car Running	☐ Window Trimmer
☐ Electric Wiring	☐ Show Card Writer
☐ Practical Telephony	☐ Outdoor Sign Painter
☐ Telegraph Expert	☐ RAILROADER
☐ MECHANICAL ENGINEER	☐ ILLUSTRATOR
☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ DESIGNER
☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ BOOKKEEPER
☐ Gas Engineer	☐ Stenographer and Typist
☐ CIVIL ENGINEER	☐ Cert. Pub. Accountant
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Railway Accountant
☐ MINE FOREM'N OR ENG'R	☐ Commercial Law
☐ Metallurgist or Prospector	☐ GOOD ENGLISH
☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER	☐ Teacher
☐ Marine Engineer	☐ Common School Subjects
☐ ARCHITECT	☐ CIVIL SERVICE
☐ Contractor and Builder	☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Architectural Draftsman	☐ AGRICULTURE
☐ Concrete Builder	☐ Textile Overseer or Supt.
☐ Structural Engineer	☐ Navigator ☐ Spanish
☐ PLUMBING AND HEATING	☐ Poultry Raising ☐ German
☐ Sheet Metal Worker	☐ AUTOMOBILES ☐ French
☐ CHEMICAL ENGINEER	☐ Auto Repairing ☐ Italian

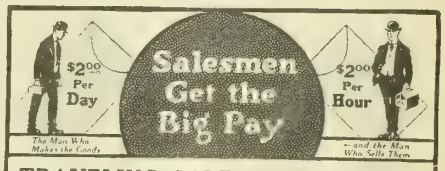
Name_____

Occupation & Employer_____

Street and No._____

City_____ State_____

If name of Course you want is not in this list, write it below.



TRAVELING SALESMEN WANTED

Hundreds of good positions open. Experience unnecessary. Earn while you learn. Write today for large list of openings and testimonials from hundreds of our Members we have placed in good positions paying $100 to $500 a month. Address nearest office.

Dept. 6118, NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRADING ASS'N.
CHICAGO NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO

PATENTS

Write for How to Obtain a Patent, list of Patent Buyers, and Inventions Wanted. $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Send Sketch for free opinion as to patentability. Our Four Books sent free. Patents advertised Free. We assist inventors to sell their inventions. **FREE**

VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., 764 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

SMALL INVESTORS, whether desirous of purchasing outright or on the Partial Payment Plan will find the service we extend as complete and comprehensive as in the case of our largest customers. Send for Booklet D43—"Odd Lot Investment." John Muir & Co., Members of the New York Stock Exchange, 61 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

A LADY IN DISTRESS

(Continued from page 123)

of the local against the outsider held the tongue of Linnet.

"Where's that still, I say!" demanded Louise, shaking the suddenly moist little hand. "You know where it is! You all know. And John Gibbing's up there! Gibbing Old Top!" That last had a break in it.

"Come!" Linnet started running, but she went on past the post-office corner, and turned down into the beginning of the ravine, finding her way in the dark by habit. A short-cut, this.

"Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo!"

Cap'n Jedd, on guard on the ledge behind the fissure, poked his head out into the darkness; then the low, mournful tones of the owl floated down from Eagle's Neck.

"Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo!" he called. He brought his head inside, and looked down at the three gangling fellows on the benches around the rough table. They were just smoking and holding their rifles. "I wonder who it is?"

"I reckon I'll slip out and make sure," decided Bill Scovill. Taking up his rifle, he crawled out through the low archway behind the bushes.

"Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo!" sounded further down the path. Colonel Buck turned to Josh at the edge of the lower plateau.

"Ah wonder who that is?"

"Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo!" Cap'n Jedd, up in the fissure, straining out into the blackness of the night.

"Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo!" Judge Heatherspoon, 'way down the path; then he turned to John Gibbing and mopped his baby-skinned face. "It appears like all the boys are out to-night."

"Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo!" Colonel Tom on the lower plateau.

"Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo!" Cap'n Jedd.

"Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo!" Sheriff Ding Fife, creeping upward in the darkness.

"Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo!" Judge Heatherspoon.

"Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo!" A sweet, low, clear-voiced owl this time, from the ravine, well up toward the higher point of the path.

"Never heard so many owls," rumbled the deeply cautious voice of Detective Douglas.

"Hu-hu, Hu-hu!" sang out Pudge MacWilliams; and then they all did it, a whole chorus of owl-hoots, in every variation of the sound.

"Cut it!" rumbled Detective Douglas in a burst of bass wrath. "What kind of detective work is that, you idiots! Say, you, if you stumble with that dynamite——"

"Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo!" Colonel Josh, on the little plateau, feeling his way for the crevice, and his hand came against something cold and hard. A rifle barrel!

"Who's there?" husked a hoarse voice.

"Josh."

"Tom."

"Buck."

Git in quick." They got in quick. "What-all's that hootin' on the mountain?"

"The boys, I reckon," answered Colonel Buck.

"The boys is all hyah."

"By gollies!" Colonel Tom was squeezing down through the cleft, edgewise. He had compression in that direction. "Say, Judge Heatherspoon. I'll bet my suspender

"Dash his old hide," laughed Colonel

"Shucks!" said Bill Scovill. "That's mo' than Judge Heatherspoon. That's three kinds in three different places. And one's a woman! Duck low when yo' cross up thah,

thah!" The gruff voice of

"Colonels!" yelled Ding. "I don't want if I think I'll ever get enough Colonels as long as I live! Trot 'em out!"

"Yo' can't have 'em!" This was the voice of Cap'n Jedd from up in his fissure. "Yo' better duck, Ding Fife. I see the edge of yo' hat."

"You'll send out them Colonels or you'll starve!" shrilled Ding, squeezing his head further back against the crack of the rock. "This posse stays right here by spells; and as fast as any man pokes out he gets shot. You might just as well surrender!"

"Then we'll starve right hyah," declared Cap'n Jedd. "But we got provisions foh a month."

Zing! That shot chipped a corner off the rock where Ding's hat had protruded against the sky, and the chip landed in the sheriff's whiskers.

"Here, what you-all shooting at!" demanded an irate voice.

"Who's there?" Ding. "Posse, take aim!"

"This is the Chief Magistrate of Hammond County!" declared the baby-skinned judge, in his most peppery voice. "What do yo'-all mean by shooting promiscuous in the dark that way? Buck Blake!"

"What do you want with Buck Blake?" Ding Fife, in his sudden aggravation, took a risk of being shot from the fissure far above.

"Buck Blake and Josh Peters and Tom Smiley is wanted for contempt of my court, and by thunder I'm going to have 'em!"

"Bay tam yes!" roared a broad voice, the voice of Bjack Bjackson.

Immediately there was a loud wrangle between Sheriff Ding Fife and Judge Heatherspoon over the right of precedence in the delicate matter of taking the Colonels prisoner.

"Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo!" The mellow-toned owl, and Judge Heatherspoon jumped as if he had been shot.

"That's a lady!" he exclaimed. "Silence in the court!" and his right hand thumped up and down, from force of habit.

"Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo!"

"Louise!" John Gibbing left his posse. "What is it?"

"Everybody keep still!" whispered Louise. "There's a regular posse on its way up here now; no old friends bluffing at shooting. There's a State detective back there, come to blow up the still!"

"Douglas!" John Gibbing gruffly ordered Louise and Linnet to stick close by him, and hurried back to the judge; and there was a quick parley, in which the whisper ran around among the two posses. Judge Heatherspoon stepped out in the middle of the little plateau and cupped his hands.

"Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo!" he softly called.

"Yo' go on away from thah!" called Cap'n Jedd from the fissure.

"Hush!" implored the sheriff, in his loudest whisper. "Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo!"

"Shet up or I'll pop you!" growled Jedd. "They ain't goana be no mo' parley!"

It was then that a slender figure in white stepped out in range.

"It's Linney!" she called softly, and ran into the crevice, followed by Louise.

The astonished Bill Scovill let them through, and poked his rifle quickly around the corner again. Down through the crevice, and up toward the sky again, and across the little plateau under the astonished eyes of Cap'n Jedd, and down through the bushes and in through the tunnel, still followed by the bewildered Louise; then Linney was in the arms of the Colonels!

"They're coming up to dynamite the cave!" she told them breathlessly.

"Revenuers!" Cap'n Jedd from the ledge.

"No. A State detective. And his posse's the six who were at our house!"

"A State detective." Colonel Josh puzzled that out. "That's on account of the prohibition laws. He don't care whether this is a moonshine still or a regular still—it's illegal. We're lucky it isn't a Federal officer."

"By gollies, I don't see why!" blurted Colonel Tom. "I don't see how Federal dynamite's any mo' killin' than State dynamite!"

"Get out of here, bless yo' dear hearts!" and Colonel Buck led Linnet toward the tunnel. He had to take Louise by the arm. She was looking up into the dim rotunda of the Beehive, and at the distilling apparatus, and at the fissure with its slit of dark-blue sky; and she wore an expression of liveliest delight.

"I never was in a moonshine still before!" she breathed in ecstasy. "I hope they don't smash it!"

"By gollies, hurry!" Colonel Tom was pushing her toward the tunnel.

"If they do blow up this place, I don't want you here," said Colonel Josh, his hand on the back of her neck to help her in stooping. She smiled up at them. Colonel Buck and Colonel Tom had already peeled their coats, and were standing side by side.

"I couldn't go to Kingdom Come in better company. Why don't you come? Surrender, and get out."

"Go on, Cunnels!" Cap'n Jedd from the ledge. "Yo' ain't got no call to go down with the still; but I'm goana stay by an' pick off a few while they're doin' it."

"Wait!" Buck stooped down by Louise. "Tell the sheriff and the judge we'll parley. Now, boys," and he turned vigorously to them as the girls disappeared.

"Where are they goin' to dynamite this cave? Why, from the top. There's no earthly chance to get to it from the front. They can climb up the ravine, and get down as far as the crack, but they can't come further without droppin' off. That means they can toss a charge of dynamite through the crack, and we can't reach 'em. Now, that's the case. What-all are we goin' to do?"

"We can't crawl up through the crack and head 'em off?" speculated Cap'n Jedd.

"Where are they?" Colonel Josh was crawling up on the ledge.

"I can't see," retorted Cap'n Jedd, poking out his head. "Listen. I jedge from the sound they're down 'bout Lookout Point. They're walkin' noisy!"

"Let me there." Colonel Buck pushed Josh off the ledge and pushed Jedd away from the fissure, then poked out his head. "Flag of truce!" he yelled as Tom grabbed his elbow to help himself up. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Colonel.

"All right, Buck!" came up the voice of Judge Heatherspoon.

"Flag of truce, Ding!"

"I'm assuring for both!" returned the judge. "I'm the superior officer in this county, by thunder!"

"File out, boys, quick!" ordered Colonel Buck, and they hurried out on the upper plateau, seven of them.

"What yo'-all goin' to do?" This was Judge Heatherspoon.

"Yo'-all get back toward the falls out of harm's road," Buck directed. "And be careful of the ladies!"

"You don't need to say that!" and there was a noise of a silent withdrawal.

The upper plateau had a sheer unscalable drop of twenty-five feet to where it rose out of the edge of the ravine, and down there ran the path which led up around Eagle's Neck to the falls; the path where the water had tumbled to the former bed of the Rapahoochie.

They held a whispered consultation, those seven grizzled warriors, then they silently swung themselves over the edge of the plateau, hung by their hands, and dropped straight down without rolling over. It was an old trick of the Hammond Zouaves.

Silently they stood lined along the wall of the cliff, back in the darkness under the overhanging strata. They scarcely breathed, as presently there came to their ears the crunch-crunch of impracticed feet. Now there were whispering voices, off there to the left. An occasional snicker. An occasional suppressed rumble. Then the dynamiters appeared to the left, single file, close together. The first man was a big square-built fellow, with a heavy package on his back. He passed the invisible Cap'n Jedd; he passed Bill Scovill; he passed the white-mustached moonshiner; the yellow-mustached one; Colonel Tom; Colonel Josh; the six boys close behind him, single file. As he came opposite Colonel Buck something heavy fell on him and something heavy fell simultaneously on each of the six boys; and whatever each of the seven was carrying was taken away from them; and they were tumbled down the ravine, all before they had the slightest hint that anything might happen to them!

"I reckon I got the dynamite!" exulted Buck. "It weighs about a ton! What yo' got, boys?"

"Hesh up!" Tom grunting as he lifted the heavy weight over his main obstruction.

"We'll find out what we-all got when we reach the top. There's no place else to go."

Zing! A random shot from down in the ravine, and it spatted against the rock above their heads. Bang went Cap'n Jedd's rifle, as he fired at random down into the darkness. Bing, bing, bing, barked the answer from down there, and the bullets rained around the spot where Cap'n Jedd's flash had shown.

"Hesh up, yo' fools!" ordered Colonel Tom. "Yo'-all hump. I want to poke myself behind a rock somewhere."

Cap'n Jedd was passing him as Tom spoke, and away they tore, up around the dry bed, winding up and up above Eagle's Neck, and above Beehive Cave, and moving swiftly; for they knew the path by feel. At last they stood behind the welcome shelter of the rocks which shelved the falls toward their present drop.

Just then the moon came out from behind the clouds, and glinted on the broad, smooth, solid water rushing to its joyous tumble to the beautifully glinting little Rapahoochie.

"Now we'll take stock of the spoils of war," Colonel Buck rejoiced. "This is dynamite, beyond the shadow of a doubt!" He inspected the big box he had set down. "Did you ever see such a devil's contraption? Here's the handles to swing it down the crack, and here's the binding-posts for the wires."

"I reck'n I done had the rope," confessed Cap'n Jedd regretfully. "It wah a big round coil, an' it rolled down the hill when I lost my temper an' shot."

"By gollies! I got the battery, Buck! Let's shoot it off!"

"Well, that ain't such a bad scheme," figured Colonel Josh. "It'll be out of harm's way then."

Bill Scovill had the reel of insulated wire. Like schoolboys out for a holiday they connected the thing, with a gleeful satisfaction in destroying the State detective's elaborate plan.

"We'll just set this on the point where it's safe," decided Buck, "and we'll carry the battery away up yonder on the peak, where we'll be out of harm's road. Come on, boys! Cap'n Jedd, yo' fellows better go the other side."

So that was done, and the three Colonels stood out distinctly against the moonlit sky, the square one to the right and the round one to the left and the majestic one in the center, while from the ravine came the "ping, ping, ping" of State-Detective Douglas's revolver.

"Oh, yo'-all hesh up," said Colonel Tom contemptuously. "You can't hit nothin' up here. All ready, Buck?"

"Just a minute, Tom." He raised his finger, and looked round him over the beautiful moonlit landscape; the dark ravine down there, Magnolia Pass in gleaming dots of white amid its dark foliage, the valley, the distant hills, and the sparkling, glinting Rapahoochie winding like a spangled silver ribbon. "One—two—three—ready—fire!"

Boom!

There was a sound as if the very vault of heaven had split and tumbled in! From the cliff below the falls there rose a pandemonium of startled shrieks and cries as a lightning-like blaze shot up, and rocks and earth and shrubs and bushes flew into the air; then the earth seemed to cave in! Where the Beehive had domed, beneath its verdure-clad knoll, was now but a yawning cavern!

SO you found her, Ned Langdon! You found the eighth wonder of the world; the perfect girl! That's right, Ned Langdon; kick the clod that lies in your way, as you stride into the pleasant lane which leads away from Dr. Burbane's big house. Found her, didn't you? Oh, the girl you love, Ned Langdon, must be a paragon indeed! She must be beautiful, she must be charming, she must have breeding, she must be spirituelle, she must have intelligence of a lofty degree, she must be pure, above all, she must be a creature of high ideals! So you saw the languorous-eyed beauties of Spain, and the soft-eyed beauties of Italy, and the vivacious-eyed beauties of France, and the calm-eyed beauties of England, and the beauties of every clime and country; and you weighed them in your neatly adjusted microscopic balance, and found them all wanting.

Prig! No girl was good enough for you

2¢ Will TIRE-DOH-ize The Ordinary Puncture



Why risk the burning and overcuring of your tubes in the vulcanizer? Two cents' worth of Tire-Doh will make a perfect repair and leave that part stronger and better than the rest.

© 1917 A. A. S. Co.

Permanent Repairs for Biggest Tears — **TIRE-DOH** — Adds Miles to Life of Tubes and Casings

Tire-Doh not only makes easy repairs but also difficult ones impossible with other methods.

Not a Tire Filler—but a rubber compound that becomes a permanent part of the tube. Proved by 7 years' success. 750,000 users last year.

Also plugs up cuts, holes and sand blisters in casings. Doubles their life in many instances.



NO HEAT NOR TOOLS NEEDED

Only Tire-Doh and your fingers required to repair punctures, blow-outs, tears, etc.

50c and $1.00

Get a complete outfit at your dealer's *today*, or order direct and send us your dealer's name if he cannot supply you.

Made and Guaranteed by

ATLAS AUTO SUPPLY CO.
669 W. Austin Ave., Chicago, Ill.

War Opens Splendid Positions to Women!

The call to colors has taken thousands of young men out of good paying positions. Their places must be filled by women. Bookkeepers, clerks, stenographers and typists are wanted by offices, stores, railways and in the U. S. Civil Service. The need is urgent. Many employers offer women the same salaries they have paid the men they replace. But they want women who can step right in and take hold of things. As always, *training* is what counts.

To meet this condition, the International Correspondence Schools are offering special courses in Bookkeeping, Stenography, Civil Service, Advertising, and many other subjects. This makes it possible for you, wherever you live or whatever your experience, to prepare right at home in spare time for a good paying position in the work you would like best.

If you are ambitious, if you want to profit by the greatest opportunity that has ever come to women and girls; send this coupon or a letter or postal right away for full details, stating which subject interests you most.

— — — — TEAR OUT HERE — — — — —

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 2823, Scranton, Pa.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position or in the subject *before* which I mark X.

☐ Bookkeeping	☐ Advertising	☐ Civil Service
☐ Stenography	☐ Salesmanship	☐ Poultry Farming
☐ Business English	☐ Illustrating	☐ Dressmaking
☐ Letter Writing	☐ Teaching	☐ Millinery

Name ——————————

Street and No. ——————————

City ——————— State ———————

Base and Floor one continuous piece.



Imperial Sanitary Floor

Put On Like Plaster—Wears Like Iron

It is a composition material, easily applied in plastic form over old or new wood, iron, concrete or other solid foundation Laid 3-8 to 1-2 in. thick—Does not crack, peel or come loose from foundation.

It presents a continuous, fine grained, smooth, non-slippery surface, practically a seamless tile—No crack, crevice or joint for the accumulation of grease, dirt or moisture—Is noiseless and does not fatigue.

The Best Floor

for Kitchen, Pantry, Bath Room, Laundry, Porch, Garage, Restaurant, Theater, Hotel, Factory, Office Building, Railroad Station, Hospital—all places where a beautiful, substantial and foot-easy floor is desired.

Your choice of several practical colors. Full information and sample FREE on request.

IMPERIAL FLOOR COMPANY
915 Cutler Building, Rochester, N. Y.

On the Market 10 years

BECOME AN EXPERT

ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants command big salaries. Thousands of firms need them. Only 2,000 Certified Public Accountants in U. S. Many are earning $3,000 to $10,000 a year. We train you thoroly by mail in spare time for C. P. A. Examinations or executive accounting positions. Knowledge of Bookkeeping unnecessary to begin—we prepare you from the ground up. Course personally supervised by Wm. A. Chase, LL.M., C.P.A. (Ex-Secretary Illinois State Board of Examiners in Accountancy), and large staff of C. P. A's. Low tuition fee—easy terms. Write now for free book of Accountancy facts.

La Salle Extension University, Dept. 847-H, Chicago
"The World's Greatest Extension University"

until, at last, you found one in the moonlight! One who talked in nothing but blank verse . . . in the moonlight . . . one who had all the graces and charm of the ladies of the old-time courts . . . in the moonlight . . . one who was beautiful as a poet's dream . . . in the moonlight . . . one who exhaled nothing but heaven . . . topping thought and soul-inspiring idealism . . . in the moonlight . . . one who was the very spirit and essence of superlative love . . . in the moonlight. Fool! Oh, fool!

That's right, Ned, return a savage "No!" to the friendly farmer who offers you a friendly lift in his rattling old buggy. That's right—be a boor, and return gruffness for courtesy. You'd rather stride angrily along the country road, kicking at the weeds and scowling at the birds; you'd rather have it out in violent motion, have it out with your asinine judgment and your silly idealism; have it out with your wounded pride and your disappointment and your hurt love.

Love, said you? Love? Now you laugh. Oh, yes, you laugh, through your nose. A bitter laugh—that, isn't it? Oh, yes, a very bitter laugh. Try another kind, Ned. See the joke of it? Love! Still hurts, does it? Still love her? Still cling to that picture of her there by the rose-arbor, slender and supple in her smart little white organdie, with her slender little feet in trim white shoes, and her shining brown hair waving back to the coil at the nape of her beautiful neck, and her smooth cheeks with their delicately pulsing color, and her piquant little pointed chin, and her rosebud lips, and her eyes—oh, her eyes; velvet brown, and deep, and clear, and luminous with a tremulous light which had sprung up at the sight of him! Oh, the beauty of her, and the grace of her, and the sweetness of her! And, oh, the ecstatic joy of finding that, after all, his creature of the moonlight, the fairy creature who had seemed too delicate and too wraith-like for touch, was a real girl, a living, breathing thing of warmth and glow; one to love and one to clasp and one to hold! No illusion, she, but one on whom the sunlight rested kindly, bringing out the glorious perfections at which the moonlight had but tenderly hinted. A peerless creature, she, and your heart leaps as you bring back the vision, doesn't it, Ned Langdon, and your cheeks flush and your eyes glow, and there is a hunger in your heart. Fool! Oh, you fool!

Liar! That's what she is! What sort of story was it she had told about him? And why? He would have sworn, that last night in the garden, and even here, on first meeting her in the daylight, that she cared for him. Why that lie? Ask yourself the question a hundred times, Ned Langdon, as you stride along with a savage necessity for violent action, and you shall find no answer. If she had held you in the slightest esteem, respected or understood for one moment the nobility of thought in which you held her, how could she have put that smirch on you; the most loathsome of all to one who counted his honor and his decency of any value? Ho, he was the Lord of the Hollyhocks, he was the Prince of the Lady of Night, he was the visiting shade in the enchanted garden of dreams! And she had framed a useless lie, a lie which could have no purpose, to cast a stigma on him. Can you find an excuse for that, Ned Langdon; you with your catalogue of perfections which the girl you love must have! If so, find an excuse for this! How could she tell such a vile lie as that if she cared for herself?

That's right, Ned, throw a stone at an inoffensive chipmunk, slipping along on the fence-rail with its fuzzy tail perking in the sunlight, and its brown-and-black stripes and spots glistening with the health of outdoor life and clean intentions. Oh, you barely missed it! You infernal brute! Why are you so savage, you thing of raging passion? Here's the answer, Ned Langdon. Your heart still throbs at the very thought of her. You love her. Oh, you fool; fool, fool!

You thought this, didn't you, ass? You'd go through the world, inspecting them all, and holding them up to your microscopically divided test-rule; and when you found the radiant creature who fitted your every requirement you'd take one more puff of your cigaret, and toss it away, and permit yourself to fall in love. Ass! Your wise old father told you you'd get stung, didn't he? Told you your chief concern should be whether you were good enough for the girl. Oh, you ass, you long-eared, spraddle-footed, braying ass!

Romance—that was the cause of it. You lived by yourself, and by choice, by instinct, cultivated your love of beauty, didn't you? You mingled with the world, and you had your friends, and you danced and rode and golfed, and flirted a bit, and did all the other things that human beings do, but you had most of your joy alone. You read, and you dreamed, and you disappeared for months at a time, setting up your camp in out-of-the-way places, to paint and poetize, and feast on riots of color and glittering visions undisturbed. You wouldn't take up business or any normal pursuit, would you, Ned? You preferred to live the life of the useless dreamer, because it gave you joy; and living in a world of nothing but dreams, when you found a dream more vivid and exquisite than any your imagination had been able to draw, you said: "Ah, this is paradise indeed!" Then you laid aside your brains and tossed your heart to a liar!

Why are you bumping that waddling old negro off the sidewalk as you enter the streets of Hammond? That's not like you, Ned! What's the matter with you? You're in love, fool, you're in love, ass; you're in love, idiot; and that's why it all hurts so! Ho, ho! You had already planned to buy the Willowberry place, hadn't you?

Well, you've a task before you, young man. You've a something to tear out of your heart and out of your mind. Where is the best place to do it? Take a small portable painting-kit, and a small portable camping outfit, and go out in the Grand Cañon. Or take a little dip into Mexico. Rather exciting down there at any time. Or run across to Paris or London, and take a whirl at dissipation. Or—that's good, Ned Langdon, that squaring of the shoulders and lifting of the head, as you turn at Hammond and strike out for the Magnolia Pass road. There's a little in you which isn't ass. What you want is to get the mental hasheesh out of your system. Work! That's what you need, young man—good healthy work! Go back to the governor, and tell him you've sobered from your orgy of romance, and have him put you at the head of something where, if you don't watch, the other fellow will gouge out your spinal column and use it for a walking-stick. Invest your own money, Ned. Plunge it into a good, exciting, risky business, like Mexican mines, and stand over it, and defy any and all of the snarling wolves down there to touch a penny of it! There's a stimulus in that, my boy—a stimulus which will give you visions day and night, visions of the other fellow gouging out your good right eye and setting it in a scarf-pin. That's the place—Mexico! But business, not hunting or poetry. Business! A good healthy sport, that, and the moonlight will fade, and——

Oh, that tangled old garden, with the roses sprawling over the edges of the path, and the jasmine nodding on the boarded shutters, and the hollyhocks standing stiff and straight by the wall, and the trumpet-vines swinging from the big acacia tree, and the boy on the fountain with the greening mold of years upon him, and the ivy matted everywhere; then over all rises a round, full moon, and into the silver light there comes a slender, supple young figure in gauzy white, her smooth shoulders gleaming like ivory, her shining brown hair in waves over her temples, her beautiful lips half parted, and her velvet-brown eyes luminous with the tremulous light of love.

The Spirit of the Jasmine! Oh, Spirit of the Jasmine, stray again in your garden, and be but a shade in the moonlight, and let me stay there, too, a visiting shade, and let it be all unreal, with no awakening. Fool, oh, fool! The Spirit of the Jasmine? The Spirit of the Jasmine is a liar!

Be fair, Ned Langdon, as you stride along toward Magnolia Pass, and toward the boat on tiny Rapahoochie Lake, and toward the bungalow in the woods. Be fair. Consider every possible excuse for a romantic young girl, or one caught in a tight pinch of explanation. For she doesn't look like that sort of a girl, does she, Ned? She looks like a girl of earnestness and sincerity, a girl of beauty, charm, breeding, spirituality, intelligence, lofty ideals; a girl with all the requirements of that prig who had sought the world for her. Give her every chance of explanation, that slender and supple girl who had stood there in the rose-arbor in her smart little organdie, her slender little feet in trim white shoes, and her shining brown hair waving back to the coil at the nape of her beautiful neck, and her smooth cheeks with their delicate pulsing color, and her piquant little pointed chin, and her rosebud lips, and her eyes—oh, her eyes! Velvet brown, and deep, and clear, and luminous with a tremulous light which had sprung up at the sight of him! Oh, the beauty of her, and the grace of her and the sweetness of her! No phantom wraith, but

The Luxury and Healthfulness of Daily Massage Brought To Your Home

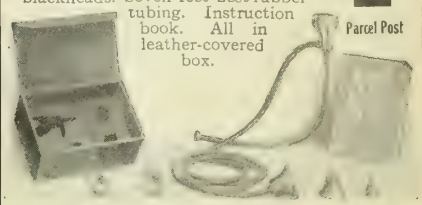
This wonderful massage machine by its soothing SUCTION opens and *cleanses the pores, stimulates circulation,* and *builds up the tissues. It smooths out wrinkles, removes blackheads,* and *clears away blemishes*—leaving the skin refreshed and glowing with health. Requires no electricity. Low in price. Sent on free trial to prove it. See offer below.

CLEAN-O-PORE

Vacuum Massage Outfit

Consists of Vacuum Chamber, fitting round or oval faucets. Velvet Edged Suction Cups for face and body massage. Special cup for blackheads. Seven feet best rubber tubing. Instruction book. All in leather-covered box.

Price Complete **$2** Parcel Post



The "CLEAN-O-PORE" is a high-grade Massage Machine indispensable to those who take pride in their appearance. *Fits on any wash-basin faucet.* Its suction is produced by the force of water passing through the Vacuum Chamber. No water touches the face.

It Costs Nothing to Operate

Running water the only power required. No parts to get out of order. Spend 10 minutes a day massaging with it, and note your improved appearance in a week.

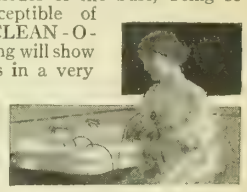
A Luxury After Shaving

After shaving, a massage with the "CLEAN-O-PORE" is delightfully soothing and refreshing. For Scalp Massage, the "CLEAN-O-PORE" is unequalled. Rids the hair of dandruff and brings blood to the roots, stimulating them, and growing hair in Nature's way.



Develops the Bust

The flesh and tissues of the bust, being so elastic and susceptible of development, "CLEAN-O-PORE" massaging will show surprising results in a very short time. You owe it to yourself to look your best. It is within your power to do so.



— Special Offer —

10 Days' Free Trial

See the "CLEAN-O-PORE"—use it—note the wonderful results obtained from its daily use. Pin a $2 bill, your check, or a money order to the coupon below—mail to us—and a "CLEAN-O-PORE" outfit will come to you by Parcel Post. If not more than satisfied in 10 days, return it; your money will be promptly refunded. *Improving your appearance is worth ten times $2, so send coupon*—NOW, *before you forget it.*

— — — Guarantee Coupon — — —

Enclosed find $2. Send me, prepaid, by Parcel Post, a "CLEAN-O-PORE" Massage Outfit, with the understanding that if I am not entirely satisfied my money will be promptly refunded.

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

My Druggist's name is . . . . . .

CLEAN-O-PORE MFG. CO.
122 Liberty Street
New York City

Makers of the famous "CLEAN-O-PORE" Massage Cream



AGENTS: Write us at once for exclusive territory

a living, breathing creature of warmth and glow, one to love and one to clasp and one to hold! Give her every chance, Ned; be fair! There must be some excuse. Some explanation!

He entered the bungalow and looked for a long time on the big canvas, with God knows what writhing hurt in his heart, what writhing agony in his soul. Then he packed what few possessions he cared to take and with his bag in his hand stood before the canvas again. There she hovered, a slender, supple, wraith-like figure in shimmering white, turning to race away through the tangled garden. He looked his fill with that pain setting a mark in him; then slowly and quite deliberately he picked up a broad brush, and over the ethereal face splashed the mark of the lie—a broad, black blotch!

"BY gollies!" Colonel Tom was the first to recover his voice as the three Colonels stood stricken on the single jutting crag which towered above the wreck. He glanced down across at the four stupefied moonshiners. "If we haven't bungled it again! We-all smashed the Beehive!"

Suddenly from the ravine came yells, and a mad scrambling, and there was a tremendous splashing down there, and water was flooding the Beehive itself, rushing straight through it to the ravine in a broad, thick, hurrying stream. A musical note, familiar through a lifetime, a deep-toned roar, had suddenly ceased! The bewildered Colonel Buck looked behind him. The falls of the Rapahoochie had stopped. The water was coming the other way!

"Hi-yi-yi-yi-yi-yip!" bellowed Zouave Colonel Buck at the top of his thunderous voice, and he raised both his fists on high. "Hey, yo'-all! Where the Rapahoochie flows is the dividin' line of the property!"

A stunned silence, then, as it dawned on him, the exultant shout of Colonel Josh.

"By the decision of Judge Heatherspoon's court this day! And here flows the Rapahoochie in its old bed!"

"Three cheers for Linney!" Colonel Tom's voice cracked as he bellowed that, and as he swung his arm, from the safe upper side of the ravine came back the answering cheer.

"Hip, hip, hip and a hoot!"

There was a delirious peal of feminine laughter, and then the young woman called across the pool which was swirling at her feet.

"How's that, Gibbing Old Top! And here's your harpoon, Gibbing Old Top! And why don't you get some skirts, Gibbing Old Top! Wow, Zowie! Gibbing Old Top!"

Gibbing Old Top, still scratching his head in numb perplexity, comprehended at last, as the first ripples of the altered Rapahoochie began to trickle and glint down yonder in the moonlight; and humbleness sat in his soul.

"Pass the pie," he meekly requested.

She drew her skirts about her ankles, and stood at the very edge of her stone of safety, and leaned far forward, and held up her rosy red lips; and John Gibbing, leaning across the swirling little pool, took his first kiss, and had his first shock, and stumbled off in the water half way up to his knees!

They had hurried to the high points, as the mighty volume of water had shifted, and now they stood on the brink of the new falls, Louise and Linnet and the two posses, and above them towered the jutting crag, with the three Colonels sharply and heroically outlined against the moonlit sky, majestic Colonel Buck in the center on the tallest peak, as became him, and no way to get

"Hey, Linney!" A voice from across the new falls. The State detective's posse was on the Magnolia Pass shore of the river!

[illegible] with numb incomprehension at the suddenly changed land-

"Wake up, Heiress Linney!" Louise, drawing John Gibbing out of the water with [illegible] around Linnet

[illegible] Linnet had

"Well, I'll get across!" rumbled a deep bass voice above the rush and clatter of the [illegible]

[illegible] dropping behind a rock, poked out his rifle.

"Well, you can just tear up those warrants and go home!" shouted Colonel Joshua Peters from the moonlight. "The site of this here still is not now located in your State. It's been moved, as held by the decree in Judge Heatherspoon's court this day!"

"By gollies!" howled Colonel Tom. "Hi-yi-yi-yi-yi-yip! Say! How do we-all get down from here? I'm getting plumb cramped, standin' bent this way!"

"I'll get you down, dang you!" snarled Ding Fife. "Posse, take aim! Now you Colonels surrender!"

"Ah, you hesh up!" chuckled Colonel Tom. "We all are in the other State now, remember!"

"That don't alter my warrants!" shrilled Ding triumphantly, and he fairly danced. "If you ever step foot across the river to go home you'll find Sheriff Ding Fife and a posse a-waitin' to nab you!"

"Hi-yi-yi-yi-yi-yip!" yelled Colonel Josh. "There's no such thing as a Sheriff Ding Fife! You live on this strip of shifted land, Ding, and you're no longer a citizen of Hammond County! You're home right now, you are, and you're no sheriff, and those warrants won't hold in your hand, and there's nobody else wants 'em!"

"Bay tam," growled a high sing-song voice.

"Well, Buck!" The smooth voice of the baby-skinned judge floated up to the crag. "What-all you going to do about my warrants? The Rapahoochie doesn't alter our mutual relations any!"

"Oh, shucks, Sam." Colonel Buck leaned forward to direct his beam better into the group clustered down there at the side of the drying rapids. "Ha, ha, ha!" he roared. Colonel Tom had touched his elbow, and they both almost fell off the crag. "After accomplishing so much, we don't mind caterin' to the dignity of yo' poky old court. What-all do yo' want us to do, Sam?"

"Oh, well, boys," considered the judge, "if yo'-all will just appear before me to-morrow an' purge yourselves courteously of contempt, we-all will step across to the Cobweb Bar, and settle it with whatever's left of the Joe Davidson Eighteen-Seventy-six ginger ale."

So little Linnet was an heiress! They were helping the Colonels down from the crag now, and here came the boys, and they swarmed around Linnet and carried her across the splashing shallows; and still she was in a daze. A new world had suddenly opened before her. Another new world! How many worlds were there? She had spent a lifetime in only one, but the moment she set foot outside that one there was a bewildering number of them!

Here came the posses, clattering down Eagle's Neck path; and here came the four Zouaves, trying to march abreast, jostling each other off the path in their attempt, and yelling their old Zouave yell, and howling their rollicking Zouave song at the tops of their voices, and congratulating each other, every now and then, on having finally, by a Herculean effort, blundered into saving the ladies in distress; and it all seemed unreal, like a dream!

So Linnet was an heiress! Aunt Cynthia, roused from her sleep by the thunderous blast on Eagle's Neck, and hurrying out to find the entire population, white and tinted, rushing up in that direction, heard the news in a state of total daze. Linnet's future was assured now! She would be comfortably well-to-do, and she was past the first wild pendulum swing of folly, and she'd had an experience which had a sobering tendency, and——

"First, we'll go to New York and get your check!" Oh, yes, Louise. In the midst of all this abstraction, with Linnet and Aunt Cynthia both caught up in the confusion of things, Louise was jabbering on and on, settling every problem; practical, psychological and otherwise, with cheerful self-confidence. "Then we'll all doll up and take in the sights, from the Aquarium to Grand Opera."

"Hip, hip, hip and a hoot!" The five boys, who either lived in New York or made it their rendezvous, sent up that joyous shout; but the lean and lank one with the tragic eyes sat glumly silent. He lived in Denver!

"I haven't been in New York since we brought Baby Linnet home," mused Aunt Cynthia, her waxen hands smoothing over and over each other lengthwise as they lay in her lap.

"You'll hit it up for there to-morrow," Louise briskly advised her. Helie, bringing in a huge tray of lemonade, nearly dropped it; [illegible] her eyes lived in fascination on Linnet. "My idea about a check is to get it while the getting's good, and cash it before the firm breaks. And John Gibbing," she whirled on that solid young man.

"Yes, my dear," he mocked.

"Before we start, push your Pillgarians off Kingston's Patch, and restore the landscape."

"I thought I was taking the same train," protested John.

"You are not," she decisively informed him. "I dislike to remind you of your duty to your firm, but I don't want you to lose a good business connection by overlooking a bet. If I'm to be dependent, I want to be sure there's something to be depended upon. You have to stay here and sue Henry Pegram for that money you forced into his pockets!"

"Look here, Louise!" John Gibbing rose, with trouble on his brow, and shared his apprehension with the assembled company—the boys, the Colonels and the ladies. "While the harpoon is still in my quivering flesh, I wish to know this: After we marry, who wears 'em?"

"Skirts for mine," returned Louise airily. "Nothing will please me more than to become a chirpy, ignorant little fluff; and I propose, when I put on the orange-blossoms, to come out with Linnet as a débutante. But just the same, Gibbing Old Top, I propose to keep a pair of overalls handy, in case there should spring a leak in the works."

John Gibbing Old Top, with a remnant of trouble yet in him, was about to submit this question of overalls to further argument when he was stopped by a movement.

The three Colonels had stared at each other solemnly, as comprehension dawned on them; but now they rose as by one impulse, and marched over to Louise, and bowed profoundly, and shook her hand successively, and kissed it, and assured her, in their flamboyant gallantry, that they were happy in her happiness, that they wished her every good gift this world could provide, that they were her staunch and firm admirers, now, henceforth and for ever!

The eyes of Louise brimmed with tears and, jumping up, she kissed each and every Colonel smack on the mouth; then Colonel Tom pinched Buck's elbow.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came the roar. Everybody laughed, and the Colonels finished their self-abnegation by shaking fervently the solid hand of John Gibbing, and congratulating him on his great good fortune, and hinting covertly that he had better deserve it!

That was a wonderful night! There was all the planning to do for the abrupt trip, and the jumbled packing, and all the neighbors came running to say good-by as the news spread, and Colonel Buck's and Colonel Josh's and Colonel Tom's house-servants gathered, with tears glistening on their black faces, to wish Miss Linney Godspeed, and Cap'n Jedd, with his three drooping-mustached henchmen, gangled in for the same purpose—the heiress afterward paid them handsomely for the destruction of the Beehive—and altogether this new world seemed to open with much more excitement than any of the others!

There arose one question which showed more than anything else how things were already changing. Ajax, helping Helie at anything and everything, happened to think of the stupendous problem.

"What we-all gwine do about dem juleps?"

Flat silence; the silence of desolation; the silence of the waste places; the silence of vacuum, as Aunt Cynthia and Linnet and the three Colonels exchanged solemnly wondering glances, for this was one of the last of the sacred institutions of the Old South!

"Yassam! I'm gwine be right hyah!" Old Helie, and she stood with her wrists crossed, and her neck stiff, and her chin up. "They's gwine be a mint jilep in summer, an' a hot toddy in winter, served in this hyah pa'lor, eve'y afternoon at three o'clock, as long as they's a Byrd left a-livin'!"

STILL was the boy on the greening fountain—still and cold; and there were no elves in trumpet-flower or rose or hyacinth. Dense and dark was the tangle of flowers run wild; and there were reddening leaves on the briars which hung over the paths. The boards were right on the long closed shutters, and over them the clambering jasmine nodded and drooped and cast its fragrance; but it was just the flowering jasmine; and the hollyhocks, standing straight and stiff by the garden wall, were but hollyhocks. Slowly through the branches of the big acacia tree rose the round full moon. Its half rim came above the horizon, but it was not the great silver-bronze archway of Paradise! It was the round, full moon, and at its coming nothing wakened with the silvery light

the boy on the fountain nor the [illegible] of the flowers. True, there moved through the paths a slender, supple figure in shimmering white, its smooth shoulders agleam like ivory, its shining hair waving back to the coil at the nape of the beautiful neck, the velvet brown eyes deep in their wistfulness. But it was not the Ghost of the Garden which walked there, nor the Princess of the Lady of Night, nor the Spirit of the Jasmine. It was Linnet Merridell!

Oh, where lies the magic wand which will bring back the enchantment to this garden of dreams; where the magic balsam of the eyes, which will take away yon rotted and worm-eaten boardings, and light the countless candles in the great chandeliers, and set gay couples twirling in the dance past the leaded casements, and put soft music there, and send whispering lovers beneath the shaded paths, two by two, arm in arm?

Gone, Linnet Merridell; gone! Gone to the shadowland of the dreams which die when disillusionment comes! Oh, Linnet, you have tried your worlds, all within your reach, and there have been none so near and so dear as the one your own fancy bred. They are gone, Linnet, and they can come no more. Raise your eyes to yon silver moon, once the Lady of the Night, and call, as you have so often called, to your departed friends: Come, Lady Linnet Merridell! Come in your haughty beauty, and move 'mid realms of splendor, in palace and mansion and gilded hall. Doom men to perdition by the disdain of your eye, or raise them to Paradise with your smile. Come, Lady Linnet Merridell! Visit gay courts and dazzling balls and wicked revels; be the life and center of every gathering; command slaves to kneel and kiss thy hand!

She will not come, Linnet. She is gone, gone where the magic wand and the magic balsam are hidden. Where are the others of your own world?

They are gone, Linnet, gone where the magic wand and the magic balsam are hidden. They died when Lady Merridell died.

To-night proved that, Linnet. Your gown of shimmering white is just as beautiful as when you first lifted it reverently from that chest full of delicate tints and delicate fragrance—but something is gone from it which, once taken away, can never return; the most beautiful thing of all, the most marvelous thing of all—illusion.

Oh, for the magic wand and the magic balsam; to find where they are hidden; to possess them again, and so bring back to life the dead-and-gone world which knew nothing but peace and happiness!

And no voice will reach into the Land of the Sunset. You know, for you have tried—tried the most potent voice the world has ever known; the cry of the heart which aches and will not heal! Oh, horseman of the sunset-land, if you could but know, if you could but hear in that distant place, then all would be well. You would come galloping back across the hillcrest, and appear in the enchanted garden, and wave the magic wand and apply the magic balsam. Then, ah then, the spirit would leap from the jasmine flower, and the music would sound from the boarded house, and the elves troop forth from the nodding flowers; and the ache in the heart would heal. If you were but to hear the least of the calls that go up daily and hourly, since all the other worlds have fled, you would perhaps gallop back some time, Plumed Horseman, and, if you would but come in the moonlight, you would know and understand. It would not take much explanation to make you see that the ugly lie had not been a lie, but only the vague, mistaken romance of a lonely child. And you would hold out your arms, and she would lay her head on your shoulder, and the black eyes would glow down into the velvet-brown ones, with the tremulous love-light between them, and you would bend to her upraised lips, with your clasp tightening about her; and all would be well, Plumed Horseman, all would be well!

There was a sob in the garden, a sob of longing, and Linnet raised her arms to the moon which was still but a cold pale moon.

"Come, Prince of the Lady of Night; come, Lord of the Hollyhocks; come, keeper of my heart and soul and self!"

What was that? There was a stir yonder in the tangle, a rustling in the ivy, a quiver in the straight and rigid row of hollyhocks, and then—ah, then! He stood before her, his black eyes aglow with the luminous love-light, and he doffed his hat, and stood with smiling uncertainty.

"Princess, I am here!"

THE END

CINDERELLA OF THE BIG 'UN

(*Continued from page 98*)

She was a young and golden thing who had set his sympathy alight, worried and disturbed and interested him, and moved him to a growing desire to help and serve, and as he looked at her enthroned in his cockpit he metaphorically flung the good word up to the sky—Love. And, by Jove, she was worth looking at, with her corn-colored hair, wide wistful eyes, little tip-tilted nose, full red lips and round sweet chin. Why paint seascapes ever again, he thought, when there was such a face to reproduce? And as to loving—good Lord, it was the only thing to do in life!

"Do you like sailing?" he asked.

"Yes, thank you," she said.

"Why didn't you get the little old . . I mean your father to fetch me before?"

"He was afraid—that is, it didn't occur to him—to either of us." She caught herself up and hedged, obviously unwilling and afraid to be perfectly frank. "What shall I call you, please," she added.

"I'm known as Jack to my friends," he answered, showing two lines of very good teeth. "What may I call you?"

"Miss Murray, I suppose."

Jack shook his head. "Not out here," he said. "I've got my own name for you."

She looked at him with the frank and fearless interest of a child. Gray shirt open at the neck, sun-tanned skin, strong, young, honest face, kind and whimsical eyes, khaki trousers much the worse for wear, brown muscular arms—this was a man who believed in fairies, knew how to talk to little boys, and won the instant trust of birds and beasts.

"Have you? What is it?"

"Cinderella—if you don't mind."

A blush made her skin like apple-blossom. "I wondered whether you were going to say that."

Jack was amazed. The story that he had made up about this girl was a very private one of his own. She caught his astonishment and laughed. "*I* have glasses, too," she said.

"Ah! I see!"

"So did I. You're an artist. I've often watched you come back from the Point and sit looking at your picture with your chin in your hands and a frown on your face. And I didn't mind your watching me—at least not after the first time, because I knew that you wouldn't unless you had imagination and sympathy, and I trusted you and made you a friend."

"Thanks," said Jack, and took off his hat to her, with an odd touch of gravity and respect.

She acknowledged it with a charming little bow. No wonder a seagull gave a little shrill laugh as it flew over these two children.

"And then one day, when I saw you looking after the launch—my glasses are very strong—I knew by your expression that you had found out that I had lost my mother and had a stepmother."

"And two ugly sisters," said Jack, before he could stop himself.

"Who are really awfully pretty."

"And always dressed to kill."

"And I said to myself: 'He calls me Cinderella—I'm certain he calls me Cinderella,' and it made me laugh and feel less lonely and miserable, and I used to watch for your sail every afternoon just before sunset and be quite cheerful by the time you were tied up and began to see how I was getting on through your glasses."

"Um," said Jack. "One thing's as plain as a pikestaff. You're a better artist than I shall ever be, Cinderella. You know things where I can only guess them."

"It was quite easy," she said, with something like a sob.

Jack bent forward and touched her arm. "Is there any little thing you want to tell me?"

"Not to-day—not yet. It may be unlucky, and I've had so much bad luck that I'm afraid."

"All right. There's plenty of time and we're both young and life's long, thank God. And now collar hold of the tiller, Cinderella, and I'll make a seaman of you."

And so it went on. Morning after morning the hired man ran his catboat alongside the "Big-'Un" and took the little bird out of her large cage for two delightful stolen hours, watched always by the little old man the captain, the mate and many of the crew—and all of them trusted Jack implicitly, they didn't know why—and were as glad as he was to see Cinderella smile. But they never guessed that there was a third person seated in the cockpit—a blind passenger with a chubby face, a bow, and a quiver full of very sharp arrows. Only one of them all knew this, and that was Jack, because one of those arrows had gone clear through his heart and filled the world with joy.

On their way back one morning, Angela—now quite a useful seaman—told Jack something that he was dying to know, but had refrained with a huge effort from asking. He, too, was afraid of bad luck.

"Have you ever heard of George Marshall?" she asked.

"Do you mean George Marshall of New York, the man who owns race-horses and dyes his mustache black and has bags under his eyes?"

"Yes. He is the cause of my being punished."

"That brute! Why?"

"Before we left the city he went to stepmother and said he wanted to marry me."

"Marry *you!* It would be as criminal as putting sunshine in a whisky bottle."

"All the same, stepmother was very glad. Father loves me, and she's jealous—at least I suppose so, because she wants to get rid of me and said that Mr. Marshall was a great catch. He came to the house every afternoon and brought flowers, and they didn't like him any more than I did and withered quickly. I said I wouldn't marry him and there were lots of scenes and stepmother spoke very loudly and called me a little fool and when we came on the yacht she said I shouldn't join in anything or be allowed to go ashore until I saw sense."

"I thought it was something o that sort," cried Jack. "But, good gad, what about your father? He doesn't want you to be that man's wife, does he?"

Angela gave a little sigh. "Father's not very big, you see, and there are three people against him, and he thinks I might be happier away from stepmother. I wonder if I should, Jack? I've forgotten all about happiness since father brought stepmother home, with Enid and Cora. A man who is kind to horses might be kind to me."

For a moment Jack sat frozen and speechless. He had seen this man Marshall in New York many times. He was almost an institution in the cabaret district. He was "dear old George" to any poor, painted girl who couldn't afford to choose her friends. He bought everything, from antiques to virtue, from horses to honesty. "Cinderella," he said, leaning forward with a queer horror in his eyes, "if you say that man's name again, if you ever think—even *think*—of him, whatever cruelty you have to endure, I'll—I'll——"

"What, Jack?" Her heart began to jump and tumble.

Jack's voice broke and he finished his threat with a funny, awkward, boyish gesture. And to Angela it seemed that a great choir of high voices suddenly broke into a melody so wonderful that everything unhappy in the world was swept away by it. And then she looked up at the yacht as they ran alongside and the world was silent again, as though someone had shut the door.

"What's the matter?" asked Jack, anxiously, as he heard her gasp. Getting no answer he followed the frightened eyes. There stood the large lady, like the avenging angel, with her lips compressed, her hands tight to the rail and her eyes glistening with rage. Nearby, the ugly sisters stood together, bored if anything, with perhaps the slightest amount of amusement. Behind, nervous and guilty, the little old man—the captain—the mate and some of the crew, and all their mouths were open and all their eyes very round. "What a stunning picture," thought Jack, taking it all in, the color, the feeling, the expressions, everything. "I'll do it, and call it 'Caught.'"

Trembling and cold Angela went aboard and Jack, tying up, followed her. His old panama was browner than ever, his gray shirt had lost a button, his khaki trousers were wet with spray and his feet were bare and brown. He had forgotten to shove on his shoes.

"So, this is the sort of thing that you do behind my back, is it? This is the kind of deception that goes on when I'm ashore?"

The Simplest Way to End a Corn



Decide now to master your corn forever. Let today's corn be the last. Blue-jay will free you from the most painful corn. Apply one of these soothing plasters tonight. Pain ends. In 48 hours the corn disappears. Only Blue-jay gives this insurance. Paring is temporary. Harsh liquids are dangerous.

Millions of corns are ended the Blue-jay way. Most corns require but one application. An occasional stubborn one, two or three. Try the gentle, simple Blue-jay way tonight. You will never be the victim of corns again.

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

Blue-jay
Stops Pain—Ends Corns

for sale by All Druggists



Motorists!!
Show Your Colors!!

Every motorist should have his car decorated with the national emblem, but the ordinary bunting flags speedily become lost or weatherworn.

The National Revolving Metal Flag

is a true representation of the Stars and Stripes in their glorious red, white and blue. Made of toughened metal lithographed with weatherproof enamel colors that will keep bright through good and bad weather.

It spins! It wins!

$1 Post Paid

7 in. wide—4½ in. high
Send for yours today!

Adjusted in a few minutes to any radiator cap, even those with thermometer. Hung on swivel post so that it revolves with the breeze or the movement of the car. Beautiful and permanent—an ornament to any car, and one that will cause a thrill of pride to the beholder.

If Your Dealer Can't Supply You Send One Dollar Today

National Can Co., 2578 East Grand Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

Dealers Write for Prices on quantity shipments. Every motorist wants one



Do You Need More Money?

To help your husband—to help your children—to help yourself? We can show you an easy way that is dignified, honorable and profitable.

The happy, contented women shown above are all *free from worry and with money coming in.* Each of them has founded, with our help, a growing and prosperous business and every year sees each of them making more money. And these cases are by no means exceptional, for

In More Than 13,000 Cases We Have Helped

ambitious, deserving women. You can do the same as they have done. Sell World's Star Hosiery and Klean-Knit Underwear in your home town. No previous experience is necessary—we show you how to make money in an easy, congenial and profitable way. We sell direct from the mill to the home through our local representatives, and our lines of hosiery and underwear for men, women and children are famous the world over.

Write today for our free catalog
It tells the whole story

WORLD'S STAR KNITTING CO
DEPT. 296 BAY CITY, MICH.

We have been in business here for more than 22 years

MONEY IN PATENTS

We secure your patent or return our fee. Send sketch or model for free search of Patent Office Records and report on patentability. Manufacturers are writing for patents secured through us. Write for free book, "How to Secure Your Patent," and list of patents wanted. We assist in selling your patent.

P. H. PATTISON & CO., U. S. Patent Attorneys
420 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS
Franklin H. Sargent, President
33rd Year
Detailed catalog from the Secretary
Room 163, Carnegie Hall
New York
Connected with
CHARLES FROHMAN'S
Empire Theatre & Companies



Russian Bristles Stiffest and Best Quality in
WHITING-ADAMS
Hair Brushes and Well Set in the Back

WHITING-ADAMS HAIR BRUSHES

are made of best quality Russian bristles with perfect elastic spring. They are mounted in beautiful tropical hard woods, and adorned with a highly polished surface. **These handles will not rot or disintegrate. Dept. R.**

John L. Whiting-J. J. Adams Co., Boston, U.S.A.
Brush Manufacturers for Over 100 Years
Whiting-Adams Brushes awarded Gold Medal and Official Blue Ribbon, the Highest Award at Panama-Pacific Exposition, 1915



"Just to Show a Proper Glow."

Use

Ingram's Rouge

A safe preparation for delicately heightening the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Delicately perfumed. Solid cake—no porcelain plate. Three shades—light, medium, dark—50c.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

will do most for your skin. It has properties not found in other creams. It improves the skin-health in every way, remedying blemishes, allaying irritation, toning and invigorating. 50c and $1 Jars. **"There is Beauty in Every Jar."**

Send us 6c in stamps for our Guest Room Package containing Ingram's Face Powder and Rouge in novel purse packets, and Milkweed Cream, Zodenta Tooth Powder, and Ingram's Perfume in Guest Room sizes. (40)

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
Established 1885
Windsor, Canada 89 Tenth St., Detroit, U.S.A.

"Mum"

(as easy to use as to say)

neutralizes all odors of the body

—from perspiration or other causes. "Mum" is a snow-white greaseless cream that keeps body and clothing fresh and sweet on the hottest summer day.

A necessity in hot weather—a comfort all the year 'round. A little goes a long ways. Every one can use it.

25c [illegible] drug- and department-stores
"Mum" is a trade mark registered in U. S. Patent Office
"MUM" MFG CO 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia



PUNCTURE CURE

Seals punctures instantly—Stops slow leaks. Reduces blowouts to a minimum. Preserves [illegible]

Those are absolute facts. We guarantee them. Booklet gives details.

Openings for some Local Distributors Can make $40 to $150 a week
Akeeno Mfg. Co., 94 Bridge St., Newark, N. J.

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

[illegible] only time [illegible] THE GOLDEN CORRESPONDENCE [illegible]

Jenner Medical College

[illegible] Chicago, Ill. [illegible] M. D. [illegible]

Posse Normal School of Gymnastics

[illegible]

A loud voice? Cinderella was right. To her it seemed to carry to the yacht club. It seemed to her that all the world was being informed that she had earned the reproaches of this hard lady who owed a dead woman a grudge for having been the mother of a daughter so much prettier than her own.

"Gee! I shall *say* something in a second," thought Jack."

"It appears that you got round your father,"—(the little old man shook his head violently. "Never said one word," he telegraphed, "not one")—"overcame my implicit instructions to the captain" ("liar," tapped the skipper on his imaginary wireless) "and most probably have been carrying on a most disgraceful flirtation with this boatman." ("Mother! Mother!" said Cora.) "Why not? A girl who can conceive such a scheme is capable of anything."

"Gee! I shall *have* to say something in a second," thought Jack.

The little old man, who really did look old and little at that moment, came forward. "My dear," he hurried to say, "don't you think it would be better and kinder——"

The large lady returned the last word full, as though it were a tennis-ball. "Kinder?"

"Yes, kinder," cried Jack, stepping forward and facing her up squarely. "I've got to say something, although I'm only an old boatman. I don't flirt with the ladies I take out for a sail and I don't need long sight to see that this one could have you up for cruelty to animals, and if you don't alter your ways right now I'll have the Humane Inspector pay you a visit and your name shall go down to history among infamous stepmothers. Do you get me?"

The words tumbled out of his mouth and he stood with bare head and square shoulders and hands tight clenched and a cloud of indignation all about him like smoke. Every man in hearing—nearly sixty—swore to stand him as many drinks as he could swallow. ("A reg'lar feller," thought the skipper.) Then, in the amazed pause that followed, he looked round quickly, caught ever so many eyes, including the blazing ones of the large lady, who now seemed to be perfectly huge, became hideously self-conscious, turned on his heel, got somehow or other into the famous catboat, shoved off, hauled up his sail, put the helm up, caught the wind and long-legged it out toward the sea. And as he went he swore.

Of course he had settled the hash for Cinderella. He knew that—driveling idiot that he was. He should have stayed in his boat, sneaked away and held his peace. Under those circumstances there might have been a thousand-to-one chance that the little old man would have disobeyed orders again. As it was, the odds were a million to one. The large lady's voice could be even louder than he had heard it—he could see it in her eyes. Probably one or the other of the ugly sisters would be told off to spy on Cinderella now and her smile would fade and die. "My word," he cried aloud, to the intense astonishment of a passing gull, "save the world from stepmothers. Who said Siberia?" Gee, but he was angry and sick. Suppose—just suppose—that his tactless outburst had the effect of presently making Cinderella turn her wistful eyes to that beast Marshall as the Prince who could take her out of the kitchen and the beetles—he meant the "Big-'Un" and its crew.

It was almost dark when he returned, hungry and full of schemes, to his mooring. He had no food on board. That meant putting on decent clothes and going into the town. He was just about to dive into the cabin-house to change when he caught sight of the yacht's dinghy coming in. He went in, flung open a cupboard, caught up a piece of note paper and a pencil and wrote this: "Hang a towel out of your porthole at eight o'clock to-night and stand-by for me. Jack." He addressed an envelope to Miss Angela Murray and went into the cockpit and sprang on the quay and waited for the dinghy; and as it came alongside sat down and put his feet into it.

"Will you do something for me?" he asked.

The boy grinned, a gold tooth gleaming in the [illegible] light. "Sure! Name it, brother."

"Take this note to Miss Angela and see that she gets it when nobody's looking. I'll post that mail for you."

"Fine," said the lad. "She shall have it, bet your life. Say, you're some boy!"

"So are you," said Jack, pushing the boat off. "So-long, old man."

"So-long."

Then he changed, went up to the town and as he stood in the glare of light of the new post-office he examined the letters that he had undertaken to post. They might need stamps. As he looked them over, he dropped one. The envelope had not been stuck down and the card it contained slipped out a little way. He caught sight of his own name and before he could remind himself that even hired boatmen don't read other people's correspondence it was too late. "Weather simply wonderful here," it ran in writing that was round and upright. "We read of New York and its snowstorms and then look at the blue sky and the sun on the water and smile. The hotels are crowded and there's lots to do. We go ashore to the bathing-pool every morning and dance after. Mostly we lunch at the hotel with various parties and play golf in the afternoon. The greens are sand. It's so funny. Angela is in trouble, of course. A most curious girl—so secretive and watchful. Caught flirting with a boatman. Can you believe it? And there's George Marshall crazy about her! He'll be down this week. How perfectly wonderful about John B. Browning. I read yesterday of his having re-made that vast fortune that he lost a year or two ago. This place is Browning mad, you know. They have a large house here which they open up the day after to-morrow. John B. Junior will be the catch of the season. He's very good-looking, they say, and is devoted to art. Enid and I are looking forward to meeting him and, in the language of the comic-song writers, 'We intend to do our best to bring it off.' Write soon. All love. Cora."

Jack put the card back, stuck the envelope and dropped it in the box with the other letters. He was as much annoyed with what he had read as with himself for having read it. "John B. Junior will be the catch of the season," he repeated, a ghastly picture forming in his mind of himself, nervous and self-conscious, being worried and pestered by a bevy of girls who almost frankly looked through his head at his father's money-bags. "Holy smoke! What a life! And George Marshall will be down this week, will he? Right. Now I know what to do. Cinderella shall have the fairy tale I weaved about her played out to the end. Who shall be the Prince? Well, that's easy."

He didn't dine at the big hotel, after all. He bought bread and pickles and ham in cool slices and several bottles of beer, loaded his pockets and returned to the quay. All these he arranged on the small table in his cabin-house and then, at exactly seven minutes to eight, undressed, got into his bathing suit, dived overboard and swam strongly toward the "Big-'Un," which lay like a fairy ship, with the reflections of her many lights dancing round her.

Making as little plash as possible he breast-stroked to the starboard side of the yacht. He had seen the large lady and the two ugly sisters and the little old man sitting forward under the canopy. A victrola was playing the music of "Katinka." From one of the portholes a towel gleamed in the moonlight. He swam to it. "Cinderella!" "Cinderella!" he called softly.

And Cinderella's beautiful face was instantly framed. "Oh, Jack, there may be sharks!" she cried.

He knew that she would say that. What a little mother she was, the darling! "Cinderella, you won't see me till the end of the week."

"Oh, why."

"I'm up to something. Trust me, go on smiling whatever happens and wait. I love you."

"And I love you, Jack."

"Then throw me one of your shoes. Never mind why. Throw it."

In a moment a little white shoe floated on the water and Jack pounced on it, and tucked it through an armhole into his bathing-shirt with a chuckle. "Catch," he said, and kissed his hand, and she caught it and pressed it to her lips.

"Till the end of the week, Cinderella. I love you. Trust me."

"I shall love and trust you, Jack, if the end of the week never comes."

"God bless you, Cinderella."

"God bless you, Jack."

There was a splash and he was gone.

Lots of things happened before the end of the week. The catboat was deserted. No old panama and gray shirt could be seen on her by Cinderella through her glasses. The John B. Brownings arrived at their house with John B. Junior and motor cars from all [illegible] and among others one from the hotel in which sat the large lady, the little old man and the two ugly sisters. John B. Junior was not, however, at the tea-party. Then Saturday came and with it George Marshall from New York who, with all his baggage, was taken aboard the "Big-'Un." Cinderella met him fearlessly, because Jack loved her and was up to something. Her smile led the large lady to say that "at last this queer child has seen sense." But it made the little old man more nervous than ever. Angela, the wife of that man! It was unthinkable.

At half-past four on Saturday afternoon, just as tea was being served on the deck of the "Big-'Un" and George Marshall, in a very new suit of brown, and white shoes, was talking soft-stuff to Angela, his stiff high collar digging into his baggy chin, the sail of the catboat was hauled up. Angela saw this happen and, with her heart in her mouth, she jumped up and ran to the rail. It was the end of the week and she trusted Jack. There were three people in the cockpit of the boat which had given her those happy stolen hours—three strangers. A charming lady, a fine-looking strong-faced man and—who was the young man in the blue-flannel clothes, the spic-and-span straw hat and the blue-and-white tie? Jack—it was Jack!

Running alongside, and secured by the lad with the gold teeth and the friendly and astonished grin, the little party came aboard. The large lady hurried forward. "My dear Mrs. Browning," she said, "this is indeed a pleasure, and Mr. Browning, too. Welcome to the *Albatross*." Butter melted in her mouth.

Introductions followed—George Marshall on his best behavior, Angela with her face like a flower. And then Mrs. Browning, with her hand on Jack's arm, and a rather curious smile on her face—she and her boy had no secrets—said: "Mrs. Browning, I want you to meet my son."

It was Angela who laughed. She had to. She couldn't help herself. The sight of the large lady and the ugly sisters as they turned to see the hired boatman—their amazement and chagrin, the awkward pause, the thrill of drama—was enough to make a sphinx turn up the corners of a pessimistic mouth.

With consummate coolness, although his heart was beating hard, Jack came to the rescue. "How do you do, Mrs. Murray? This is a great pleasure. How do you do, sir? We've met before, haven't we?" He bowed to the ugly sisters and to George Marshall and to Angela and then with a quick smile at his mother he added: "By the way, we've got something which I believe belongs to someone on the yacht," and out of his pocket he brought a little white shoe. "Is it yours, Miss Cora? No, it's just a bit too small, I see. Yours, Miss Enid? No, on the small side, too. Then it must belong to Cinderella, I suppose," and he went down on one knee in front of Angela, who, seeing now why he had asked for it, slipped her foot forward. It fitted like a glove.

"Cinderella!" The familiar word was echoed inwardly in the brains of the large lady and the two ugly sisters. The little old man looked almost big and young. George Marshall's lips shaped themselves into an oath. The story of the old nursery fairy-tale came back to them all. This sun-tanned young man, the hired boatman, the catch of the season, was playing the part of the Prince. Words failed! It was a great moment for the blind passenger who used to sit in the catboat.

And then, as the party sat round the tea-table, trying to be bright, Jack went about the hired boat with Angela. "W[illegible] excuse us?" he called up. "We [illegible] tea." George Marshall's [illegible] good to look at.

And presently, as the sa[illegible] filled, Jack spoke: "Take the tiller," he said, "You shall steer my boat and my life now. They're yours, Cinderella."

And she took it with a proud smile. "And we are going to be happy ever afterward, aren't we, Jack?"

"You bet we are," said Jack. "Do you see that stake away out there?"

"Yes. Why?"

"That's where I kiss you!" She made for it like a seaman.

And the blind passenger waved his hand at them from the quay [illegible] went off to look for other young people. Busy fellow, that, eh?

"OUT THERE"

(*Concluded from page 112*)

you'll walk as soon as Nature permits. There! Feel more cheerful?

Pat—I can't. (*Indicates the others*) They're cheerful. I hate it!

Dr. H.—You don't hate me?

Pat—(*Looks at him long and hard*) I do not. Only when you ask me questions an' tell me to be cheerful.

Dr. H.—I won't tell you any more. Now smile. (*Coaxing*) Ah! Ah! Ah! Come on! (*Smiling broadly at him. Pat smiles slowly and reluctantly*) There you are! You can. Do that every hour.

Pat—I will not!

Annie—(*Enters and goes to the end of the line*) I'll begin this end. (*To Pat*) 'Ow are y'?

Pat—I'm not well.

Annie—You're lookin' much better.

Pat—I'm not better.

Annie—(*Sees an orange*) 'Ere, you've not 'ad y'r orange.

Pat—L'ave it alone. Put it down, will ye?

Annie—Oh, all right.

Pat—I hate oranges.

Annie—Do y'? Well, never mind. T'-morrer's cherry d'y.

Pat—I hate cherries, too. That's all they ever think of, oranges and cherries. I hate fruit.

Annie—W'at would y' like?

Pat—Never mind now what I'd like. I can't get what I'd like.

Cockney—I'll tell y' w'at 'e wants. Choc'-lits. Thet's w'at 'e wants.

Annie—Like some—some—sweets?

Pat—(*Brightens up*) I would. (*Disgustedly*) What did ye want to speak about 'em for? No one ever thinks of 'em.

Annie—I'll git y' some.

Pat—Where would *you* get them?

Annie—I saw a feller eatin' some this mornin'. I'm sure 'e'd give me some if I arst 'im f'r meself.

Pat—What would he be givin' you sweets for?

Annie—Oh, 'e likes bein' scrubbed under. 'E comes from London. Tower 'amlets. 'E's got a bad leg, too, on'y 'e's laughin' all the time.

Pat—An' well he may. An' he havin' choc'lates?

Annie—Yaas. An' pep'm'nts.

Pat—(*Closing his eyes at the thought*) Oh! I like *them!*

Annie—I'm glad y' like somethin'. I'll be scrubbin' raand 's bed bimeby, an' I'll arst 'im. So cheer up, naow.

Pat—Oh, he'll have eaten them all by then.

Annie—Not 'e. 'E's got several boxes.

Pat—Don't be too long gettin' round to him.

Annie—All right, Pat. An' cheer up. Y'll soon be runnin' abaat agin. Y'll be back fightin' bimeby.

Annie—(*To Cockney*)—W'at 'd y' do afore this?

Cockney—Mide boxes. W'en I was aat of a job I boxed a bit, too.

Annie—Prize-fights?

Cockney—Yaas. I was jus' comin' on, too, w'en this broke aat. Oh! But me brother! 'E's a wonder! Gits five quid a fight at the Nashn'l Sportin' Club. Thet's money! 'E's clarss, 'e is. 'E's somew'ere aat 'ere, too.

Annie—Ever 'ear of 'Erbert 'Udd?

Cockney—W'at? "Chunky 'Erb" o' Camden Taan?

Annie—Yaas.

Cockney—Ever 'ear of 'im? 'E put me aat once!

Annie—Me brother.

Cockney—Garn! 'E ain't?

Annie—I tell y' 'e is.

Cockney—Strike me! Ol' "Chunk's" sister! 'E's a bit of aw right wi' the mits. Got a wicked left. Caught me in the ear-'ole. See that? (*Shows his right ear*) Gi' me a thick un, an' no mistike. Reg'lar colliflower! Fency! Ol' "Chunk's" sister! W'ot are you doin' aat 'ere?

Annie—Me bit.

Cockney—W'ere's Chunk?

Annie—'E'll be aat 'ere presently.

Cockney—Cocky beggar!

Annie—Cocky, y'rself.

Cockney—Never took no notice after 'e knocked me aat. Wait till all this is over. Me brother'll give m w'ot for.

Annie—No 'e won't.

Cockney—Yaas, 'e will. Bli'me! "Chunk's" ister! Like y' better 'n I do 'im.

Annie—Well, that's aw right. But don't you s'y nothin' ag'in 'im.

Cockney—Aw right. Jes f'r your sike I won't. But wait till me brother meets 'im.

Annie—'E'll beat 'im too. (*Kneels down and prepares to scrub*)

Nurse—(*Enters. To Annie in a kindly tone*) Take care of them for a few minutes. You seem to know how. (*Says a word to Dr. H. and hurries out*)

Annie—(*Goes to the side of Cot No. 5. Dr. H. goes to the other side and listens to the man's breathing. She asks, wide-eyed and anxious*) Will 'e—will 'e die, sir?

Dr. H.—Certainly not.

Annie—(*Her hand goes to her mouth and stifles a cry*) Oh! Will 'e live?

Dr. H.—Of course he will. We must keep him asleep. Nature is fighting for him now. He has everything on his side. How old is he?

Annie—Twen'y-four, sir.

Dr. H.—He'll live many more years. It will be a very happy waking for him—your sweetheart. But (*warning her*) no fuss.

Annie—I won't, sir.

Dr. H.—You're a good girl, Annie. Hereafter you're an assistant-nurse!

Annie—You're a fine man, sir. (*Takes off her apron, folds it up, puts it under the chair, then takes from her bosom a crumpled nurse's cap, smooths it and puts it on*)

Cockney—W'ot's thet f'r?

Annie—I've a right t' wear it.

Cockney—W'ot, are y' a nurse?

Annie—(*Solemnly and proudly*) Hassistant-nurse!

Cockney—W'ot oh! (*All the men in the ward nod as if pleased*)

Part Three, "Revelation," finds *Miss Elizabeth Hudd*, *Annie Hudd*, *Private Herbert Hudd*, and *Mr. Montague Marsh* reunited in London. *'Erb 'Udd* and *Annie 'Udd* are on furlough; the latter has made such a name for herself at the Front that she is assigned to special recruiting duty, and goes all over England making speeches to the "slackers" in her inimitable way:

Annie—It's funny, me standin' hup 'ere mikin' speeches. I ain' got much o' w'at y' calls a v'cabyerlary. But I feel it ain't alwa's the biggest words thet mikes big things clear. Simple words are best understood by simple people, ain't they? Y'can tell 'ow a feller loves y' by the w'y 'e looks at y'. Carn't y'? *I* did. Y' know a *friend* by the hatmosphere 'e mikes w'en you're t'gether. Y' carn't git aw'y from it. Aw right! Naow I want y' t' see *love* f'r y' an' frien'ship in me eyes as I speak t' ye—even if I arst y' t' go aat there an' p'r'aps git killed—an' thet don' seem igzac'ly frien'ly, do it? I come t' ye t'-night as a nurse. (*Cheers*)

Voice—Good ol' Red Crorss!

Annie—I tell ye y'r brothers are dependin' on y'. (*Cheers*) Hit's a dreadful thing, is war! 'Orrible! But it 'as some compensition. 'Cos I'll tell y' w'at it does. It mikes a country find its *soul!* An' it mikes a people find its *soul!* (*Cheers*) So, come on, boys, an' join up! Naa, suppose y' *don't?* Suppose y' says: "Let the other feller do it! I've got me wife, me kids, me *shop*, an' I ain' goin' t' leave 'em!" W'at'll 'appen? D'y' think th' henemy'll leave y' y'r wife, an' y'r kids, an' y'r shop? (*Cheers*) If y'd *seen* w'at I 'ave aat there, if y' *knoo* w'at I know, there ain't a man of y' would 'old back. (*Cheers*) Naa, I'm almost finished. (*"Go on Annie" and cheers*) But I jus' want t' tell y' abaat two fellers w'at caime from w'ere I live—Camden Taan. Two brothers, they was—Bill an' 'Arry Carey.

Voice—I know 'em! Bill's a plumber!

Annie—Yaas. Well, these two brothers went aat between the lines—not t' *fight*. Naoh! They went aat wiv a stretcher t' bring in their keptin 'oo lay wounded. Well, they got 'im. They put 'im on the stretcher, an' was comin' back w'en a shell bust right over 'em, an' they dropped the stretcher, an' then *this* 'appened: Wi' the iron fallin' over 'em, Bill—'e 'ad the foot 'andle, 'e 'ad. They carry 'em 'ead first—Bill lide with 'is 'ands aat on the graand an' 'is own body over 'is wounded keptin, 'e did. An' a piece o'metal caught 'im in the right shoulder. *Naa* can y' laugh? (*Murmurs of "No! No!"*) An' they got up agin an' come 'ome wi' their keptin. Thet's w'at Bill did—a plumber o' Camden Taan! The scar's on 'is back, but nobody laughs abaat it aat there. They pinned a ribbon on 'is breast, and in 'is 'eart, my men o' London, is the smile o' Gawd!

The *Real* Bargains from *the* Best Shops *in* New York



Of pale blue, lavender, or lettuce green—each striped with white—is this pretty voile frock made exclusively for Harper's Bazar. Fichu and sleeves of white voile. Exceptional value at $5.75 Wenchow straw hat, all sweater colors, $2.95.

Harper's Bazar

is now not only the most interesting of all magazines edited for women of the better class—it is also the most practical and efficient. Each of its service departments is capable of saving you many dollars. Consider, for instance, this frock found by Miss Jane Jarvis, head of the Personal Shopping Service. You may have this dress by writing to Miss Jarvis, enclosing check and mentioning your size and the color you prefer. And remember that Harper's Bazar is the only magazine that gives you:

FASHIONS Original creations by the celebrated originators, Lucile, Henri Bende, Hickson, Tappé, appear exclusively in Harper's Bazar. Advance Paris models by Erté, and every other great designer, are also shown in profusion each month; together with the remarkable bargains from the best stores of New York.

FICTION Although no other fashion and society magazine publishes any fiction at all, Harper's Bazar brings you splendid serials and short stories by Amelie Rives, Gouverneur Morris, and many other writers of distinction.

SOCIETY Remarkable signed articles by the women who lead society, together with many new photographs, are another very interesting feature of Harper's Bazar. Recent contributors include Mrs. Jay Gould, Mrs. Larz Anderson, Mrs. Frank Vanderlip.

All newsdealers
25 cents a copy

Subscription $3
119 W. 40th St., New York

Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they peel off



Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the United States or Canada.

The Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, O.

STENOGRAPHERS LEARN AT HOME

The New Way In Typewriting

guaranteed. Salaries increased weekly. Totally new system gymnastically trained away from Big earning speed perfect accuracy. Easy Learn in spare time. No interference with regular work. A postal will

Tulloss School of Typewriting 3028 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio



Prof. I. Hubert's MALVINA CREAM

is a safe aid to a soft, clear, healthy skin. Used as a it overcomes dryness and the tendency to wrinkle. Also the Malvina Lotion and Ichthyol Soap with Malvina Cream to improve your complexion

Cream 50c. Soap 25c. PROF. I. HUBERT, Toledo, Ohio

SPEAK A FOREIGN LANGUAGE!!!



LANGUAGE PHONE METHOD

2 W. 45th St., N. Y.

O'FLAHERTY V.C.—By Bernard Shaw

(*Continued from page 91*)

tidings for many of the young gentlemen of the quality round here, sir. There's lots thought she was going to marry young Master Lawless——

SIR PEARCE. What! That—that—that bosthoon!

MRS. O'FLAHERTY (*hilariously*). Let your honor alone for finding the right word! A big bosthoon he is indeed, your honor. Oh, to think of the times and times I have said that Miss Agnes would be my lady as her mother was before her! Didn't I, Denny?

SIR PEARCE. And now, Mrs. O'Flaherty, I dare say you have a great deal to say to Dennis that doesn't concern me. I'll just go in and order tea.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY. Oh, why would your honor disturb yourself? Sure, I can take the boy into the yard.

SIR PEARCE. Not at all. It won't disturb me in the least. And he's too big a boy to be taken into the yard now. He has made a front seat for himself. Eh? (*He goes into the house.*)

MRS. O'FLAHERTY. Sure he has that, your honor. God bless your honor! (*The general now being out of hearing, she turns threateningly to her son with one of those instantaneous changes of manner which so amaze and scandalize less-flexible nations, and exclaims*) And what do you mean, you lying young scald, by telling me you were going to fight agen the English? Did you take me for a fool that couldn't find out, and the papers all full of you shaking hands with the English king at Buckingham Palace?

O'FLAHERTY. I didn't shake hands with him; he shook hands with me. Could I turn on the man in his own house, before his own wife, with his money in my pocket and in yours, and throw his civility back in his face?

MRS. O'FLAHERTY. You would take the hand of a tyrant red with the blood of Ireland——

O'FLAHERTY. Arra, hold your nonsense, mother; he's not half the tyrant you are, God help him. His hand was cleaner than mine that had the blood of his own relations on it, maybe.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY. Is that a way to speak to your mother, you young spalpeen?

O'FLAHERTY (*stoutly*). It is so, if you won't talk sense to me. It's a nice thing for a poor boy to be made much of by kings and queens, and shook hands with by the heighth of his country's nobility in the capital cities of the world, and then to come home and be scolded and insulted by his own mother. I'll fight for who I like; and I'll shake hands with what kings I like; and if your own son is not good enough for you, you can go and look for another. Do you mind me now?

MRS. O'FLAHERTY. And was it the Belgians learned you such brazen impudence?

O'FLAHERTY. The Belgians is good men; and the French ought to be more civil to them, let alone their being half-murdered by the Boshes.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY. Good men is it? Good men! to come over here when they were wounded because it was a Catholic country, and then go to the Protestant Church because it didn't cost them anything, and some of them to never go near a church at all. That's what you call good men!

O'FLAHERTY. Oh, you're the mighty fine politician, aren't you? Much you know about Belgians or foreign parts or the world you're living in, God help you!

MRS. O'FLAHERTY. Why wouldn't I know better than you? Amment I your mother?

O'FLAHERTY. And if you are itself, how can you know what you never seen as well as me that was dug into the continent of Europe for six months, and was buried in the earth of it three times with the shells bursting on the top of me? I tell you I know what I'm about. I have my own reasons for taking part in this great conflict. I'd be ashamed to stay at home and not fight when everybody else is fighting.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY. If you wanted to fight, why couldn't you fight in the German army?

O'FLAHERTY. Because they only get a penny a day.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY. Well and if they do itself, isn't there the French army?

O'FLAHERTY. They only get a ha'penny a day.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY (*much dashed*). Oh murder! They must be a mean lot, Denny.

O'FLAHERTY (*sarcastic*). Maybe you'd have me join the Turkish army, and worship the heathen Mahomet that put a corn in his ear and pretended it was a message from the heavens when the pigeon come to pick it out and ate it. I went where I could get the biggest allowance for you; and little thanks I get for it!

MRS. O'FLAHERTY. Allowance; is it? Do you know what the thieving blackguards did on me? They come to me and they says: "Was your son a big eater?" they says. "Oh, he was that," says I; "ten shillings a week wouldn't keep him." Sure I thought the more I said the more they'd give me. "Then," says they, "that's ten shillings a week off your allowance," they says, "because you save that by the king feeding him." "Indeed!" says I, "I suppose if I'd six sons, you'd stop three pound a week from me, and make out that I ought to pay you money instead of you paying me." "There's a fallacy in your argument," they says.

O'FLAHERTY. A what?

MRS. O'FLAHERTY. A fallacy; that's the word he said. I says to him: "It's a Pharisee I'm thinking you mean, sir; but you can keep your dirty money that your king grudges a poor old widow; and please God the English will be bet yet for the deadly sin of oppressing the poor;" and with that I shut the door in his face.

O'FLAHERTY (*furious*). Do you tell me they knocked ten shillings off you for my keep?

MRS. O'FLAHERTY (*soothing him*). No, darlint; they only knocked off half-a-crown, I put up with it because I've got the old-age pension; and they know very well I'm only sixty-two; so I've the better of them by half-a-crown a week anyhow.

O'FLAHERTY. It's a queer way of doing business. If they'd tell you straight out what they was going to give you, you wouldn't mind; but if there was twenty ways of telling the truth and only one way of telling a lie, the government would find it out. It's in the nature of governments to tell lies.

(*Teresa Driscoll, a parlor maid, comes from the house.*)

TERESA. You're to come up to the drawing-room to have your tea, Mrs. O'Flaherty.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY. Mind you have a sup of good black tea for me in the kitchen afterwards, acushla. That washy drawing-room tea will give me the wind if I leave it on my stomach. (*She goes into the house, leaving the two young people alone together.*)

O'FLAHERTY. Is that yourself, Tessie? And how are you?

TERESA. Nicely, thank you. And how's yourself?

O'FLAHERTY. Finely, thank God. (*He produces a gold chain.*) Look what I've brought you, Tessie

TERESA (*shrinking*). Sure, I don't like to touch it, Denny. Did you take it off a dead man?

O'FLAHERTY. No; I took it off a live one; and thankful he was to me to be alive and kept a prisoner in ease and comfort, and me left fighting in peril of my life.

TERESA (*taking it*). Do you think it's real gold, Denny?

O'FLAHERTY. It's real German gold, anyhow.

TERESA. But German silver isn't real, Denny

O'FLAHERTY (*his face darkening*). Well, it's the best the Bosh could do for me, anyhow

TERESA. Do you think I might take it to the jeweler next market day and ask him?

O'FLAHERTY (*sulkily*). You may take it to the divil if you like.

TERESA. You needn't lose your temper about it. I only thought I'd like to know. The nice fool I'd look if I went about showing off a chain that turned out to be only brass!

O'FLAHERTY (*his brow clearing*). Oh, is that what's the matter? Here! come and take the taste of the brass out of my mouth. (*He seizes her and kisses her.*)

(*Teresa, without losing her Irish dignity, takes the kiss as appreciatively as a connoisseur might take a glass of wine and sits down with him on the garden seat.*)

TERESA (*as he squeezes her waist*). Thank God, the priest can't see us here!

O'FLAHERTY. It's little they care for priests in France, alanna.

TERESA. And what had the queen on her, Denny, when she spoke to you?

O'FLAHERTY. She had a bonnet on without any strings to it. And she had a plakeen of embroidery down her bosom. And she had her waist where it used to be, and not where the other ladies had it. And she had little brooches in her ears, though she hadn't half the jewelry of Mrs. Sullivan that keeps the popshop in Drumpogue. And she dresses her hair down over her forehead, in a fringe like. And she has an Irish look about her eyebrows. And she didn't know what to say to me, poor woman! and I didn't know what to say to her, God help me!

TERESA. You'll have a pension now with the Cross, won't you, Denny?

O'FLAHERTY. Sixpence-three-farthings a day.

TERESA. That isn't much.

O'FLAHERTY. I take out the rest in glory.

TERESA. And if you're wounded, you'll have a wound pension, won't you?

O'FLAHERTY. I will, please God.

TERESA. You're going out again, aren't you, Denny?

O'FLAHERTY. I can't help myself. I'd be shot for a deserter if I didn't go; and maybe I'll be shot by the Boshes if I do go; so between the two of them I'm nicely fixed.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY (*calling from within the house*). Tessie! Tessie darlint!

TERESA (*disengaging herself from his arm and rising*). I'm wanted for the tea-table. You'll have a pension anyhow, Denny, won't you, whether you're wounded or not?

MRS. O'FLAHERTY. Come, child, come.

TERESA (*impatiently*). Oh, sure I'm coming. (*She tries to smile at Denny, not very convincingly, and hurries into the house.*)

O'FLAHERTY (*alone*). And if I do get a pension itself, the divil a penny of it you'll ever have the spending of.

MRS. O'FLAHERRTY (*as she comes from the porch*). Oh, it's a shame for you to keep the girl from her duties, Denny. You might get her into trouble.

O'FLAHERTY. Much I care whether she gets into trouble or not! I pity the man that gets her into trouble. He'll get himself into worse.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY. What's that you tell me? Have you been falling out with her, and she a girl with a fortune of ten pounds?

O'FLAHERTY. Let her keep her fortune. I wouldn't touch her with the tongs if she had thousands and millions.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY. Oh, fie for shame, Denny! Why would you say the like of that of a decent honest girl, and one of the Driscolls, too?

O'FLAHERTY. Why wouldn't I say it? She's thinking of nothing but to get me out there again to be wounded so that she may spend my pension, bad scran to her!

MRS. O'FLAHERTY. Why, what's come over you, child, at all, at all?

O'FLAHERTY. Knowledge and wisdom has come over me with pain and fear and trouble. I've been made a fool of and imposed upon all my life. I thought that covetious sthreal in there was a walking angel; and now if ever I marry at all I'll marry a Frenchwoman.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY. You'll not, so; and don't you dare repeat such a thing to me.

O'FLAHERTY. Won't I, faith! I've been as good as married to a couple of [illegible] already.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY. The Lord [illegible] What wickedness have you been up to, you young blackguard?

O'FLAHERTY. One of them Frenchwomen would cook you a meal twice in the day and all days and every day that Sir Pearce himself might go begging through Ireland for, and never see the like of. I'll have a French wife, I tell you; and when I settle down to be a farmer I'll have a French farm, with a field as big as the continent of Europe, that ten of your dirty little fields here wouldn't so much as fill the ditch of.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY (*furious*). Then it's a French mother you may go look for; for I'm done with you.

O'FLAHERTY. And it's no great loss you'd be if it wasn't for my natural feelings for you; for it's only a silly ignorant old country-

woman you are with all your fine talk about Ireland; you that never stepped beyond the few acres of it you were born on!

MRS. O'FLAHERTY (*tottering to the garden seat and showing signs of breaking down*). Denny, darlint, why are you like this to me? What's happened to you?

O'FLAHERTY (*gloomily*). What's happened to everybody? that's what I want to know. What's happened to you that I thought all the world of and was afeard of? What's happened to Sir Pearce, that I thought was a great general, and that I now see to be no more fit to command an army than an old hen? What's happened to Tessie, that I was mad to marry a year ago, and that I wouldn't take now with all Ireland for her fortune? I tell you the world's creation is crumbling in ruins about me; and then you come and ask what's happened!

MRS. O'FLAHERTY (*giving way to wild grief*). Ochone! ochone! my son's turned agen me. Oh, what'll I do at all at all? Oh! oh! oh! oh!

SIR PEARCE (*running out of the house*). What's this infernal noise? What on earth is the matter?

O'FLAHERTY. Arra, hold your whisht, mother. Don't you see his honor?

MRS. O'FLAHERTY. Oh, sir, I'm ruined and destroyed. Oh, won't you speak to Denny, sir; I'm heart scalded with him. He wants to marry a Frenchwoman on me, and to go away and be a foreigner and desert his mother and betray his country. It's mad he is with the roaring of the cannons and he killing the Germans and the Germans killing him, bad cess to them! My boy is taken from me and turned agen me; and who is to take care of me in my old age after all I've done for him, ochone! ochone!

O'FLAHERTY. Hold your noise, I tell you. Who's going to leave you? I'm going to take you with me. There now; does that satisfy you?

MRS. O'FLAHERTY. Is it take me into a strange land among heathens and pagans and savages, and me not knowing a word of their language nor them of mine?

O'FLAHERTY. And would you ask me to live in Ireland where I've been imposed on and kept in ignorance, and to die where the divil himself wouldn't take me as a gift, let alone the blessed angels? You can come or stay. You can take your old way or take my young way. But stick in this place I will not among a lot of good-for-nothing divils that'll not do a hand's turn but watch the grass growing and build up the stone wall where the cow walked through it. And Sir Horace Plunkett breaking his heart telling them how they might put the land into decent tillage like the French and Belgians.

SIR PEARCE. Yes; he's quite right, you know, Mrs. O'Flaherty; quite right there.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY. Well, sir, please God the war will last a long time yet; and maybe I'll die before it's over and the separation allowance stops.

O'FLAHERTY. That's all you care about. It's nothing but milch cows we men are for the women, with their separation allowances, ever since the war began, bad luck to them that made it!

TERESA (*coming from the porch between the General and Mrs. O'Flaherty*). Hannah sent me out for to tell you, sir, that the tea will be black and the cake not fit to eat with the cold if yous all don't come at wanst.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY (*breaking out again*). Oh, Tessie darlint, what have you been saying to Denny at all at all? Oh! oh!

SIR PEARCE (*out of patience*). You can't discuss that here. We shall have Tessie beginning now.

O'FLAHERTY. That's right, sir; drive them in.

TERESA. I haven't said a word to him. He——

SIR PEARCE. Hold your tongue; and attend to your business at the tea-table.

TERESA. But amment I telling your honor that I never said a word to him? He gave me a beautiful gold chain. Here it is to show your honor that it's no lie I'm telling you.

SIR PEARCE. What's this, O'Flaherty? You've been looting some officer.

O'FLAHERTY. No, sir; I stole it from him of his own accord.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY. Wouldn't your honor tell him that his mother has the first call on it? What would a slip of a girl like that be doing with a gold chain round her neck?

TERESA. Anyhow, I have a neck to put it round and not a hank of wrinkles. (*At this unfortunate remark, Mrs. O'Flaherty bounds from her seat; and an appalling tempest of wordy wrath breaks out. The remonstrances and commands of the General, and the protests and menaces of O'Flaherty, only increase the hubbub. They are soon all speaking at once at the top of their voices.*)

MRS. O'FLAHERTY (*solo*). You impudent young heifer, how dare you say such a thing to me? (*Teresa retorts furiously; the men interfere; and the solo becomes a quartet, fortissimo.*) I've a good mind to clout your ears for you to teach you manners. Be ashamed of yourself, do; and learn to know who you're speaking to. That I mayn't sin! but I don't know what the good God was thinking about when he made the like of you. Let me not see you casting sheep's eyes at my son again. There never was an O'Flaherty yet that would demean himself by keeping company with a dirty Driscoll; and if I see you next or nigh my house I'll put you in the ditch with a flea in your ear; mind that now!

TERESA. Is it me you offer such a name to, you foul-mouthed, dirty-minded, lying, sloothering old sow, you? I wouldn't soil my tongue by calling you in your right name and telling Sir Pearce what's the common talk of the town about you. You and your O'Flahertys! setting yourself up agen the Driscolls that would never lower themselves to be seen in conversation with you at the fair. You can keep your ugly stingy lump of a son; for what is he but a common soldier and God help the girl that gets him, say I! So the back of my hand to you, Mrs. O'Flaherty; and that the cat may tear your ugly old face!

SIR PEARCE. Silence! Tessie, did you hear me ordering you to go into the house? Mrs. O'Flaherty! (*Louder*) Mrs. O'Flaherty!! Will you just listen to me one moment? Please. (*Furiously*) Do you hear me speaking to you, woman? Are you human beings or are you wild beasts? Stop that noise immediately; do you hear? (*Yelling*) Are you going to do what I order you, or are you not? Scandalous! Disgraceful! This comes of being too familiar with you. O'Flaherty, shove them into the house! Out with the whole pack of you!

O'FLAHERTY (*to the women*). Here now; none of that, none of that. Go easy, I tell you. Hold your whisht, mother, will you, or you'll be sorry for it after. (*To Teresa*) Is that the way for a decent young girl to speak? (*Despairingly*) Oh, for the Lord's sake, shut up, will you? Have yous no respect for yourselves or your betters? (*Peremptorily*) Let me have no more of it, I tell you. Och! the divil's in the whole crew of you. In with you into the house this very minute and tear one another's eyes out in the kitchen if you like. In with you!

The two men seize the two women, and push them, still violently abusing one another, into the house. Sir Pearce slams the door upon them savagely. Immediately a heavenly silence falls on the summer afternoon. The two sit down out of breath; and for a long time nothing is said. The thrush begins to sing melodiously. O'Flaherty cocks his ears, and looks up at it. A smile spreads over his troubled features. Sir Pearce, with a long sigh, takes out his pipe, and begins to fill it.

O'FLAHERTY (*idyllically*). What a discontented sort of an animal a man is, sir! Only a month ago I was in the quiet of the country out at the front, with not a sound except the birds and the bellow of a cow in the distance as it might be, and the shrapnel making little clouds in the heavens, and the shells whistling, and maybe a yell or two when one of us was hit; and would you believe it, sir, I complained of the noise and wanted to have a peaceful hour at home. Well, them two has taught me a lesson. This morning, sir, when I was telling the boys here how I was longing to be back taking my part for king and country with the others, I was lying, as you well knew, sir. Now I can go and say it with a clear conscience. Some likes war's alarums; and some likes home life. I've tried both, sir; and I'm all for war's alarums now. I always was a quiet lad by natural disposition.

SIR PEARCE. Strictly between ourselves, O'Flaherty, and as one soldier to another (*O'Flaherty salutes, but without stiffening*), do you think we should have got an army without conscription if domestic life had been as happy as people say it is?

O'FLAHERTY. Well, between you and me and the wall, Sir Pearce, I think the less we say about that until the war's over the better.

He winks at the General. The General strikes a match. The thrush sings. A jay laughs. The conversation drops.



How can I?

1 How can I learn to play bridge well?

2 How can I cut my tire costs?

3 How can I buy books cheap?

4 How can I get the best plans for the kind of home I want to build?

5 How can we organize a red cross chapter in our community?

6 How can I be sure of the kind of car to buy?

7 How can I learn the latest dances?

8 How can I learn the best recipe for my boy or girl?

9 Which phonograph should I buy?

10 What is the best camera for ordinary out of doors snap shots?

11 How can I invest my money safely and with the best returns?

12 What can our club do to help in the present war crisis?

Thousands of people all over the country are interested in these and many similar questions but do not know where or how to get the answers.

In the past Hearst's readers have frequently written us asking for information of all kinds. We believe that there are thousands of others who would welcome a source of information from which they could expect considerate and honest answers to the many questions that are continually rising in every day life.

write the new

Hearst's Magazine

Information Bureau

This bureau has been organized for your benefit. Its services are entirely free to anyone, whether a reader of Hearst's Magazine or not. The nationwide Hearst organization with its score of great magazines and newspapers naturally has many sources of information not open to the ordinary individual.

These sources of information we gladly put at your disposal. We consider it a privilege to serve our readers in such a way. We will always do our best to answer any question you may ask, fairly, freely and promptly.

Address

HEARST'S INFORMATION BUREAU

119 West 40th Street New York City

MOBILIZING MEN AND MONEY

(*Concluded from page 129*)

money will become more plentiful as the Government disburses greater and still-greater sums for the maintenance of the army and navy. The billions to be raised by taxation and bonds will not be sent out of the country, but will be spent at home on top of the billions expended here by our Allies. We have seen already how war orders have maintained an industrial boom in this country and led to an unprecedented increase in our financial resources. Since the war began we have sold to Europe fully $10,000,000,000 worth of American products at prices which have netted us fully $2,000,000,000 *more* than we would have received for the same goods on the pre-war price basis. For example, a dollar's worth of wheat on the level of June, 1914, now costs $2, a dollar's worth of copper a little more than $2 today, a dollar's worth of steel billets nearly $4, a dollar's worth of shoe-leather about $2 and a dollar's worth of packed meats almost $1.50.

Little wonder that the Comptroller of the Currency is able to report that on May 1 the total deposits in our national banks exceeded $13,000,000,000 for the first time in our history. The gain in one year was $2,000,000,000.

The profits of forty-four leading industrial corporations last year exceeded the profits of 1914 by $627,000,000, according to a recent compilation by Treasury experts. Whereas the profits of the forty-four concerns in 1914 were just under $170,000,000, they exceeded $700,000,000 last year.

Now, all this means that more money is being paid out to stockholders and to workers, some part of which can be applied in many cases to the purchase of investments even after allowing for the serious increase in the cost of living, although, of course, this does not apply to all: the burdens of the poorer classes are becoming unbearable. The educational work that has been done among all classes during the campaign for the Liberty Loan as well as the efforts which will be put forth when other war loans are to be floated will bring home to millions of Americans the genuine permanent benefits to be derived from ownership of interest-bearing or dividend-paying securities. The army of investors recruited during the war will not disband when peace comes. Rather will this army increase. The prospects are that many thousands of small savers who used to place their money either in savings-banks or hide them around their homes will hereafter prefer to buy for themselves baby bonds or a few shares of stock.

There is a fundamental difference between the person who merely deposits his or her savings in a bank and the person who holds a bond or stocks. In the one case, the person is apt not to feel any direct interest in the treatment meted out to business enterprises, while in the other case a stockholder or bondholder feels a very real interest in whatever affects his or her company. The savings-bank depositor seldom stops to think how the institution earns the interest paid on his or her money. Yet the truth is that unless the country's leading railroad and industrial concerns are given fair opportunity to earn profits, interest cannot be paid by the savings-bank.

To bring home to the public, and especially to those who may not be bondholders or stockholders, but who have saved a little money and placed it in savings-banks or used it for the purchase of insurance, let me give the following illuminating figures showing how the bulk of our railroad securities are held:

$10,000,000,000 held outright by over 1,000,000 individuals.
1,550,000,000 held by life-insurance companies with 46,000,000 policyholders.
847,000,000 held by savings-banks with 10,000,000 depositors.
649,000,000 held by marine and fire insurance companies.
350,000,000 held by benevolent associations, colleges, schools, etc.
865,000,000 held by trust companies, State and national banks.

By doubling or trebling the number of individual investors, not only will American corporations be assured of more vigilant management, not only will they be more considerately treated by the public, not only will the Federal and State legislatures think twice before passing unwise anti-corporation laws, but the United States will be in an infinitely stronger position to take the lead in international finance and international commerce. We must be able to lend liberally abroad and to extend credits freely before we can hope to conquer foreign markets with unqualified success. How did the little island of Britain gain commercial dominance throughout many parts of the world? How did Germany make such phenomenal strides in the same direction during late years? Their achievements would not have been possible had they not been able to extend such financial facilities as the United States rarely extended in pre-war days.

The man who saves a dollar for useful investment in the development of industry is not one whit less patriotic than the man who, in times of war, invests in war bonds. Industrial and commercial victory will not be achieved and permanently retained merely by having unmatched national resources, gigantic factories and highly skilled workers; not even by possessing a new and efficient merchant-marine fleet. No; we must have surplus capital, capital available for investment both abroad and at home, capital which can be mobilized and directed into effective, fruitful channels. This capital can be created only through such an increase in the number of savers and investors as I, for one, confidently believe will be witnessed hereafter.

Instead of depending, as in the past, upon Europe for financial assistance to enable us to keep our own country going, we must be prepared not only to take care of ourselves, but to enter foreign fields and develop them. Is it not clear, therefore, that the recruiting of a vast army of investors during the war will prove our economic salvation, domestically and industrially, in "the war after the war?"

America needed something out of the ordinary to transform her from a nation of spendthrifts to a nation of investors. War promises to accomplish this feat.

In raising so great an army of investors we are fortifying our individual and national position for the future.

The oversubscription of the Liberty Loan by more than $1,000,000,000 will bring not only these distant benefits, but will have an extremely valuable influence upon our other war loans. Many of the large subscribers who were awarded only a small part of what they bid for will either take steps to insure allotment of generous slices of the next loan or will purchase Liberty Bonds very freely in the open market. In a sense, we start floating our second war loan with a billion dollars' surplus from the first flotation—a sort of flying start.

The pioneer or missionary work which drummed up more than 4,000,000 bond buyers cannot fail to have a leavening influence, especially among workers and others of small means who did not get a Liberty Bond but who are daily associating with proud owners of these tokens of loyalty. If Britain, with only half the population of the United States, was able to arouse eight million people to subscribe for war bonds after two years of intense campaigning, is it not reasonable to expect that the percentage of bond buyers in America will at least approach that record? If one American in every ten bought a bond the subscribers would exceed ten millions, while if Britain's ratio were equaled we would have nearly 20,000,000 bond owners.

One important financial and economic fact demonstrated by the successful flotation of the Liberty Loan is that in this country there are millions of potential investors who have never before owned a share of stock or even a baby bond.

Can anything be done to continue to utilize this latent saving and investing power after war loans are no longer necessary? Of course, patriotism will move many persons to economize who would not and could be induced to do so merely by considerations of thrift and its advantages. Yet, if the great body of the American people could be thoroughly enlightened as to the national as well as the individual value of saving and investing their surplus funds, even at the cost of considerable self-denial, the result would be tremendously important.

Whether it would be feasible to have the United States Government continue to issue securities for the sake of stimulating and garnering savings which might otherwise be wasted is open to question.

Beginning The Novelizing of Goldfish by Rupert Hughes

Hearst's

SEP 14 1917
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY

For
September
20 Cents



LUCKY STRIKE

LUCKY STRIKE

Why we toast the tobacco

YOU know what toasting does to bread, or meat (broiling), or coffee, or most other good things. It heightens the flavor, makes it enticing, and then—seals it in.

Now you know exactly why we toast the tobacco for LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes—to improve flavor and seal it in.

Toasting does just that to Burley tobacco; we worked five years to learn this, and to invent the perfect way to toast Burley tobacco: we did it and won the hearts of millions of cigarette smokers.

Think of the taste of a brown crisped buttered-hot slice of toast; think of a tender, perfectly broiled piece of steak; think of the flavor of your morning coffee. They've all been toasted, haven't they (or broiled, or roasted)?

There you are. Toasting gives everything more flavor, and seals in the flavor for delivery to you—fresh.

Now you know why we toast the tobacco for LUCKY STRIKE the real Burley cigarette.

It's Toasted

How to open the package

Tear off part of the top only, as shown

Cigarettes in paper packages of 20 are carried more handily this way and keep better; less likely to spill into your pocket.



Guaranteed by

The American Tobacco Co.

INCORPORATED

Company, Inc., 1917

LUCKY STRIKE

LUCKY STRIKE

SAVE $51

Over-spending is unpatriotic. Economy is a national need. This applies to all of us — it includes YOU. Bed-rock prices alone should appeal. The Oliver Typewriter Company was first of its kind to appreciate this new economic adjustment. So the price of the Oliver Nine was reduced to $49 from $100. All by ending wasteful distribution methods.

ON March 1st The Oliver Typewriter Company reorganized its selling methods. Its officials knew war and after-war conditions meant new planes of efficiency.

From that date there has been no expensive sales force of 15,000 salesmen and agents, no high office rents in fifty cities, no idle stocks, no costly subsidies, no excess distribution costs. Every possible saving is being made for you. We have substituted the most direct line of sale—from the factory to the user. Thus we save $51 in sales costs. This now goes to the people. Our price to you is $49 for the identical machine that was formerly $100. Not one change has been made in design or materials. Each machine is brand new—*not* second hand nor rebuilt.

Why We Changed

Up to now it has cost typewriter manufacturers a great deal to educate people to universal typewriting. But that period is past. Large, expensive sales forces are no longer needed.

The time has come when everybody may use a typewriter—not merely experts.

So why not, we figured, let people do their own selling, so as to save 50 per cent? Who wants to pay $51 to have a salesman come and influence him? Is it not better to let the typewriter prove its own merit?

Those questions we asked ourselves before our plan was announced. Thousands have answered them since. All approve the Oliver Plan.

Men say it is the most radical, far-reaching change made in modern merchandising.

It saves the public millions of dollars.

The $100 Model

Only the sales policy is changed—not the machine. It is the same splendid Oliver Nine, our latest model. Before March it was priced at $100.

This Oliver Nine is the finest, the costliest, the most successful model we ever built. If any typewriter is worth $100 it is this handsome machine, the greatest Oliver triumph.



Over 600,000 have been sold. This is the same commercial machine used by the U. S. Steel Corporation, The National City Bank of N. Y., Montgomery Ward & Co., The National Biscuit Company, The Pennsylvania Railroad, and a host of others.

It is not a lighter model, made to sell at a lower price. But it is the same handsome, sturdy typewriter long admired by all.

Do Not Be Deceived

Some cannot conceive a saving of $51—they do not know how salesmen's salaries, traveling expenses, tradeouts, agents' commissions, etc., add up. So rumors are afloat that we offer a different model. That is false. Some hint at a second-hand or rebuilt machine. That, too, is false.

How we save the $51 for you is told in detail in our startling exposure entitled "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy." A copy will be sent free on request. Merely mail the coupon.

In this book the inside history of the typewriter world is disclosed. You will understand, after reading it, why we rebelled from prices that, while justifiable a few years ago, are now inflated.

You will see how we can offer the Oliver Nine—unaltered in value—for $49. All should read this amazing document.

A National Favorite

This standard keyboard, visible Oliver has long been the world's model. As you remember, Oliver introduced visible writing.

Year after year Oliver inventors have set the pace. Today's model—the Nine—is their greatest achievement.

Such features as these give it first place: One-third lighter touch because type bars drop downward; speed, 50 per cent faster than human hands—each machine is tested at 800 strokes per minute; permanent alignment insured by arch-shaped type bars; built for hardest usage; famed for dependability; interchangeable carriages make several machines in one; simplified construction; 2,000 fewer parts; built of fine tool steel.

Free Trial—No Money Down— Over a Year to Pay

To make the economy of the Oliver Nine available for all, we have arranged a simple plan. Here it is:

We ship an Oliver Nine to you for five days free trial. Use it in your office or at home. Try it out without anyone to influence you.

If you want to keep it, send us $3 per month until the $49 is paid.

You are your own salesman.

That is the entire plan. Simple, isn't it? No frills, no forcing. You are the sole judge. At no time during the trial are you under the slightest obligation to buy. Superiority and economy alone must convince you. This is not a cheap machine in any particular—except the price.

Follow This Suggestion

Fill out and mail the coupon now. It will bring a free-trial order blank, our latest catalog and the amazing book described above. All free.

You may then have an Oliver for trial, if you wish. And own it for 50 per cent less than other standard makes. Surely no economy could be greater. And you would make no sacrifice in quality nor performance.

Don't wait—know all the facts now—all the inside secrets exposed for the first time.

Fill out the coupon below—tear it out and put it in the mail. It does not obligate you.

Mail Now

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO. 120-C Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," de luxe catalogs and further information—all free and without obligation to me.

Name .....

Street Address .....

City ..... State .....

The Oliver Typewriter Company

120-C Oliver Typewriter Building - - - Chicago, Illinois

A New Novel by Begins in the

"THE YOUNG DIANA—An Experiment of the Future," the opening chapters of which will be published next month, is the first of Miss Corelli's novels to appear in a magazine.

For ten years publishers here and abroad have been trying to persuade her to write a novel for serialization. At last she has consented, and HEARST'S MAGAZINE is proud to have been chosen by Miss Corelli as the medium for its publication in America:



This is André Castaigne, an illustrator of international reputation, who is to illustrate the new Corelli novel, "The Young Diana." Mr. Castaigne was born in La Belle France, educated at the Beaux Arts, and studied under Gérome; his work as a painter won for him the ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

Proud because Miss Corelli is the most widely read of all women authors;

Because Miss Corelli always writes something striking and unusual from the standpoint of story-interest;

Because in addition to being of supreme interest as stories they are always stories about *something worth while.*

Because they are much more than novels that are read and forgotten; they contain sound philosophy; they stimulate the mind; they educate; they are permanent.

We like to think that it was HEARST'S policy of seeking and publishing such fiction that drew Miss Corelli to its pages.

Of her previous novels, published only in book form, "A Romance of Two Worlds," "Vendetta," "Thelma," "Ardath," "The Soul of Lilith," "The Sorrows of Satan," "God's Good Man," and "The Master Christian" are the best known.

"The Young Diana" will be better known than any of these, for it is the best novel Miss Corelli



One of André Castaigne's illustrations for "The Young Diana." This artist's work is remarkable for its imaginative insight.

Marie Corelli
October Hearst's

has written. She has put five years of work into it; she has rewritten it again and again.

Miss Corelli's readers, always expecting the unusual, will not be disappointed in this story. The plot is so extraordinary that the word "sensational" may be applied to it in the real, not the hackneyed, sense. And yet the story is human, as human as anything ever written.

The story will be illustrated from drawings made by André Castaigne, foremost of European illustrators, who knows the people and the scenes that the novel depicts.

The first instalment will appear in the October number, which will be on sale everywhere September 29.

SOMETIME during the Fall, HEARST'S will begin a new serial by Rex Beach. It will be in this well-known author's best vein—the virile and vigorous outdoor life, man's forces arrayed against those of Nature. Readers who recall "The Spoilers," "The Silver Horde," and "The Iron Trail" will realize that in "The Winds of Chance" they have a great treat in store.

OCTOBER HEARST'S will be full of plums, including short stories by Richard Washburn Child, Bruno Lessing, Cosmo Hamilton, Rupert Hughes, and Arthur Stringer. The latter's unique and exciting detective series, "The Diamond Thieves," goes triumphantly on its way with a most unusual yarn entitled "The Bug in the Rug."

The second article on Belgium by John A. Gade, one of "Hoover's Helpers," is "The Wounded Country that Will Not Die," and contains some vivid revelations of the intolerable and inhuman conditions in Flanders.

Dr. Henry S. Williams begins a new series of his interesting and informing popular-science articles under the general heading "Why Die Before Your Time?"—a title that will interest everybody; the initial article deals with "Heart-Disease." It is worthy of mention that one previous paper by Dr. Williams elicited more than three thousand letters of inquiry from interested readers of HEARST'S.



Portrait of Marie Corelli, the celebrated English novelist, author of "The Young Diana."

Vol. XXXII

CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER

No. 3

NOTABLE SERIAL NOVELS

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM	The Pawns Count	ARMAND BOTH	171
GOUVERNEUR MORRIS	His Daughter	HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY	194
JOHN GALSWORTHY	A Stoic	ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE	181
WINSTON CHURCHILL	The Dwelling-Place of Light	JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG	201

PITHY AND POINTED SPECIALS

JOHN A. GADE	The Story of Belgium—A Nation in Jail	OFFICIAL PICTURES	174
NEWTON D. BAKER	Municipal Ownership in Cleveland	PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS	188
STEPHEN LEACOCK	Back to Nature and Return	F. STROTHMANN	204
CHARLES EDGAR CLARK, U.S.N.	IV.—The Navy and the Eastern Question	NAVAL PHOTOGRAPHS	184
CHARLES S. WHITMAN	Ringing Words—The Nation's Greatest Peril	CARTOON	218

SPARKLING SHORT STORIES

RUPERT HUGHES	The Mobilizing of Johanna.—I.	W. H. D. KOERNER	168
COSMO HAMILTON	Baby-Face	BARON GAYNE A. de MEYER	177
DONN BYRNE	The Portrait of Marian Long	W. T. BENDA	186
W. W. JACOBS	The Convert	EVERETT SHINN	192
ARTHUR STRINGER	A Pagliacci in Pumps	G. PATRICK NELSON	189

DEPARTMENTS FOR DISCUSSION

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST	Taxation and the Liberty Loan	EDITORIAL	166
GERTRUDE ATHERTON	"The Living Present"	BOOK OF THE MONTH	206
B. C. FORBES	The Greatest Nation of Investors	W. FLETCHER WHITE	207
SCOTT NEARING	Sermonette: Liberty and Justice	VINCENT ADERENTE	165

THEATER, VERSE, ART AND DUOTONE SECTION

WINCHELL SMITH AND JOHN A. HAZZARD	"Turn to the Right"	SCENES FROM THE PLAY	198
ANGELA MORGAN	In Spite of War	BARON GAYNE A. de MEYER	197
GARDNER TEALL	The Work of An All-Round Artist	ALBERT HERTER	179
COVER IN COLORS	"A Queen of Clubs"	PENRHYN STANLAWS	

HEARST'S, 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y. George L. Willson, President; S. S. Carvalho, Treasurer; W. G. Langdon, Secretary.

Copyright, 1917, by International Magazine Co.

Published monthly by International Magazine Co. Trade Mark registered. Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second-class mail matter. Single copy, 20 Cents. Yearly subscription, $1.50. Foreign Postage, $1.00 additional. Canadian Postage, 50 Cents.



So tanned, so colorless— What shall she do?

However badly you have treated your skin this summer, you can restore its loveliness and give it the charm you have always longed for.

Your skin, just like the rest of your body, changes every day. As the old skin dies, *new* forms. Your complexion depends on how you take care of this new skin. By the proper external treatment you can make it just what you would love to have it.

Summer brings to many women a browned complexion, which, though attractive in summer, becomes so mortifying and annoying when the time comes for cool weather and evening gowns. The summer coat of tan always lasts well into the colder months and often threatens to become permanent.

If this is your worry, try this simple treatment

Just before going to bed, cleanse the skin thoroughly by washing with Woodbury's Facial Soap and lukewarm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp.

Now work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly with an upward and outward motion of the finger tips.

Rinse very thoroughly—first in tepid water, then in cold. If possible, rub the face briskly for a few moments with a piece of ice. Always be sure to rinse the skin thoroughly and dry it carefully.

This treatment is just what your skin needs to whiten it and to bring to it the delicate color of a pink and white complexion. In a week or ten days your skin should show a marked improvement. Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap today. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks.

Send for this booklet giving all of the famous Woodbury treatments

There is a Woodbury treatment just suited to the needs of your skin. Send 4c and we will send you a booklet giving all of the famous Woodbury treatments and a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of any of these treatments. For 10c we will send the treatment booklet, the week's-size cake and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Powder. Write today. Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., 409 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

If you live in Canada, address the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 409 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

For sale wherever toilet goods are sold

Tonight, begin the treatment which will make your skin fit for Winter.



A man tanned, colorless skin will yield to the effective treatment described here.

This "Skin You Love to Touch" booklet gives you the treatment just suited to your skin. Send 4c for it today

LIBERTY *and* JUSTICE



Democracy must stand or fall as it provides or fails to provide equality of opportunity for everybody.

The things upon which life depends must be governed popularly. There is no other means for the guarantee of justice.

By Scott Nearing

Decoration by V. Aderente

WE Americans talk of "liberty," of "justice." They are words, words; yet they have a meaning of such revolutionary import that all save the most radical should handle them as gingerly as they do a keen dissecting-knife or a loaded deadly weapon. Remember that words are things! "Liberty" and "Justice"—in a democracy!

Democracy was set up to give the people of a community the right to transact their own business—to give them liberty. A people's government our forefathers sought to establish. Liberty was the goal—freedom from the tyrannous exactions of special privilege. Could they look on life to-day they would find special privilege in a new guise, with the tyranny of the coal lord, the lumber king, the steel baron, and the financial aristocracy pressing down upon the shoulders of the masses.

Liberty! Popular government!

The things upon which life depends must be governed popularly. Railroads, telephones, street-cars, banks, insurance offices, steel mills, sugar refineries, must be industries of the people, by the people, and for the people. On no other basis can liberty be regained and perpetuated. There is no other means for the guarantee of justice.

Special privilege shuns justice as fire shuns water. Justice—equal opportunity for all—perpetuates liberty in successive generations.

The science of psychology has progressed far enough so that there is no longer any danger that intelligent persons will insist that all men and women are born with equal ability. Physically, mentally and spiritually people differ.

EQUAL opportunity, as democracy understands the term, means a fair, free chance to show what the differences in ability really are—how wide, how deep, how intense. Inequality of opportunity means a special advantage for one with a corresponding special disadvantage for another. Equal opportunity is aimed to bring out the talents with which all men are endowed in order that their value may be compared and appraised.

A hundred painters compete for a prize. Each prepares his picture. Some are able to secure the finest colors to paint in charming surroundings; to enjoy rest, quiet and recreation between the intervals of their work. Others have wretched oils, bad light, poor food, and in hideous garrets, without air or sunshine, or exercise or sleep, with wailing children at their feet and rats scampering along the rafters, they labor on the masterpiece. The day of the trial arrives. The specially favored artists hang their well-framed pictures in the best lights. They are placed before the world with every advantage in their favor, while the product of the garret is shuffled into a corner. It sometimes happens that the garret product is so far superior to any of the others that it gains recognition, but in order to do so its superiority must be immense. It has no equal chance.

Equal opportunity for the artist would mean the same chance to study, to travel, to be well fed, clothed, housed and freed from the necessities of the bread-and-butter struggle. It would mean oils, canvas, light and leisure—on the same terms for all. Then, and only then, would it be possible to say which was the best artist.

Equal opportunity in the world means a fair life-race and no favor. The rules published beforehand and known to all. The course open to inspection. A training-table and a training-house to which all may come on equal terms and from which all may benefit as they are able. And above all it means that anyone may enter the race and start from scratch.

This is the statement of an ideal—far away, to be sure, but one toward which society should work unceasingly. Equal opportunity—freedom for all on the same terms! Society has striven for ages toward this goal. Men have dreamed and written about it. It is the inspiration of the individual—the hope of the race.



"We are apparently, therefore, laying the foundation for social unrest in this country by discriminating against productive wealth and in favor of idle wealth."

The Untaxable Liberty Loan Is Unwise and Unfair Because It Is Another Step Toward Placing the Burden of Taxation upon Active, Productive Capital and Allowing Idle, Non-Productive Capital to Escape.

By WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST.

IT is easy to see the mote in our neighbor's eye and difficult to detect the beam in our own eye. It is easy to observe and criticize the faults in other systems of Government and other social conditions than our own, and difficult to recognize the faults in our own political, economic and social situation.

Americans for years have appreciated fully the glaring evil and injustice of the English system of land taxation, where cultivated land is taxed at the highest tax-rate, while unused, undeveloped, uncultivated land is allowed to go practically without taxation.

The result of such an unfair and such an unwise system has been to put the burden of taxation mainly upon the productive element of the community most essential to the welfare of the nation.

The farmers who raised fruit and grain, and various vegetable and animal products, necessary to support the population and safeguard the Nation, were taxed inordinately.

The idle rich who laid out their land in pleasant parks or used it at the most for the raising of pheasants for game shooting were largely freed from land taxation. Thus a penalty was imposed upon beneficial productive labor and a premium placed on idleness and uselessness.

As a result, the land gradually passed out of the hands of the farmers and the productive classes into the hands of the idle unproductive classes, and the productivity of England became less and less.

England was thus becoming a land of crowded cities and extensive game parks, and that most valuable of the producing classes, the farmer, was emigrating to English Colonies or to foreign shores.

The full danger and disaster of such a policy of taxation and such an economic result, while fully recognized by thinkers in other countries, was not adequately appreciated by the English themselves until they were confronted with the situations involved in this great war.

Now even England is awakening to the evil economic effect as well as to the social injustice of such a policy.

It would hardly be supposed that the United States, in view of this unfortunate policy and disastrous experience of England, would adopt an essentially similar policy, disguised in a slightly different form, and would proceed heavily to tax productivity, and to allow idle wealth to go untaxed.

But this is exactly what the United States Government has done in its late Liberty Loan of Two Billion Dollars, which is freed from all taxation.

The present policy of our United States Government to impose taxation upon business investment and to withhold taxation from bond investment means simply that the capital and the effort which are put into productive enterprises of the kind which employ great bodies of laborers, offer markets for immense amounts of raw material, create the trade and commerce

and the wealth of the country, will be taxed with income-taxes, with excess-profit taxes, with taxes on the gross receipts, and taxes just and unjust on every phase and development of such valuable enterprises, but that the idle capital which contributes nothing toward the employment of labor and the market for raw materials, nothing directly toward the creation and distribution of wealth and the general development of the community, will go untaxed.

The able, active, worthy citizen, employing his capital and his intelligence in productive industry, will be taxed to the limit, and in many cases beyond the limit, hampering if not destroying his business and interfering with the capacity of the country to create wealth and to compete with the trade and commerce of other Nations.

But the idle, unproductive citizen, whose perhaps inherited wealth, or at least whose inactive capital is invested in interest-bearing non-taxable bonds, may lounge at the Club and pursue a life which is of minor value to the community and remain free from his proper share of the burden of taxation.

Nor will the laboring man nor the small farmer nor the small investor of any kind, if he choose to withdraw part of his little capital from active employment and invest it in Liberty Bonds, derive the same benefit from the freedom from taxation of this bond issue that the larger investor enjoys, because it is not to be supposed that such a laboring man or small farmer or small investor of any kind will be able to buy more than a Thousand-Dollar Bond, or a Ten-Thousand-Dollar Bond, or at the most a Twenty-five-Thousand-Dollar Bond. The income of a Thousand-Dollar Bond would be about $35.00 per year and of a Ten-Thousand-Dollar Bond but $350.00 per year and of a Twenty-five-Thousand-Dollar Bond $875.00 per year; and all of these incomes are exempt from income taxation in any event, being too small to be taxed under the present income-tax laws even if the income from Liberty Bonds were taxable.

Therefore, the only element of the community that derives large benefits from this freedom from taxation of the Liberty Bond issue is the element represented by great capitalists who invest their excess capital in the issue, or the element represented by idle and indolent investors of considerable wealth, who prefer to put their money into untaxable bonds of this character, where no intelligence, no effort, no industrial activity or productivity, no labor for the benefit of the community is required—nothing but a disposition to clip coupons leisurely and to spend untaxed incomes in unproductive pursuits.

The result of such unjust and unwise discrimination in favor of the more-wealthy or less-industrious and less-valuable element of the community, and against the most highly valuable, active, wealth-producing element of the community, in addition to its economic disadvantage has a social disadvantage, which is strongly set forth in a letter to the London "Economist" written by the recognized economic authority, F. W. Pethick Lawrence.

The English Victory Loan, referred to by Mr. Pethick Lawrence, of which our Liberty Loan is in a way an imitation, was issued tax free at 4 per cent. or tax-bearing at 5½ per cent. Mr. Pethick Lawrence, criticizing the economic evil of the tax-free part of the loan, says:

"It is a great danger that a certain section of the population should be immune from a particular tax. It tends to make the interests of this section different from and perhaps adverse to the interests of other fellow countrymen and women. From this conflict of interests history shows that ill-will and sometimes revolution have arisen."

We are, apparently, therefore, laying the foundation for social unrest, ill-will and perhaps eventual revolution in this country in discriminating against our own productive wealth and in favor of idle wealth, and in allowing a large and rich and not-over-worthy or popular element of our community to escape its due proportion of taxation.

We are making the same mistake that England made when it taxed the productive lands and left untaxed the idle lands; except that we are taxing the productive capital and leaving untaxed the idle capital.

We have learned nothing from the mistakes of others, and we are apparently determined to learn only from the mistakes we ourselves make and from the evil fruit which those mistakes will eventually bear.

There is a final, practical banking reason for not issuing untaxable loans at low interest, and while this reason is in no way so important as the great political, economic, and social errors which we have been discussing, with their sure train of discontent and disaster, nevertheless this reason is worth mentioning as an indication of the inexperience, short-sightedness and inability to learn from the experience of others, which our Government is exhibiting in this time of national crisis.

Mr. Pethick Lawrence, continuing his article, says:

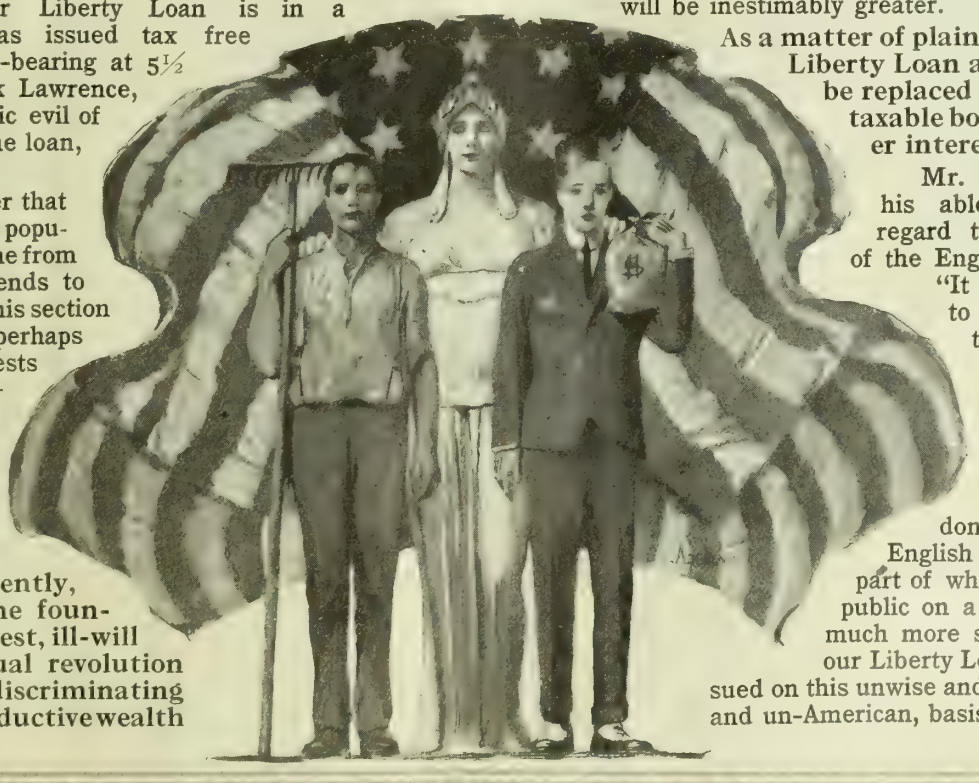
"Fortunately the amount subscribed to the 4 per cent. loan is so small as to reduce these evils to a minimum, but they might easily arise into sinister significance if the experiment were repeated later and proved more successful."

The experiment was not repeated later in England, the English having learned something by their experience, but it was repeated later in the United States and on a much greater and more aggravated scale, and without opportunity of choice or selection. Not a "small amount" of our Liberty Loan was issued on the basis of a low-interest rate and freedom from taxation, but the whole Two-Billion-Dollar Liberty Loan was issued on the low-interest rate and non-taxable basis. We therefore aggravated to the utmost our future difficulties due to economic discrimination and our immediate difficulties in floating the loan.

Every one who is accurately informed about the details of the Liberty Loan flotation knows the difficulties which were encountered and the strenuous methods which were employed in making the Liberty Loan a success, and every one who has noted the experience of England knows that if a taxable loan had been issued at a higher rate of interest the loan would have been subscribed a hundred times more readily and without any of the complications, discriminations, inequalities and injustices which are bound to result from the issuance of a non-taxable loan.

It is to be hoped that the Treasury Department at Washington has at last learned enough to cause it to make its next loan taxable and at a higher rate of interest.

The advantage in the way of income to the Treasury will be the same, for the right to tax the loan will provide the funds for the higher rate of interest. The advantage in facility of floating the loan will be much greater, for a higher rate of interest is much more attractive to the ordinary subscriber than a non-taxable bond; and finally the social and economic benefit to the community of a taxable over a non-taxable loan will be inestimably greater.



As a matter of plain fact the non-taxable Liberty Loan already issued should be replaced as far as possible by taxable bonds issued on a higher interest-bearing basis.

Mr. Pethick Lawrence in his able article declares in regard to the non-taxable part of the English Victory Loan:

"It ought to be possible to sweep the whole of this system (the non-taxable loan system) away and substitute one comprehensive, intelligent and just system in its place."

If this should be done in the case of the English loan, only a minute part of which was accepted by the public on a non-taxable basis, how much more should it be done with our Liberty Loan, all of which was issued on this unwise and unjust, un-democratic and un-American, basis of tax discrimination.



As the regiment passed the soldiers greeted Johanna, some shyly, some merrily, some rakishly. She could think of nothing to say in answer save "Hello!" "Hello, Mister!" "Hello!"

The Mobilizing of Johanna

By Rupert Hughes

Illustrated by W. H. D. Koerner

SHE sat on her Pa's front porch and hated the sunset. The old rocker squealed as she raced it in a wild impatience to be moving even if she got nowhere.

She felt that she just could not endure another sunset. The six windmills on the hilltops were loathsome.

Her ugly feet clumped the porch in a treadmill flight till her Ma hollered at her from the kitchen for the land's sake to make a little quiet and stop her racket. And she was mad enough to holler back: "I won't any such thing!" To which Ma retorted that if she gave her any more of her lip she'd come right out there and smack her [illegible].

"I wisht you would," howled Johanna.

She would have been glad even of that much excitement. But when she said she wisht she would her Ma refused to oblige her. Ma, being ghastly good, had brought her children up on the excellent principle that whatever they'd a mind to was wicked, and whatever they were agin was good for 'em.

Little Johanna showed the results of such a life. She was homely, stupid, spiteful, lazy, sullen, frowsy, impudent, gawky, all sorts of things that a girl just womaning ought not to be.

The mornings dragged Johanna from oblivion to the wretched chores that repeated themselves endlessly. She trudged through the muck to the cowbarn and yanked the milk from the cantankerous herd into the foaming pails. Then she lugged the pails to the big milkcans and emptied them. She hated the cows and the milk and the big old cans that went away full and came back empty, and had to be scalded and aired and filled again.

Pa said Johanny had only been knowed to have one idear in her hull life and that was the durndest fool notion ever crep into a humin head. Johanny allowed it was a waste of work milking cows into a pail, carrying the pail to a can, the can to a wagon, the wagon to the railroad, and there unloading the can to the platform and then into the train and then into the city to empty the can into bottles. Johanny had perposed drivin' the cow onto the train and milkin' her into the bottles as they rode to the city.

Pa used to tell that story to everybody who would listen, and say he advised her to git out a patent onto it. Johanna loved him none the better for his ridicule, but it was the sort of ridicule that has visited all great inventors. Johanna was not inspired by any loftier motive than a hatred of lost motions and monotonous motions, but the important thing was that her father made a township joke of her one idea. No wonder she quit having ideas.

Her father drove off in the wagon to the little siding where the milk-train stopped. Life would have been worth living if Johanna could have taken that ride now and then. But once, when she had ridden with Pa, a wonderful train-hand, rolling the cans inside the car, had winked at her and called her "Cutie." He was beautiful, and her heart had swayed in her narrow little chest like a cowbell on a scared and loping heifer.

After that her father left her to home—"home, sour home," as she called it. She agreed with the song that there was no place like it. That was why she felt safe in wishing herself anywhere else. But her wishes were not horses. Her wishes were a rocking-chair that swung back and forth and took her to where she was.

Even the hired-men that came for a week or two from nowhere and went back were not allowed to get acquainted with Johanna.

She was caught talking to one of them once, and her Pa chased her into the arms of her Ma, who nearly twisted her ear off. One evening, marked by the only pretty sunset she remembered, she had walked down the road a piece with a young hired-man—from a collitch he said he was; and he said he was working his way through the Unionversary, whatever that was. He was terrible nice and was just starting to tell her about what it was he was working his way through when her big brother Jake ran after them and called the collitch boy dirty names. And the collitch boy said it was a shame to keep a poor little tike like she was immured, whatever that was.

Brother Jake said he would immure the collitch boy out of the county, but he got his own nose immured in the mud, and Johanna stood off and shouted "Goody! goody!" The collitch boy got fired, though, and Jake told on Johanna, and she got the terriblest larrupin she ever had—from her father, too. And come Sunday, she was taken to church and prayed over till she promised she would never speak to another man

as long as she lived. It is the sort of promise youth makes to break.

Johanna sat now and, rocking, wondered what had become of the collitch boy, and what love would be?

There was an apple-tree in the yard, a crooked, knock-kneed, wry-elbowed, chapped-barked tree that was trying to blossom. But every warmish day was followed by a cold night and the blossoms could not unfurl. Johanna felt that the tree must be fairly aching with the flowers that could not find expression. She vaguely understood the tree. Her own spring was delayed and frost-quelled and denied, and it seemed that there would never be anything pink in her life. She ached for pink.

She had seen a pink dress in the village store the last time she had been allowed to ride to town with the butter she had churned and the eggs she had culled. Of course, a whole pink dress was beyond wishing for, but a pink ribbon round the pigtail of her hair—oh, golly!

The new hired-man came in from the spring plowing and scraped his muddy boots on the porch steps. He said "Howdy" to Johanna, but he went on in. After supper he would go down the road a couple of miles and call on the hired-girl the folks had there. But nobody came up from that farm to spark Johanna.

She did not know all that she was missing. Her ignorance saved her from envying a thousand things. Her one big, dull envy was enough.

She saw ahead of her another summer and then a dour and scolding autumn, and after that another hideous winter of raw hands and wet feet, chilblains and fever blisters, cold sleep of nights, a chattering scramble into icy clothes, and the dreadful routine of long, shivering travel to the schoolhouse, where she would learn nothing but her own oppressive stupidity. She was the worst scholar among a bad lot—the lunkhead, they called her. If reading had been easier to learn she would have had a refuge from some of her loneliness, and she would have learned how much she was missing. But she could not get the hang of spelling and the stories in the Third Reader did not mean much in her young life.

Altogether Johanna had a poor prospect of being happy or of making anybody happy. Her parents saw her growing up as a perennial old maid. She lacked the homely virtues to eke out her homely vices. She was not neat, orderly, demure; there was nothing Marthan about her. She abominated the domestic life and she had no visible gifts for any other. Her ignorance, bolstered by indifference, gave her nothing to say or think but the same old things. Her thoughts rocked back and forth on a little porch.

She had heard something about a war in Yurrup, but it interested her not at all. She wondered where the trains went when she heard their whistles hoot along the distance, but she had no ambition to run away. If Life had anything in store for her it would have to bring it to her. And what would Life be doing such a long way from nowhere?

Pa and her brothers and the hired-man had jawed a little about Amurriky's gittin' into the war but that meant nothing to Johanna. Pa was always bragging about how near his Pa had come to jining up with the boys in blue in 'Sixty-one, whatever that was, and he told how some of the neighbor boys had went to Chickimaugy in '98, and seen nothing but chills and agy. That was as near as war had ever come to him.

He remembered '98 especially, he said, being as that was the year Johanny had been born. It took her Ma off her work just at the busiest time and he had had to drive four mile for old Doc Minch, the wust night of the summer, thunder and lightnin' like All-Get-Out, and rainin' cats and dogs. He foundered his dum' hoss on the trip, and like to lost her Ma, too; she'd been poorly ever sence, and after all that trouble Johanny had never amounted to shucks and never would.

He scowled at Johanna and Ma groaned with the memory of her travail, and Johanna glared back and said she was glad of it. That was as near as Johanna usually came to being glad—if she could make somebody mad.

Her Pa said to the hired-man: "Whut 'd I tell ye. Ain't children the ungratefullest cusses goin'?" He was too bitter to hit her. The hired-man simply shifted his tobacco to the other jaw and said Pheu-ey!

Johanna sat alone now and brooded these things and others. The sky began to look like as if it would come on to rain. She hoped it would. A storm would perfect her misery.

Poor little Johanna! She should have been lithe and amorous, blushing and giggling and waiting for a young man in the moonlight. She should have been coy and very clean and alluring, all the things that are nineteeny.

She got her wish about the rain. It began to rain. The sunset was effaced in blotches, one by one the windows of the sky were hidden with gray curtains. The sky that had been a vast heap of roses, such as they gathered over in France for the perfume factories, was now a leaden, morbid tract. The six windmills stood and whirled dimly in the rising wind. Johanna hated them. As she said once: "They act like they was grindin' the wind out all by theirselves."

Suddenly Johanna's heart stopped; the chair stopped. Then her heart began to flutter and swing. She poised on rocker-tip listening, her lips apart, her eyebrows alert. She heard a strange unknown music.

She heard her first bugle. It came crying among the hills:

Ta-te-rah! te-ra-te-rah-tah! Ta-te-rah! te-ra-te-tah!

She rose to her feet and the rocker waved back and forth. She slipped forward to the edge of the porch, leaned against the post and stared down the road where it unraveled from the hill as from a spool.

A man came along the road. He carried a stick—or was it a gun?—slanting under a rubber cape. Somebody comin' home from huntin' probly.

A little after him on opposite sides of the road two duplicates of himself plodded.

They advanced doggedly. A hundred yards back was a third young man. Then a little clump of men, exact duplicates of the first.



A mob of soldiers jostled about the counter, buying and chaffing Johanna. She had no repartee better than "Ah, go on!" or "Don't you think you're smart!" but somehow when she left the trade fell off.



"What you want?" demanded Johanna. It was Private Vibbard who stepped in and faced Colonel Leroy, craven with apparent guilt. "Aha, I thought so!" cried Vibbard like a maniac and with doubled fists. "That's what's going on here!"

From somewhere behind the hills the bugle came nearer—advancing, bragging, acting awful smart. She heard drums thudding like hearts. Then fifes began to whistle a tune. They were awful flip and fresh, the fifes. They came nearer and fresher. They were having an awful good time.

As the first fellow passed the gate, Johanna guessed that he was a soldier. A army was going by the gate where not even a circus or a funeral ever passed. The soldier saw Johanna and his dull eyes brightened. He waved his hand and grinned and hailed her.

"Ah there, girlie! Give us a kiss, will you?"

She loved him. He was the first man that ever asked her for a kiss. But he passed on.

Her mother came out, wiping her hands on her apron. Her father strode up from the barn; her brother ran to the fence. The hired-man stepped from the door, and said:

"A regimunt, by heck!" He said it with a kind of reverence.

Johanna went out to the gate and hung tremulous across the sharp pickets, not feeling them in her flesh. Her mother said the inevitable thing.

"Johanny, you come right back here now!"

Johanna did not waste a look on her. She had no looks to spare. Her mother was fascinated and forgot to insist.

As the soldiers passed they greeted Johanna, some shyly, some merrily, some rakishly. Some merely gazed with a kindly silence that she liked best of all.

Johanna could think of nothing to say in answer to their greetings but a soft, gay, "Hello, soldier!" "Hello, soldier!" "Hello, soldier!" "Hello!"

When the point and the connecting files and the support had passed, dust came down the road in a group of horsemen. They moved forward staring about at the hills and at the sky. Suddenly the oldest of them pulled back the head of his horse with one hand and thrust his other hand high up in the air. A bugle blew a long blast. The old man's horse whirled and backed and nearly danced into the gate.

The troops stopped and pulled their guns down off their shoulders, and stood still in the drizzling rain. The old man called out to her father:

"How far is it to Brockert's Corners?"

"Three miles, please," said Johanna.

"Hell!" said the old man.

"Yes, ma'am," said Johanna emotionally.

Pa came up to the gate and pushed Johanna back.

"Anything I can do for ye, General?" he said.

The General grinned and the other horsemen grinned.

"See you've got six windmills," the General said. "Good water here?"

"Best in the caounty, if I do say it."

The General talked to his friends.

"We'll never make it before dark," he said. "I think we'll camp here."

"Good idea, Colonel," said one of his friends.

"How much do you want for your fields for a night?" said the General to Pa. "We'll pay for any damage to crops or fences. We'll want to use some timber. We'll pay for that, too."

Pa hesitated, wrung between the fears of asking too much and of asking less than the utmost obtainable. Johanna knew her father and she was afraid he would charge more than the army could afford.

"Tell 'em they're welcome, Pa," she whispered.

"Hursh your maouth," said Pa, and pondered some more till old General-Colonel spoke sharply.

"While you're making up your mind we're losing the light. You can settle it with the Q. M.," whatever that was. He turned to his friends and said: "We'll make camp here for the night."

Some of the riders whirled and made their horses jump. They scooted along the line hollering something. The bugle blew. The soldiers picked up their guns and walked, then turned in off the road and wound into the wet fields like a snake as long as forever, a snake that broke up into smaller snakes. And the smaller snakes drew out into long straight lines.

Then Johanna saw wonderful things—as wonderful to her as the Apocalypse.

The hosts of heaven debouched from the funnel of the road and poured into the fields and over them. Men shouted and lines formed, and fell apart, and stretched out. Then the rubber capes came off, and big bundles were pulled from the backs and slammed on the ground. Long knives came out of sheaths and went into the soil. Then little tents sprang up everywhere. There was a sudden city of tents on all the hills. Then men unhitched shovels from somewhere, and axes.

Rail fences began to vanish. Soldiers went into the thickets and tore off dead branches and carried them in armloads.

By-and-by fires were going, flames leaping. Wagons came up and were turned into the soft fields with much shouting of drivers and plunging of teams. The wagons were unloaded by mobs of eager soldiers.

There ensued a great cooking of bacon and beans, a tremendous (*Continued on page 212*)

The Pawns Count

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrated by Armand Both

"I am for England and England only," John Lutchester, the Englishman, asserted.

"I am for Japan and Japan only," Nikasti, the Jap, insisted.

"I am for Germany first and America afterward," Oscar Fischer, the German-American, pronounced.

"I am for America first, America only, America always," Pamela Van Teyl, the American girl, declared.

They were all right except the German-American.

MEFIEZ-VOUS!
TAISEZ-VOUS!
LES OREILLES ENNEMIES VOUS ÉCOUTENT!

THE usual little crowd was waiting in the lobby of a fashionable London restaurant, a few minutes before the popular luncheon hour. Pamela Van Teyl, a very beautiful American girl, dressed in the extreme of fashion, which she seemed, somehow, to justify, directed the attention of her companions to the notice affixed to the wall facing them.

"Except," she declared, "for you poor dears who have been hurt, that is the first thing I have seen in England which makes me realize that you are at war."

The younger of her two escorts, Captain Richard Holderness, who wore the uniform of a well-known cavalry regiment, glanced at the notice a little impatiently.

"What rot it seems!" he exclaimed. "We get fed up with that sort of thing in France. It's always the same at every little railway-station and every little inn. *Méfiez-vous! Taisez-vous!* They might spare us over here."

John Lutchester, a tall, clean-shaven man, dressed in civilian clothes, raised his eyeglass and read out the notice languidly.

"Well, I don't know," he observed. "Some of you Service fellows—not the regulars, of course—do gas a good deal when you come back. I don't suppose you any of you know anything, so it doesn't really matter," he added, glancing at his watch.

"Army's full of Johnnies who come from God knows where nowadays," Holderness assented gloomily. "No wonder they can't keep their mouths shut."

"Seems to me you need them all," Miss Pamela Van Teyl remarked, with a smile.

"Of course we do," Holderness assented, "and heaven forbid that any of us regulars should say a word against them. Jolly good stuff in them, too, as the Germans found out last month."

"All the same," Lutchester continued, still studying the notice, "news does run over London like quicksilver.. If you step down to the American Bar here, for instance, you'll find that Charles is one of the best-informed men about the war in London. He has patrons in the Army, in the Navy and in the Flying Corps, and it's astonishing how communicative they seem to become after the second or third cocktail."

"Cocktail, mark you, Miss Van Teyl," Holderness pointed out. "We poor Englishmen could keep our tongues from wagging before we acquired some of your American habits."

"The habits are all right," Pamela retorted. "It's your heads that are wrong."

"The most valued product of your country," Lutchester murmured, "is more dangerous to our hearts than to our heads."

She made a little grimace and turned away, holding out her hand to a new arrival—a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a strong, cold face and keen, gray eyes, aggressive even behind his gold-rimmed spectacles. There was a queer change in his face as his eyes met Pamela's. He seemed suddenly to become more human. His pleasure at seeing her was certainly more than the usual transatlantic politeness.

"Mr. Fischer," she exclaimed, "they are saying hard things about our country! Please protect me."

He bowed over her fingers. Then he looked up. His tone was impressive.

"If I thought that you needed protection, Miss Van Teyl——"

"Well, I can assure you that I do," she interrupted, laughing. "You know my friends, don't you?"

"I think I have that pleasure," the American replied, shaking hands with Lutchester and Holderness.

"Now we'll get an independent opinion," the former observed, pointing to the wall. "We were discussing that notice, Mr. Fischer. You're almost as much a Londoner as a New Yorker. What do you think?—is it superfluous or not?"

Fischer read it out and smiled.

"Well," he admitted, "in America we don't lay much store by that sort of thing, but I don't know as we're very good judges about what goes on over here. I shouldn't call this place, anyway, a hot-bed of intrigue. Excuse me!"

He moved off to greet some incoming guests—a well-known stockbroker and his partner. Lutchester looked after him curiously.

"Is Mr. Fischer one of your typical millionaires, Miss Van Teyl?" he asked. She shrugged her shoulders.

"We have no typical millionaires," she assured him. "They come from all classes and all States."

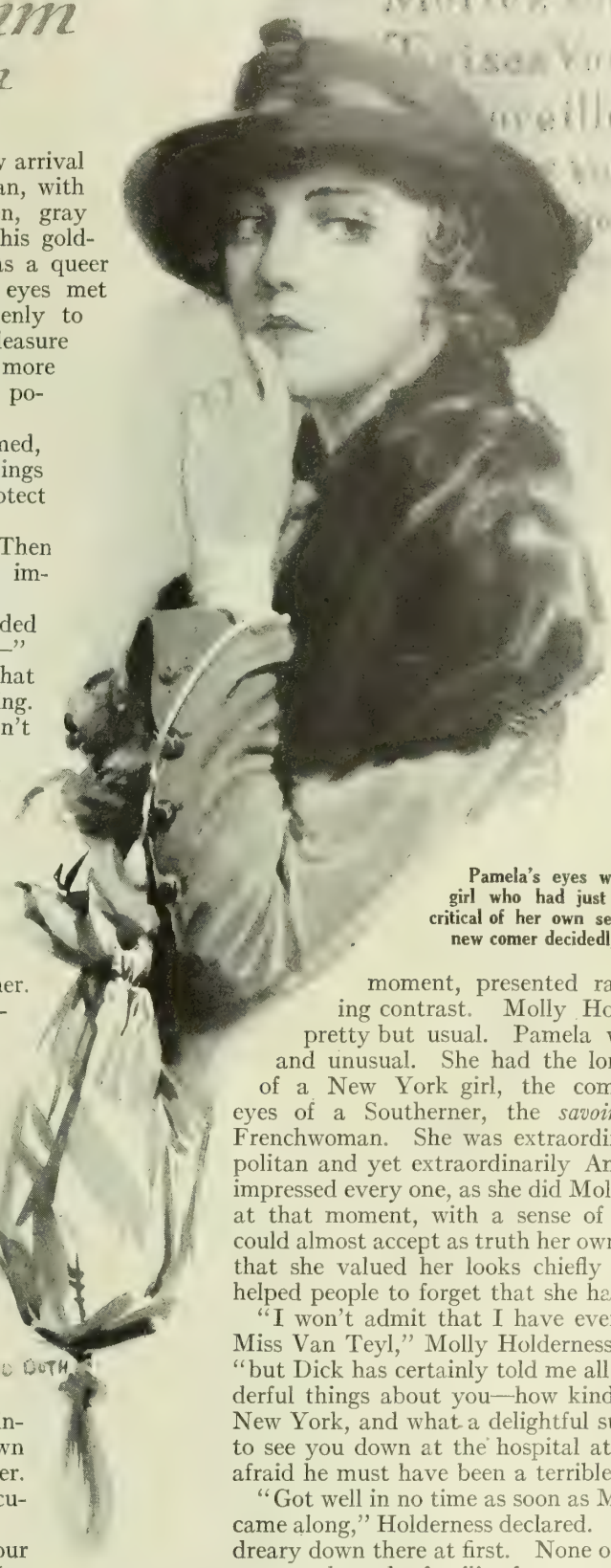
"Fischer is a Westerner, isn't he?"

Pamela nodded but did not pursue the conversation. Her eyes were fixed upon a girl who had just entered, and who was looking a little doubtfully around, a girl plainly but smartly dressed, with fluffy light hair, dark eyes, and a very pleasant expression. Pamela, who was critical of her own sex, found the newcomer attractive.

"Is that, by any chance, one of our missing guests, Captain Holderness?" she inquired, turning toward him. "I don't know why, but I have an idea that it is your sister."

"By Jove, yes!" the young man assented, stepping forward. "Here we are, Molly, and at last you are going to meet Miss Van Teyl. I've bored Molly stiff, talking about you," he explained, as Pamela held out her hand.

The girls, who stood talking together for a moment, presented rather a striking contrast. Molly Holderness was pretty but usual. Pamela was beautiful and unusual. She had the long, slim body of a New York girl, the complexion and eyes of a Southerner, the *savoir faire* of a Frenchwoman. She was extraordinarily cosmopolitan and yet extraordinarily American. She impressed every one, as she did Molly Holderness at that moment, with a sense of charm. One could almost accept as truth her own statement—that she valued her looks chiefly because they helped people to forget that she had brains.



Pamela's eyes were fixed upon a girl who had just entered. Being critical of her own sex she found the new comer decidedly attractive.

"I won't admit that I have ever been bored, Miss Van Teyl," Molly Holderness assured her, "but Dick has certainly told me all sorts of wonderful things about you—how kind you were in New York, and what a delightful surprise it was to see you down at the hospital at Nice. I am afraid he must have been a terrible crock then."

"Got well in no time as soon as Miss Van Teyl came along," Holderness declared. "It was a bit dreary down there at first. None of my lot were sent south, and a familiar face means a good deal when you've got your lungs full of that rotten gas and are feeling like nothing on earth. . . . I wonder where that idiot Sandy is? I told him to be here a quarter of an hour before you others—thought we might have had a quiet chat first. Will you stand by the girls for a moment, Lutchester, while I have a look round?" he added.

He hobbled away, one of the thousands who were thronging the streets and public places of London—brave, simple-minded young men, all of them, with tangled recollections in their brains of blood and fire and hell, and a game leg or a lost arm to remind them that the whole thing was not a nightmare. He looked a little disconsolately around, and was on the point of rejoining the others when the friend for whom he was searching came hurriedly through the turnstile doors.

"Sandy, old chap," Holderness exclaimed, with an air of relief, "here you are at last!"

"Cheero, Dick!" was the light-hearted reply. "Fearfully sorry I'm late, but listen—just listen for one moment."

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE CO. (HEARST'S)—COPYRIGHTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

The newcomer threw his hat and coat to the attendant. He was a rather short, freckled young man, with a broad, high forehead and light-colored hair. His eyes just now were filled with the enthusiasm which trembled in his tone.

"Dick," he continued, gripping his friend's arm tightly, "I'm late, I know, but I've great news. I've motored straight up from Salisbury Plain. I've done it! I swear to you, Dick, I've done it!"

"Done what?" Holderness demanded, a little bewildered.

"I've perfected my explosive—the thing I was telling you about last week," was the triumphant reply. "The whole world's struggling for it, Dick. The German chemists have been working night and day for three years, just for one little formula, and I've got it! One of my shells, which fell in a wood at daylight this morning, killed every living thing within a mile of it. The bark fell off the trees, and the laborers in a field beyond threw down their implements and ran for their lives. It's the principle of intensification. The poison feeds on its own vapors. The formula—I've got it in my pocketbook——"

"Look here, old fellow," Holderness interrupted, "it's all splendid, of course, and I'm dying to hear you talk about it, but come along now and be introduced to Miss Van Teyl. Molly's over there, waiting, and we're all half-starved."

"So am I," was the cheerful answer. "Hullo, Lutchester, how are you? Just one moment. I must get a wash. I motored straight through and I'm choked with dust. Where do I go?"

"I'll show you," Lutchester volunteered. "Hurry up."

The two men sprang up the stairs toward the dressing-room, and Holderness strolled back to where his sister and Pamela were talking to a small, dark young man, with rather high cheekbones and olive complexion. Pamela turned around with a smile.

"I have found an old friend," she told him, "Baron Sunyea—Captain Holderness. Baron Sunyea used to be in the Japanese Embassy at Washington."

The two men shook hands.

"I was interested," the Japanese said slowly, "in your conversation just now about that notice. Your young friend was telling you news very loudly indeed, it seemed to me, which you would not like known across the North Sea. Am I not right?"

"In a sense you are, of course," Holderness admitted, "but here at Henry's—why, the place is like a club. Where are the enemies' ears to [illegible], I should like to know?"

"Where we least expect to find them, as a rule," was the grave reply.

"Quite right," agreed Lutchester, who had just rejoined them. "They still say, you know, that our home Secret Service is just as bad as our [illegible] is good."

Holderness smiled in somewhat superior fashion.

"Can't say that I have much faith in that spy talk," he declared. "No doubt there was any quantity of espionage before the war, but it's pretty well weeded out now. I say, how good civilization is!" he went on, his eyes dwelling lovingly on the interior of the restaurant. "Top-hole, isn't it, Lutchester—these smart girls, with their furs and violets and perfumes, the little note of music in the distance, the cheerful clatter of plates, the smiling faces of the waiters, and the undercurrent of pleasant voices. Don't laugh at me, please, Miss Van Teyl, I've three weeks more of it, by George!—perhaps more. I don't go up before my Board till Thursday fortnight. Dash it, I wish Sandy would hurry up!"



"It cost us more than I would like to tell you to get those musicians here," declared Ferrani. "Be careful," Pamela advised him gravely, "that it does not cost you more to get rid of them!"

"You never told me how you got your wound," Pamela observed, as the conversation flagged for a moment.

"Can't even remember," was the careless reply. "We were all scrapping away as hard as we could one afternoon, and nearly a dozen of us got the knock, all at the same time. It's quite all right now, though, except for the stiffness. It was the gas did me in. . . . What a fellow Sandy is! You people must be starving."

They waited for another five minutes. Then Holderness limped toward the stairs with a little imprecation. Lutchester stopped him.

"Don't you go, Holderness," he begged. "I'll find him and bring him down by the scruff of the neck."

He strode up the stairs on a mission which ended in unexpected failure. Presently he returned, a slight frown upon his forehead.

"I am awfully sorry," he announced, "but I can't find him anywhere. I left him washing his hands and he said he'd be down in a moment. Are you quite sure that we haven't missed him?"

"There hasn't been a sign of him," Molly declared promptly. "I am so hungry that my eyes have been glued upon the staircase all the time."

Pamela, who had slipped away a few moments before, rejoined them with a little expression of surprise.

"Isn't Captain Graham here yet?" she asked incredulously.

"Not a sign of him," Holderness replied. "Queer set out, isn't it? We won't wait a moment longer. Take my sister and Miss Van Teyl in, will you?" he went on, laying his hand on Lutchester's shoulder. "Ferrani will look after you. I'll follow directly."

The chief *maître d'hôtel* advanced to meet them with a gesture of invitation, and led them

to a table arranged for five. The restaurant was crowded, and the colored band, from the space against the wall on their left, was playing a lively one-step. Ferrani was buttonholed by an important client as they crossed the threshold, and they lingered for a moment, waiting for his guidance. While they stood there, a curious thing happened. The leader of the orchestra seemed to draw his fingers recklessly across the strings of his instrument and to produce a discord which was almost appalling. A half-pained, half-amused exclamation rippled down the room. For a moment the music ceased. The conductor who was responsible for the disturbance was sitting motionless, his hands hanging down by his side. His features remained imperturbable, but the gleam of his white teeth, and a livid little streak under his eyes, gave to his usually good-humored face an utterly altered, almost a malignant expression. Ferrani stepped across and spoke to him for a moment angrily. The man took up his instrument, waved his hand and the music recommenced in a subdued note. Pamela turned to the chief *maître d'hôtel*, who had now rejoined them.

"What an extraordinary breakdown!" she exclaimed. "Is your leader a man of nerves?"

"Never have I heard such a thing in all my days," Ferrani assured them fervently. "Joseph is one of the most wonderful performers in the world. His control over his instrument is marvelous. . . . Captain Holderness asked particularly for this table."

They seated themselves at the table reserved for them against the wall. Their cicerone was withdrawing with a low bow, but Pamela leaned over to speak to him.

"Your music," she told him, "is quite wonderful. The orchestra consists entirely of Americans, I suppose?"

"Entirely, madam," Ferrani assented. "They are real Southern darkies, from Joseph, the leader, down to little Peter, who blows the motor-horn."

Pamela's interest in the matter remained unabated.

"I tell you it makes one feel almost homesick to hear them play," she went on, with a little sigh. "Did they come direct from the States?"

Ferrani shook his head.

"From Paris, madam. Before that, for a little time, they were at the Winter Garden in Berlin. They made quite a European tour of it before they arrived here."

"And he is the leader—the man whom you call Joseph," Pamela observed. "A broad, good-humored face—not much intelligence, I should imagine."

Ferrani's protest was vigorous and gesticulatory. He evidently had ideas of his own concerning Joseph.

"More, perhaps, than you would think, madam," he declared. "He knows how to make a bargain, believe me. It cost us more than I would like to tell you to get these fellows here."

Pamela looked him in the eyes.

"Be careful, Monsieur Ferrani," she advised, "that it does not cost you more to get rid of them."

She leaned back in her place, apparently tired of the subject, and Ferrani, a little puzzled, made his bow and withdrew. The music was once more in full swing. Their luncheon was served, and Lutchester did his best to entertain his companions. Their eyes, however, every few seconds strayed toward the door. There was no sign of the missing guest.

MOLLY HOLDERNESS, for whom Graham's absence possessed, perhaps, more significance than the others, relapsed very soon into a strained and anxious silence. Pamela and Lutchester, on the other hand, divided their attention between a very excellent luncheon and an even flow of personal, almost inquisitorial, conversation.

"You will find," Pamela warned her companion, almost as they took their places, "that I am a very curious person. I am more interested in people than in events. Tell me something about your work at the War Office?"

"I am not at the War Office," he replied.

"Well, what is it that you do, then?" she asked. "Captain Holderness told me that you had been out in France, fighting, but that you had some sort of official position at home now."

"I am at the Ministry of Munitions," he explained.

"Well, tell me about that, then?" she suggested. "Is it as exciting as fighting?"

He shook his head.

"It has advantages," he admitted, "but I should scarcely say that excitement figured among them."

She looked at him thoughtfully. Lutchester was a little over thirty-five years of age, tall and of sinewy build. His coloring was neutral, his complexion inclined to be pale, his mouth straight and firm, his gray eyes rather deep-set. Without possessing any of the stereotyped qualifications, he was sufficiently good-looking.

"I wonder you didn't prefer soldiering," she observed.

He smiled for a moment, and Pamela felt unreasonably annoyed at the twinkle in his eyes. "I am not a soldier by profession," he said, "but I went out with the expeditionary force and had a year of it. They kept me here, after a slight wound, to take up my old work again."

"Your old work," she repeated. "I didn't know there was such a thing as a Ministry of Munitions before the war."

He deliberately changed the conversation, directing Pamela's attention to the crowded condition of the room.

"Gay scene, isn't it?" he remarked.

"Very!" she assented drily.

"Do you come here to dance?" he inquired.

She shook her head.

"You must remember that I have been living in Paris for some months," she told him. "You won't be annoyed if I tell you that the way you English people are taking the war simply maddens me. Your young soldiers talk about it as though it were a sort of picnic, your middle-aged club men seem to think that it was invented to give them a fresh interest in their newspapers, and the rest of you seem to think of nothing but the money you are making. And Paris . . . no, I don't think I should care to dance here!"

Lutchester nodded, but Pamela fancied, somehow or other, that his attitude was not wholly sympathetic. His tone, with its slight note of admonition, irritated her.

"You must be careful," he said, "not to be too much misled by externals."

Pamela opened her lips for a quick reply, but checked herself. Captain Holderness and Ferrani had entered the room and were approaching their table, talking earnestly. The latter especially was looking perplexed and anxious.

"It's the queerest thing I ever knew," Holderness pronounced. "We've searched every hole and corner upstairs, and there isn't a sign of Sandy."

"Have you tried the bar?" Lutchester inquired.

"Both the bar and the grillroom," Ferrani assured him.

"If he had been suddenly taken ill——" Molly murmured.

"But there is no place wherein he could have been taken ill which we have not searched," Ferrani reminded her.

"And besides," Holderness intervened, "Sandy was in the very pink of health, and bubbling over with high spirits."

"One noticed that," Lutchester remarked, a little drily.

"He might almost have been called garrulous," Pamela agreed.

Ferrani took grave leave of them and Holderness seated himself at the table.

"Well, let's get on with luncheon, anyway," he advised. "It's no good bothering. The best thing we can do is to conclude that the impossible has happened—that Sandy has met with some pals and will be here presently."

"Or possibly," Lutchester suggested, "that he has done what certainly seems the most reasonable thing—gone straight off to the War Office with his formula and forgotten all about us. Let us return the compliment and for-

(*Continued on page 240*)



"You cannot frighten me, Hassan," Pamela declared, her eyes meeting his without a tremor. "No man has ever done that. And outside I have a chauffeur with muscles of iron who waits for me!"

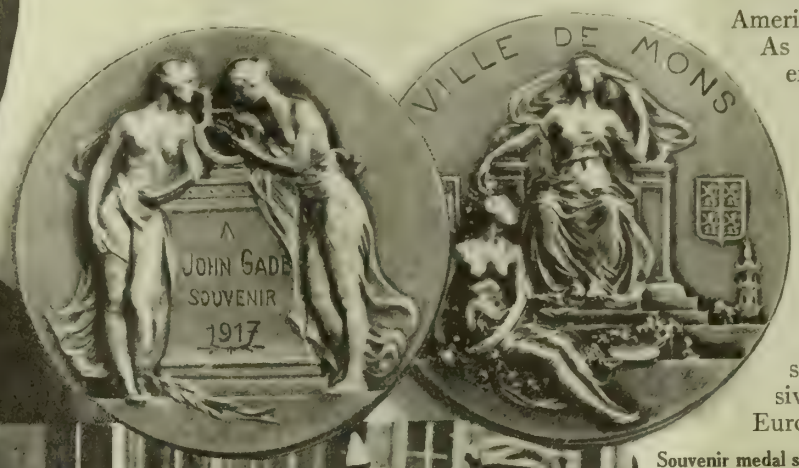
The Story of Belgium—A Nation in Jail

By John A. Gade

A Relief Commission Worker who was Recommended by his Chief, Herbert C. Hoover, to Write this Article

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*When Mr. Herbert C. Hoover was asked to recommend from among his Relief Commission workers men who could tell the true story of the misery and suffering of the millions of war victims in Belgium and Northern France he recommended Mr. John A. Gade and Mr. Gardner Richardson. When Mr. Hoover was asked by Mr. Richardson how far he should go in his narrative, he was told by the "Chief" to hold nothing back. And this means that* HEARST'S MAGAZINE *can present an authentic human document by two of Mr. Hoover's associates who were at the head of subjugated districts, and who were actual eye-witnesses to the many scenes that they describe. Mr. Gade, whose article begins the series, is a Harvard graduate and an architect. He entered Belgium in the fall of 1916 and, remaining until early this spring, took an active part in the dramatic events of that period. He was head delegate for the Commission for Relief in Belgium in the Province of Hainaut and a sector of Northern France. In Brussels he was in charge of the "Department de Secours."*





Souvenir medal struck by the city of Mons in honor of John A. Gade.



Above: Herbert C. Hoover, Head of the Belgian Relief Commission. To right: Scene in Brussels soon after the German occupation. Invading soldiers handing out occasional pails of soups to hungry Belgians.

UPON the fall of Antwerp, in August, 1914, Belgium faced starvation. With the permission of the German military authorities, a small group, representing the most prominent men in the country, turned to the United States Ambassador in London and asked for assistance. Owing to the efficiency and administrative genius of one man, American citizens stranded in Europe had recently been enabled to return to their own country. This was Herbert C. Hoover. Mr. Page, recognizing that this man alone was capable of undertaking the stupendous task of feeding seven and a half million Belgians and two and a half million French, turned to him again. Finding that the moral support of his own country was back of him, and that guarantees satisfactory to the Allies could be arranged with Germany, Mr. Hoover took up the greatest piece of organized charity the world has ever known. Its budget (of $192,000,000) in 1916 was larger than that of Switzerland and the Scandinavian countries together. It became the greatest American business in the world. As an investment of brains, energy and money, the work of "The American Commission for Relief in Belgium" will bear richer fruit and reap more everlasting gratitude than anything undertaken by this country prior to her own declaration of war.

During the summer of 1916 I felt I could not conscientiously remain passively watching the events in Europe. Having wife and children as well as business obligations, I could not well, as I preferred, enter the French army. I believed myself fitted for the work Mr. Hoover was undertaking, and consequently applied for a position on his staff. After the usual formalities of acceptance by the interested Governments had been completed, I received my appointment in August, 1916, and at once left for Brussels. Much of the work naturally has taken away a certain amount of the joy of living; much more of it has left an affection for and gratitude to my Belgian friends which will always remain as a benediction.

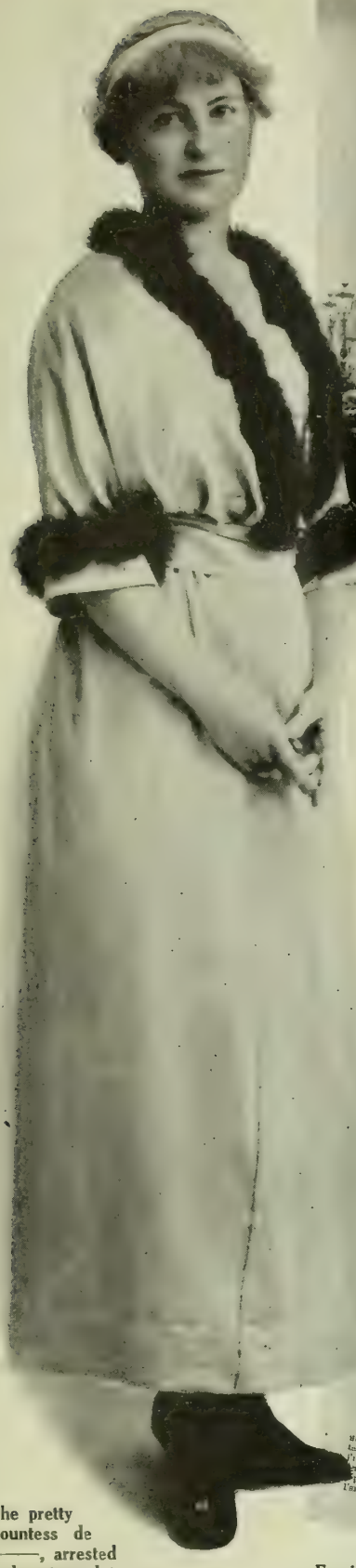
THE Americans in Belgium last winter found the souls of the people needing sustenance at least as much as their bodies. In city and village alike, in council-hall and at homely peasants' meals, everywhere one felt such a stifling sensation as grips the nerves before the breaking of a heavy thunderstorm. It was not alone that Death was stalking abroad—he had long been a familiar figure — but



A typical Belgian country cart loaded with the household goods and babies of a refugee family.



Concourse of poor in Brussels waiting for food distributed by the Relief Commission. In the background stands the 13th century Cathedral.



The pretty Countess de Y——, arrested and sentenced to a year in prison for "insulting a German officer on the street!"



NUMÉRO 30

PRIX DU NUMÉRO — Belgique, de début à Pavilion (prière aux revendeurs de ne pas dépasser cette limite)

JUIN 1918

LA LIBRE BELGIQUE

LUNDI, LE 1er FEVRIER 1915

BULLETIN DE PROPAGANDE PATRIOTIQUE — RÉGULIÈREMENT IRRÉGULIER

ADRESSE TÉLÉGRAPHIQUE : KOMMANDANTUR-BRUXELLES

RÉDACTION ET ADMINISTRATION

ANNONCES. — Les affaires étant nulles sous la domination allemande, nous avons supprimé la page d'annonces et conseillons à nos clients de réserver leur argent pour des temps meilleurs.

AVIS.

SON EXCELLENCE LE GOUVERNEUR-GÉNÉRAL BARON VON BISSING ET SON ŒUVRE INTIME

M. MAX SOYONS CALMES!!!

L'ORDRE SOCIAL TOUT ENTIER DÉFENDU PAR LA BELGIQUE

PRIÈRE DE FAIRE CIRCULER CE BULLETIN

Facsimile (reduced) of the mysteriously issued Belgian newspaper, whose place of publication has only once been discovered by German spies.

rather that hope had been too long deferred. Time upon time, after discussing lard and bacon and flour and beans, the Belgians would conclude with the remark: "Oh, it isn't the poor starved bodies of our countrymen for which fear never leaves our hearts, it is for the moral depression that is settling upon them!"

Nobody's home, or even thoughts, are any longer his own. The whole people are at bay, cut off from the outside world, like so many lepers. German bayonets to the east and south, mines and submarines to the west, and across the entire northern frontier a double fence of high-tensioned electrified wires; between them, every few hundred feet, a sentinel, his finger on the trigger. Once inside, you feel as if you were locked up in a sepulchral vault, from which no cry can reach the ear of the outside world or any struggle free you. Without are fathers, husbands, sons and lovers. Inside, seven and a half million Belgians and two and a half million French who, almost without exception, have during the last three years been unable to communicate with each other. German prisons entomb forty-three thousand more, and German fields and workshops some seventy-five thousand deported slaves.

Never did the pathos, the anguish, of it strike me more forcibly than during the last few days before my departure. I devoted them to memorizing names and addresses. Not a written word could pass out with me. One Belgian woman after another, who felt she might ask a small favor, came with the one sentence she had framed and reframed in order to make it short and concise and yet as fraught with meaning as possible. The moment I was free I was to send it to the loved one on "the other side," fighting for his country. "Just say, Inez still loves you!" "Tell my boy I know he is doing his duty, and *that* makes me happy." "Write my husband we had a little girl, thirty months ago, and she has his eyes." A mother would bring her children to my door-step that I might write I had laid my eyes on them.

In all modes of communication the Belgians have gone back to the eighteenth century. Their telephones have been wrenched from the walls, leaving only melancholy broken wires. You might as well ask for a private appointment with the Kaiser as to send a telegram. Such service belongs alone to the civil and military officials. As only higher officers, the head delegates of the American Commission, and a few favored and aged members of the National Committee, have motors, they are as rare as during the first year of their invention. In gray war-paint, with black eagles upon their panels, they rush top-speed through villages and fields on their evil errands—followed by the curse of the wayside laborer and the stink of the benzol they now perforce must burn in place of the precious gasoline. Only the country doctor



The Baroness de C——, suspected of helping Belgians to escape, and who was herself smuggled out of Brussels.

has his bicycle, and pays well for it in taxes. A census of all others has been taken and these have been ingloriously stripped of their rubber tires.

In some mysterious, incomprehensible manner, news travels with lightning rapidity from mouth to mouth. Nobody of course can keep good news to himself, and the bad flies without help. All literary activities have been arrested. Even the continuation of such non-political works as the great "History of Belgium" by the eminent historian, Pirenne, ceased when the author was transferred from his chair of history at the University of Ghent to a German prison cell. The newsboys' shrill trebles may still be heard in the city streets, but what they have to offer is a farce. True enough, it is still "La Belgique," or "Le Bruxellois," the well-known morning papers in their ante-bellum form and French, but a single paragraph tells the story:



German soldiery massed on dress parade in one of the great public squares of Brussels, Belgium.

© UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

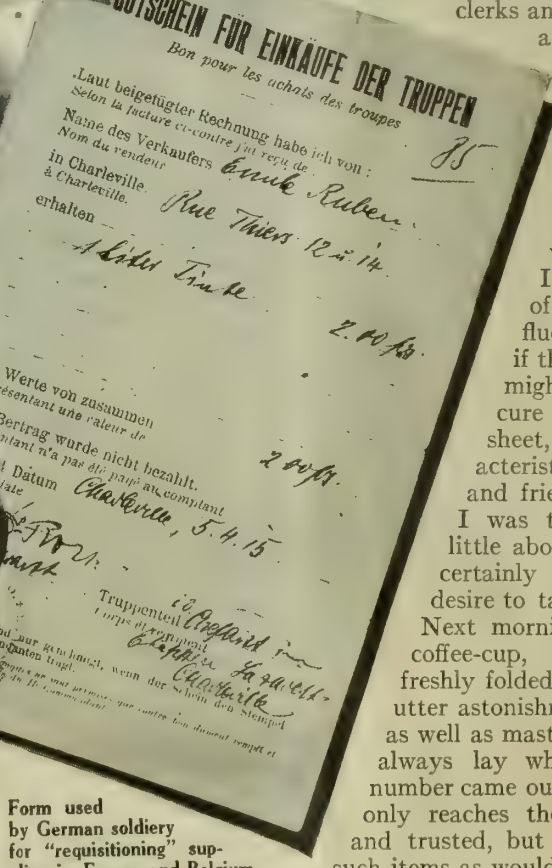
Above: General von Bissing, Military Governor of Brussels. On the right: Medal commemorating the heroic war work of Cardinal Mercier.

> "All true Belgian patriots are urged to assist the present Government in its many benevolent and disinterested undertakings."

The people learn how futile it is any longer to hope for the success of the Allies. Belgians are urged to reëstablish as soon as possible trade and business relations with German commercial houses. Some of the poison is so cleverly injected that it is not easy for the ignorant or unsuspecting to discern it. Once in a while, so as to disarm suspicion, a foreign telegram appears, but the real kernel of it, if favorable to the cause of the Allies, is left out.

But then there is "La Libre Belgique," that dangerous, glorious herald of courage and truth, published no one knows how or where, but constantly appearing secretly, and breathing encouragement and hope. To be found with it in one's possession would mean instant investigation and arrest. The cleverest spies and bloodhounds of infallible scent have time and again been set on the track of the editors, but all to no avail. Once, however, printers and all were discovered in a cellar and the whole plant was burned out as a warning. Three days later the freshly printed little sheet brought the news to a [illegible] of the [illegible]

Cardinal Desiré Mercier, Archbishop of Malines.



Form used by German soldiery for "requisitioning" supplies in France and Belgium.

vance and Mercier's arraignment of Von Bissing. Despite sentinels, clerks and staff-officers, a copy of each new number as soon as printed was always to be found on the Governor-General's working-table. I asked one day of a group of influential Belgians if they knew how I might regularly procure the dangerous sheet, but with characteristic Gallic shrugs and friendly warnings I was told they knew little about it, and most certainly I should not desire to take such a risk. Next morning, beside my coffee-cup, there lay the freshly folded edition, to the utter astonishment of servant as well as master, and there it always lay whenever a new number came out. Of course it only reaches the most careful and trusted, but they memorize such items as would encourage and cheer, and then the information is gradually spread to high and low, and fresh smiles appear on the worn faces and a new spring to their steps as they go about their daily tasks.

No books whatever, published since the beginning of the war, can be purchased, excepting of course, anything German. The rights of the street-kiosks and the railway-stands have been sold to a German company, so you may at all times purchase "Fliegende Blätter," "Kladderadatsch," the "Kölnische Zeitung," or the "Berliner Tageblatt," also plenty of modern German philosophy and "Krieger-Noveletten." In the ignorance of a newcomer I entered one of the best bookshops in Brussels shortly after my arrival and asked for "something new in French or English." The clerk was puzzled as to my nationality, but felt sure, from what accent and demand implied, that I could not be a German. He scanned his book-shelves and finally brought an exquisitely bound little edition of Alfred de Musset, handing it to me with the words: "This is always new, Monsieur, (*Continued on page 208*)



"Some girl, by Jove!" said young Warren to himself. The well-known Pathé Film Stars, Mollie King and Sheldon Lewis, were selected as models for these pictures.

Baby-Face

by Cosmo Hamilton

Photographic Illustrations by Baron Gayne de Meyer

For the last twenty years Gayne de Meyer has been instrumental in raising the standards of artistic photography both in Europe and in America. Son of a Russian banker in Petrograd, he was born in Paris, educated in France and Germany, and has resided in England and in the United States. Gayne de Meyer ranks among the half-dozen best-known names in the world of photography.

WHEN a man deliberately flings a challenge at Fate by saying that there is no romance in every-day life he lays himself open to punishment in one of two ways. Either he dwindles into a misogynist or gets married.

David Warren knew a good many things—he was Lawrenceville and Harvard—but he didn't know this, and when his best pal, also of those two most admirable institutions, saw him into the night-train at Washington for a fortnight holiday in New York and laughingly advised him to steer clear of adventures, he ran his fingers through a rather nice head of hair and said: "No such luck, Jack, old man. Romance went out with the powdered wig and the blunderbuss. I shall do the theaters with a bunch of cousins, pay a duty visit to an aunt in Brooklyn, go and leave a card at Lawrenceville, look up some of our lot at the Harvard Club and come back without turning a hair."

Whereupon, careless of the fact that Fate has long ears and a most impish

turn of mind, he got on the train and followed his porter to a drawing-room. It may be said that his father manufactured barbed wire for the Allies and that David was in the business.

The train was full, and behind the bright-green curtains of the dim and over-warm parlor-car all sorts and conditions of men were already wooing sleep. Young Warren unpacked a shirt-case, got his pipe and tobacco and "Mr. Britling," told the porter to make his bed and went along the straight and narrow path to the empty smokeroom. He was starting for a short holiday after very heavy work. What did he care how late it was? No persistent alarm-clock would nag him out of bed at seven-thirty in the morning. He was a gentleman temporarily at large, and time and tide could do as they jolly well liked. It was a good feeling once in a way. He chuckled at old Jack's idiotic remark as he made himself comfortable and opened his book. Adventures, eh? A prosaic train filled with a chorus of snores, a punctilious house in West Fifty-sixth Street, three kid cousins, and the practical and unromantic city of New York. It was funny.

A little old man with a face as yellow and as full of lines as a pippin nosed him out and demanded his ticket. All about him there was an inherited and persistent air of suspicion, and while he performed the usual series of operations on a thin piece of paper he peered at the young man over the top of his spectacles as though putting him through an analytical examination of mental and moral worthiness to be on his train.



Under the thousands of umbrellas, where was she? Every evening he was there too, hunting for the little ship in the pathless flood!

David Warren caught this and showed two excellent lines of teeth. "Do I pass?" he asked.

A sniff was all the answer that he got. It was as eloquent as it was unjust. If that queer old fellow with his jaundiced eyes had been a schoolmaster the lives of his students would not have been worth two cents apiece.

Just as the train pulled up at the Camden Station, Baltimore, David felt the call of bed. He got up and went back along the green lane and into his drawing-room. He wanted to tell the porter when to call him and left the door open. There was a thick grunt, the guttural reproaches of the colored man, and a charming little laugh. The train swung on.

"Oh, what a run! I only just made it. Please be careful of my bag, won't you?" The breathless voice was even more charming than the laugh.

Young Warren was obliged to go into the passage. How else could he catch the porter's eye?

He didn't catch it. What he caught was so blue and sweet, with dark lashes so long and curling that he blinked and looked again to make sure that he wasn't dreaming. In the alluring white costume of a nurse with a small red cross on the cap he saw a girl with a round, baby face, a little nose deliciously tip-tilted and a laughing mouth. He *was* dreaming. This sort of thing didn't happen when a man was awake.

The old man elbowed the young one into the drawing room and drew his breath at the sight of the new passenger. Also he emitted the sort of sound that Warren imagined would be made by one of the elders of Thrums who came suddenly upon Joan of Arc.

"I'm going to New York and I want a lower berth, please."

"Can't please. Ain't no lower berth." The collector's voice was like a rusty saw in dry wood.

"Oh, well, never mind. I must put up with what you've got, mustn't I?"

"One upper berth left. That's all."

"Where is it? *I'm* always a little cross when I'm tired too."

"Well hit," said young Warren to himself, with a beaming smile. "Some girl, by Jove!"

"Ain't tired. . . . Ticket?"

There was a merry laugh. It was a new experience for Warren to hear a nightingale on a train. "I must tell you about that."

"Tell me about what?"

"The ticket."

"I don't want to *hear* nothin' about it. I *want* it."

(Continued on page 245)



As a painter of mural decorations, Herter must be ranked with our foremost artists. One of his beautiful panels for the St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco.

The Work of an All-around Artist—Albert Herter

by Gardner Teall

ALBERT Herter is one of the indefatigable workers to whom a goodly share of renown has come in the field of American art, an artist who was born an artist, but who has reached an enviable position through a mastery of the mysteries of the artist's craft, attainable only through persistent effort and serious application. He is an artist who has not been afraid of work, an artist whose industry and application reminds one of the stuff the Old Masters were made of; old Giorgio Vasari, prince of biographers, would have delighted to have said of Herter: "Ah, here is one whose diligence has ennobled his talent!"

To have a painting accepted at the Salon before one is twenty is promising; to receive a *mention honorable* at this same Salon when one is eighteen is remarkable. That is just what Albert Herter did. "La Femme de Buddha" was the title of the picture. Paris in 1890 was sure the young American would amount to something; he did!

A medal at the Atlanta Exposition, a Lippincott Prize at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, an Honorable Mention at Nashville, an Evans Prize at the American Water-Color Society, were some of the honors he won. Then came bronze and silver medals at the Paris Exposition of 1900 and other marks of appreciation.

Sanity never deserts true art, and Herter's art is sane; moreover it is clean. The four important mural paintings from his brush which decorate the hall of the Supreme Court in the capitol of Wisconsin at Madison illustrate the skill with which Herter handles history. The subjects of these four canvases are "The American Law" depicting the signing of the Constitution in 1787, "The Local Law" showing the trial of the Indian Chief Oshkosh in pioneer days, "The English Law," illustrating the signing of Magna Charta, and "The Roman Law."

As a painter of mural canvases Albert Herter must be ranked with our foremost artists. Those who have had the good fortune to see the beautiful panels painted to adorn the walls of the dining-hall of the St. Francis Hotel in San



Few painters have been as successful as Herter in maintaining the relationship of the painting to the room it is to decorate, as in his "Garden of the Hesperides."

Francisco will realize this. Here seven great wall-spaces are occupied by paintings allegorical of "Farther Asia," "Africa," "Europe," "North America," "Central and South America," "Western Asia" and "California." These paintings, all on a very large scale, introduce a mass of figures. Few painters have been as successful as has Herter in maintaining the relationship of the painting to the room it is to decorate. Herter's subjects do not threaten to spill out of their panels nor do they sizz like pinwheels. However, these fine mural paintings are not somber, nor is their distinct cheerfulness of the giddy sort, but rather of the *genre* of the completely satisfying. Men, women, children, birds, animals, land and sea, heaven and earth—there they are in Herter's work, exhibiting no mere trick of versatility, but a profound understanding of form, substance and color and an ability to fix upon canvas the subjects, scenes and incidents conceived by the artist's mind. The facility to do this comes only through hard work on the part of the artist.

Although the element of decoration enters into so much of Herter's work, we have only to turn to such figure paintings as "Two Boys," in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, or "A Man and His Wife," one of the most remarkable pictures in the Spring Exhibition of the National Academy this year, to see that Herter is no less a master of portraiture than of general figure composition. This "A Man and His Wife" is a work of art of high quality in every sense and expresses a spiritual significance.

Herter took up illustrating some years ago as a pastime. An edition *de luxe* of George W. Cable's "Old Creole Days" stands witness to Herter's gift in this direction. In fact, so many demands were made by American publishers for his work that from a pastime illustrating became a very definite pursuit. This is just one more instance of Herter's capacity for hard work. Again, becoming interested in tapestries and their history, he brought over several French weavers and set up a loom whose products soon astonished those who believed tapestry weaving to be a lost art. It was not long before the Herter Looms became known throughout the world of art.



Such figure paintings as "Two Boys," in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, prove that Herter is no less a master of portraiture than of decorative figure painting.

A Stoic

By John Galsworthy

Illustrated by André Castaigne

WITH a neatly written cheque for fifty pounds in his pocket, Bob Pillin turned in at 23 Millicent Villas on the afternoon after Mr. Ventnor's visit. Chivalry had won the day. And he rang the bell with an elation that astonished him, for he knew he was doing a soft thing.

"Mrs. Larne is out, sir; Miss Phyllis is at home."

His heart leaped. "Oh-h! I'm sorry. I wonder if she'd see me?"

The little maid answered: "I think she's been washin' 'er 'air, sir, but it may be dry be now. I'll see."

Bob Pillin stood stock-still beneath the nude young woman on the wall. He could scarcely breathe. If her hair were not dry—how awful! Suddenly he heard floating down a clear but smothered: "O Kafoozalum!" and other words which he could not catch. The little maid came running down, giggling.

"Miss Phyllis says, sir, she'll be with you in a jiffy. And I was to tell you that Master Jock is loose, sir."

Bob Pillin answered: "Tha-anks," and passed into the drawing-room. He went to the bureau, took an envelope, enclosed the cheque, and addressing it "Mrs. Larne," replaced it in his pocket. Then he crossed over to the mirror. Never till this last month had he really doubted his own face; but now he wanted for it things he had never wanted. It had too much flesh and color. It did not reflect his passion. It was in fact a handicap. With the narrow white piping round his waistcoat opening, and a buttonhole of tuberoses, he had tried to repair its deficiencies. But, do what he would, he was never easy about himself nowadays, never up to that pitch which could make him confident in her presence. And, until this month, to lack confidence had never been his wont. A clear, high, mocking voice said:

"Oh-h! Conceited young man!"

And spinning round he saw Phyllis in the doorway. Her light-brown hair was fluffed out on her shoulders, so that he felt a kind of fainting-sweet sensation, and murmured inarticulately:

"Oh! I say—how jolly!"

"Lawks! It's awful! Have you come to see mother?"

Balanced between fear and daring, conscious of a scent of hay and verbena and camomile, Bob Pillin stammered:

"Ye-es. I—I'm glad she's not in, though."

Her laugh seemed to him terribly unfeeling. "Oh! Oh! Don't be foolish. Sit down. Isn't washing one's head awful?"

Bob Pillin answered feebly: "Of course, I haven't much experience."

Her mouth opened. "Oh! You *are*—aren't you?"

And he thought desperately: 'Dare I—oughtn't I—couldn't I somehow take her hand or put my arm round her, or something?' Instead, he sat very rigid at his end of the sofa, while she sat lax and lissom at the other, and one of those crises of paralysis which beset would-be lovers fixed him to the soul.

Sometimes during this last month memories of a past existence, when chaff and even kisses came readily to the lips, and girls were fair game, would make him think: 'Is she really such an innocent? Doesn't she really want me to kiss her?' Alas! Such intrusions lasted but a moment before a blast of awe and chivalry withered them, and a strange and tragic delicacy—like nothing he had ever known—resumed its sway.



Phyllis thought 'How funnily old men breathed!' She skipped back, twirled around, danced silently a second, blew a kiss, and like quicksilver was gone!

SYNOPSIS:—Sylvanus Heythorp, eighty years old, yet still going strong, comes to a crisis in his affairs after weathering many commercial storms. Owing to an unfortunate speculation he was practically ruined years before the story begins and is actually bankrupt. But he hangs on, subsisting on his fees as Chairman of several shipping companies, his motto being *L'audace, toujours l'audace.* As the "inevitable consequences" of an early indiscretion, Heythorp has dependent upon his bounty a daughter-in-law and two grandchildren, Phyllis and Jock. To provide a competency for these two leads the old veteran to execute a masterly business *coup,* which brings him perilously close to the law. One of Heythorp's creditors, named Ventnor, smells a rat and proceeds to make trouble. But the Stoic lives up to his motto.

And suddenly he heard her say: "Why do you know such awful men?"

"What? I don't know any *awful* men."

"Oh, yes, you do; one came here yesterday; he had whiskers, and he was awful!"

"Whiskers?" His soul revolted in disclaimer. "I believe I only know one man with whiskers—a lawyer."

"Yes—that was him; a perfectly horrid man. Mother didn't mind him, but *I* thought he was a beast."

"Ventnor! Came here? How d'you mean?"

"He did; about some business of yours, too." Her face had clouded over. There had been moments of late when there sprang into Bob Pillin's mind the beginning of a poem:

> "I rode upon my way and saw
> A maid who watched me from the door."

It never grew longer, and was prompted by the feeling that her face was like an April day. The cloud that came on it now was like an April cloud, as if a bright shower of rain must follow. Puzzled and distressed, he said:

"Look here, Miss Larne—Phyllis—look here!"

"All right, I'm looking!"

"What does it mean—how did he come? What did he say?"

She shook her head, and her hair quivered; the scent of camomile, verbena, hay, was wafted; then, looking at her lap, she muttered:

"I wish you wouldn't—I wish mother wouldn't—I hate it. Oh, money! Beastly—beastly!" and a tearful sigh shivered itself into Bob Pillin's reddening ears.

"I say—don't! And do tell me, because——"

"Oh, you *know!*"

"I don't—I don't know anything at all. I never——"

Phyllis looked up at him. "Don't tell fibs; you know mother's borrowing money from you, and it's hateful!"

A desire to lie roundly, a sense of the cheque in his pocket, a feeling of injustice, the emotion of pity, and a confused and black astonishment about Ventnor, caused Bob Pillin to stammer:

"Well, I'm dashed!" and to miss the look that Phyllis gave him through her lashes—a look saying:

"Ah! That's better!"

"I *am* dashed! Look here! D'you mean to say that Ventnor came here about my lending money? I never said a word to him——"

"There you see—you *are* lending!"

He clutched his hair. "We've got to have this out," he said.

"Not by the roots! Oh, you do look funny. I've never seen you with your hair untidy. Oh! Oh!"

Bob Pillin rose and paced the room. In the midst of his emotion he could not help seeing himself sidelong in the mirror; and on pretext of holding his head in both his hands, tried earnestly to restore his hair. Then coming to a halt he said:

"Suppose I *am* lending money to your mother,

what does it matter? It's only till quarter-day. Anybody might want money."

Phyllis did not raise her face. "Why are you lending it?"

"Because—because—why shouldn't I?" and diving suddenly, he seized her hands. She wrenched them free; and, with the emotion of despair, Bob Pillin took out the envelope.

"If you like," he said, "I'll tear this up. I don't want to lend it if you don't want me to; but I thought—I thought——" It was for her alone he had been going to lend this money!

Phyllis murmured through her hair: "Yes! You thought that *I*—that's what's so hateful!"

Apprehension pierced his mind. "Oh! I never—I swear I never——"

"Yes, you did; you thought I wanted you to lend it." She jumped up, and brushed past him into the window.

So she thought she was being used as a decoy! That was awful—especially since it was true. He knew well enough that Mrs. Larne was working his admiration for her daughter for all that it was worth. And he said with simple fervor:

"What rot!" It produced no effect, and at his wits' end he almost shouted: "Look, Phyllis! If you don't want me to—here goes!" Phyllis turned. Tearing the envelope across, he threw the bits into the fire. "There it is," he said.

Her eyes grew round; she murmured in an awed voice: "Oh!"

In a sort of agony of honesty he said: "It was only a cheque. Now you've got your way."

Staring at the fire she answered slowly: "I expect you'd better go before mother comes."

Bob Pillin's mouth fell ajar; he secretly agreed, but the idea of sacrificing a moment alone with her was intolerable, and he said hardily:

"No, I shall stick it!"



"My hair isn't a bit dry!" said Phyllis, sitting down on the fender with her back to the fire. A certain vacuity had come into Bob Pillin's face—there was something on his mind, but nothing came.

Phyllis sneezed. "My hair isn't a bit dry," and she sat down on the fender with her back to the fire.

A certain vacuity had come into Bob Pillin's face. If only he could get off that wheeze: "Phyllis is my only joy!" or even: "Phyllis—do you—won't you—mayn't I?" But nothing [illegible]—nothing.

And suddenly she said: "Oh! don't breathe so loud; it's awful!"

"Breathe! I wasn't!"

"You were; just like Carmen when she's dreaming."

He had walked three steps toward the door before he thought: 'What does it matter? I can stand anything from her,' and walked the three steps back again.

He said softly: "Poor young man!"

He answered gloomily: "I suppose you realize that this may be the last time you'll see me?"

"Why? I thought you were going to take us to the theater."

"I don't know whether your mother will—after——"

Phyllis gave a little clear laugh. "You don't know mother. Nothing makes any difference to her."

And Bob Pillin muttered: "I see." He did not, but it was of no consequence. Then the thought of Ventnor again ousted all others. What on earth—how on earth? He searched his mind for what he could possibly have said the other night. Surely he had not asked him to do anything; certainly not given him their address. There was something very odd about it that had jolly well got to be cleared up! And he said:

"Are you sure the name of that Johnny who came here yesterday was Ventnor?" Phyllis nodded.

"And he was short, and had whiskers?"

"Yes, red; and red eyes."

He murmured reluctantly: "It must be him. Jolly good cheek. I simply can't understand. I shall go and see him. How on earth did he know your address?"

"I expect you gave it to him."

"I did not. I won't have you thinking me a squirt."

Phyllis jumped up. "Oh! Lawks! Here is mother!"

Mrs. Larne was coming up the garden. Bob Pillin made for the door. "Good-by," he said; "I'm going." But Mrs. Larne was already in the hall. Enveloping him in fur and her rich personality, she drew him with her into the drawing-room, where the back window was open and Phyllis gone.

"I hope," she said, "those naughty children have been making you comfortable. That nice lawyer of yours came yesterday. He seemed quite satisfied."

Very red above his collar, Bob Pillin stammered: "I never told him to; he isn't my lawyer. I don't know what it means."

Mrs. Larne smiled. "My dear boy, it's all right. You needn't be so squeamish. I want it to be quite on a business footing."

Restraining a fearful inclination to blurt out: "It's not going to be on any footing!" Bob Pillin mumbled: "I must go; I'm late."

"And when will you be able——?"

"Oh! I'll—I'll send—I'll write. Good-by!" And suddenly he found that Mrs. Larne had him by the lapel of his coat. The scent of violets and fur was overpowering; and the thought flashed through him: 'I believe she only wanted to take money off old Joseph in the Bible. I can't leave my coat in her hands! What shall I do?' Mrs. Larne was murmuring: "It would be *so* sweet of you if you could manage it to-day," and her hand slid over his chest. "Oh! You *have* brought your cheque-book—what a nice boy!"

Bob Pillin took it out in desperation, and sitting down at the bureau wrote the identical cheque he had torn and burned. A warm kiss lighted on his eyebrow, his head was pressed for a moment to a furry bosom; a hand took the cheque, a voice said: "How delightful!" and a sigh immersed him in a bath of perfume. Backing to the door, he gasped:

"Don't mention it; and—and *don't tell Phyllis, please.* Good-by!"

Once through the garden gate he thought: 'By gum! I've done it now. That Phyllis should know about it at all! That beast Ventnor!'

His face grew almost grim. He would go and see what that meant, anyway!

MR. VENTNOR had not left his office when his young friend's card was brought to him. Tempted for a moment to deny his presence, he thought: 'No! What's the good? Bound to see him some time!' If he had not exactly courage, he had that peculiar blend of self-confidence and insensibility which must needs distinguish those who follow the law; nor did he ever forget that he was in the right. "Show him in!" he said.

He would be quite bland, but young Pillin might whistle for an explanation; he was still tormented, too, by the memory of rich curves and moving lips and the possibilities of better acquaintanceship.

While shaking the young man's hand, his quick and fulvous eye detected at once the discomposure behind that mask of cheek and collar; and relapsing into one of those swivel chairs which give one an advantage over men more statically seated, he said:

"You look pretty bobbish. Anything I can do for you?"

Bob Pillin, in the fixed chair of the consultor, nursed his bowler on his knee. "Well, yes, there is. I've just been to see Mrs. Larne."

Mr. Ventnor did not flinch. "Ah! Nice woman; pretty daughter, too!" And into those words he put a certain meaning. He never waited to be bullied. Bob Pillin felt the pressure of his blood increasing.

"Look here, Ventnor," he said. "I want an explanation."

"What of?"

"Why, of your going there, and using my name, and God knows what."

Mr. Ventnor gave his chair two little twiddles before he said: "Well, you won't get it."

Bob Pillin remained for a moment taken aback; then he muttered resolutely: "It's not the conduct of a gentleman."

Every man has his illusions, and no man likes them disturbed. The gingery tint underlying Mr. Ventnor's coloring overlaid it; even the whites of his eyes grew red.

"Oh!" he said, "indeed! You mind your own business, will you?"

"It is my business—very much so. You made use of my name, and I don't choose——"

"The devil you don't! Now, I tell you what"—Mr. Ventnor leaned forward—"you'd better hold your tongue and not exasperate me. I'm a good-tempered man, but I won't stand your impudence."

Clenching his bowler hat, and only kept in his seat by that sense of something behind, Bob Pillin ejaculated: (*Continued on page 222*)



"Yes, I rang for you—want to look at you, that's all," wheezed Old Heythorp. "Oh, an' I'm not tidy, sirr," simpered Molly.

My Fifty

By Rear Admiral



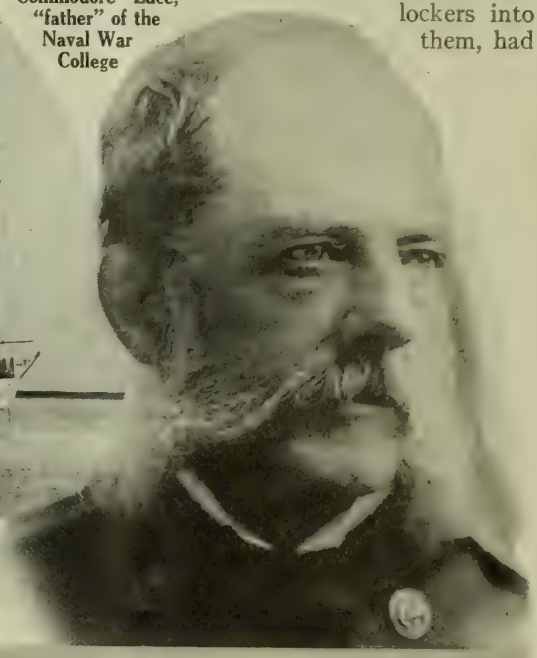
The seal-herd in the famous rookeries on the Pribylof Islands. Capt. Clark was sent to stop the slaughter.

I HAD two promotions while on the *Vanderbilt*. I was promoted to the grade of master in '66, and to that of lieutenant in '67. When we went north to San Francisco in the *Suwanee* I passed my examination for lieutenant-commander, reaching this grade at the age of twenty-four. We did not remain long in San Francisco, having received orders to proceed to Alaska, which had only recently come into our possession. We went first to Victoria, Vancouver, and after a short stay started on our way to Sitka. We got no further than the northern end of Vancouver Island. We were running out of Johnson's Straits the morning of July 7th. It was about six o'clock and I had the deck. We were running at full speed, with the current adding two or three knots, when the ship struck an unknown rock, and almost instantly became a complete wreck. The impact was so great that men were thrown from their feet, and those of the crew who were sleeping were pitched from their hammocks. A few, who were temporarily demoralized, ran to the boats, but the watch on deck behaved admirably. The marines went promptly to their stations at the boat-falls, and by the time the captain and officers reached the deck, and Sanders, the executive officer, relieved me, comparative quiet was restored. The engine was stopped at once, so there was a full head of steam to blow off. The captain, whom the shock had thrown from the transom where he was sleeping, hailed me as he came up the companionway: "Mr. [illegible], I had sounded the pumps. I answered: "Why, captain, the whole bottom is torn out of her, from bow to amidships." Indeed she had already started to break in two. The bow was settling and the deck planking beginning to separate. All at once, with a splintering crash, she parted through the gunports, just forward of the hurricane deck. About thirty men were left on the forecastle, and the captain asked if I could get across and join them. I managed it easily enough, and though the bow of the ship had completely gone under, the rest of her was so high upon the rock that we were able to get at the store-rooms and break out a number of barrels of beef and pork. The executive officer shouted across to us to cut away the rigging, so that the foremast would fall over the side, but as the mast and rigging would have been our only refuge if the ship slipped from her position into deep water I protested against this. Even then the deck was so steeply inclined that we had to use cleats and ropes to keep our footing.

A little later, when the provisions we had broken out had been hauled over by lines to the hurricane deck, all hands assembled there, and the boats were manned and loaded. The after-end of the ship was by this time well under water also, and as I had had no opportunity to go to my stateroom I should have lost all my effects had it not been for the thoughtfulness of Ensign Perry and a sergeant of marines named Burke. They had snatched the blankets from my bunk, and emptying the contents of drawers and lockers into them, had



The U. S. S. *Ranger*. "She was an iron ship, and I found I could materially reduce the temperature below decks by giving her a coat of white paint,"—the first of the famous "White Squadron."



Commodore Luce, "father" of the Naval War College



The wooden frigate *New Hampshire*. "When I reported on board, the old ship-of-the-line was already fitting out as a training-ship."

Years in the Navy

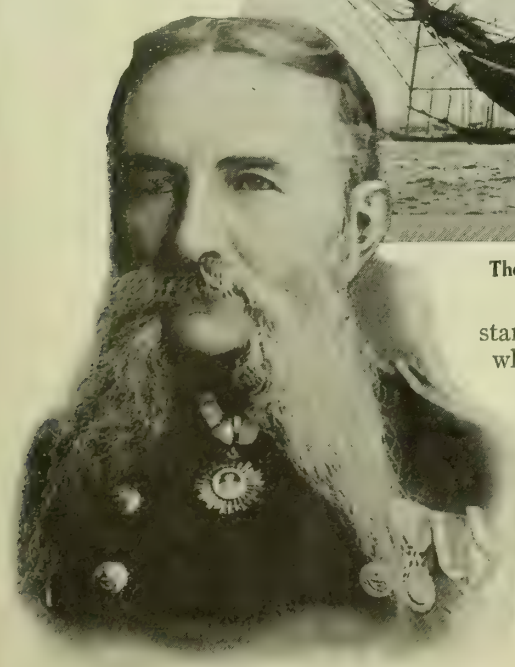
Charles E. Clark, U.S.N. Retired, Hero of the "Oregon".



Aboard the U. S. S. *Kearsarge.* "As Executive I was ordered to this ship, largest then on the China Station."

tied them into a bundle by the four corners. So nearly all my things were saved.

We were near Hope Island, and the boats were able to land behind a point, but in spite of its protection the sea was running heavily enough to capsize the first three or four. When it came my turn to shove off, the captain asked me to take charge of his kit, saying he was going to trust it to my management or luck. When we pulled in, it looked at first as if we were really to make a successful landing, but a few moments after our bow touched the beach a heavy roller caught us under the quarter and turned the boat over, only two or three of us managing to jump clear. Luckily the water was deep enough to keep us from being crushed among the rocks when the boat rolled over us. The captain's faith was justified, for his effects had been pitched ashore at once, and landed high and dry, but mine were submerged with me. As they floated to the surface, an Indian—there were a number of them hovering about in canoes—seized and started to make off with them, but one of our people who saw what was happening pulled a rifle on him and compelled him to restore my property.



Captain J. G. Walker, U.S.N., sometime commander of the *Powhatan.* "Because of his expressed desire I became captain of the *New Hampshire.*"

The U. S. Man-of-War *Kearsarge,* the ship that sunk the privateer *Alabama* off Cherbourg in 1864.

Everybody having landed safely, the captain, that same day, sent Lieutenant-Commander Frank Wildes, in charge of one of the ship's boats, with orders to proceed through the Gulf of Georgia to get help from Victoria or one of the Puget Sound ports. He had not gone far when he fortunately fell in with H. M. S. *Sparrowhawk.* Her captain, Commander Porcher, took him and his crew on board, and started for Hope Island at full speed, arriving the second day after the wreck. The *Sparrowhawk's* prompt arrival was most welcome, for although we had built the best tents we could of awnings and sails, they were very inadequate protection from the heavy rains. As the *Sparrowhawk's* capacity was limited, we soon realized that a number of us would have to be left behind. When the Captain informed me that he meant to leave me in charge of the party my feelings were somewhat mixed. The prospect of being stranded on Hope Island for an uncertain length of time was not particularly pleasing, and yet I was rather flattered that the Captain had chosen me for a position of trust which he might have offered to any one of the three officers who were my seniors. He allowed me to select my men, those who volunteered to be preferred. Ensign Thomas Wilson, Assistant-Engineers Greenleaf and Chasmar, and thirty-three men, all volunteers, were detailed. The Captain's only instructions were that everything possible was to be saved from the wreck, and that a constant watch must be kept upon the Indians, who were gathering in great numbers. They were all armed, many of them having breech-loading rifles like our own. The principal chief in the vicinity was called Cheap, and he looked upon the English as his natural enemies.

The officers and men of the *Sparrowhawk* did everything possible for our people who were embarking with them, and also for those remaining behind. Lieutenant Reginald Townsend came ashore repeatedly, bringing everything he could think of for my comfort, both from his personal effects and what could be drawn from the ship's stores. We soon had our tents quite comfortable and rainproof, except for the heaviest downpours.

"It was the head of the navy himself, Admiral David D. Porter, who said he would stand by me in my 'kick.'"

The instant the departing *Sparrowhawk* had turned a point, Cheap, the "bad Indian," came out from behind another where he had been lurking. By good fortune one of the marines in my party knew the Siwash dialect, so we had a pow-wow. Cheap claimed sovereignty over all the islands and waters in the neighborhood, and complained that the presence of the British gunboat had kept him from exacting his rightful tribute from the wreck. This must now be made good to him. I replied, through our interpreter, that there could be no question of tribute, for while I was on the island I was the one and only Chief. The water in front was also under my jurisdiction. I would graciously permit the Indians to come into the bay, however, provided they kept away from the beach in front of the camp, and did not approach it from the woods in the rear. That, since we were not "King George men," with whom he was engaged in war, I would be glad to trade with him, and if he brought or sent to the camp every day a deer or a large (*Continued on page 234*)



Beneath his eyes, on the canvas, a miracle was happening. The picture was taking shape and color such as he had not believed possible.

The Portrait of Marian Long

By Donn Byrne

Illustrated by W.T. Benda

HE turned into Bryant Park and sat on one of the seats, with his shabby overcoat open, in spite of the steely cold of the bright December day. So Marian Long was back, he said to himself, half in ecstasy and half in fear. Marian Long was back, and he had met her! So Marian Long was back!

A man he knew had been interested in a painting of Zuloaga's at the Metropolitan—a garish, explosive thing, the picture of Anita Ramirez on a yellow couch, and he had asked Kane to go up and see it. He would give Kane forty dollars for a reproduction, he promised, and Kane had gone. He had come out of the Museum and was on his way downtown to meet a rector who had the giving away of a piece of church decoration, as paltry a job as the other. A block south of the Plaza someone laid a hand on his arm, and he heard his name breathed in shocked accents.

"Leonard Kane!"

He turned around swiftly, nervous at the memory of that silvery voice, and before him he saw Marian Long. It was ten years since he had [illegible] and the same slim, tall, black-haired imperious-looking woman—except for the little lines about the mouth and eyes that skilled grooming had done its best to conceal, and the eyes themselves, which were those of a woman of the world, and not, as the last time, those of a selfish girl. He saw the great blue limousine pulled up to the curb, and he noted her splendid, sweeping furs.

"Leonard Kane!" she repeated, and this time there was pity in her voice as well as shock.

"Come with me," and she moved toward the car.

"I'm sorry," he refused. "I have an appointment."

Her eyes still roved over his appearance, the clean shabbiness of him. He knew she was noticing the gray hairs that were beginning to weave in at the temples, and how the proud look had gone from his face and the woebegone, stubborn expression of defeat had replaced it.

"You will come and see me, Leonard?" she said. "I'm opening at the Irving next week, or come to my hotel."

He shook his head at her.

"Then I will come and see you," she told him impulsively. "Is your studio in the telephone book?"

He didn't even reply to that, but he saw from the look in her eyes that she knew it was.

"Good-by, Leonard! I'm coming," was the last thing she said. And she entered the car, and he walked down the street, doggedly, defensively, but with the feeling gaining in him that a miraculous thing had occurred, and that it was going to continue. Dazedly he walked into the park and sat down.

He stayed there for an hour at least, and getting up he had made his way home, lengthily, toward the dingy Bronx street where he lived, in an apartment above a druggist's store. He let himself in, and as he did so he could hear his wife humming, gaily as always, in the kitchen beyond. She came into the room and stood in the door for an instant, a smile dimpling her fair, healthy face, and brimming in her blue eyes.

"Leonard, you're excited," she challenged. "What is it about?"

"Nothing," he answered with careful nonchalance.

"I don't care what it's about," she told him. "I'm only so glad that for once you don't look unhappy."

AT Victor Marec's, in Paris, ten years ago, they had conceded Leonard Kane to be a genius, even before he had exhibited in the Salon, and the picture had been bought by the Government. They conceded him to be a genius, although he did not fall into the accepted idea of how a genius should act. He came quietly from Harper's Ferry, with a modest legacy and some training. He settled in a comfortable and quiet house, ate full and well-cooked meals, went about with friends and visited theaters instead of screaming about art in a low-priced restaurant, or dancing at the nearest ball. His clothes were clean; his hair well-groomed; his face always shaven. This did not accord with the accepted idea of genius, and yet Kane undoubtedly was one. Witness his "Vineyard on the Marne," and his portrait of Miss Anne Schuyler.

And another reason that puzzled them exceedingly was that Leonard Kane seemed never to fall in love. Toward the models he was courteous and distant. Toward the mob of young women who frequented Marec's he was friendly but cold. It was only after he had decided to leave Paris and to come to New York that the matter of Marian occurred, and of that neither master nor pupil, *massière* nor model, knew anything. To them it was sufficient that one day Kane was among them, superlatively and inexplicably happy, painting in long, firm sweeps, and that the next he had disappeared as completely as a pebble cast into a deep lake. And that, though they knew it not, was the doing of Marian Long.

She had come under the tutelage of her mother to the little hotel in the Rue Boursault, where Kane lived. She was twenty-six then, and had experienced already some measure of success as an actress in America—in minor parts, it is true, but critics recognized in her the makings of a great tragedienne. She had brains, had Marian Long—none ever denied her that—and where another actress would have striven ahead in New York, patiently waiting for success, Marian Long went forth to collect the weapons to conquer it. She came to London to study the tragediennes there. She came to Paris to see the acting at the Française and the Odéon and the Femina.

She impressed him first as one of Botticelli's women—pale, slim, with features refined to the point of delicacy. In her eyes there was a great sense of feeling, but back of that was a substratum of hardness, of steely purpose. He had never heard of her, but she knew of him, and sought his acquaintance. He admired in a detached way the Tanagrine regularity of her features, the depth of her eyes, and the lights and shadows of her face. And then suddenly he was head over heels in love with her, and she with him.

It was just the violent impact of two spirits, that clove through everything toward each other. They both experienced the vague and delicate emotions that forerun the actuality of love—the desire for each other's companionship; the touch of hands that has the thrill of electricity and the softness of fine velvet; the hours spent together which seem in enjoyment like the glory of sunlight and in retrospect have the delicate shade of twilight; the delight in speaking each other's name like a bar of clear music; the delicious sense of uncertainty. . . .

There was something dramatic and picturesque in their being in Paris together that appealed to her as an actress and to him as a painter, and that impression fired them until they could withhold their feelings no longer. They had wandered together about Paris—to the Halles, to the Bois, about Versailles. In the forest of Fontainebleau, one June evening, he told her he loved her.

"I love you, Marian," he looked at her straight and calmly, "and I want you to marry me."

For answer she caught his head down and kissed him.

"I will marry you," she whispered to him, "because I love you, too."

And then for them came two weeks of delirium, in which he saw visions and dreamed dreams, greater than any of the world's masterpieces, and in which she felt that there was never a *rôle* in the whole history of playing that she could not interpret. Their eyes were opened and they were as gods, knowing good and evil.

One might have surmised there was that depth of feeling in her from the look in her eyes, but beyond that capacity for feeling was the steely substratum of ambition. Their love rose with the suddenness of a summer thunderstorm and it sundered with the instantaneity of a lightning flash.

"When, in the Fall, we are back home, and married . . ." he was saying.

"My dear," she smiled, "we are not going to be married for a longer time than that. For years, maybe."

"For years?" he said, aghast.

"When I have made a big, definite success in New York or London," she said, "then we'll get married. And that may be soon."

"But, darling," he puzzled, "what has that to do with getting married?"

She shook her head slowly, and he could read an inexorable purpose in her eyes.

"I am not going to endanger my success. I have worked too hard for the chances I got. But, dear, it won't be long. Three years, maybe. Four at most."

"Marian," he stuttered, "you don't mean it! You're hurting the heart in me——"

"I'm breaking my own," she said simply, and tears welled into her eyes. An instant later they were hard and bright. "But I mean that!"

He talked to her for days after that, pleaded, reasoned, cajoled, bullied even, but there was no moving her.

The end came as suddenly as love had come. They were both distraught.

"It can't be, Marian," he told her. "Anything may happen. It's tempting Providence. Do you love me at all?"

"Do I love you?" She turned to him and her eyes glowed. "I love you with my whole heart and soul."

"And Marian! Are you going to put your purpose above love?"

Anger rose in her like a red flame.

"I am," she decided, "if I were never to marry!"

He looked at her, simply. The blood had gone from his face and left it gray. Gusts of temper swept over her like a storm over waves.

"Never! Do you hear? Never!" She paced up and down the sitting-room with the swing of an enraged wolf. "Do you realize that I will be the greatest actress in the world? Am now? Shall I throw that away? Shall I endanger it?" She stopped before him suddenly. "My last word is no! and no! and no!" She tore her engagement-ring from her finger and threw it toward him. "If you don't like my terms, you can go. And you needn't come again until you do!"

"I don't like your terms," he said quietly.

The ring had rolled a little across the floor. In a sweeping torrent of rage she sprang toward it and crushed it beneath her heel. She threw the door open.

"Then go!"

In a sort of daze, which lasted from that moment until a month later, he packed his trunks, gathered his canvases, and came home. He did nothing desperate, but wandered about the sleepy West Virginia town, morose and moody. People thought it was overwork that had caused the change from his usual cheerfulness. They did all they could to divert him. And the principal of these was Jeannette Rann.

He had known her before he went to Paris, had known her when she was going to school. She was twenty-five now, nearly as old as Marian Long, but she seemed no more than a schoolgirl, so much life and spirits were in her. A small, athletic girl, with the fair hair and blue eyes of Saxon ancestry, with a smile that flashed out like a light, and a song on her lips that was as gay as any that ever came from a linnet's throat. She was tireless in her efforts to interest him, continually dragging him out for tennis, or a canoeing turn, or a dancing-party. She began with kindliness and the warmth in her



"Oh, man, I've had the tickets for a week," Jeannette told him. "I wanted to take you out of yourself!" "I'll go," Kane suddenly decided.

(*Continued on page 220*)

What Has and Can be Done by Municipal Ownership and Control

By Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War

EDITOR'S NOTE—The question of public ownership and control is again one of the foremost issues of the day. War conditions are driving the National Government to think more and more about a closer supervision of public utilities and necessities. The next mayoralty campaign in the city of New York threatens to be fought out on the municipal-ownership issue. All of which makes the following article by Secretary of War Baker particularly timely and important. Secretary Baker was formerly Mayor of Cleveland, a city where public ownership has been tried with great success.

CLEVELAND owns and operates her own street-repair and street-cleaning departments, her police and fire departments and her health bureau. She also owns and operates her parks and boulevards, and maintains a vast farm colony for her criminal, sick, and infirm. "But," it will be asked, "what is there novel in this? Do not other American cities own and operate these activities, and is it not almost the universal rule throughout the world?"

I ask in reply: "What is there novel in the ownership of an electric light and power plant, or in the control (which is the next thing to municipal ownership) of a street-railroad system?" For citizens of Cleveland have come to the frame of mind where the latter form of municipal enterprise is regarded as no more unique than the policing and cleaning of urban areas.

The question may well be asked whether there are any vital differences in the various social agencies and endeavors of a city which make [illegible] only to direct ownership and control by the people and others a peculiar province of private enterprise. My answer is that there are none, but in view of the heated and controversial condition of public opinion on this point it would be idle for me at this juncture to attempt to convert those who differ with me. I am more concerned in detailing briefly the results of Cleveland's experience in her better-known enterprises, so as to permit whatever good [illegible] to become common property, and I am willing to let municipal evolution in America take its course in enlarging and deepening municipal enterprise, confident in the belief that within a comparatively short time history will show the boundaries of municipal government widened in every direction *and including the management of every social necessity.*

There really is no magic about Cleveland's public-utility experience. In common with her sister cities of America she had been witnessing the exploitation of her transportation, gas and electric facilities for years and saw that service or the quality of the product either stood still or was deteriorating, while huge profits were being amassed by certain foresighted men who had placed themselves in strategic positions in the days when Cleveland was becoming an assured metropolis. At the same time she was noticing the quality of her municipal administration gradually but constantly improving, and commensurately the cost to the taxpayers diminishing.

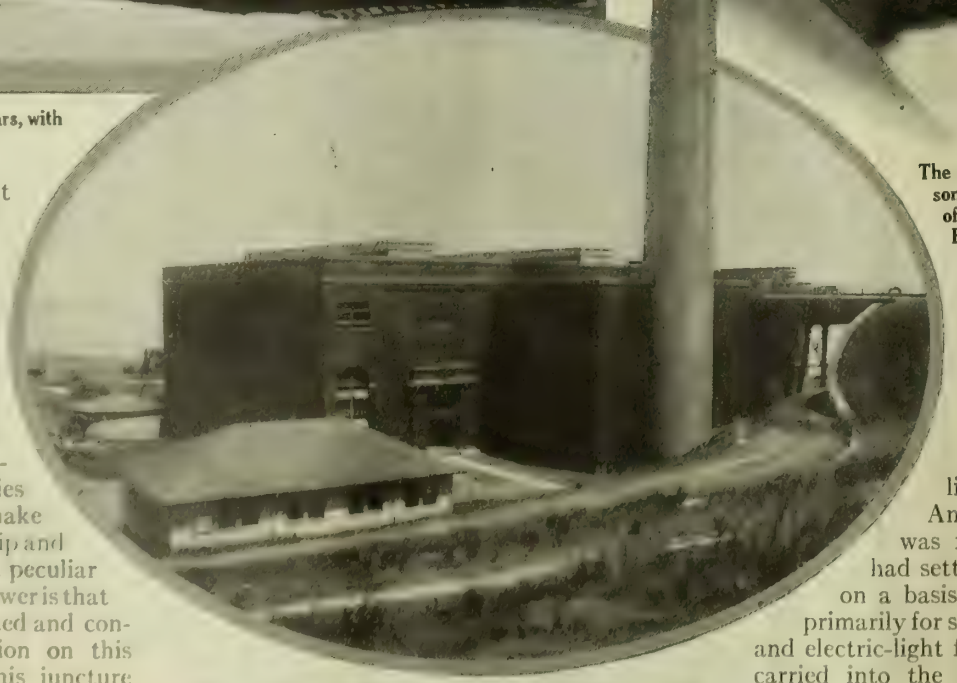
Why, then, was it not the natural thing to ask whether the same efficiency and cheapness could not be injected into activities that were just as social in character as those then comprised within the recognized limits of municipal activity? And the question was asked, and was not answered until Cleveland had settled her street-railroad problem on a basis where the car lines are run primarily for service and secondarily for profit and electric-light facilities at low rates had been carried into the humblest homes. But these victories were not accidental. Cleveland won and is still winning her fight because she has relied upon the ultimate success of justice and fair play in the solution of these problems. And so while the past fifteen years teem with incidents of a heroic and romantic character, *at the bottom there is no witchcraft about successful public ownership or control of* *(Continued on page 231)*



One of Cleveland's handsome side-door street-cars, with trailer, on which the fare is three cents.



Newton D. Baker, present Secretary of War, when Mayor of Cleveland solved many knotty municipal problems by aid of his trusty pipe.



The splendid municipal lighting plant of Cleveland, owned and operated by the city, furthered by Mayor Baker.

The late Tom Johnson, once Mayor of Cleveland, and Father of the three-cent fare agitation.

A Pagliacci in Pumps

By Arthur Stringer

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

I WATCHED the woman. I sat watching her, quietly yet closely, from the seclusion of my alcove seat. And the odd part of it was that neither she nor her male partner noticed that I was studying their movements.

I had, in fact, been studying them for some time. I'd been inspecting them indolently and impersonally, with much the same sense of detachment that I'd have in a comfortable theater seat toward the end of the third act of an English teacup drama. They were pictorial; and they were self-engrossed enough to be interesting. And they seemed vitalized with the spirit of something impending, of something portentous about to befall them.

Then, of a sudden, my inspection of them became much less impersonal. Their surreptitious amorous intimacies no longer engrossed my attention. For the man had reached smilingly into his pocket and, still smiling, had dropped something into the clustered fingers of that meditative blonde beauty across the table from him. As he did so, I caught a flash of light. And that flash was to me what aniseed is to a beagle, what red is to a bull, what the fly is to the grayling. For there was no mistaking that flash. Into the woman's hand the man had quietly and calmly slipped a diamond, a diamond flanked by green, and as big as an almond.

I saw the woman look at the diamond. As she did so I, too, had a better chance of inspecting that stone. And it was as extraordinary, I saw, as the woman herself, about whom the vapors of teacup comedy seemed to deepen into the more sinister shadows of another "Easiest Way." For there was a sense of latent climax about her intent face, a feeling of culmination which her careless pose could not disguise, a misted atmosphere of surrender and sharp readjustment that made me think still again of melodrama that had dropped out of its frame. And the jewel which she held so studiously in her gently cupped hand provided me with a ringed and centered target against which to focus my attention.

It wasn't the sort of diamond that is passed from hand to hand about midnight trotteries, as a rule. It was, I saw, a canary-colored stone set between two emeralds. To make it more remarkable, it was cut in the shape of a heart. It would have looked cheap or gross, I think, if its tinting had been anything but the tenderest of buttercup yellows. Without that sublimated essence of sunlight to soften its glitter it would surely have looked as blatant as the diamond alligator which the lady herself wore on her well-calcimined and opulent bosom. You can't take fifteen or twenty carats of living and flashing sunset and frame it in grass-green and hope for anything much less conspicuous than a Broadway sky-sign. Even from where I sat I could see it sparkle and glint, in the pink-tinted hand-hollow cupped so avariciously and yet so abstractedly about it. For every one of those thousand sparkles, I told myself, some one had doubtlessly paid a tear—or somebody, in time to come, would pay their tear.

Then I looked more closely at the woman herself. I looked at her, persuaded that she was taking part in a play a little more impressively than any she had ever acted in on any stage along the Great White Way. She sat a trifle back from the damask-draped table, with her knees crossed. Her left elbow rested on her upper knee, and her well-powdered chin rested in turn on her left hand. The black brim of her picture-hat shadowed her face, cut her off, as a screen might, from the greater part of that crowded room. Yet the light from the imitation candles, filtered through red shades, gave a faint rose-color to her face itself. Her right arm, bare and rounded and mysteriously voluptuous in its unmuscled softness, lay stretched out on the table with the canary-colored diamond resting between the slightly prehensile fingers, like a harbor-light at the end of a mole.

She studied that diamond as closely and as abstractedly as I was studying her. She looked at it with brooding yet barricaded eyes. She impressed me, even in that hardening moment of appraisal, as being lovely, although, in the same breath, I was compelled to admit that she was also metallic. She had what you might call a hard gaze, but a wonderful one. There was something superlative about her. She *had* to be superlative, I remembered, to succeed in a field where rivals were so numerous and competition so razor-edged in its keenness.

For Verlyn Vachell was a Broadway actress, the kind who after their fifth Bronx are apt to talk of what they could do with Ibsen or Brieux, but continue to adorn musical comedy and invade the legitimate only in distinctly minor parts which they both over-dress and under-act. Whether there was something more than sawdust under the enamel I couldn't quite tell. But Verlyn Vachell was not a great actress, even though a tumult—a tiny tumult—of imitation greatness always followed in her wake.

I had been taught to accept her as ranging in with that army, by no means a small one, which accepted the stage as a sort of auction-block, where paraded beauty may be duly assessed and duly bestowed upon the highest bidder. And as she sat there, studying the jewel in her hand, the jewel which had just been given to her by the man who quite as easily could have given her a million dollars, I was still again disturbed by a latent sense of drama. The idea of the auction-block kept coming back to me again and again. For I felt that a compact had been entered into, a price had been set and paid, a trophy had been sought and won. I couldn't help thinking of that diamond as a badge of capitulation. But it was plainly and unmistakably beautiful.

This caused me to glance back at the man again, the man who in all such things is of distinctly minor importance. To fit into the picture, I know, he should have looked like something between a satyr and a basilisk. He should have been coarse and puffy-eyed and adorned with the paunch of gluttony. But one of the disadvantages of beholding drama in real life is the discovery that your characters don't always carry the right make-up. "Cappie" Cairns, I suppose, was even



Then I noticed something which took my thoughts away from Verlyn Vachell. What I saw was merely a hand—a white hand and a thin one—and I saw it slip along the window-ledge where her hand-bag lay, close about the bag, and withdraw it

better known on Fifth Avenue than he was on the Rialto. But along the one or the other he must have been known affectionately, since there was that absurd diminutive of "Cappie," as applied to a man of over fifty, to attest to the fact. He was known, not only for the millions which he rolled into about the same time that he rolled into a perambulator, but more for the manner in which he disposed of adequately generous slices of that same fortune. Yet he trod softly along the serried cotes of adventure, always giving an air of legitimacy to those excursions. He "backed" an occasional musical comedy, which gave him, his enemies proclaimed, an excuse for being interested in its daughters of song. He mixed with the motion-picture

producers, for that trim new avenue, explained the same enemies, led into the outlands of arrogant and self-exploiting beauty where big game fell only to the express-rifle of millions. He also had a weakness for studio-dances with exotic backgrounds, and accosted cabaret managers by their first names, and exchanged Wall Street tips in Copper for options on rail-tables on holiday nights. And all the while the upper layer of Cappie Cairns's associates asserted him to be the finest of fellows, a family-man who believed in a bit of fun to keep the rust off, but open-handed to the needy and easy-going with the unfortunate, and always ready to help along any young struggler in the field of Art. If these strugglers chanced to be nearly always of the frailer sex, it could be claimed that it was the frailer sex that stood most frequently in need of help.

As for the lower layer of Cappie Cairns's friends, their comments were more restricted, since they had only themselves and the police to talk to. It probably paid them to remember the legend of the goose and the golden egg. But I hadn't been long with the Alliance before I learned that in every great city there are a few big men whom the officials of the law kind of nurse along, men who, without money and influence, would be legging it across the Bridge of Sighs quicker than a beanery-cook could turn a wheat-cake. I had accordingly, heard of the ambidextrous Cappie long before Toosey Attrill had fully enlightened me on the subject. And knowing what I knew, I remembered it was only on the stage that character keeps to its type and runs true to form.

For the man who sat across the table from Verlyn Vachell, so leisurely supping on ruddy duck and Burgundy, looked anything but an ogre who ate Beauty almost as raw as he could eat his canvasback. He looked rather urbane, in fact, and exceptionally well-groomed, and a trifle paternal. His face wore a set air of pensiveness touched with humor, as though while begging with one hand, he remembered he carried a sword in the other. About the trim-cut lines of his shoulders was an almost military rigidity of pose, making me think of a West Point boy who'd taken to posing as a Rip Van Winkle. And his waist-line was surprisingly meager for a millionaire *bon vivant* who could never hope to see fifty again. I'd somewhere heard that he spent two frantic hours every day in a squash-court, followed by an equally frantic hour with a Swedish rubber. I'd also been told that he both drank and smoked with scrupulous care, living austerely in the small things of life to the end that he might expend prodigally in what he accepted as the big things.

It was the memory of this, more than his actual appearance, that made him suddenly odious to me. It made him seem to professionalize animal passion, just as the woman across the table from him exploited and professionalized her appeal of face and beauty of body. And the two forces had met, apparently, had contended and wavered and finally fused. The badge and seal of that union lay there in front of my eyes, as clearly defined as the flame of an oxyacetylene torch—lay there in the form of a canary-colored diamond set between two emeralds. For in the warfare of the sexes, I'd long since learned, from the first Queen of Sheba to the latest queen of the Follies chorus, precious stones had always played the part of the big guns in that never-ending campaign.

The next moment the woman, obviously awakening to the fact that she was in a public place where all display of private emotion was tabu, closed her hand on the pendant and with a ghost of a shrug dropped it into her highly ornate little hand-bag. I noticed one eyebrow of Cappie Cairns unconsciously elevate itself as she did so. That eyebrow seemed to go up, not altogether interrogatively and not altogether quizzically, but quite as mechanically as the brow of an old dog when disturbed at his dinner. There was triumph in it, and there was cynicism in it, but it seemed to escape her, for the next moment her hand, already glinting with many rings, reached out across the table, and the man's hand took possession of it, closed about it, and retained it.

It was a love-scene, but I could find nothing idyllic about it. It had, in some way, a savor of wild life about it. It made me think of pursuit and capture. The trap was sprung. The web was woven about the moth. But who can feel sorry for the downiest captive when she wears a smile of sleepy contentment, closes the incident by snapping a fortune shut in a flowered hand-bag, and imperially consults a menu card printed in cream and gold? Yet as they went on with their meal I could almost read what they were saying, those two, so self-immured, so oblivious of everyone around them, as they played out their version of that sordid old drama which suddenly became so repugnant to me that I was glad to turn away to another quarter of that midnight restaurant.

As I did so my gaze fell on what Toosey was in the habit of calling a "tango-rat," a white-faced man-thing paid to caper while other people ate, giving an exhibition-dance on the highly polished floor. He was doing this with what must have been his professional partner. About the pair, too, there seemed something abnormal, something hectic and unhealthy, something which left a vague ache for the sanities of open air and sunlight. The face of that two-legged dancing rodent was almost cadaverous in its leanness, his waist looked as though it were corseted, and his mouse-colored hair, slicked straight back from his high and narrow forehead, made me think of grass that had been trying to grow up under a board. His face, bleached out by too many midnights in smoke-poisoned air, was the color of a billiard-ball—white, faintly tinged with yellow. His feet, in their narrow-toed patent-leather pumps, looked mincing and undersized. His hands, too, were white, white as a barber's, and as he posed and gyrated and pranced he smiled down at his partner in chiffon with a smile so fixed that it became a leer.

I prided myself on knowing the type, and I further prided myself on loathing and abhorring it. I abhorred, in fact, the whole scene. There seemed something heavy and turgid in even the delicately fluted tones of the orchestra, something underground and sodden in the smoke of countless cigarets drifting up from so many crowded tables, something buzzard-like in the busy waiters condoning bad air for the sake of the pickings, something cheap and commercial in the good-fellowship which boiled up out of champagne glasses glowing like golden tulips on slender stems, something equally cheap and commercial in the noisy joylessness which demanded the double-lashed whip of music and wine to keep it in motion.

They called it "The Byzantine Room," I remembered. And it was barbaric enough for its name. And I was on the point of



"Miss Vachell," I said, "last night Carpenter Cairns gave you a canary-colored diamond set between two emeralds." A moment she measured me with her eyes. "You are entirely mistaken," she answered, with a supercilious smile.

making an effort to escape from Byzantium back into modern New York by migrating into the Annex, whose simpler walls of white and green I could see through the open windows beside me, when a movement in another part of the room caught and held my attention.

A uniformed page pushed his way through to the table where Cappie Cairns sat watching the bare shoulders of the woman across the table from him. She had come sufficiently back to earth to resume her meal, I noticed, and was beating the bubbles out of her champagne glass with an olive fork. I couldn't hear what took place. But I could see that the man had been called to the telephone. He came back, in a minute or two, looking serious. The vague proprietary smile had completely gone from his face. There was even a frown of disappointment on his previously pensive brow. I could see, as plain as print, that, having been called away, he was adjusting himself to a hope deferred, that he was explaining and expostulating and doing his best to soften a misfortune which gave no promise of crushing the lady confronting him.

He went hurriedly, yet reluctantly, after giving certain orders to his waiter—orders, I felt sure, associated with the welfare of the companion he was deserting. And once he had passed out of the room, I noticed, Verlyn Vachell went on with her meal. She went on with it industriously and abstractedly, putting her hand-bag up on the wide black-and-gold Byzantine window-ledge beside her when the waiter with the eyes as expressionless as a mullet brought in her tray, with a steaming casserole enclosed in silver, a casserole which she contemplated with still abstracted gaze. But I noticed that she ate with relish. Her desolated spirit had in no way affected her appetite.

Then I noticed something which promptly took my thoughts away from that pictorial lady and her appetite. What I saw was merely a hand. Yet it startled me as much as the sight of a snake would have startled me. It was a white hand, and a thin one, and I saw it slip quietly along the filigreed black-and-gold window-ledge where Verlyn Vachell's hand-bag lay.

The owner of the hand was nowhere in sight. This gave that white member, as it groped and moved along the dark window-ledge, the impression of being disembodied, of being complete in itself, of floating in space. Yet the owner of that hand was plainly crouched somewhere on the Annex side of that parterre of indoor casements.

The next moment I saw the lean and ghost-like fingers close about the bag and withdraw it.

I looked at the owner of the bag, holding my breath, wondering if a movement taking place so close beside her could possibly escape her attention. But the lady in question was pursuing her meal with a sort of *dammerschlaft* of preoccupation, apparently in no way annoyed at the thought of being left alone in such a place and at such an hour. So I remembered just who and what I was. I saw that it was time for me to interfere.

I got up quietly but quickly from my table and stepped over toward where Verlyn Vachell was sitting. I was within three feet of her table corner when I saw the same white hand appear once more at the window-ledge. I saw it return the bag to where it had been resting. At almost the same time she too seemed to remember that this flimsy reticule held much newly acquired wealth, for she turned quickly, looked at the bag, and then lifted it down and placed it in her lap.

Instead of stopping at her table, as I had intended to do, I moved on until I came to the palm-bordered archway opening into the Annex. I had to shoulder my way forward, since the orchestra had struck up a one-step and an army of half-fed tarantics suddenly gravitated out toward the dancing-floor. I had done little more than pass through the doorway when I met the white-faced tango-rat coming out of the all-but-empty Annex.

I quickly but covertly studied his face as he came toward me. And I knew, as I saw that face, that he was the man who had taken the hand-bag from the window-ledge. I knew it as clearly as though he had told me so with his own tongue. And I likewise felt positive that he had made away with a canary-colored diamond set between two emeralds.

"Will you try this one-step with me?" I brazenly yet lispingly asked of him as I blocked his way back to the floor. It took him a moment or two to come down from the clouds. But he had been off his post, without reason, and stood glad enough of the chance for a graceful re-entry.

"It would be a pleasure," he answered with his purely commercial politeness as he swung the spotlight of his purely commercial smile in my direction. For part of his duty, obviously, was to entertain unattached women with a hunger for Castleing along those polished floor-cracks.

"You dance well," I told him, almost against my will, for I despised both him and his kind—despised them by instinct.

"May I return the compliment?" he said with his obsequiously commercial smile. He was clearly trying to do what the Right Sort did, and was missing it by a mile, and always would miss it.

"You like it, of course?" I went on as we wove our way airily in and out amid those rhythmic waves of undulating men and women. I could see an occasional eye turned enviously toward me, as we drifted along the outer edge of the tables. Yet it was loathsome having that dancing-rat so close to me, although I had to admit to myself that it was easy to do the steps with him. He seemed able to put the pulse of the music into your feet. There were moments, in fact, when that Babylonian past time over which I had been frowning a few moments before made me almost forget the more serious business in hand. So I repeated my question.

"Who wouldn't like it?" he said with another of his purely mercantile grimaces of mirth. He may have been a vapid and (*Continued on page 227*)



Suddenly he stooped low, close in beside the running-board, while with one quick push the lithe-limbed girl came into unexpected action and bunted me bodily and ignominiously out of that taxi!



The aggressor went limping away and Mr. Purnip turned with a blush: "I'm ashamed of myself," he murmured brokenly as he brushed his hat, "for fighting—ashamed!" "Ashamed!" exclaimed Billing.

The Convert

By W. W. Jacobs

Illustrated by Everett Shinn

MR. PURNIP took the arm of the new recruit and hung over him almost tenderly as they walked along; Mr. Billing, with a look of conscious virtue on his hard face, listened with much satisfaction to his friend's compliments.

"It's such an example," said the latter. "Now we've got you the others will follow like sheep. You will be a bright lamp in the darkness."

"Wot's good enough for me *ought* to be good enough for them," said Mr. Billing modestly. "They'd better not let me catch——"

"H'sh! H'sh!" breathed Mr. Purnip, tilting his hat and wiping his bald, benevolent head.

"I forgot," said the other with something like a sigh. "No more fighting; but suppose somebody hits me?"

"Turn the other cheek," replied Mr. Purnip. "They won't hit that; and when they see you standing there smiling at them——"

"After being hit?" interrupted Mr. Billing.

"After being hit," assented the other, "they'll be ashamed of themselves, and it'll hurt them more than if you struck them."

"Let's 'ope so," said the convert, "but it don't sound reasonable. I can hit a man pretty 'ard. Not that I'm bad-tempered, mind you; a bit quick, p'raps. And, after all, a good smack in th' jaw saves any amount of argufying."

Mr. Purnip smiled and, as they walked along, painted a glowing picture of the influence to be wielded by a first-class fighting-man who [illegible] and he recognized with sorrow that more respect was paid to a heavy fist than a noble intellect or a loving heart.

"And you combine them all," he said, patting his companion's arm.

Mr. Billing smiled. "You ought to know best," he said modestly.

"You'll be surprised to find how easy it is," continued Mr. Purnip. "You will go from strength to strength. Old habits will disappear, and you will hardly know you have lost them. In a few months' time you will probably be wondering what you could ever have seen in beer, for example."

"I thought you said you didn't want me to give up beer?" said the other.

"We don't," said Mr. Purnip; "I mean that, as you grow in stature, you will simply lose the taste for it."

Mr. Billing came to a sudden full stop. "D'ye mean I shall lose my liking for a drop o' beer without being able to help myself?" he demanded in an anxious voice.

Mr. Purnip coughed. "Of course it doesn't happen in every case," he said hastily.

Mr. Billing's features relaxed. "Well, let's 'ope I shall be one of the fortunate ones," he said simply. "I can put up with a good deal, but when it comes to beer——"

"We shall see," said the other smiling. "We don't want to interfere with anybody's comfort; we want to make them happier, that's all. A little more kindness between man and man; a little more consideration for each other; a little more brightness in dull lives."

He paused at the corner of the street and, with a hearty handshake, went off. Mr. Billing, a prey to somewhat mixed emotions, continued on his way home. The little knot of earnest men and women who had settled in the district to spread light and culture had been angling for him for some time. He wondered, as he walked, what particular bait it was that had done the mischief.

"They've got me at last," he remarked, as he opened the house-door and walked into his small kitchen. "I couldn't say 'No' to Mr. Purnip."

"Wish 'em joy," said Mrs. Billing, briefly. "Did you wipe your boots?"

Her husband turned without a word, and, retreating to the mat, executed a prolonged double-shuffle.

"You needn't wear it out," said the surprised Mrs. Billing.

"We've got to make people 'appier," said her husband seriously, "be kinder to 'em, and brighten up their dull lives a bit. That's wot Mr. Purnip says."

"You'll brighten 'em up all right," declared Mrs. Billing, with a sniff. "I sha'n't forget last Tuesday-week—not if I live to be a hundred. You'd 'a' brightened up the police-station if I 'adn't got you 'ome just in the nick of time."

Her husband, who was by this time busy under the scullery-tap, made no reply. He came from it spluttering, and, seizing a small towel, stood in the doorway burnishing his face and



"Tell 'em you're gorn?" demanded she, looking out to see how many were waiting, "and what about the other wrong of telling lies?" "Do as you're told," said the harassed Mr. Billing.

regarding his wife with a smile which Mr. Purnip himself could not have surpassed. He sat down to supper, and between bites explained in some detail the lines on which his future life was to be run. As an earnest of good faith he consented, after a short struggle, to a slip of oilcloth for the passage; a pair of vases for the front room; and a new and somewhat expensive corn-cure for Mrs. Billing.

"And let's 'ope you go on as you've begun," said that gratified lady. "There's something in old Purnip after all. I've been worrying you for months for that oilcloth. Are you going to help me wash up? Mr. Purnip would."

Mr. Billing appeared not to hear and, taking up his cap, strolled slowly in the direction of the Blue Lion. It was a beautiful summer evening and his bosom swelled as he thought of the improvements that a little brotherliness might effect in Elk Street. Engrossed in such ideas it almost hurt him to find that, as he entered one door of the Blue Lion, two gentlemen, forgetting all about their beer, disappeared through the other.

"Wot 'ave they run away like that for?" he demanded looking round. "I wouldn't hurt 'em."

"Depends on wot you call hurting, Joe," said a friend.

Mr. Billing shook his head. "They've no call to be afraid of me," he said gravely. "I wouldn't hurt a fly; I've got a new 'art."

"A new wot?" inquired his friend, staring.

"A new 'art," repeated the other. "I've given up fighting and swearing, and drinking too much. I'm going to lead a new life and do all the good I can; I'm going——"

"Glory! Glory!" ejaculated a long, thin youth; making a dash for the door, he disappeared.

"He'll know me better in time," said Mr. Billing. "Why, I wouldn't hurt a fly. I want to do good to people; not to hurt 'em. I'll have a pint," he added turning to the bar.

"Not here you won't," said the landlord, eyeing him coldly.

"Why not?" demanded the astonished Mr. Billing.

"You've had all you ought to have already," was the reply, "and there's one thing I'll swear to; you ain't had it 'ere."

"I haven't 'ad a drop pass my lips——" began the outraged Mr. Billing.

"Yes, I know," said the other wearily, as he shifted one or two glasses and wiped the counter. "I've heard it all before, over and over again. Mind you, I've been in this business thirty years, and if I don't know when a man's had his whack, and a drop more, nobody does. You get off 'ome and ask your missis to make you a nice cup o' good strong tea, and then get up to bed and sleep it off."

"I dessay," said Mr. Billing, with cold dignity, as he paused at the door, "I daresay I may give up beer altogether."

He stood there pondering over the unforeseen difficulties attendant upon his new career, moving a few inches to one side as Mr. Ricketts, a foe of long standing, entered the public-house and, halting a yard or two away, eyed him warily.



"You see, I don't hit you back," said Mr. Billing as he reeled under the first blow. "I've got a new 'art, I 'ave;" he slowly turned the other cheek, and Mr. Ricketts fetched it a smash. "I've only got two cheeks, mind," said Mr. Billing

"Come along," said Mr. Billing, speaking somewhat loudly for the benefit of the men in the bar. "I sha'n't hurt you; my fighting days are over."

"Yes, I dessay," replied the other, edging away.

"It's all right Bill," said a mutual friend, "he's got a new 'art."

Mr. Ricketts looked perplexed. "'Art disease d'ye mean?" he inquired hopefully. "*Can't* he fight no more?"

"A new 'art," said Mr. Billing; "it's as strong as ever it was, but it's changed, brother."

"If you call me brother agin I'll give you something for yourself, and chance it," said Mr. Ricketts ferociously. "I'm a pore man but I've got my pride."

Mr. Billing, with a smile charged with brotherly love, leaned his left cheek toward him. "Hit it," he said gently.

"Give it a smack and run, Bill," said the voice of a well-wisher.

"There'd be no need for 'im to run," said Mr. Billing. "I wouldn't hit 'im back for anything. I should turn the other cheek."

"Whaffor?" inquired the amazed Mr. Ricketts.

"For another swipe," said Mr. Billing radiantly.

In the fraction of a second he got the first, and reeled back staggering. Mr. Ricketts, somewhat pale, stood his ground.

"You see, I don't hit you," said Mr. Billing, with a ghastly attempt at a smile.

He stood rubbing his cheek gently and remembering Mr. Purnip's statements, slowly, inch by inch, turned the other in the direction of his adversary. The circuit was still incomplete when Mr. Ricketts, balancing himself carefully, fetched it a smash that nearly burst it. Mr. Billing, somewhat jarred by his contact with the floor, rose painfully and confronted him.

"I've only got two cheeks, mind," he said slowly.

Mr. Ricketts sighed. "I wish you'd got a blinking dozen," he said wistfully. "Well, so-long. Be good."

He walked out of the Blue Lion absolutely free from that sense of shame which Mr. Purnip had predicted, boasting noisily of his exploit. Mr. Billing, suffering both mentally and physically, went slowly home to his astonished wife.

"P'raps he'll be ashamed of hisself when 'e comes to think it over," he murmured as Mrs. Billing, rendered almost perfect by practice, administered first-aid.

"I s'pect he's crying his eyes out," she said with a sniff. "Tell me if that 'urts."

Mr. Billing told her, then suddenly remembering himself, issued an expurgated edition.

"I'm sorry for the next man that 'its you," said his wife, as she drew back and regarded her handiwork.

"Well, you needn't be," said Mr. Billing with dignity. "It would take more than a couple o' props in the jaw to make me alter my mind when I've made it up. You ought to know that by this time. Hurry up and finish. I want you to go to the corner and fetch me a pot."

"What, ain't you going out agin?" demanded his astonished wife.

Mr. Billing shook his head. "Somebody else might want to give me one," he said resignedly, "and I've 'ad about all I want to-night."

His face was still painful next morning, but as he sat at breakfast in the small kitchen he was able to refer to Mr. Ricketts in terms which were an eloquent testimony to Mr. Purnip's teaching. Mrs. Billing, unable to contain herself, wandered off into the front room with a duster.

"Are you nearly ready to go?" she inquired, returning after a short interval.

"Five minutes," said Mr. Billing nodding. "I'll just light my pipe and then I'm off."

"Cos there's two or three waiting outside for you," added his wife.

Mr. Billing rose. "Ho, is there?" he said grimly as he removed his coat and proceeded to roll up his shirtsleeves. "I'll learn 'em. I'll give 'em something to wait for. I'll——"

His voice died away as he saw the triumph in his wife's face and, drawing (*Continued on page 236*)

WHEN a sufficient degree of suffering is reached, even the feeblest demonstrations of affection become impossible. It was the setting in of this phenomenon in the case of Ellen that most wrung Dayton's heart and filled him with fear. She, who had been the most responsive to his smile and to his voice of any human being, had no longer the inclination nor the power to respond.

She sank very rapidly. For forty-eight hours she had never a gleam of recognition for either her mother or her father. On the third day she lapsed into unconsciousness and died.

The blow to the Daytons was without any extenuating mercy whatever. They were not even so lucky as to be stunned by it. What they had lost, suffered, and were suffering, and must continue to suffer, was in every detail perfectly clear to them.

But all through they showed their breeding. Or else their grief was too great to be demonstrated by any outward manifestation. They went about the business of the burial clear-mindedly and with method. Dayton even secured the great Rodin to make a death-mask of the little girl. He even kept his appointment with the Chief of Police.

It was necessary to do these things or to go quite mad.

From the Chief of Police he was able to learn only that Claire D'Avril had changed her name and was no longer in Paris. The police of the great provincial cities were working on the case. The child, one of very many similarly situated, had presumably been boarded with a peasant family in Lorraine. The Chief of Police did not despair of finding her.

"Well," thought Dayton, as he drove back to the apartment, "God has this mercy, that He gives me these two unfortunates to think of, to find and to provide for. And Charnowski says that the other looks like Ellen."

Before his eyes there arose a vision of Ellen's wax-like face: still and serene. "Only the other day," he thought, "she was coming to me as if to God; but now she has penetrated the great secret and has no more need of me."

Some of the time, as surely as he believed the facts of life, he believed that after death he would be reunited to his daughter in unutterable happiness. It would be very different from the happiness that had been theirs on earth. There would be no fear of sickness, of partings. He would have no dire foreboding that some day she must grow up and love some one more than she loved him. She would have the same physical appearance: only the flesh thereof would be immortal and unchanging. Heaven—he believed that, having expiated by suffering, one went to Heaven, and that there the memory of one's sins and shortcomings was taken away. And it was this fact that would make it Heaven.

"Of this life, I shall remember everything," he thought, "from the time she was born until the very moment before she got sick. Of my own life I shall remember only what was honorable and kind. I don't know how we shall occupy our time up there. But we shall be together. And Dorothy will be with us. And I shall have for her the feeling that I had when we knew that in a few hours Ellen was going to be born."

But at other times he had convictions about death that were very different. And then his deepest soul quivered with a horror and grief that were without comfort. For then he felt that he had forever parted from his daughter. And that when he, too, was dead, it would be as though their love for each other had never existed.

The gray hairs in his head increased in number. Physically and mentally he had aged many years in a few days.

The Daytons did not wish to leave Ellen always in France. So she was placed in the receiving-vault in the cemetery of Père la Chaise. Not until the next day did either of them have the faintest notion that the whole of Europe was about to be plunged in war.

Dayton's search for Claire D'Avril and for his other daughter ceased automatically. All the powers of France were mobilizing to fight for the nation's life. It never occurred to the Daytons to fly the country. The possibilities of doing war work seemed to them both a merciful dispensation. Dorothy at once offered her services to the Red Cross and became a nurse. Dayton for a time assisted Ambassador Herrick in sending hysterical Americans out of France, and then, after closing the apartment from which Dorothy had already been transferred to a base hospital, he joined an ambulance unit as a stretcher-bearer, and was sent almost at once to the front.

He had only a few minutes in which to say good-by to his wife. She looked tired; but there was a light in her eyes that he had never seen before. She smelled of chloroform and iodoform. He had the taste upon his lips for a long time after kissing her.



Claire came presently, carrying a great white-and-gold pitcher and a tumbler. The fashion of her dress was lost upon Dayton; he saw only her face and her eyes. She resembled Ellen as one pansy resembles another.

His Daughter

Illustrated by—

SYNOPSIS—The author presents four vividly contrasted vivacious feminine types, each throbbing with life and personality. First there is Dorothy Grandison, a charming American ingenue who, because of her unsullied youth, is both pure and piquant. Then we have the swarthy Arab dancing-girl, full of the passionate wiles of her sex-ancestry, and as sophisticated as Dorothy is innocent. Next there appears Claire D'Avril, a pretty Parisian midinette, sweet and devoted. And last but not least comes Lady Muriel Strange, by some described as "the wickedest woman in London." These, each in their way, leave their marks on the character and the artistic career of the impressionable Frederick Dayton. The story opens in the railway station at Alexandria, where Mrs. Grandison and her fifteen-year-old daughter Dorothy meet young Dayton, all three being bound for Cairo. Dayton is twenty-four, and admits that if the girl had only been a couple of years older he would have fallen in love on the spot—which is exactly what Dorothy does. They are to-



"Our hero," said the old Curé, "has flown far and fast. It takes muscle to fly. See, my dear, how his hands tremble." He laughed quietly, and Dayton put the offending hands behind his back.

by Gouverneur Morris

Howard Chandler Christy

gether day after day; the girl does not attempt to hide her heart, and so it happens on the eve of Frederick's departure for Paris they become tacitly engaged. After Dorothy has gone home he meets Claire D'Avril—and straightway Dorothy is forgotten. Being summoned home by his mother's illness he perforce leaves Claire behind to face motherhood alone and practically without money; so she sublets the studio. On the train between Paris and Cherbourg the young artist meets Lady Muriel Strange. Arriving in New York, Dayton renews his affection for Dorothy Grandison, and almost at his mother's deathbed they are married. Meantime to Claire D'Avril, left alone in Paris, a daughter is born, and the girl accepts the friendship of Arnold Charnowski, a Polish painter and musician, for whom she poses. Through him she learns of Dayton's marriage. The years pass; Ellen Dayton grows up, and then she, with her parents, Frederick and Dorothy, revisit Paris. There Dayton learns the truth about Claire D'Avril.

"Yes," she admitted, "it's very hard work. And a good many of us are going to break down; but I'm not. The work will be easier when my muscles get trained to the heavy parts and when I get a little stiffened against suffering."

"I've been ordered to the front," said Dayton. "The risks, I imagine, will be very slight; but I've put the house in pretty good order. All the important papers are in Morgan, Harjes's safe."

"You won't take risks that you don't have to?"

"You bet I won't." He smiled innocently, but she knew that he was lying.

She sighed and looked him for a long time in the eyes.

"Fred," she said, "I've never stopped loving you. You know that."

"I know."

"I want you to come back to me. Only the firm belief that you are coming back to me, safe and sound, can keep me going."

"Oh, I'll turn up," he said, "like the bad penny that I am. Be sure of that!"

She put her hands on his shoulders.

"I've got to run," she said. "Good-by and God bless you!"

"And God bless *you*," came with the kiss that Dayton gave and received. And he was trembling with emotion, for he did not believe that they would ever meet again.

In his present state of mind he intended to get himself killed, if recklessness could manage it.

But of men who go down to battle with the avowed intention of getting themselves killed there are very few who zealously embrace the first opportunity which offers itself.

Dayton had not counted, perhaps, on being thrown with men who were almost recklessly alive, and almost idiotically anxious to go on living. Their high spirits, their pranks, their pretended ecstasies of fear, had an effect on him. Also the work was too much, the days too short, and the nights too well slept to afford him much opportunity for his private griefs. And the fact that he was rounding very quickly into splendid physical condition helped to heal the morbidity of his mind.

In those first days of the war the ambulance-corps was not very well organized. It was, in addition, short of everything; short of ambulances, short of stretchers, of men, and of medical supplies. It was the same with the field-hospitals—with everything, indeed, except the steel-true spirit and the national genius for fighting with which the French armies went to war.

Dayton had imagined that his work would consist chiefly in locating wounded men and carrying them to the ambulance to which he was attached. This, of course, after the battle was over, and both Christian armies had called a sort of truce in which to care for their wounded and to bury their dead.

He had longed for death. He now found that until the last invader was dead, mangled, or in a strait-jacket, he had no wish to die.

Stretcher-bearing was not what he had imagined. It did sometimes and very simply assist in helping to carry a wounded man from here to there; but it was very much complicated by a hundred and one complicated and nerve-racking things that had to be learned from the beginning.

He learned to inject morphine into the wounded; to have steady hands so that, when shells exploded in thunderous proximity, the needle should not snap short off in the puncture. He learned first aid; to locate and choke by pressure the severed arteries of men who otherwise must bleed to death. He learned to know the signs of approaching dissolution, and to take and record the last whispered messages of the dying.

One Maccabee night, he worked with surgeons and nurses over a stream of wounded that was unending. A village church was the theater. The wax candles had been taken from before the shrines of saints to throw a flickering light on the roughly improvised operating-tables.

Very early in the night the ether gave out and the chloroform. There was no morphine. But just the same, abdominal cavities had to be cut open; legs and arms taken off; deep wounds caused by splinters of shells had to be ripped and slashed wide open with scissors to give infection an opportunity to drain off. Everything that is usually done under the merciful auspices of anæsthetics had to be done without. It was a night of horrible screaming, of torment that could not be endured.

Heavy men, with powerful muscles, trained athletes, were needed to keep within bounds the awful struggles and galvanic jerkings of the

wounded when their turn upon the table had come.

All night the shock and concussion of the contending cannon and the explosion of enemy shells drew closer and closer. Sometimes, so great was the vibration, the bronze bell, high up in the belfry, could be heard musically mourning. Toward dawn the roof of the church opened with one terrible crash and a hellish orgy of white-hot light. One surgeon, three nurses and one slightly wounded sergeant were killed instantly.

A flood of rain poured down through the hole in the roof. A second shell struck the church, and the great stained window over the high altar came down in tinkling dust. At that moment, a surgeon was making some stitches, as fine and delicate as those which a good seamstress puts into a skirt. He did not even look up. He finished that which he was mending and put it back where it belonged. One of the nurses for that table stepped forward with a roll of bandages.

Another shell exploded against the side of the building, but still the surgeons' work went on, the work of the nurses, and the travail of the hurt. They were like dogs: they howled from the pain, but between spasms they sought with trusting and loving looks for the faces of those who, in order to save them, tormented them.

The hands of the surgeons were cramped. Their forearms ached. The nurses looked like butchers. Dayton, exerting all of his remaining strength to hold an amputation case in position, resembled one of those straining and terrible figures which Michelangelo used to hew from a block of marble.

Then word came to evacuate the church. The spire was tottering. The roof was no longer safe. Many of the wounded could not be moved. A shell exploded in the choir and set fire to the wooden stalls. A bedding of straw, damped with blood, caught, and the church was soon filled with a blinding, choking smoke. The roar of the fire could be heard above the roar of the guns.

There had not been time to carry all the wounded from the building. It was impossible to go back into that place of fire and smoke, of glass that crashed from the stained windows as the leads melted—into the hell from which there still issued the screams and howlings of those who had been condemned in the flesh through no fault of their own. . . .

Stretcher-bearing was by no means the simple, methodic business that Dayton had anticipated.

In the grief and anguish of thousands, he came very soon to forget that there had been such a person as Frederick Dayton, and that the said person had thought himself unhappy and ill-used; had, indeed, gone through a private crucifixion of his own.

There were too many mothers and sweethearts in these wrecked French villages who, having lost all that was dear to them, still faced life with calm cheerfulness and the passionate desire to be of service, for Dayton to dwell upon his own Ellen's passing with anything but serenity.

It was impossible that so many thousands of lovers could have been parted forever. And he was very sure that after service and sacrifice and smoke and fire, and a death perhaps of anguish, he would one day be with his darling again.

Then followed the terrible days of the Marne, when General Joffre, staking all that makes life worth living upon his will to conquer, ordered those of his men who could to advance, and those who could not to die where they stood. At the end of those days, as all men know, the invaders were sent staggering back in defeat, and England was given time and opportunity to prepare for war.

A strip of ravished Lorraine was won back by the French, and through its ruined villages, thick as plums in a rich pudding, Dayton, as opportunity offered and the exigencies of the service permitted, sought for his daughter.

He had little to go on, and his search was without luck. Once, in the village of Bois Dormis, he was very close to her, but she had her back turned and a shawl over her head, and the ambulance was not making any halt, so that he did not, at that time, discover her identity. And, indeed, for some time now his inquiries had been growing more and more perfunctory; so many of the young people had left the villages of their own accord, so many had been carried off by the Germans. At times he despaired of ever finding his daughter.

The more he learned about the Germans, the more he longed to hurt them, and he succeeded in getting himself transferred from the ambulance to an aviation school somewhere in the south of France.

Six months later he was back in Lorraine, a member of a small escadrille, a pilot of promise.

Through his own sufferings and the sufferings of others he had become cold as ice, cold as the eagles who soar in the zenith, searching with cruel telescopic eyes for carrion in the world below.

Once free from the earth it never occurred to Dayton that he could be hurt. It was the golden opportunity to hurt Germans that occupied him. You could hurt them in many ways. You could locate a battery or a supply train and direct upon them destructive French cannon fire. You could, stealing up in the cover of a cloud, shut off the loud crackling motor and coast down suddenly and at frightful speed upon a company of soldiers, spray them with a stream of lead from your machine-gun, turn on your power, and rising and receding more swiftly than an eagle, disappear once more into the asylum of the clouds.



"Fred," said Dorothy, "I've never stopped loving you—you know that!" "I know," he answered. "I want you to come back to me. Only the firm belief that you are coming back safe and sound can keep me going," she told him.

One day he brought down a German fighting plane, and was thereafter decorated by a French general and kissed upon both cheeks. One day his machine was riddled through and through by shrapnel bullets and the motor put out of commission. He himself was untouched, and, by cold, clear thinking, regained control of his falling plane and made a safe descent. Two hours later, having worked over the crippled motor with his two mechanics until the sweat poured from them, he was flying again.

The airmen are the lords of the French villages. They are the old knights come to life again to battle for France. They are a race apart. There is none to say them nay. It was one thing for a stretcher-bearer to hunt through the ruined villages for a lost daughter. It was quite another when a knight of the air said that one was lost whom he greatly wished should be found.

One of Dayton's mechanics, Dumal, was from the little town of St. Nicholas du Port. He was a wise and observant youth, and one in whom his superiors had great confidence.

"My friend," said Dayton to him one day, "about thirteen or fourteen years ago a young woman brought her child to Lorraine and put her to board with a family in one of the little villages. I do not know which village, nor the name of the family, nor the name of the little girl—she was little more than a baby. I know only the name of the mother; and I *could* supply the name of the father, only it would not be of any help."

"You wish to find the little girl, Monsieur?"

"Yes." Dumal wore a discreet expression.

"The name of the mother, Monsieur?"

"Claire D'Avril."

Dumal wrote the name on a loose leaf of his notebook. And strictly to himself he observed: "Such things *will* happen

(*Continued on page 238*)



Posed by Helene Chadwick,
Pathé Film Star

Photographic Illustration by
Baron Gayne A. de Meyer

In Spite of War

By Angela Morgan

IN spite of war, in spite of death,
In spite of all man's sufferings,
Something within me laughs and sings
And I must praise with all my breath.
In spite of war, in spite of hate,
Lilacs are blooming at my gate,
Tulips are tripping down the path
In spite of war, in spite of wrath.
"Courage!" the morning-glory saith;
"Rejoice!" the daisy murmureth;
And just to live is so divine
When pansies lift their eyes to mine.

THE clouds are romping with the sea
And flashing waves call back to me
That naught is real but what is fair,
That everywhere and everywhere
A glory liveth through despair.
Though guns may roar and cannon boom,
Roses are born and gardens bloom.

MY spirit still may light its flame
At that same torch whence poppies came.
Where morning's altar whitely burns
Lilies may lift their silver urns
In spite of war, in spite of shame.

AND in my ear a whispering breath:
"Wake from the nightmare! Look and see
That life is naught but ecstasy
In spite of war, in spite of death!"

Mrs. Bascom (Ruth Chester) to *Joe* (Forrest Winant): "You ain't asked a blessing, dear." *Muggs* and *Gilly* bow their heads, but at the "Amen," the latter still keeps his head down till *Muggs* kicks him under the table. Then *Betty* (Lucy Cotton) serves the potatoes.



Miss Louise Rutter, who plays the part of *Elsie Tillinger* in "Turn to the Right."

Turn to the Right—

FOR effect's sake "crook plays" have shown us too often that jails seem to exist to spoil whatever good remains in a character, and that the tradition of a good mother is humorous "bunk." So it is welcome to see this production by Winchell Smith and John E. Hazzard, under the eye of Mr. John L. Golden, start out as "crook stuff" and reform itself into wholesome American drama and life through two forces we have always believed in, like good and gentle-souled mothers, and through staunch palship, even though born within prison walls.

The action of the Prologue takes place in a dingy pawnshop in Ossining [illegible] *Isadore Al Shean*), who is routed out of bed early one morning by three recently discharged convicts from the prison hard by. *Joe* [illegible] *Joe Turner* (Forrest Winant), *Muggs McCarthy* (William [illegible]) and *Gilly* (P. Edward McCoy). *Bascom*, who has resolved to "go straight" in future, wants to exchange a rather sporty-looking suit of clothes for something quieter second-hand. While he is bargaining with *Isadore* his former prison pals track him down and try to persuade him to return to New York and resume their crooked life:

Muggs—Well, well, well! If it ain't the kid!



Joe Bascom assures "the Little Lady" that her bills will be paid.

Joe—Hello, Muggs! Where's Gilly?

Muggs—He'll be here in a minute. How are you, old scout? You're lookin' great! Right out on schedule time, too!

Joe—Sh! Yes, I'm out early this morning.

Gilly—Hello, Pete!

Muggs—Gilly ain't all there yet. He's sleep-walkin' now—but he'll come to if you give him time.

Gilly—Don't talk about "givin' me time"!

Muggs—He's wakin' up now. What he needs is an eye-opener. Have you got the price of a drink, kid? We're flat.

Joe—Sure I have.

Muggs—Where's your coat?

Joe—Tailor's fixin' it.

Isadore—It'll be ready right avay. Is there anything else I can do for you?

Joe—Not for me. I just bought this suit of him.

Muggs—What you buyin' clothes for? When you got out this mornin,' didn't they——"

Joe—Nix on that "Got out" stuff! I just traded my suit for this. Here, you two get a drink.

Muggs—Ain't you goin' to have one? We want to celebrate you bein' a free man again.

Joe—I ain't goin' to celebrate that way. It was booze that got me sent up—now I'm on the wagon for life.

Muggs—Aw, what are you givin' us!

Joe—That goes—I mean it. Here, go ahead.

Muggs—Have you got enough to stake us to breakfast?

Joe—Certainly. They give me ten dollars to start life over again. Here. (*Takes out a dollar bill*)

Muggs—No, you come with us. You ain't sworn off eatin' for life too, have you?

Joe—I had my breakfast.

Muggs—You can't call that stuff they hand out up in the prison breakfast.

Joe—Well, it was fillin'. You two go ahead. I'll wait for you.

Muggs—Go out and get a bottle, will you, Gilly?

Gilly—Sure.

Muggs—We'll get twice as much that way. And, Gilly! Take your first drink after you come back.

Gilly—Sure.

Joe—Now what are you and Gilly doing here? I couldn't believe it when I got that message from you last night.

[illegible] Took us half the day yesterday to slip that [illegible] you. We wouldn't take a chance going up to the prison to see you for fear somebody'd get suspicious.

[illegible]e—One of the "trusties" tipped me off.

Muggs—Yes. We saw him doin' some work on the [illegible]ide and told him we'd meet you in this pawnshop.

Joe—What is it? A fence?

Muggs—No. Gilly bought some stuff here when he got

By permission of Winchell Smith, John L. Golden and John E. Hazzard, owne[illegible]opyright.



Joe Bascom to *Mrs. Bascom:* "Here's a little present I bought for you, Mother." *Mrs. Bascom:* "Look, Betty, ain't it a lovely shawl!" *Betty, seeing the ticket pinned on it:* "What does the card say?" *Mrs. Bascom:* "Loan Bureau No. 9769."

The Play of the Month

out two months ago, and when my time was up he come up to Ossining to meet me—same as we did to meet you.

Joe—Did you fellows come 'way from New York just to see me when I got out?

Muggs—Sure! We want to welcome you into the great world once more.

Joe—Can you beat that! Well, it's been an awful year I put in there. But it wasn't nearly so bad after I got acquainted with Gilly and you. Remember how we missed Gilly when he left?

Muggs—Sure!

Joe—Then think what it was for me after you went out a couple of weeks ago! Each day seemed a year! I've learned my lesson, Muggs. You can bet on that.

Muggs—Oh, forget it, and start over. Say, listen! Me and Gilly has got a great idea all doped out. It's a bird! Wait 'till you hear about it. Ah! Here's the fire-water. I'm just tellin' Pete the great scheme we got.

Gilly—(*holding bottle up to the light and looking to see if it's quite full*) What do you think of it?

Joe—I don't know what it is yet. Wait a minute—I'll try to find you a glass.

Muggs—What do you want of a glass? Just booze and a mouth—that's all you need. Go ahead, just one.

Joe—No. Never again.

Muggs—Well, I ain't got time to argue. Here's luck!

Gilly—Sure you won't?

Joe—You bet I'm sure. Now what's this scheme of yours?

Muggs—Well, you know that horse you used to tell us about? The one you was crazy over just before you got pinched?

Joe—Firefly?

Muggs—Yes, Firefly. Well, he's entered at Belmont tomorrow in the big race.

Joe—No?

Muggs—Sure as I'm tellin' you. It's his first start in the East, too. Now listen: This is the scheme, see! After I get out, me and Gilly talks over that stuff you was always handin' out in there about goin' straight, and we make up our minds you was dead right; ain't that so, Gilly?

Gilly—Sure.

Muggs—So we plan just to wait around till your time is up and not to "pull" anythin' while we's waitin'—see!

Joe—And you've both kept straight ever since you got out?

Muggs—Sure we have. Ain't done a thing—except pinch a little change now and then, just to eat with. But wait till you hear the big idea! Now we know how you used to follie the races—see?—and that you're wise to all the live ponies—and you're in soft with all the best trainers—so we dope it out that the three of us would go in together—beat the race-game to a standstill and cut out the old crook stuff. Then, right after we plan it, we finds this Firefly colt, that you're nutty about, starts to-morrow—

Joe—But how are we goin' to bet on him? You two are flat broke and I've got four bucks—

Muggs—Let me tell you: Me and Gilly knows a place in the Bronx where we can turn a little trick to-night that'll get us five hundred cases at the very least. Now, we—

Joe—Here, here, here! How about goin' straight?

Muggs—Sure we're goin' straight—that's the whole idea of it. But we got to have a roll to go straight with, ain't we?

At right-hand: Ruth Chester as *Mrs. Bascom* in "Turn to the Right."



Sam Martin (Edgar Nelson) puts up his good money in exchange for an exclusive contract to sell *Mrs. Bascom's* famous peach jam.

Gilly—Just workin' capital, Pete.

Muggs—Yeh, that's it, workin' capital.

Joe—That's no good, boys.

Muggs—I tell you it's the only way to do it. And this job is a cinch. Why listen, kid. We ain't no yaps at our business. Gilly can put it over any safe-crackin' guy I ever see work, and I hate to talk about meself; but you put that four bucks in any part of your clothes where I can't get it and I'll make you a present. Now, everybody'll tell you the only chance us guys take of gettin' pinched is doin' the thing once too often. But there ain't no such chance now, because this is the only time we're goin' to do it, and they ain't nobody can call once often. Besides, we want to go straight just the same as you do.

Joe—It won't do, Muggs. First, that's no way to get a roll. Next, if you do get it, the chances are it wouldn't last long at the track. If luck is with you, you can win fast, but if it's against you, as it mostly is, they'll break you; and last, I couldn't go with you anyway. I got somethin' to do—and I've got to do it alone.

Muggs—You're married, ain't you, kid?

Joe—No, I ain't married.

Gilly—Eh, a skirt?

Muggs—Yeh, that's what we always thought it was—a dame. Say, the chances are you're goin' to get knocked cold when you go lookin' for her. I had a lot of experience with dames, and twice I goes back after doin' time expectin' to have a fuss made over me—say! They couldn't remember what my name was—passed me up like they never seen me before—and it's a good bet that that's goin' to happen to you.

Joe—You're all wrong, Muggs.

Muggs—I used to that once.

Gilly—What're you goin' to do after you seen the dame?

Joe—I'm goin' to work.

Muggs—What kind of work?

Joe—Anything I can get to do.

Muggs—Why, you ain't got a chance, kid—nobody'll hire you! And there ain't no use tryin' to get you to come to New York with us?

Joe—Can't, Muggs—can't even think of it. I probably [illegible] you fellows again. But I'm never [illegible] and I hope you'll do what I want you [illegible] other game. Here's half my roll, boys.

Muggs—Nothin' doin'. If you're goin' to work you'll need all you got.

Betty—Why?

Joe—Well, it was somethin' I had to do. Couldn't get out of it.

Betty—But why didn't you let us know?

Joe—I was afraid it might worry you.

Betty—But we have worried Joe—we've worried terrible!

Joe—You've had nothin' on me. I'm mighty sorry, kid, but I'm back now and you're both here and well thank God! Why, Little Lady, I've been—How have you managed to live without me sendin' you anything?

Mrs. Bascom—We've got on splendid—had every blessed thing we wanted—exceptin' you.

Joe—That's the best news I've heard in a year. I've imagined all kinds of things happenin' to you.

Mrs. Bascom—The idea! The Lord wouldn't let us want, Joe. But Joe, how did you get here? The 7:10 ain't in yet, is it?

Betty: "Why, whenever Mother's worried she just reads her Bible awhile and then all her trouble goes." *Muggs:* "That's some system if it works!"

Muggs: "Those things we found on the bed last night—Gee! they were immense!" *Betty:* "They were two of Uncle George's nightgowns!"

Mrs. Bascom: "Joey! My Joey! And you come right in the middle of my prayer!"

Gilly—What time does your train go?

Joe—No train for mine. I don't want anybody to see me on a train. Where I'm goin' is only a day's walk from here. I'll get there by dark—and I don't want to be there before.

The real heart-interest begins with Act First, wherein the scene shifts to the Bascom farm and peach-orchard on the banks of the Hudson. Here *Mrs. Bascom* (Ruth Chester), *Joe's* mother, with her daughter *Betty* (Lucy Cotton), have been trying to make both ends meet, yet running steadily into debt. *Joe* hasn't been heard of for years, but is supposed to be "in business" or "traveling" somewhere. Every night the old mother prays for her son's return. She puts up a famous brand of peach preserve which *Deacon Tillinger* (Samuel Reed), a canting storekeeper, buys from the widow at cut-throat prices, with the result that *Mrs. Bascom* is always in debt to him. The crafty Deacon is about to seize the farm and practically dispossess mother and daughter when *Joe* appears:

Mrs. Bascom—Joey! My Joey! And you come right in the middle of my prayer—

Betty—Joe!

Joe—This ain't Betty? Why, you're all grown up, ain't you, kid? A young lady and pretty, too!

Betty—Where have you been, Joe? Sick?

Joe—No, I've been fine—never better.

Betty—Then why ain't you wrote us? It's been a whole year since we heard from you.

Joe—I know, but you see, kid, I went away—unexpectedly

Joe—I didn't come by train.

Mrs. Bascom—Then how—Joey, you ain't got one of them automobiles?

Betty—Oh, Joe, have you?

Joe—No, I've been walkin'.

Betty—Joe!

Mrs. Bascom—Walkin'?

Joe—Yes, I like to walk and this is the first good walk I've had for a long time.

Mrs. Bascom—I should say you had been walkin'. Just look at the dust on you! Oh, you poor dear boy. You must be just tired to death.

Joe—No, not a bit. Why it was great comin' through the country—seeing all the trees and brooks and flowers—it was great! Say, what was that I smelled when I was goin' past that window?

Mrs. Bascom—Oh, that's a mess of my peach preserves.

Joe—I can't understand how (*Continued on page 242*)



"Don't touch me!" cried Janet, shrinking from him. "For God's sake tell me what's the matter," Ditmar begged. She looked up at him and tried to speak, struggling against the sobs that shook her. "I—I came here to—to kill you—only I can't do it!"

The Dwelling-Place of Light

By Winston Churchill

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

"I THINK I'll adopt her," said Mrs. Maturin to Insall, when she had repeated to him the conversation related in the last chapter. "I know—you are always convicting me of enthusiasms, Brooks, and I suppose I do get enthusiastic."

"Well, you adopt her—and I'll marry her," replied Insall, with a smile, as he cut the string from the last bundle of clothing.

"You might do worse. It would be a joke if you did!" His friend paused, to consider this preposterous possibility. "One never can tell whom a man like you, an artist, will marry."

"We've no business to marry at all," said Insall laughing. "I often wonder where that romantic streak will land you, Augusta. But you do have a delightful time!"

"Don't begrudge it me, it makes life so much more interesting," Mrs. Maturin begged, returning his smile. "I haven't the faintest idea that you will marry her or anyone else. But I insist on saying she's your type—she's the kind of a person artists do dig up and marry—only better than usual."

"Dig up?" said Insall.

"Well, you know I'm not a snob. I only mean that she seems to be one of the surprising anomalies that sometimes occur in—what shall I say?—in the working classes. I do feel like a snob when I say that. But what is it? Where does that spark come from? Is it in our modern air, that discontent, that desire, that thrusting forth toward a new light—something as yet unformulated, but which we all feel, even at small institutions of learning like Silliston?"

"Now you're getting beyond me."

"Oh no, I'm not," Mrs. Maturin retorted confidently. "If you won't talk about it, I will; I have no shame. And this girl has it—this thing I'm trying to express. She's modern to her finger-tips, and yet she's extraordinarily American—in spite of her modernity, she embodies in some queer way our tradition. She loves our old houses at Silliston—they make her feel at home—that's her own expression."

"Did she say that?"

"Exactly. And I know she's of New England ancestry—she told me so. What I can't make out is, why she joined the I. W. W. That seems so contradictory."

"Perhaps she was searching for light there," Insall hazarded. "Why don't you ask her?"

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Maturin, thoughtfully. "I want to; my curiosity almost burns me alive; and yet I don't. She isn't the kind of whom you can ask personal questions—that's part of her charm, part of her individuality. One is a little afraid to intrude. And yet she keeps coming here—of course *you* are sufficient attrac-

SYNOPSIS—In the city of Hampton, a typical New England mill-town, lives Edward Bumpus, watchman at the great Chippering Mill, with his wife Hannah and their two daughters, Janet and Lise. The Bumpuses come of fine old Puritan stock, but are completely submerged among the flood of aliens that people Hampton. Lise, who works in a department store, rebels bitterly at the family poverty and delights in cheap and tawdry amusements. Janet, a stenographer in the Chippering Mill, is more serious-minded. Both girls are very pretty, and Janet thus attracts the notice of Claude Ditmar, the Mill Agent, and becomes his private secretary. He uses his position to make hot love to her; the girl is alternately attracted and repelled. Meanwhile Lise Bumpus falls in with flashy associates. Labor troubles begin to loom in Hampton; then one day in the Mill office, while Ditmar and Janet are alone, he loses control of himself. She repels him and threatens to leave Hampton, but he prevails on her to stay and promises to make her his wife. After a Sunday spent in Boston with Ditmar, Janet returns to Hampton and learns that Lise has eloped with a traveling salesman. The great strike breaks over Hampton and Janet joins the operators. While thus engaged she meets the Man from Silliston, Brooks Insall, who turns out to be an author of note, and who has opened a soup-kitchen to feed the hungry children. Janet takes up work at strike headquarters, and also meets Rolfe, one of the strike leaders, who for a time fascinates her yet repels her.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE CO. (HEARST'S)—COPYRIGHTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

tion, Brooks. But I must give her the credit of not flirting with you."

"I've noticed that, too," said Insall comically.

"She's searching for light," Mrs. Maturin went on, struck by the phrase. "She has an instinct we can give it to her, because we come from an institution of learning. I felt something of the kind when I suggested her establishing herself in Silliston. Well, she's more than worth while experimenting on; she must have lived and breathed what you call the "movie atmosphere" all her life, and yet she never seems to have read and absorbed any sentimental literature or cheap religion. She doesn't suggest the tawdry. That part of her, the intellectual part, is a clear page to be written upon."

"There's my chance," said Insall.

"No, it's *my* chance—since you're so cynical."

"I'm not cynical," he protested.

"I don't believe you really are. And if you are, there may be a judgment upon you," she added playfully. "I tell you she's the kind of woman artists go mad about. She has what sentimentalists call temperament, and after all we haven't any better word to express dynamic desires. She'd keep you stirred up, stimulated, and you could educate her."

"No, thanks, I'll leave that to you. He who educates a woman is lost. But how about Syndicalism and all the mysticism that goes with it? There's an intellectual over at Headquarters who's been talking to her about Bergson, the life-force, and the World-We-Ourselves-Create."

Mrs. Maturin laughed.

"Well, we go wrong when we don't go right. That's just it—we must go some way. And I'm sure, from what I gather, that she isn't wholly satisfied with Syndicalism."

"What *is* right?" demanded Insall.

"Oh, I don't intend to turn her over to Mr. Worrall, and make a sociologist and a militant suffragette out of her. She isn't that kind, anyway. But I could give her good literature to read—yours, for instance," she added maliciously.

"You're preposterous, Augusta," Insall retorted.

"I may be, but you've got to indulge me. I've taken this fancy to her—of course I mean to see more of her. But—you know how hard it is for me, sometimes, since I've been left alone."

Insall laid his hand affectionately on her shoulder.

"I remember what you said the first day I saw her—that the strike was in *her*," Mrs. Maturin continued. "Well, I see now that she does express and typify it—and I don't mean the 'labor movement' alone, or this strike in Hampton, which is symptomatic, but crude. I mean something bigger—and I suppose you do—the protest, the revolt, the struggle for self-realization that is beginning to be felt over the nation, all over the world, today, that is not yet formed and self-conscious, but groping its way, restless, full of new passions that we have to fit to. I can imagine myself here with a strike as this might appeal to a girl with a sense of rebellion against sordidness and lack of opportunity—especially if she has had a tragic experience. And sometimes I suspect she has had one."

"Well, it's an interesting theory," Insall admitted indulgently.

"I'm merely amplifying your suggestions, only you won't admit that they are yours. And she was your protegée."

"And you are going to take her off my hands?"

"I'm not so sure," said Mrs. Maturin.

THE Hampton strike had reached the state of grim deadlock characteristic of all stubborn wars. There were aggressions, retaliations on both sides, the antagonism grew more intense. The older labor unions were accused by the strikers of playing the employers' game, and thus grew to be hated even more than the "capitalists." These organizations of the skilled had entered but half-heartedly into a struggle that now began to threaten, indeed, their very existence, and when it was charged that the textile workers had been attempting to secure recruits from the ranks of the strikers, and had secretly offered the mill-owners a scale of demands in the hope that a sufficient number of operatives would return to work, and so break the strike, a serious riot was barely averted. "Scab-hunting agencies," the unions were called. One morning, when it was learned that the loom-fixers, almost to a man, had gone back to the mills, a street-car was stopped near the power-house at the end of Faber Street, and in a twinkling, before the militia or police could interfere, motorman, conductor and passengers were dragged from it and the trolley-pole removed. This, and a number of similar aggressive acts, aroused the mill-owners and their agents to appeal with renewed vigor to the public through the newspapers, which it was claimed they owned or subsidized. Then followed the series of arraignments of the strike leaders, calculated to stir the wildest prejudices and fears of the citizens of Hampton. Antonelli and Jastro—so rumor had it—in various nightly speeches had advised their followers to "sleep in the daytime and prowl like wild animals at night;" urged the power-house employees to desert and leave the city in darkness; made the declaration, "We will win if we raise scaffolds on every street!" insisted that the strikers, too, should have "gun permits," since the police hirelings carried arms. And the fact that the mill-owners replied with pamphlets whose object was proclaimed to be one of discrediting their leaders in the eyes of the public still further infuriated the strikers. Such charges, of course, had to be vehemently refuted, the motives behind them made clear, and counter accusations laid at the door of the mill-owners.



Groping with her hands in the left-hand corner, Janet's fingers clasped exultantly something heavy, something wrapped carefully in layers of flannel. She had feared her father might have taken it to the mill!

The atmosphere at Headquarters daily grew more tense. At any moment the spark might be supplied to precipitate an explosion that would shake the earth. The hungry, made more desperate by their own sufferings or the spectacle of starving families, were increasingly difficult to control; many wished to return to work, others clamored for violence, nor were these wholly discouraged by a portion of the leaders. A riot seemed imminent—a riot Antonelli feared and firmly opposed, since it would alienate the sympathy of that wider public in the country on which the success of the strike depended. Watchful, yet apparently unconcerned, unmoved by the quarrels, the fierce demands for "action," he sat on the little stage, smoking his cigars and reading his newspapers.

Janet's nerves were taut. There had been times during the past weeks when she had been aware of new and vaguely disquieting portents. Inexperience had led her to belittle the omen that heralded them; and the absorbing nature of her work, the excitement due to the strange life of conflict, of new ideas, into which she had so unreservedly flung herself, the resentment that galvanized her—all these had diverted her from worry. At night, hers had been the oblivious slumber of the weary. . . And then, as a desperate wayfarer, pressing on, feels a heavy drop of rain and glances up to perceive the



"Janet, what has has happened?" cried Rolfe. "I love you, you must love me—I cannot believe that you do not!" "I can't love—I can only hate!" she said.

clouds that have long been gathering, she awoke in the black morning hours, and fear descended upon her. Suddenly her brain became hideously active as she lay, dry-lipped, staring into the darkness, striving to convince herself that it could not be. But the thing had its advocate, also, to summon imperiously, in cumulative array, those portents she had ignored; to cause her to piece together, in this moment of torture, portions of the knowledge of sexual facts that prudery banishes from education, a smattering of which reaches the ears of such young women as Janet in devious, roundabout ways. Several times, in the month just past, she had had unwonted attacks of dizziness, of faintness, and on one occasion Anna Mower, alarmed, had opened the windows of the Bibliothèque and thrust her into the cold air. Now, with a pang of fear, she recalled what Anna had said:

"You're working too hard—you hadn't ought to stay here nights. If it was some girls I've met I'd know what to think."

Strange that the significance of this sentence had failed to penetrate her consciousness until now! "*If it was some girls I've met, I'd know what to think!*" It had come into her mind abruptly; and always, when she sought to reassure herself, to declare her terror absurd, it came back to confront her. Heat waves pulsed through her, she grew intolerably warm, perspiration started from her pores, and she flung off the blankets. The rain from the roofs was splashing on the bricks of the passage. . . . What would Mr. Insall say, if he knew? and Mrs. Maturin? She could never see them again. Now there was no one to whom to turn; she was cut off, utterly, from humanity, an outcast. Like Lise! And only a little while ago she and Lise had lain in that bed together! Was there not somebody—God? Other people believed in God, prayed to him. She tried to say, "O God, deliver me from this thing!" but the words seemed a mockery. After all, it was mechanical, it had either happened or it hadn't happened. A lifelong experience in an environment where only unpleasant things occurred, where miracles were unknown, had effaced a fleeting, childhood belief in miracles. Cause and effect were the rule. And if there were a God who did interfere, why hadn't he interfered before this thing happened? That would have been the logical time. Why hadn't he informed her that in attempting to escape from the treadmill in which he had placed her, in seeking happiness, she had been courting destruction? Why had he destroyed Lise? And if there were a God, would he comfort her now, convey to her some message of his sympathy and love? No such message, alas, seemed to come to her through the darkness.

After a while—a seemingly interminable while—the siren shrieked, the bells jangled loudly in the wet air, another day had come. Could she face it—even the murky gray light of this that revealed the ashes and litter of the back yard under the downpour? The act of dressing brought a slight relief; and then, at breakfast, a numbness stole over her—suggested and conveyed, perchance, by the apathy of her mother. Something had killed suffering in Hannah; perhaps she, Janet, could mercifully lose the power to suffer! But the thought made her shudder. She could not, like her mother, find a silly refuge in shining dishes, in cleaning pots and pans, and sit idle, vacant-minded, the remaining hours in a spotless kitchen. What would happen to her? . . . Howbeit, the ache that had tortured her became a dull, leaden pain, like that she had known at another time—how long ago!—when the suffering caused by Ditmar's deception had dulled, when she had sat in the train on her way back to Hampton from Boston, after seeing Lise. The pain would throb again, unsupportably, and she would wake, and this time it would drive her—she knew not where.

She was certain, now, that the presage of the night was true. . . .

She reached Franco-Belgian Hall to find it in an uproar. Anna Mower ran up to her with the news that dynamite had been discovered by the police in certain tenements of the Syrian quarter, that the tenants had been arrested and taken to the police-station where, bewildered and terrified, they had denied any knowledge of the explosive. Dynamite had also been found under the power-house and in the mills—the sources of Hampton's prosperity. And Hampton believed, of course, that this was the inevitable result of the anarchistic preaching of such enemies of society as Jastro and Antonelli—if these, indeed, had not incited the Syrians to the deed. But it was a plot of the mill-owners, Anna insisted; they themselves had planted the explosive, adroitly started the rumors, told the police where the dynamite was to be found. Such was the view that prevailed at Headquarters, pervaded the angrily buzzing crowd that stood outside—heedless of the rain—and animated the stormy conferences in the Salle de Réunion.

The day wore on. In the middle of the afternoon, as she was staring out of the window, Anna Mower returned with more news. Dynamite had been discovered in Hawthorne Street, and it was rumored that Antonelli and Jastro were to be arrested.

"You ought to go home and rest, Janet," she said kindly.

Janet shook her head.

"Rolfe's back," Anna informed her, after a moment. "He's talking to Antonelli about another proclamation to let people know who's to blame for this dynamite business. I guess he'll be in here in a minute to dictate the draft. Say, hadn't you better let Minnie take it, and go home?"

"I'm not sick," Janet repeated, and Anna reluctantly left her.

Rolfe had been absent for a week, in New York, consulting with some of the I. W. W. leaders; with Lockhart, the chief protagonist of Syndicalism in America, just returned from Colorado, to whom he had given a detailed account of the Hampton strike. And Lockhart, next week, was coming to Hampton to make a great speech and look over the ground for himself. All this Rolfe told Janet eagerly when he entered the Bibliothèque. He was glad to get back; he had missed her.

"But you are pale!" he exclaimed, as he seized her hand, "and how your eyes burn! You do not take care of yourself when I am not here to watch you." His air of solicitude, his assumption of a peculiar right to ask, might formerly have troubled (*Continued on page 215*)

Back to Nature—and Return

by Stephen Leacock

Illustrated by F. Strothmann



Then, taking a pot of brown stain from my valise, I proceeded to dye my face and hands and my union suit itself a deep butternut brown. "What's that for?" asked my friend. "For protection," I answered.

IT was probably owing to the fact that my place of lodgment in New York overlooked the waving trees of Central Park that I was consumed, all summer through, with a great longing for the woods. To me, as a lover of Nature, the waving of a tree conveys thoughts which are never conveyed to me except by seeing a tree wave.

This longing grew upon me. I became restless with it. In the daytime I dreamed over my work. At night my sleep was broken and restless. At times I would even wander forth at night into the park, and there, deep in the night shadow of the trees, imagine myself alone in the recesses of the dark woods remote from the toil and fret of our distracted civilization.

This increasing feeling culminated in the resolve which becomes the subject of this narrative. The thought came to me suddenly one night. I woke from my sleep with a plan fully matured in my mind. It was this: I would, for one month, cast off all the travail and cares of civilized life and become again the wild man of the woods that Nature made me. My plan was to go to the edge of the great woods, somewhere in New England, divest myself of my clothes—except only my union suit—crawl into the woods, stay there a month and then crawl out again. To a trained woodsman and crawler like myself the thing was simplicity itself. For food I knew that I could rely on berries, roots, shoots, mosses, mushrooms, fungi [illegible] the whole of Nature's ample storehouse; for my drink, the running brook and the quiet pool; and for my companions the twittering chipmunk, the chickadee, the chocktaw, the choo-choo, the chow-chow, and the hundred and one inhabitants of the forgotten glade and [illegible].

Fortunately for me my resolve came to me upon the last day in August. The month of September was my vacation. My time was my own. I was free to go.

On my rising in the morning my preparations were soon made; or rather, there were practically no preparations to make. I had but to supply myself with a camera, my one necessity in the woods, and to say good-by to my friends. Even this last ordeal I wished to make as brief as possible. I had no wish to arouse their anxiety over the dangerous, perhaps foolhardy, project that I had in mind. I wished, as far as possible, to say good-by in such a way as to allay the very natural fears which my undertaking would excite in the minds of my friends.

From myself, although trained in the craft of the woods, I could not conceal the danger that I incurred. Yet the danger was almost forgotten in the extraordinary and novel interest that attached to the experiment. Would it prove possible for a man, unaided by our civilized arts and industries, to maintain himself naked (except for his union suit) in the heart of the woods? Could he do it, or could he not? And if he couldn't, what then?

But this last thought I put from me. Time alone could answer the question.

As in duty bound, I went first to the place of business where I am employed to shake hands and say good-by to my employer.

"I am going," I said, "to go and spend a month naked alone in the woods."

He looked up from his desk with genial kindliness.

"That's right," he said, "get a good rest."

"My plan is," I added, "to live on berries and funguses."

"Fine," he answered. "Well, have a good time, old man—good-by."

Then I dropped in casually upon one of my friends. "Well," I said, "I'm off to New England to spend a month naked."

"Nantucket," he said, "or Newport?" "No," I answered, speaking as lightly as I could. "I'm going to go into the woods and stay there naked for a month."

"Oh, yes," he said. "I see. Well, good-by, old chap—see you when you get back."

After that I called upon two or three other men to say a brief word of farewell. I could not help feeling slightly nettled, I must confess, at the very casual way in which they seemed to take my announcement. "Oh, yes," they said, "naked in the woods, eh? Well, ta-ta till you get back."

Here was a man about to risk his life—for there was no denying the fact,—in a great sociological experiment, yet they received the announcement with absolute unconcern. It offered one more assurance, had I needed it, of the degenerate state of the civilization upon which I was turning my back.

On my way to the train I happened to run into a newspaper reporter with whom I have some acquaintance.

"I'm just off," I said, "to New England to spend a month naked (at least naked all but my union suit) in the woods; no doubt you'll like a few details about it for your paper."

"Thanks, old man," he said, "we've pretty well given up running that nature stuff. We couldn't do anything with it—unless, of course, anything happens to you. Then we'd be glad to give you some space."

Several of my friends had at least the decency to see me off on the train. One, and one alone, accompanied me on the long night-ride to New England in order that he might bring back my clothes, my watch, and other possessions from the point where I should enter the woods, together with such few messages of farewell as I might scribble at the last moment.

It was early morning when we arrived at the wayside station where we were to alight. From here we walked to the edge of the woods. Arrived at this point we halted. I took off my clothes, with the exception of my union suit. Then, taking a pot of brown stain from my valise, I proceeded to dye my face and hands and my union suit itself a deep butternut brown.

"What's that for?" asked my friend.

"For protection," I answered. "Don't you know that all animals are protected by their peculiar markings that render them invisible? The caterpillar looks like the leaf it eats from; the scales of the fish counterfeit the glistening water of the brook; the bear and the 'possum are colored like the tree-trunks on which they climb. There!" I added, as I concluded my task, "I am now invisible."

"Gee!" said my friend. I handed him back the valise and the empty paintpot, dropped to my hands and knees (my camera slung about my neck) and proceeded to crawl into the bush. My friend stood watching me.

"Why don't you stand up and walk?" I heard him call.

I turned half round and growled at him. Then I plunged deeper into the brush, growling as I went.

After ten minutes' active crawling I found myself in the heart of the forest. It reached all about me on every side for hundreds of miles. All around me was the unbroken stillness of the woods. Not a sound reached my ear save the twittering of a squirrel, or squirl, in the branches high above my head, or the far-distant call of a loon hovering over some woodland lake.

I judged that I had reached a spot suitable for my habitation.

My first care was to make a fire. Difficult though it might appear to the degenerate dweller of the city to do this, to the trained woodsman, such as I had now become, it is nothing. I selected a dry stick, rubbed it vigorously against my hind leg, and in few moments it broke into a generous blaze. Half an hour later I was sitting beside a glowing fire of twigs discussing with great gusto an appetizing mess of boiled grass and fungi cooked in a hollow stone.

I ate my fill, not pausing till I was full, careless, as the natural man ever is, of the morrow. Then, stretched out upon the pine-needles at the foot of a great tree, I lay in drowsy contentment listening to the song of the birds, the hum of the myriad insects and the strident note of the squirrel high above me. At times I would give utterance to the soft answering call, known to every woodsman, that is part of the freemasonry of animal speech. As I lay thus I would not have exchanged places with the pale dweller in the city for all the wealth in the world. Here I lay remote from the world, happy, full of grass, listening to the crooning of the birds.

But the mood of inaction and reflection cannot last, even with the lover of Nature. It was time to be up and doing. Much lay before me to be done before the setting of the sun should bring with it, as I fully expected it would, darkness. Before night fell I must build a house, make myself a suit of clothes, lay in a store of nuts, and in short prepare myself for the oncoming of winter, which, in the bush, may come on at any time in the summer.

I rose briskly from the ground to my hands and knees and set myself to the building of my house. The method that I intended to follow here was merely that which Nature has long since taught to the beaver and which, moreover, is known and practised by the gauchos of the pampas, by the googoos of Rhodesia and by many other tribes. I had but to select a suitable growth of trees and gnaw them down with my teeth, taking care so to gnaw them that each should fall into the place appointed for it in the building. The sides, once erected in this fashion, another row of trees, properly situated, is gnawed down to fall crosswise as the roof.

I set myself briskly to work and in half an hour had already the satisfaction of seeing my habitation rising into shape. I was still gnawing with unabated energy when I was interrupted by a low growling in the underbrush. With animal caution I shrank behind a tree, growling in return. I could see something moving in the bushes, evidently an animal of large size. From its snarl I judged it to be a bear. I could hear it moving nearer to me. It was about to attack me. A savage joy thrilled through me at the thought, while my union suit bristled with rage from head to foot as I emitted growl after growl of defiance. I bared my teeth to the gums, snarling, and lashed my flank with my hind foot. Eagerly I watched for the onrush of the bear. In savage combat who strikes first wins. It was my idea, as soon as the bear should appear, to bite off its front legs one after the other. This initial advantage once gained I had no doubt of ultimate victory.

The bushes parted. I caught a glimpse of a long brown body and a hairy head. Then the creature reared up, breasting itself against a log, full in front of me. Great heavens! It was not a bear at all. It was a man.

He was dressed, as I was, in a union suit, and his face and hands, like mine, were stained a butternut brown. His hair was long and matted and two weeks' stubble of beard was on his face.

For a minute we both glared at one another, still growling. Then the man rose up to a standing position with a muttered exclamation of disgust.

"Ah, cut it out," he said. "Let's talk English."

He walked over toward me and sat down upon a log in an attitude that seemed to convey the same disgust as the expression of his features. Then he looked round about him.

"What are you doing?" he said. "Building a house," I answered. "I know," he said with a nod. "What are you here for?"

"Why," I explained, "my plan is this: I want to see whether a man can come out here in the woods, naked, with no aid but that of his own hands and his own ingenuity and——"

"Yes, yes, I know," interrupted the disconsolate man—"earn himself a livelihood in the wilderness, live as the cave-man lived, care-free and far from the curse of civilization!"

"That's it. That was my idea," I said, my enthusiasm rekindling as I spoke. "That's what I'm doing; my food is to be the rude grass and the roots that Nature furnishes for her children, and for my drink——"

"Yes, yes," he interrupted again with impatience, "for your drink the running rill, for your bed the sweet couch of hemlock, and for your canopy the open sky lit with the soft stars in the deep-purple vault of the dewy night. I know."

"Great heavens, man!" I exclaimed. "That's my idea exactly. In fact, those are my very phrases. How could you have guessed it?"

He made a gesture with his hand to indicate weariness and disillusionment.

"Pshaw!" he said, "I know it because I've been doing it. I've been here a fortnight now on this open-air, life-in-the-woods game. Well, I'm sick of it! This last lets me out."

"What last?" I asked.

"Why, meeting you. Do you realize that you are the nineteenth man that I've met in the last three days running about naked in the woods? They're all doing it. The woods are full of them."

"You don't say so!" I gasped.

"Fact. Wherever you go in the bush you find naked men all working out this same blasted old experiment. Why, when you get a little further in you'll see signs up, NAKED MEN NOT ALLOWED IN THIS BUSH, and NAKED MEN KEEP OFF, and GENTLEMEN WHO ARE NAKED WILL KINDLY KEEP TO THE HIGH ROAD, and a lot of things like that. You must have come in at a wrong place or you'd have noticed the little shanties that they have now at the edge of the New England bush with signs up: UNION SUITS BOUGHT AND SOLD, CAMERAS FOR SALE OR TO RENT, HIGHEST PRICE FOR CAST-OFF CLOTHING, and all that sort of thing."

"No," I said. "I saw nothing."

"Well, you look when you go back. As for (*Concluded on page 233*)



In a few minutes I was dragged out of the shrubbery and stood in the open park in my pajamas, shivering in the chilly air of early morning.

THE BOOK of the MONTH



The Living Present

In Which Gertrude Atherton Discusses the Effect of War upon Women

Copyright 1917
By Gertrude Atherton

By permission of
Frederick A. Stokes Co.

"THE most interesting problem relating to women that confronts us at present is the effect of the European War on the whole status of woman," asserts Gertrude Atherton, novelist and writer of weight on the woman problem, in her latest Book "The Living Present," which the Frederick A. Stokes Company is publishing. She goes on to ask: "Is the reign of the male in the old countries of Europe nearing its end, even as Kings and Kaisers are reluctantly approaching the vaults of history?" Her answer follows:

"There is hardly any doubt that if this war lasts long enough, women for the first time in the history of civilization will have it in their power to seize one at least of the world's reins. But will they do it—I am now speaking of women in mass, not of the advanced thinkers, or of women of the world who have so recently ascertained that there is a special joy in being free of the tyranny of sex, a tyranny that emanated no less from within than without.

"It is probable that after this war is over the women of the belligerent nations will be given the franchise by the weary men that are left, if they choose to insist upon it. But while suffrage and feminism are related, they are far from identical. Suffrage is but a milestone in feminism, which may be described as the more or less concerted sweep of women from the backwaters into the broad central stream of life. Having for untold centuries given men to the world they now want the world from men."

War Work Shows Woman

"NEVER, prior to the Great War, was such an enormous body of women awake after the lethargic submission of centuries, and clamoring for their rights. Never before have millions of women been supporting themselves; never before had they even contemplated organization and the direct political attack. Of course the women of Europe, exalted and worked half to death, have, with the exception of a few irrepressibles, put all idea of self-aggrandizement aside for the moment; but this idea has grown too big and too dominant to be dismissed for good and all.

"In some French towns women have managed the destinies of the people since the first month of the war, understanding them as no man has ever done, and working harder than most men are ever willing to work. Thousands have, under the spur, developed unsuspected capacities, energies, endurance, above all genuine executive abilities. That these women should be swept back into private life by the selfishness of men when the killing business is over is unthinkable."

New Value on "Man" and Herself

"WHAT has hampered the cause of Woman in Great Britain and Europe so far is the quite remarkable valuation put upon the male by the female. This is partly temperamental, partly female preponderance, but it is even more deeply rooted in those vanished centuries during which man proclaimed and maintained his superiority. Circumstances helped him for thousands of years, and he has been taken by the physically weaker and child-bearing sex at his own estimate. It is difficult for American women to appreciate this almost servile attitude of even British women to mere man. One of the finest things about the militant woman, one by which she scored most heavily, was her flinging off of this tradition and displaying a shining armor of indifference toward man as man.

"It is always a sign of weakness to give one side of a [illegible] more than the other. Therefore, let me hasten to add that it is a well-known fact that Mrs. [illegible] had borne and reared six children before she took up the militant cause of suffrage; and that after a season's vigorous [illegible] in London at the height of the militant excitement I concluded that never in the world had so many unattractive females been banded together in any one cause.

"[illegible] works both ways. [illegible] them, at least there was something [illegible] to another [illegible] are the common heritage of [illegible] plain, the old and the young, the [illegible] the ultimate freedom of those millions of their sisters lulled or helpless in the enchanted net of sex.

"It is doubtful if even the militants can revert to their former singleness of purpose; after many months, possibly years, of devotion to duty, serving State and man, the effacement of self, appreciation of the naked fact that the integrity of their country matters more than anything else on earth, they may be quite unable to rebound to their old fanatical attitude toward suffrage as the one important issue of the Twentieth Century."

But Work May Injure Her

"CERTAIN doctors of England have gone on record as predicting a lamentable physical future for the army of women who are at present doing the heavy work of men, particularly in the munition factories. They say that the day-long tasks which involve incessant bending and standing and lifting of heavy weights will breed a terrible reaction when the war ends and these women are abruptly flung back into domestic life.

"Before I went to France in May, 1916, I was inclined to believe that only a small percentage of women would stand the test; but since then I have seen hundreds of women at work in the munition factories of France. They had then been at work for some sixteen months, and, of poor physique in the beginning, were now strong, healthy animals with no sign of breakdown. They were more satisfactory in every way than men, for they went home and slept all night, drank only the light wines of their country, smoked less, if at all, and had a more natural disposition toward cleanliness. That these women are not masculinized is proved by the fact that many have borne children during the second year of the war, their tasks being made lighter until they are restored to full strength again.

"It is not to be imagined, however, that the younger, at least, of these women will cling to those greasy jobs when the world is normal again and its tempered prodigals are spending money on the elegances of life once more. And if they slump back into the sedentary life when men are ready to take up their old burdens, making artificial flowers, standing all day in the fetid atmosphere of crowded and noisy shops, stitching everlastingly at lingerie, there, it seems to me, lies the danger of breakdown."

Well, Protect Working Girls

"IF you will spend a few days walking through the department stores, for instance, of a large city and observing each of the young faces in turn behind the counters, it will be rarely that you will not feel reasonably certain that the secret thoughts of all that vast army circle persistently about some man, impinging or potential. I think most honest employers will testify that a young girl-worker's enthusiasm is for closing time, and her dreams are not so much of the higher skilfulness as of the inevitable man. Nature is inexorable. She means that the young things shall reproduce. Sex reigns; that it is the most powerful factor in life will be so long as Earth at least continues to spin.

"Girls of that age should be tended as carefully as young plants; and, for that matter, it would be well if women, until they have passed the high-water mark of reproductivity, should be protected as much as possible from severe physical and mental strain.

"The younger women, above all, are the women whose support and protection is the natural duty of man, and while it is one of life's misfortunes for a girl to marry simply to escape life's burdens, without love and without the desire for children, it is by far the lesser evil to have the consolation of home and children in the general barrenness of life than to slave all day at an uncongenial task and go "home" to a hall bedroom.

"Surely we are growing civilized enough so to arrange the social machinery that if girls and young women are forced to work for their daily bread, and often the bread of others, at least it shall be under conditions, including double shifts, that will enable them, if the opportunity comes, as completely to enjoy all that home means as falls to the lot of their more fortunate sisters.

"These women, forced by a faulty social structure to support themselves and carry heavy burdens, lack the intense metabolism of the male, his power to husband his stores of carbon (an organic exception which renders him indifferent to standing), and the superior quality of his muscle. Unless in some way he has impaired his health, man has heretofore demonstrated that he can do far more work than women, and stand several times the strain, although his pluck may be no finer.

"Moreover, if women succeed in achieving hard, unyielding muscles in the wrong place they suffer atrociously in childbirth; for Nature, who is as old-fashioned and inhospitable to modern ideas as a Tory statesman, takes a vicious pleasure in punishing one sex every time it succeeds in approaching the peculiar level of the other, or which diverges from the normal in any way."

For in Middle Age She Equals Man

"SO, if women ever are to compete with men on anything like an equal basis, it is when they are in their middle years, when Nature's handicaps are fairly outgrown, child-bearing and its intervening years of lassitude are over, as well as the recurrent carboniferous wastes and relaxations.

"There is nothing paradoxical in affirming that while no woman before she has reached the age of thirty-five or forty should, if she can avoid it, compete with men in work which the exigencies of civilization (man-made civilization) have adapted to him alone, still, every girl of every class, from the industrial straight up to the plutocratic, should be trained in some congenial vocation during her plastic years. Civilization in certain respects is as inadequate as it was a thousand years ago. Socialism might solve the problem if it were not for the Socialists. Certainly no man or body of men has yet arisen with the proper amount of imagination, selflessness, brains and constructive genius necessary to plan a social order in which all men shall work without overworking and support all women during the best years of the child-bearing and child rearing span. If men (*Concluded on page 248*)

Make this the Greatest Nation of Investors by Perpetuating The Liberty Loan Machinery

By B. C. Forbes

IT was war that made the French a nation of investors. Is war to transform Americans into a nation of investors?

The number of bondholders in the United States has increased 1,000 per cent. since the Liberty Loan was launched. The second war loan unquestionably will swell the total by another two or three million brand-new investors.

Is it necessary to scrap, when peace comes, the nation-wide machinery which has been created for stimulating the saving and investing of money?

Cannot something be done to preserve and conserve this new national power, a power of value beyond computation in fortifying America to take first place among the financial, industrial and commercial nations of the world?

Processes of coöperation between employers and employees have been organized which have made saving almost automatic, the money in most cases simply being withheld from the pay envelope and applied to the purchase of bonds.

Why can't plans, either local or national in scope, be perfected to encourage the continuance of this simple, invaluable system?

I have made this suggestion to numbers of corporations and it has been favorably received, although, of course, care was taken to point out that the question was so important and so fundamental that it would require the most mature consideration and most delicate of handling so as to avoid anything and everything savoring of paternalism unwelcome to employees. My inquiries lead me to believe that, if the matter be taken up by popular opinion and receive the endorsement of a majority of workers, a great many large employers will be glad to do their part in organizing and operating such a scheme.

When Corporations Coöperate

"There is no question that some such plan can be applied and ought to be applied after the war as well as during the war," said C. L. Close, head of the United States Steel Corporation's gigantic department for looking after the interests of the 260,000 employees. "Our profit-sharing plan is really an arrangement to encourage our workers to save money, and because of the simplicity of its operation it has attained remarkable results. Judge Gary, our chairman, who takes the deepest possible personal interest in directing the movement and is chairman of the committee handling it, estimates that no fewer than 60,000 of our employees have become stockholders under this plan. Last January over 39,000 employees subscribed for $6,750,000 worth of the common shares.

"Time and again during my visits to our different plants workmen have told me that they had never saved a dollar until they became interested in our stock-subscription plan—as a matter of fact, I could say practically the same thing myself, for I was a foreman when it was inaugurated in 1903, and had not until then made a systematic practice of saving any money.

"The main thing is to make it easy for the workmen to begin saving. The average workmen, particularly laborers who are not in the habit of wearing fine clothes, are modest fellows and hesitate to enter marble palaces or other imposing buildings which house most of our banks and savings institutions. They have a feeling that they may not be welcome. Moreover, they are entirely ignorant of what will be required of them should they summon up courage to go in. In too many cases the determination to save is not sufficiently strong to overcome these initial drawbacks, with the result that too often no savings account is opened and regular, systematic accumulation is not begun.

"Under our plan all that a worker has to do is to signify his wish to buy stock of the corporation and then the monthly installments are deducted from the pay envelope. Experience has shown that employees simply adjust their mode of living to their income; if they carry home every dollar they earn the chances are that the money will be spent, whereas if they subscribe for stock they do not miss the monthly deduction."

"Would you say that, dividing your employees into two classes, those who become savers and those who don't, the men who do save are, on the whole, more satisfactory employees than those who don't save?" I asked Mr. Close.

"Without doubt," he immediately replied. "The very fact that a workman elects to save regularly part of his wages indicates that he has a degree of prudence and foresight, that he is not shiftless and indifferent. We find that far more of those who save systematically become in time owners of their homes than those who do not save a fixed part of their wages every month. The spirit of saving seems to create in a man greater self-respect, steady habits, a sense of responsibility and healthy ambition.

"I hope your advocacy of the widespread adoption by corporations of plans to facilitate the systematic saving of part of their wages by workers will be taken up and carried out successfully."

Some corporation managers who are now coöperating with their forces in the buying of Liberty Bonds by weekly deductions from wages state that, while they have no hesitation in doing everything within their power to help in financing the war, they would have to think twice before applying the same method for the purchase of other than Government bonds.

"If the Government, after the war is over, would still continue to offer bonds, I and others would have no hesitation in continuing the present arrangement; but if we couldn't put our men's savings into an investment backed by the United States Government itself I don't know just how I would feel about helping our men to invest in miscellaneous securities," declared one corporation executive who has given the subject of thrift considerable study."

"But after the war won't the Government seek to reduce the national debt rather than add to it year after year?" I suggested.

"It will pay off its war loans, of course, but the distinct tendency is to have the Government become owners of our vital public utilities, notably the railroads," he replied. "Even if no colossal sum was needed for any such purpose immediately after the war why couldn't the Government raise money in this way for the construction of good roads throughout the country, a project of the very highest importance? Couldn't the Federal Government also guarantee the bonds of States and counties and even municipalities, issued for road building? These bonds would then be the obligation of Uncle Sam, and employers would have no qualms about helping their workers to buy them on the installment plan just as we are now doing in the case of the Liberty Bonds."

One very large company is now working on a plan to have its men become bank or savings-bank depositors without any effort or any initiative on the part of the men themselves. The tentative plan is to offer to deduct $1 or more from the weekly pay and deposit it in the worker's name in some thoroughly trustworthy financial institution, a list of such institutions to be submitted to the worker so that he may make the final choice himself.

"Save at the Source"

All experts agree that the best results are obtainable only when the money to be saved is not handed over to the worker but deposited for him. If he does not receive the cash he has not the same temptation to spend it. Experience has shown that in a vast number of cases husbands and wives who propose opening a savings account, and who lay aside a few dollars on Saturday night, lose their enthusiasm by the beginning of the week and find excuses or reasons for spending the money. If banks were open on pay night there would be a better chance.

"Save at the Source" might well be adopted as a slogan of the movement here proposed.

Authoritative figures show that eighty of every hundred men who die in this country leave no income-producing investments or property of any kind. Not only so, but approximately 1,250,000 former wage-earners are now living on charity at a cost to the country of between $200,000,000 and $250,000,000 a year. The number of women left unprovided for by their husbands and compelled to enter the ranks of labor in order to maintain themselves and their children is a blot on our national record.

Unfortunately, although higher wages and more money are being earned in America to-day than ever before, there is no emphatic evidence that full advantage is being taken of the opportunity to prepare for the inevitable rainy day. That lean years will follow these fat years cannot be doubted. The time to save is when saving is possible. With millions of people that time is *now*. In comparison with the possibilities, the amount that has been saved, according to all accounts, has been disappointing. The president of the savings-bank having the largest deposits in the world recently stated: "The increase in savings-bank deposits, while large, has not been commensurate with the great prosperity that has prevailed throughout the country for more than two years. This is difficult to explain, as it is well known that savings-bank depositors are thrifty."

Are we not entitled to feel hopeful that the "Saving at the Source" movement will prove an immeasurable blessing to millions of American citizens of modest means as well as to the nation as a nation? Britain's first war loan attracted only 1,100,000 subscribers and Germany's initial loan only a few more, whereas our first war loan brought forth well over 4,000,000 subscribers. Is it not inspiring to know that of the total offering of $2,000,000,000 no less than $1,296,684,850 was absorbed by those who bought from $50 to $10,000 each? Nor do these figures, gratifying as they are, reveal the full number of small subscribers, because in many instances corporations sent in one subscription for a large block which is actually being split

(*Concluded on page 248*)



Present and Future: Uncle Sam, like Janus in classic myth, should apply the lesson taught by the Liberty Loan to-day as it may shape the Nation's fiscal power for to-morrow.

THE greatest works of man generally ain't works of man at all—they're just works of Nature that man helped out. Nature sure deserves a heap of credit for makin' VELVET.

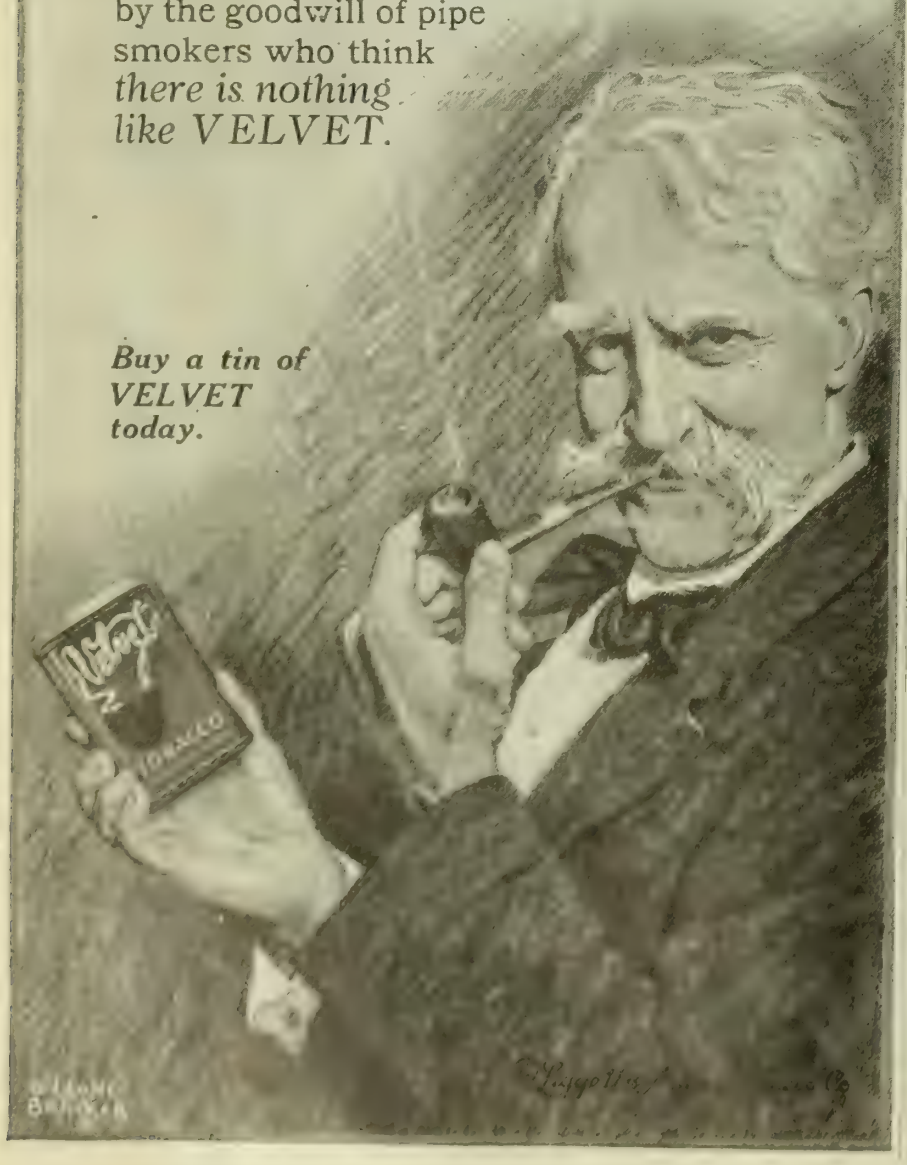
Velvet Joe.

MOTHER Nature knows more about putting mellowness in tobacco than mortal man ever will know.

There are quicker, cheaper ways to cure tobacco than Nature's slow patient way. But you never tasted VELVET'S smoothness and mellowness in any of those so called "improvements" on Nature.

VELVET takes two years natural ageing in wooden hogsheads to come to its full perfection—and we are more than repaid for this extra expense by the goodwill of pipe smokers who think *there is nothing like VELVET.*

Buy a tin of VELVET today.



The STORY of BELGIUM

Continued from page 176

where the heart that reads it is young." The desire for news—news of any kind—was pathetic. If my own fortunate position had brought me some, and I was giving it to friends, I would notice the servants or laborers, either openly or concealed, hanging around back of curtains or doors where they might overhear; the waitress at the table would delay between the courses long enough to recount in servants'-hall and stable the news she had just heard.

In short, communication has ceased and all literary and intellectual activities have been smothered. You stay in your commune or province, wherever you belong. At every cross-road, by every bend or canal or waterway, stands a sentinel, and the military authorities have power over life and death.

As for letters, yes, they are written and sent, as they are to Santa Claus—but the one to whom they are addressed is no more certain of receiving or answering them than is the good Christian Saint. You may carry them when you consider it absolutely necessary, but you can never tell when the train or vehicle in which you may be will be stopped, and bag, baggage and pockets searched and rifled. The air is let out of your tires, coat and trousers and waistcoat turned inside out, cushions and toolbox upside down, the gasoline tank is emptied, and your temper is tried to the breaking-point by guard or secret agent who hoped to ferret out some incriminating scrap of paper. Such envelopes alone are sacred as have been censored and sealed for their destination with the widespread eagles of German officialdom.

Brussels of to-day! She would seem less tragic if there were some outward and visible signs of her vassalage—if some quarter was burned, showing traces of the malady which has long ravaged her. She seems like a woman walking about with all love and emotion dead within her. Some life still flows through her streets sluggishly; the chrysanthemums still fill with their glorious riot of color the Grande Place; an artisan may walk out between the showers with his sweetheart on his arm, and the old, beloved chimes of St. Gudule still ring out.

Soldiers, soldiers everywhere! Cuirassiers, uhlans, hussars, and infantry; landwehr and landsturm. Their sabres and spurs clank on the sidewalk, their heels click in the halls and corridors. Up and down the streets march the regiments, singing as they go to drill or to battle front. Sly and subsubservient—like so many *Uriah Heaps*—you recognize the German commercial travelers, clerks and office folk, respectfully making way and wide room for the almighty uniform, as they sneak along, sucking out commercial life-blood wherever some may still be found. As the evening lights come out and life in the music-halls and cafés begins, you see lieutenant and colonel alike, the ribbon of the Iron Cross in his buttonhole, a mixture of conceit and sensual desire on his face and the girl of the streets upon his arm. Berlin is too far away, so here he comes to exchange trench life for a weekend of dissipation. I asked several of the girls if the officers were kind and generous to them. "*Non*," was the reply, "*mais que voulez vous, il faut vivre cependant.*" It is probably the only way I philosophized, that any Belgian money or German "Darlehenkassenschein"[1] finds its way back into Belgian pockets.

The soldiers swarm in the stations which, as a civilian, you dutifully enter through some humble sidedoor. Here the military are close-packed and the odor of them reaches you as your passes are *viséd* and your *carte d'identité* is scrutinized. The baggage-rooms are filled with long, even-sized, gray boxes, piled helter-skelter as packages on Christmas Eve. The boxes are labeled; all, a little longer and broader than a man's body, and all are on the way from the front to some specially favored family. The clatter of innumerable hobnailed shoes, the guffaw and chatter of the soldiers, fill the halls. Here they go to the front; there home on leave; looking like so many *Sancho Panzas* with cheese and chickens and loaves and bundles dangling from their belts. There are scarcely any Belgians, for they will not travel by train to give profits to the German railway authorities. They take instead their own *victuals* at a quarter the rate of speed.

There are many figures in black, for the toll of the first few weeks was frightfully heavy. There will be many, many more when the news of the army's losses once gets through. Strange it is to see the emptiness of the streets, once so gay and crowded. Every now and then, as a hundred years ago, a farmer's cart, actually drawn by oxen, lumbers up the cobblestones of the city's hill, or some lady of the fashionable world, landaulet, chauffeur, and groom all vanished, rattles along in the basket of a pony cart, glad that her last little unrequisitioned beast can pull her from country château to city dwelling. Many a time I have had some superb saddle-horse pointed out to me by its owner, as we scurried aside to escape the dirt from his hoofs while the Prussian officer passed on his back. The gardens between the Royal Palace and the Chamber of Deputies are closed. The gay streamers of the former *bonnes* have given place to the gray invalid uniform of recuperating soldiers resting on the benches. The avenues and bridlepaths are filled with orderlies exercising the cavalry horses. The windows of Leopold's palace are whitewashed and from its pediment flies the flag of the Red Cross, while the Rue des Colonies, facing the Chamber of Deputies and the government buildings, is closed to all except Germans. There are plenty of them there, goose-stepping, changing guard and playing martial airs under the flagpoles flying the detested black and white. It is curious to see even the street urchins turn their backs when the band strikes up for the entertainment of the populace. No more cheering and swinging of caps, no more dancing with your best girl on the sidewalks; no more compliments on the handsome mustaches of the bandmaster; no more marching arm-in-arm behind the drums and trumpets,—for whatever they play is a dirge in the ears of this once-so-happy and care-free city.

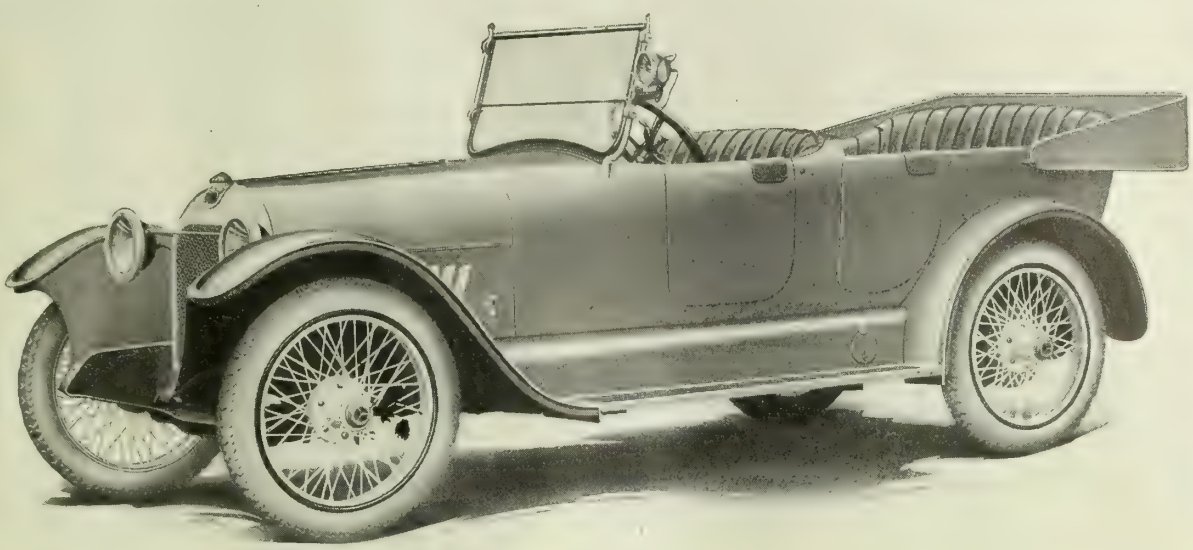
If a German officer seats himself beside a woman in the street-car, she rises quietly at the next stopping place and gets out. When he enters a restaurant, the Belgians settle their scores and leave for another place. Any intercourse, even the most formal, is as impossible as between Pharisee and Publican.

With a thickness of skin and lack of finer perception born of ingrained self-confidence and conceit, the conquerors seem unable to comprehend that a Teuton uniform implies ostracism from Belgian society. Lieutenant W——s, late Assistant-Curator of the Pinacothek in Munich, spent a couple of months a few years ago studying the Gothic tapestries of the Musée du Cinquantenaire in Brussels. And now returning in a different capacity, he ventures to call on the lady in whose house he had on his first visit been shown courtesy and hospitality. He sends up his card by the astonished butler. Madame returns word: "Has not the Lieutenant made a mistake?" "Not at all." The officer is kept waiting—twenty minutes. Finally Madame appears, hat and wrap on, ready to go out. "To what do I owe the honor of this call from a stranger?" The officer reaches for her hand to kiss it as he bows. Madame pretends not to see his movement. "Surely Mme. H—— remembers the young art-critic to whom she showed so much kindness scarcely four years ago? No, she did not. "Years as well as the uniform may have altered me, but Madame cannot have forgotten?" "No, it must all be a mistake; will the Lieutenant please excuse me, as I have an errand of importance." And so the young Bavarian is left nonplused in possession of the salon, while Madame went about her business.

The young officers intimate that they are crack tennis players or good at golf—are there not plenty of courts vacant at the Leopold Club, or are not the links rather empty at fashionable Ravenstein? In reply they are politely given to understand that, should they appear, good Belgian society would go elsewhere.

So they have learned to go their own way—and the only Belgians with whom they mix are the women of ill-repute. When the popular concerts are given, with the *prima donna* from Munich widely advertised, the only Belgian in the audience is the old stage-cat.

[1] The present paper currency, based upon deposits in the pawnshops.



Announcing—
The Pan-American

THE Pan-American is America's newest motor car; not new in the sense of an untried chassis, not new in the sense of an inexperienced factory organization, but new—*overwhelmingly new*—in the sense of *new* beauty, *new* comfort, *new* distinction! And it is this new and startling beauty, mounted on a chassis of time-tested performance, which has sent the Pan-American to the fore so quickly as "The American Beauty Car."

For a great class of automobile buyers the Pan-American is the *ideal* motor car. Here, at last, is *the car of the happy medium*, the car with sufficient weight and sufficient wheel base to be wholly comfortable and yet not represent extravagance of upkeep, a car which will respond instantly to every normal demand for speed, get-away and pick-up, and yet not tax its owner with the cost of excess power; a car which represents true beauty of design and real excellence of finish without running into the extravagant fittings best left to people of great wealth.

While not consciously patterning the Pan-American after the cars of the Old World, our designers sought to secure the same results; the economical consumption of gasoline and oil, the safety of a low center of gravity, the beauty of flowing body lines—and as a result, the Pan-American has received the imprimatur of approval from the great export houses of the world.

A Beautiful Pan-American Booklet Will Be Sent You Upon Your Request

"The American Beauty Car"

Pan-American Motors Corp.
Decatur, Illinois

$1500 F. O. B. Decatur, Ill.

Young girls of good society must of course be careful in the streets. The blonde, curly-haired Countess de Y—— was only seventeen, so she did not quite understand. She did not go stylishly dressed, for gloves are now carefully mended in the fingers, and spots are removed in place of new frocks being purchased. But that did not diminish her charm, her exquisite freshness, or the perfect turn of the little ankles, as she one day trotted along the Rue de Luxembourg on her way home. She was too much for the equanimity of Count W—— M—— of the Pass-Zentral. "Won't you come home with me, dearie?" Trembling with fear and anger, she made the instant rejoinder: "*Voilà encore un sale Prussien, qui me parle.*" The shot went home. Further down the street stands a guard. "Arrest that slut who is hurrying along the sidewalk," commands the Count; "she dared to insult me in passing." At the guardhouse, the complaint is entered. It is too late to withdraw it when the complainant hears, to his astonishment, the name of the little prisoner —one of the most illustrious in the country, and that the address she gives is the very house in Brussels where he had been a guest three years earlier when riding his hunters against those of the "Guides." Before the time of the trial is set, the accused is permitted by law to send for a male member of her family. "Do you wish to send for your father?" she is asked. "No, he is fighting for his country." "For your brother?" "No," with a catch of breath, "he has fallen on the field of honor for his country." Next day the grandmother, tall and erect despite her seventy-three years, pushes her way beside the little girl into the court-martial, unmoved by the protests of the guard. The old lady informs him, with a haughty stare, that she is used to giving orders and not to receiving them from menials. In front of the prisoners' dock sit the Court, in full uniform, orders on their chests, caps on their heads. The grandmother, taking the clerk's empty chair, is roared at to rise immediately. "For over twenty years I have represented my King at the Imperial Court of Vienna," is her reply, "and you must pardon an old lady if she is unused to standing while young men sit in front of her with their hats on." The trial is summary and swift. "One year in a German prison for both of them!" After six months, when the older woman's health began to fail, news of her plight was, through friends, brought to the knowledge of old Francis Joseph. He at once telegraphed Emperor William that there surely must be some mistake in the imprisonment of his old friend. She was immediately released, but the little Countess with the flaxen curls served out her term in the prison-cell at Aix.

The noble kinsmen "on the other side of the line" all luckily know the story, and when the war is over, should the gallant German officer be so unfortunate as to survive it, one or other of them will find him, wherever he may be, and the ladies will be avenged.

Of course the Bruxellois, like bad children, must often be stood in the corner and punished. On St. Leopold's Day they went to high mass in St. S——, and whether it was from what the Bishop said or what they thought or felt, they became so stirred that when they streamed out upon the square in front of the church, where Egmont and Horn still stand with hands clasped, they lifted their voices in chorus and shouted to high heaven their National Anthem, the "Brabançonne." Some of the more reckless and hot-headed even ventured to shout "Vive le Roi!" Next morning came the punishment. Every citizen was forbidden for the remainder of the year to go out on the streets between seven in the evening and five in the morning. Disobedience would [illegible] even for the most ardent lover. I had invited some friends to dinner the next day. *Que faire?* Should I, or would my guests, cancel the engagement. The situation was rather a novel and delicate one. My guests solved it for me. Some brought their mattresses and [illegible] while the younger ones played "bridge" till the near-by station clock struck five next [illegible]

There was a time when American millionaires laid costly presents beside the plates of their dinner guests. My American soul [illegible] one evening, with the finger-bowls, I had [illegible]

to the hearts of my dinner guests, for such were the most valued treasures within Belgium.

I have never seen my own hostess. She was missing at the front and her husband was fighting. The parents had, as dozens of others, immediately on the arrival of the unknown American, placed the house entirely at his disposal. All the contents were mine to choose from—furniture, linen, and silver. There were flowers in the dining-room and salon, brought on foot many a kilometer from the country estate—all for the American. In the wardrobes of my bedroom hung the mistress's ball gowns, and there stood her little party slippers, exactly as she left them when she fled. It was all as pathetic as it was uncanny. Disaster seemed to have arrested life, as suddenly as once in the homes of Pompeii.

However embarrassing the situation or difficult the circumstance, it is passed off with a jest. The citizens of Brussels are good losers, and never show the white feather, which always aggravates the German almost beyond his powers of endurance.

Even for the wealthy, certain foodstuffs are practically unpurchasable. "Sugar and spice, and all that's nice," are tabooed. The pastry-shops are closed. There are, alas, no more little *tête-à-têtes* over the marble-topped tables with cakes and tea, and the spearing of the delicious rolls of almond paste and *cœur-d'oranges* is a thing of the past. But the great black, luscious Hamburg grapes are a drug on the market, for the vines in the acres of Waterloo hothouses hang heavy with their bunches, while the *chefs* of London, Paris and New York hotels wring their hands for lack of them. Of course an egg or a lump of sugar or a pound of butter would be more nourishing, but then an egg costs sixty centimes, and butter—if procurable at all—seventeen francs the kilo. One has almost forgotten the taste of white bread. On the other hand, there is still delicious wine with which to wash down the dry whole-wheat bread. It is carefully hidden away from pilfering fingers, dug down in gardens or bricked into cellars, the new walls skilfully constructed of old bricks and rubbed with ashes, so as to defy the detection of the most adept thief. He is certain to come, sooner or later, so plenty of bottles are to be found in the wine-racks—poor wine and mixed with water at that—but plenty good enough for German gullets.

For the American, however, the fatted calf is always killed. Perhaps it is a little white-bread bun from the secret supply of white flour, a few pounds of which are still left in the tin tub under the attic eaves. Perhaps it is a pheasant deftly snared in the château forest, under the very nose of the *Oberförster*, or fattened and fed in a mysterious henyard—way up on the beams of the castle turret; or best of all a wild-boar steak from an animal killed with spears down in the Ardennes. What Poincaré and Chambertin are [illegible] I remember one occasion when the old butler carried into the dining-room a cobwebbed bottle, as if it were the son and heir of the family, being borne to the christening font. He held the bottle to the light for us to see the moss gathered on its inner surface. "Bottled in '64!" said my host, [illegible] of the last few remaining. Am I not right, Pierre?" he added, turning to the old servant, who was examining the cork. "Yes, Monsieur!" Then, unable to restrain himself any longer, despite his seventy-eight years, the butler touched me gently on the shoulder and continued: "And I, Monsieur le Délégué, *I* bottled it."

The most ridiculous scenes took place when the working folk returned from their Sunday visits to parents and country relations. Thin men had suddenly become fat; the barren women pregnant; the flat-chested, full bosomed; all with potatoes or other country produce smuggled into town in this manner. After it was discovered, a general stripping and undressing naturally ensued, and another mode of marketing was invented. While it lasted, however, getting into one of the suburban trolleys was like visiting the ward of a maternity hospital, and many a sly wink and broad joke would pass between the passengers when out of German earshot.

Such were the few gleams of light, and only on the surface. Underneath—yes, underneath everything—exists the grim tragedy, the dull aching that never ceases, the need and starvation that is always increasing; sickness that is constantly spreading and disaster daily coming closer.

In Brussels and also in Antwerp, where human congestion is greatest, these shadows are the first to deepen. You do not have to go far to find the endless long lines of patient figures waiting for their turn before the canteens and soup-kitchens and milk stations; waiting for food—not enough to satisfy hunger, but just sufficient to keep body and soul together, until one may return again.

The great pity of it is also the glory. For here are the women of Belgium. In sacrifice and devotion, in spending themselves in patient suffering, the thousands of women who serve her surpass anything history has to recount. In an infinite number of ways they go about their daily tasks quietly and efficiently. As the long months have dragged by, each one has learnt her work. There are *les petites abeilles*, the little bees, who work among the children, the most appealing of all Belgian charities. "*Pour l'avenir!*" is the motto on the little silver beehive suspended from their necks. Well must they steel themselves, to be able daily to look into the tens of thousands of wistful little eyes and pale, haggard faces, and never have enough to give. They see the mother, with tears in her eyes, breathlessly watching the weighing of her baby, fearful lest the child will tip the normal point on the balance and consequently be denied the extra nourishment.

There are those who live among the tuberculous night after night, day after day—wash them, feed them, give them fresh straw to lie on, and then, finally kneeling by the side of the good *curé*, hear their last sigh and bury them—a different existence from the dinners, theaters, parties and tangoing prior to the war. The dread disease is daily increasing. Malnutrition steadily plays into its hand.

Some work among the future mothers; others in the milk-kitchens, and others visit the *pauvres honteux*. The middle classes, who at the beginning of the war had savings or modest employment—the clerks, seamstresses, dressmakers, and young professional men—have now spent the last centime of funds so thriftily and characteristically set aside for their old age. Many of them are gentlefolk, in circumstances reduced to nothing, honest working girls who do not know which way to turn to keep the wolf from the door.

It would indeed be difficult to find in Brussels a single woman with strength or means who was not using it to help her sisters in some way or other. High and low, rich and poor, all alike are living to serve. Princess and charwoman work side by side, scrubbing floors, setting tables, ladling out soup, inspecting tickets, washing dishes and caring for babies. Endless groups of them cut and label, baste and stitch.

All of the work is not equally safe. A little woman with whom I once walked home looked so "done for" that I asked her the reason. She opened her heart and told me her story—for the American could always be trusted. One of the Machiavellian inventions of the conqueror has been to deprive the families of prisoners guilty of certain offenses of any money or sustenance; in other words, because a Belgian has done his patriotic duty, not only is he to be robbed of his liberty, but his family is to starve to death. The woman by my side had offered herself for the task, punishable by death, of secretly providing such families with money enough to keep alive. Every month she was given such a sum as could be collected by a group in Brussels for this purpose, and night and day she sped on her perilous visits of mercy. I asked her what was her greatest danger. "Being followed by the poor wretches I assist," she answered, "who wish to discover my identity in order the better to thank me." Certain supplies had at last given out, and she knew as she walked along by my side that many visits of life and death would have to be abandoned. I had some American funds with me which I gave her, and the weary look vanished. I was only to see her once more. A few weeks afterward it became too dangerous for her to be seen in the streets of Brussels. I was leaving for good from the Gâre-du-Nord and the station was crowded. A Belgian porter ran down the platform calling my name. There was a person with a basket of fruit for me at the upper end in the crowd of townspeople. As I approached, I saw a couple of men nod to me and make a little opening in the throng through which a wizened old woman held out a basket of fruit. Something about her lovely eyes seemed familiar. As I reached for the gift I felt a kiss on my hand. The crowd closed—but I had recognized the little heroine who had come back, facing death, to show Belgian gratitude.

Of course more are caught than escape, for they are always fighting against unfair odds. Yet there are ways and ways. Anywhere in Belgium, in the midst of life, you are in death. You dine with a group one week, and the next some one of it has disappeared. No questions are asked. All go right on doing their duty and doing their best.

After dining with the Baroness de C—— one evening, she turned to me rather wistfully and said: "May I ask you to show my old father the same kindness you have shown me? I shall not be here to-morrow. They have found out and hold proofs. I must appear at the *Kommandatur* in the morning." I knew what it meant—her cellar had been one of the stations where the lads on their way to the frontier were concealed. Someone had been careless. Only a few days earlier Monsieur B—— had told me to come to *him*, if I was in trouble. "There is always some way of hurrying out of the country," he had said. And so, the moment we rose from the torealine, or make-believe coffee, I hastened to him, making sure I was not followed. Yes, he had heard the Baroness was suspected. He knew her well enough to be sure she would exonerate her father by assuming all the responsibility, but he had not realized that the authorities had any proofs. He would place her at the head of the list of those who are made to vanish. I must return to her at once going through the garden and must make sure I was not followed. "Tell her not to go to bed, but to get dressed to travel. You must leave her house unseen and call neither there nor upon me for several days." We pressed each other's hands and I took to the garden. The following morning I left Brussels for the North of France. When I returned to my home at the end of the week, my servant handed me a card, on which was written in the Baroness's handwriting: "Boating is excellent on the canals of Holland. Remember my request." Should we meet again, it will be a day marked with a white stone.

The next article in this series, to appear in October, is entitled "The Wounded Country That Will Not Die."

AFTER almost three years of German domination the Belgians have, to an extraordinary degree, remained mentally uninfluenced by their masters. This is doubly remarkable when one considers the large number of merchants, office folk, civil and military clerks and retainers which swarmed into the little country on the heels of the armies, as well as also the originally large German influence and stock. The Teuton philosophy of government, as I heard it at times expounded by German officials to their subjects, made less impression than the water on a duck's back. The familiar doctrine that only through the State may the completest liberty of the individual be worked out meant nothing whatever to Belgians.

Through press, through pamphlets, and by constant proselytizing the Germans have attempted, both openly and covertly, to influence the mental attitude—but all in vain. The two races look at life from different points of view, and these have become still more so through hatred and distrust. The appeals of the Belgian Bishops to the Bishops of Germany and Austria-Hungary, the appeals of the Belgian socialists and laborers to those of Germany, have come to naught. There was not a single point of contact. I thought it singularly interesting to learn that in the schools the teaching of English is everywhere being substituted for German. After the war, Belgians will turn to France, England and America for all the intellectual development they desire outside their own country, as well as for trade relations. The door to the east they wish locked and bolted intellectually as well as commercially.



NELL CRAIG in "The Trufflers"—ESSANAY Photoplay

Read What She Says About

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

F. F. INGRAM CO.:

I thought it might interest you to know that your preparations are not new to me. When I first came here, the water affected my complexion badly. A friend suggested "Ingram's Milkweed Cream". It worked wonders, and I frankly tell you that I would not be without it.

During that space of time I have tried one or two others that only served to make me realize the quality of "Ingram's". Your cream is without equal. I mean this sincerely, and ask you to accept my thanks for making it for us.

Nell Craig



The letter on the left is the sincere acknowledgment of a famous photoplay beauty to the efficacy of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. There can be no question regarding the perfection of Miss Craig's complexion. Daily proof of it is given on the moving picture screens—photographic proof that shows no favor.

Why spend time in applying merely cleansing or softening creams when in the same time you can apply Milkweed Cream and give your complexion all its additional benefits. Ingram's Milkweed Cream is not a cold cream. It has positive curative and corrective properties. It remedies roughness, redness and sunburn. It prevents tan. It eradicates pimples and other blemishes. It is the skin-health cream. There is no substitute.

It has been made and sold all over the world for a generation. Sarah Bernhardt began its use in 1896—twenty-one years ago. We have thousands of letters from women like Miss Craig's. They endorse all we say of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Buy it in either 50c or $1.00 size

Ingram's Velvola Souveraine Face Powder

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that **it stays on.** Furthermore, a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh and Brunette—50c.

Ingram's Rouge

"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately heightening the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Delicately perfumed. Solid cake. Three shades— Dark, Light and Medium—50c.

(48)



Get This Package

Send us 6c in stamps with the coupon and we will send you at once our Guest Room Package containing Ingram's Face Powder and Rouge in novel purse packets, and Milkweed Cream, Zodenta Tooth Powder and Ingram's Perfume in Guest Room sizes. Mail coupon to

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
Established 1885
89 Tenth St., Detroit, U. S. A.
Windsor, Ont.

Frederick F. Ingram Co.,
89 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

I enclose 6c in stamps for Guest Room Package as described in your advertisement.

.....

.....

.....



Even *She* Had Corns

Until a little while ago she thought them unavoidable. If you have corns don't blame yourself too much. Many an old person has had them fifty years.

YET they have done what you do—pared them and used old-time, useless treatments.

But what folly it is when nowadays about half the world keeps free.

The chemist who invented Blue-jay made corns forever needless.

Last year some 17 million corns were ended in this simple, easy way.

Just try one corn.

Apply a Blue-jay plaster in a jiffy. Then forget it. It will never pain again.

In two days take the plaster off. The corn will disappear. Only one corn in ten needs another application.

You will laugh at the old ways when you try Blue-jay. You will wonder why people ever let corns hurt. Please start tonight. You have suffered long enough.

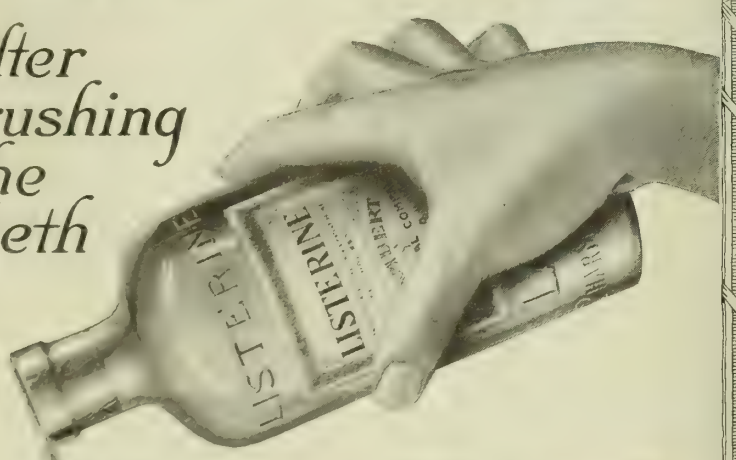
BAUER & BLACK
Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Blue-jay
Stops Pain — Ends Corns

For Sale by all Druggists

Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

After Brushing the Teeth



LISTERINE
The Safe Antiseptic
Manufactured only by Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo. U.S.A.

Listerine can *reach* every surface of the teeth because it is liquid.

Listerine can *protect* every surface of the teeth because it is antiseptic.

Listerine can *reach* and *protect* those surfaces of the teeth which the brush cannot cleanse.

After brushing the teeth, rinse the mouth with Listerine and water.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE MOBILIZING OF JOHANNA

(*Continued from page 170*)

slicing of bread. Wash-boilers simmered with coffee. Lines of men, with tin plates and cups produced by magic, drew up by the fires and got their suppers and sat on the wet ground to eat.

Lanterns appeared like fireflies and flash-lamps winked. Men came and went and dug ditches about their tents, and smoked pipes and cigars and cigarets. A clump of men went all around the camp leaving every little while one poor single fellow to pace up and down all by himself. Johanna watched the young man who went up and down in front of her gate.

"What's he done?" she said. "Has he been naughty?"

"He's a sentinel," said the hired-man.

"Oh, is he?" said Johanna wisely. "But what's he there for?"

"To protect the soldiers from you," the hired-man laughed and the whole family laughed at the idea of protecting the army from Johanna. As it turned out, the sentinels did not suffice for that purpose.

Johanna and her family watched and watched, forgetting their own supper and the rain. By and by the General came over to the house with his friends and tramped up on the porch and poured the water from their hatbrims and cursed the shower. There was talk of some of the wagons getting mired down the road. The General said:

"Of course it would be headquarters' tents." Johanna wondered who Mr. Headquarters was.

The upshot of it was that the General asked Pa if he could give shelter to a few officers for the night. They would be glad to have chairs and the sofa. But there was one officer who was sick, he explained, and if there were an extra bed it would be a help.

"Oh, let him take mine," Johanna interceded, frantic with excitement.

"That's a good girl," said the General. "You're a regular little patriot!"

Johanna had a vague feeling that a patriot was something nice.

"But where will you sleep, child?" said the General.

"Oh, I could never sleep to-night!" Johanna gasped.

"Listen to Joan of Arc," said the General.

"My name's Johanna Renseler, if you don't mind," she requested.

"We've got a Rensellaer in our regiment," he said. "He'll be proud to meet a relative."

The General and his gentlemen friends all laughed. Then he sniffed, and forgot Johanna.

"I smell home cooking," he murmured. Ma fairly glistened.

"I been bakin' pies for over Sunday," she said.

"Sunday will never see those pies," said the General.

And the upshot of that was that he and his friends hogged up nearly everything there was in the house. They drank all the milk and the family mice starved that night.

But a beautiful man slept in Johanna's bed! He had wonderful clothes and a revolver. And he looked very pale and tired, but he said it was a shame to take the child's bed. Johanna said she was proud to have him and hoped he'd sleep good.

Johanna told him she would crawl in with her mother. But in fact she sat up in a kitchen chair. Whenever she fell asleep she fell off the chair.

As late as ten o'clock the bugle woke her. It sang the saddest homesickest song. Johanna sneaked out on the porch, to see what the bugle was so blue about. The army had all gone to bed. Against one of the fires she could see the musician standing. He seemed cut out of black paper and to be drinking out of a bottle. But the music! And everybody asleep, except the horner and the poor fellows trudging up and down in the drumming rain to protect the army from Johanna.

She went back to her kitchen chair in a drowse of mystic elation. Sleep gently claimed her tired body and her brain fagged with wonder. She found herself sprawled out on the kitchen floor in the dark when the bugle woke her next. She ran out on the porch again to see what had happened—the war in Yurrup must have come over here. The rain had stopped. The dawn was just beginning its reveille of light. The bugler was visible again and he was going "Te-ty diddle-dee! Te-ty diddle-dee! Te-ty diddle-dee-dy do!"

Then there was a terrific pummelling of drums and all of the soldiers popped out of their little kennels, and ran and formed up in lines and said "Here!" like calling the roll in school. Johanna hardly recognized her hills or her old heavens. The sunrise was like a blessing all along the rain-sweet sky.

The only sad thing about the glorious world was the news that the gentleman in Johanna's bed was worse. They called him the loot'nant-colonel and one of the Generals who seemed to be a doctor said he ought not to be moved. The old General said he didn't think anybody would be moved. The place suited him and he'd let some other organization have Brockert's Corners.

Pa did not drive to the train with the milk. The army took it all and paid regular town rates. Johanna had got her invention reversed. The city had come out to the cows. She milked them with fervor. She milked them as paterotic as she could.

Pa was proud as a turkey, and when the old General advised Ma to get busy and bake all the bread and pies she could, Ma said: "I want to know!" Then she set Johanna to work helping her.

The flour and sugar were used up in no time and Pa had to drive to town for more. He asked Johanna if she wanted to go along and she said not by a jugful. Why go to the village when the city had settled down in her front yard?

All that day soldiers and officers came traipsing to the kitchen door trying to buy milk and pie and cakes. Ma could not tend to them all and so Johanna got a chance.

The young men were very polite to her and the first thing she knew she was washing her hands and face the second time that day. The General's tents came early in the morning and the family lost its boarders except the sick man.

But the demand for pies and cakes and milk kept up till Ma complained that the back porch was being just naturally wore out and the front gate was already off its hinges.

Johanna was lightning-smitten with her second idea. It was quite a thrilling sensation.

"I tell you what, Ma," she said. "Let's put up a stand out by the front fence and sell things. We'd make piles of money and save the porch and everything."

"Who'd sell 'em?" said Ma contemptuously.

"I would," said the dauntless Johanna in an ague of inspiration.

"Stop your nonsense," said Ma. But when Pa came home he thought there might be suthin' in it. He wouldn't let Johanna stay out there, but he did himself with his two sons after they had nailed up a rude counter.

The next day Pa had to drive to town to get some things and he made Johanna go along to hold the horses. In town she saw girls selling sodyworter and ice-cream cones. She proposed the idea of adding ice-cream cones to the stock. Her father called her a durned fule. And bought some ice-cream cones the next day as his own idea. Also Johanna had to sell while her brothers ate their dinner.

When the brothers came back they found that Johanna had collected a crowd. A mob of soldiers was jostling about the counter buying and chaffing Johanna. She had no repartee better than "Ah, go on!" or "Don't you think you're smart!" But somehow when she left the counter the trade fell off.

Pa noticed that in the receipts and relented a little when she began to insist on staying. Johanna had once cherished a wild dream of clerking in a store, and now she had her dream. She suffered agonies when it came to making change, but the soldiers helped her out and she learned the more quickly since every error cost her money. The sums to change were small, besides.

Her repartee improved as she grew used to human society and the banter of young men. She would remember what one fellow said and work it off on another. It was one of the best schools of popular diction. Before long her language was a queer mixture of city slang and rural and she had the trick of phrase in vogue. It did not require a large stock, and by playing the same joke

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush
"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"

The shape fits your jaw—the bristles fit your teeth.
Make sure you ask for it by name
It always comes in a YELLOW box

Adult's Youth's and Child's Sizes

Three Bristle Textures

on successive customers she learned fluency and subtlety.

Also she began to take note of her appearance. She bought a new toothbrush when next she went to town, and a comb and a ribbon—out of the money her Pa gave her to buy supplies with! She was a daughter learning how to exercise her father's cash. Pa noted the shortage in the change with the quick eye of a buzzard and promised her a good thrashing when he got home. But he was too busy to remember it.

The improvement in Johanna's coiffure attracted universal attention and praise. Her smile was noticeably brighter, too, and more persistent, though she regretted that she had no gold filling in her teeth to make her smile look dressy.

Her hands were in such constant display that she quit biting her nails and took the shears to them. She washed out her apron of nights and hung it by the kitchen stove to dry so's it would be nice and fresh for the next day.

The regiment, having little else to look at or talk about, stared at Johanna and talked to her. Her head was completely turned. It revolved like another windmill. From being ignored by everybody on earth she was suddenly frequented. She received sometimes a thousand callers a day.

Her protection was the multitude of her dangers. Tempter preyed on tempter and Don Juan thwarted Lothario. If she had been courted by one yokel he might have made her an easy victim. Two or three young fellows in contest for her could have provoked intrigue, jealousy, duplicity, perhaps triplicity.

But a regiment of two thousand youths was simply stupefying. She could not select one or two or a dozen to be true to, or even to be tempted by. Some among so many men naturally lost no time in making coarse talk to her. Johanna was startled yet interested. But fortunately the first of them happened to rouse the protest of a young bystander, who growled.

"Leave her alone, you fool; she's a decent girl!"

The fool laughed and told him "Aw, go tell," and suddenly got his grin smeared all over his face and his face swept out of sight. Johanna had to stand on tiptoes to peer over the counter where he lit. He was on his back and Johanna whooped with the joy of a cave-coquette. When he got up, cursing, he was sent back to earth again.

Johanna adored her protector because he was the stronger man. On his account she identified virtue with power, a combination not always met with. If the battle had gone the other way, as it might as easily have gone, and if Johanna had seen the champion of clean speech bowled over sprawling, she would have associated virtue with incapacity, a combination met with often enough. And then Johanna might have gone astray hastily, as many another girl has gone to whom vice first appeared clothed in bravery and grace.

Johanna told her mother of this victory. She would not have told of the other. She said that the feller who walloped the other feller was name of Vibbard and the other feller his name was Isher. Only, the men in this regimunt didn't call a feller a feller; they called him a guy.

Vibbard's chivalry made such an impression on Johanna that when a few hours later another soldier spoke to her with an insulting freedom, she waited a moment, and then said:

"Ain't any yous guys going to knock his ugly face off for me?"

The whole counter-crowd jumped the knave at once and almost obliterated him.

And thereafter Johanna was hailed as a lady whom no gentleman would attempt to get fresh with and all others better hadn't. Vibbard constituted himself her official champion and spent more time with his elbow on her counter than his company tasks permitted. Johanna asked him what office he held and he said he was a first-class private. So Johanna liked him and was proud to know a man of title; yet she could not devote much attention to him because her other customers had to be waited on.

She could not help seeing that some of them were handsomer than Vibbard, and some of them taller and smarter. And some of them had cloth stripes on their sleeves as Vibbard had not. These were great men who called each other "corperl" and "sarjunt" and looked with some disdain on first-class Vibbard. Johanna guessed they must be in the Fourth Reader, maybe.

But there were still greater luminaries whom thirst and famine drove to Johanna's counter. They had no stripes on their sleeves, but little tin things on their shoulders and collars. When these men came up, first-class Vibbard and the corperls and sarjunts stepped back and put flat hands up to their hats and moved off to a little distance.

Johanna learned from listening that these men were lootenants and captins and majers. They were so gracious to Johanna that she asked them what them things was on their collars and they told her with pride that they were insignia. She memorized the language of insignia and ceased to call a man with a silver leaf on his shoulder "majer" and a man with one bar "colonel."

The fourth day three or four officers came up with a stranger who had not patronized the counter before. One of the others said to him:

"Say, Adjutant, this little lady must be a relation of yours. Same name anyway. Miss Rensellaer, let me present to you Adjutant Van Rensellaer. You old Dutch ought to know each other."

Johanna was fluttered at being called 'Miss," but she resented the epithet Dutch. The Adjutant lifted his hat and said:

"I am highly honored, and when did you come over?"

"Come over from where?" said Johanna. "I always been here."

"From Holland, I mean?"

"I never been to Holland," said Johanna proudly.

Pa was standing by and he broke in with astonishing news to Johanna.

"I allus heard tell our folks came over with old Wouter Van Twiller in sixteen-thutty-three." The Adjutant blushed because his branch had not come over until Peter Stuyvesant came in 1647.

Johanna heard her father tell that his family had dropped the Van and some of the extry letters as useless lumber. She learned that there was something to be stuck-up about in Dutch blood and her Pa rose in her esteem.

The Adjutant went into the house to look at some old rickety stuff which he referred to as airlooms, whatever they were.

Johanna was puzzled, but she had had her first whiff of aristocracy. With this came pride. It took at first the form of conceit—but conceit is one of the best of prophylactics. At least it was with Johanna.

For one evening she sat on the porch after dark. She was tired, and the rocking-chair rocked soothingly. She had time to be a little lonely for an individual acquaintance with somebody. The rest of the family was worn out and asleep. The army was turning in lazily, though some of the men were singing old songs that were new to Johanna.

Private Vibbard walked by once or twice like a sentinel, then he ventured to come in. Johanna looked pretty in the moonlight; it was only a quarter of a moon.

Vibbard asked her if she did not want to take a walk. She said she didn't mind. They went walking through the moon-powdered road, around the bend that hid them from the regiment. Johanna felt poetically lonely, comfortably melancholy, and very tenderly inclined.

And yet when the similarly mooded Vibbard slid his arm around her waist, instead of rewarding his devotion with sympathy, she ripped his hand loose and gasped:

"How dast you get fresh with a Rensler? And you only a private! Not even a corperl; and my folks being older than adjutants!"

She went back home alone and banged the gate so hard her Pa sat up and said "Humph! Who? What?" before he fell asleep again.

Vibbard was so shocked by Johanna's ingratitude that he went without his afternoon ice-cream cone for two days rather than buy of Johanna.

On the third day, unable to reach the counter or to endure his thirst for cold any longer he went down the road to one of the new stands that had sprung up.

Pa Rensler owned the land down to there and would rent none of it to other merchants lest they cut into his own prosperous business. A little Coney Island was growing at a short distance, but Johanna's counter had all the trade it could cater to.

Vibbard found in the new colony of shacks and counters and near-beer stands, photograph galleries, ring-tosses and other bazaars, a much prettier girl than Johanna. In fact, she was a little too pretty. She was too easy, too gay, loose of lip. She did not seem to be a good girl like Johanna.

Vibbard remembered the blows he had



Giving The Little Tots Instant Postum

is quite in order, for this pure and wholesome drink, now so extensively used in place of coffee, is a real health drink for all the family.

Children should never be allowed coffee, and many grown-ups, finding that it disagrees, quickly realize the benefits of improved health when a change is made to

POSTUM

There are no drugs or other harmful ingredients in this beverage of delightful flavor. Then, too, there is real economy in its use, for unlike coffee, it can be made instantly—the exact number of cups needed.

Delicious
Healthful
Economical

"There's a Reason"

POSTUM
HEALTH FIRST

struck in Johanna's behalf. He felt that her goodness belonged to him—as perhaps it did in a way. He went back near the stand and watched from a distance. He gnawed his bitter lips thinking that she did not miss him. She did. In fact, she saw him sulking, and enjoyed a strange ecstasy. But she was encumbered with patrons. They were laughing and so was she, as she deftly dipped a glass in the lemonade tub, or held it under the exuberant root-beer tap and slammed it on the oilcloth.

Vibbard from afar and the soldiers close at hand thought she was dextrous and that her arms and hands were nice and she pretty because she had had no competition and because she fought the thirst and the monotony of the hot days' routine with cool drinks and ice-cream cones.

She was so established in the regiment's gratitude before any competition arrived that it would have taken a greater beauty than any of those that set up shop later to dispossess her.

Besides, she was really growing less homely. She was taking care to be kempt and cleanly. She really was young and slim, and admiration had quickened her sagging features into vivacity. She began to want to be pretty, and she thought of prettinesses.

Vibbard returned at last from his voluntary exile. She gratified him infinitely by saying:

"Hello, stranger, when'd you get to town?" That showed that she had missed him and he nearly foundered himself on lemonade to be near her.

To show her that she was not alone he coaxed her to take a stroll down the road, that she might see the other women. Some of them were gawky farm-girls, coarse and vulgar, and some of them slithy town-nymphs, gaudy and vicious. They, too, had their retinues, and Johanna learned to be jealous of her own sex. That taught her ambition, emulation.

She would not have known how to emulate if some of the young men had not left newspapers on the counter. Other newspapers came around many of the many bundles of supplies that kept pouring in. Thereafter she flirted a daily paper out of Vibbard, who got one in the mail.

Johanna studied the illustrations in the off-hours when the regiment was at work in morning drill or police duty, or at retreat and evening parade. The newspapers had a deal to say and show about fashions, with portraits of actresses, dancers, women of social note, mannequins and others. Johanna was puzzled by the descriptions with their French terms and the names of the French authors of the designs, but the designs themselves were in the universal language every woman knows.

She began to hanker after fine raiment, to think of her figure and her carriage. She imitated the postures of the dressmaker's models and the regiment felt very sorry for her.

"The poor kid's gone nutty from a rush of attention to the head," said Vibbard. But she was going wise. Secretly she practiced the exercises for grace and suppleness, whatever that was. She would sneak out into the woodshed or the barn loft to practice. Her mother caught her rolling across the parlor floor one evening and screamed for help.

Vibbard suffered horribly from Johanna's politeness to the other men. They had very interesting quarrels. Johanna enjoyed making him squirm though she pretended to be disgusted. She liked to feel that she owned him, but she did not want him to feel that he owned her.

"Gee-whiz," she said once, "you ain't the hull army, are you? You can't drink enough lemingade to keep the store goin,' can you or can you? You only get twenty-fi' dollars a month and my family can't live on that, can they? B'sides, since when did you git a

Johanna said "lemingade" because she had learned that it is inelegant to drop the "g." She gleaned this from listening to

He was Vibbard's most dangerous rival, though neither of the men knew at first that they were rivals. Gradually it dawned on

and then a strange feud grew up, a deadly hatred

first she held him up and set the glass to his

He was blue and forlorn and had been long without a kind word from a woman. He was rather light in the head, too, and Johanna grew upon his fancy as a weed is sure to spring in a fertile soil unvisited by flowers.

Before long he was liking to hear her talk, just because she was so ludicrous, but gradually because she was human and genuine and was so fiercely interested in what he had to tell her about the world outside. Almost all the world was outside Johanna's ken, though inside of her was all the ancient wisdom of her sex.

She sat with Leroy for long whiles when there was a lull in the trade. She grew attractive by familiarity to him, too. She looked wistful in silhouette against the twilight window. In the dull glimmer of the lamp at night she grew eerily beautiful.

When she was away he thought of her with obsession. He had a bad dream once, that he was falling in love with her. When he woke up he laughed with relief and yet was terrified to think what it would mean if he of all men, with his birth, his family, the golden chances he had let slip to woo beauties of high degree, should end in an infatuation for an illiterate daughter of poor farmers. He was like a man cast away on a desert island with a girl. She became the most beautiful thing in the world because she was the only young woman thing in his world.

His fear of her increased his temperature and her fascination. He brooded over her when she was away. When he heard her laughter from the yard and the hilarity of the soldiers that accompanied it he was wrung with anger. He was a proud man and not democratic toward his men. That private soldiers should be flirting with the nurse of the lieutenant-colonel filled him with rage. He tried sometimes to get up and go to the window that he might order the men back to their quarters. He was too weak to obey his wrath and he suffered with the shame of his passion.

Johanna told him about Vibbard now and then as she told Vibbard about him. She saw that these casual allusions were deliciously effective.

Leroy would sometimes order her away in anger. That convinced her how well he liked her. When she came back he found her precious. To Robinson Crusoe almost any Zulu woman would have been Aphrodite risen from the foam. But what strange duels male and female fight in the courtship game!

Sometimes Leroy frankly made excuses to keep Johanna by him. He asked her to read the papers to him. At first he laughed himself sore over her pronunciations of the names in the war news, but he hurt her pride so deeply that she refused to read to him. Then he had to apologize and plead for mercy. That restored her old pride and taught her new. It taught her power. Nothing could have stimulated her ambition more than to be entreated by this great man, to feel herself valuable to him and entertaining.

She grew proud enough to want to be correct, and when she came to a hard word in the newspapers she would make him pronounce it for her, then she would parrot it after him. Sometimes she would sidle up and hold the paper before his eyes so that he would have to rest his chin on her shoulder to see the word she pointed out.

It was increasingly difficult for him to fight the impulse to gather her into his embrace and once he did hold her a moment, but she looked at him with such incredulous alarm that he pretended it was an accident.

She understood, however, and though she trembled at her own might, she could not help being exalted by the consciousness of it.

And now in little half-unwitting ways she began to tyrannize over him. She made him read to her. She selected what was to be read. When he rebelled at the insufferable humiliation of this, she simply stayed away. That left him nothing to do but lie alone and stare at the maddening wall-paper till the abominable curlicues in their atrocious colors became writhing, infernal serpents and threatened him with insanity.

Then he would howl for her to come back. He was evidently getting better since his voice could be heard all over the house. If he grew too obstreperous Ma would call Johanna in out of the yard and take her place. The immediate dispersal of a large part of the customers was not flattering to Ma, but she had a matchmaker's long sight.

She advised her daughter:

"You be nice to the Colonel and I wouldn't be s'prised if he up and asked you to marry him one of these fine days."

Johanna's estate in the family had been revolutionized. She brought in money. She brought trade, and managed it. Her contemptuous brothers and her hopeless parents, seeing how celebrated she was by the crowds, began to wonder, then to admire, and finally to love her, to rely on her.

Johanna took full advantage of the situation and bossed the family outrageously. Riches were pouring in—a hundred dollars a day was nothing unusual. Johanna, when she wanted anything, no longer asked for it, she simply held out the amount.

That was how she came to get the new clothes that startled the regiment.

That was why, when she asked for some new clothes, and Pa writhed and said that what she had was plenty good enough for any honest woman, she said no more. She had no time and no ability to sew and she spurned the bucolic costumes she saw in the village.

She read in the newspapers about suits and frocks made to order on measurements sent by mail. She stole her father's footrule and a piece of twine and locking herself in the kitchen, which was her boudoir and bathroom, she took her measurements with some difficulty, transferring them from the twine to the footrule by thumb-nail.

It was a strange experience in extraspection, and when she read in a Sunday supplement that eternally repeated article about the measurements of the Venus of Milo (familiar to her from the cigarets she sold) and the Venus of Medicine she hastened to compare her own dimensions with the tables, and learned to her unspeakable delight that she came pretty close to both of those airy ladies in some respects. She was far prouder of that than if she had conformed exclusively to one model.

In the meanwhile she had sent her measurements to the city dressmaker. While she waited the regiment marched away on a practice hike lasting a week. Only a few men were left to guard the camp and Vibbard was not one of them. He missed her terribly and Johanna missed him, especially as the men left behind were mostly those with sore feet or internal troubles that kept them from patronizing the stand.

Business fell off almost to nothing and Pa had acute melancholia. When Johanna's dresses came and he learned their heathenish cost he almost had apoplexy. He would have sent them back if Johanna had not hidden them under the Lieutenant-Colonel's bed.

She got them out and put them on the day the regiment returned. At the first opportunity there was a stampede for Johanna's shop. The men would have found her beautiful in any case because they had been taken along obscure roads and camped in sparsely settled regions. But when they saw Johanna in her city garb almost the whole army proposed instant marriage.

Vibbard was in a frenzy and had three fights, in only one of which he won success.

Leroy did not see Johanna all that day. And this was the more intolerable since he had had so much of her society during the week of the regiment's absence. She had spent hours with him and he had grown better and better.

They had read to each other and he had indulged her sufficiently to read her two whole columns in the mechanics of beauty culture. He did not mind how beautiful she became so long as he monopolized her.

He smiled when he noted with what peculiar interest she attended a paragraph describing the efficacy of the milk bath as the last word in beautification.

The surgeons, returning with the regiment, called on him and told him that he had loafed long enough. They did not suspect that Johanna had both made him better and kept him worse. They encouraged him to sit up in a bathrobe consisting of his overcoat. He sat by the window now and saw Johanna at the height of her success. He was taken with a chill and crept back to bed.

The next day was Sunday, and Pa compromised with his religion by keeping the stand open only till supper-time and then going to church in the evening.

Johanna brought up Leroy's supper, but she was in such haste to be gone that he suspected her of a tryst with one or more of his cursed two thousand rivals.

He heard the loud voiced family making ready to be off to church. He heard Johanna refuse to go, and his suspicions were confirmed. He heard the family clatter across the porch. The gate squealed and flopped. Pa called to the horse.

"Whoa, Fan, wait till Mother gits in," then, "Hurry up, children," and then "Git ap!" and the hoofs beat off into the distance.

Leroy hoped that Johanna would have the decency to come up to see him. But she came not. He heard her humming a tune popular with the regiment; he heard openings and closings of doors, then silence.

He called to her. He had no answer. He howled. No attention was paid to his poundings on the floor. He heard the gate open and shut, footsteps on the walk and on the porch, stealthy taps at the door.

So she was receiving a caller while he was left neglected. One of those confounded enlisted men was doubtless spooning with her on the porch or in the parlor while he, the lieutenant-colonel, was left neglected.

A blind, sick man's peevish fury sent him into a tremor of rage. He began almost automatically thrusting his feet into his socks, his pajama'd legs into his breeches and his arms into his blouse. He almost swooned with the effort of drawing on his boots, but at last he was clothed.

He rose and marched with tremulous joints to the door, and groped down the dark stairs to the parlor. The faint gleam of the hanging lamp showed him that the room was empty. But there was a line of light under the kitchen door.

She was there, then, with her lover! He marched fiercely along the hall. As he fumbled for the latch he heard a little cry of fright and a racket. He flung open the door and saw a washboiler on its side with a flood of milk streaming from it. He saw a blurred figure flashing to the pantry door, heard it slam. He saw that the one curtain was pinned to the sides of the window and that a blanket had been tacked up to the other window.

He dropped into a chair, faint with relief and laughter.

"Good Lord," he groaned aloud, "she's been taking a milk bath!" Then he called "Johanna! Oh, Johanna!"

He rose and moved across the floor. The pantry door opened and a voice issued: "You better go on about your business now. I got the bread-knife here."

In proof a long, serrated blade was exhibited, clutched in a hand. The sight of no more than a bare forearm fed his imagination. But he paused in a kind of terror and reverence. Then he said:

"Don't be afraid," and turned and left the kitchen.

As he closed the door behind him he heard someone pounding at the front door, trying the knob and rattling at it. Had the family come home?

He was frightened indeed now, dreading to compromise the poor child. He started up the stairs on tiptoe but he was too weak to go on. He sat down helplessly.

The noise at the door continued. A voice called through and demanded admittance, threatening to break in. Leroy tried again to escape upstairs in a kind of chivalrous cowardice. Then Johanna, hastily clothed and very angry, marched along the hall, unlocked the door, threw it wide and snapped:

"What you want!"

It was Vibbard who stepped in. He caught sight of Colonel Leroy, craven with apparent guilt and ashen with terror.

"Aha, I thought so!" Vibbard cried like a maniac. "That's what's going on here!"

Leroy blazed with wrath.

"Get back to your quarters, you low hound!"

"And leave this poor victim to you?" Vibbard cried. He had been reading too many love-stories of a sort of late. "No! Never! You sha'n't have her! She belongs to me!"

A soldier or two, sauntering by and drawn in from the dark by the light from the open door and the sound of angry voices, arrived just in time to see Vibbard leap at Leroy and strike him.

The lieutenant-colonel went weakly backward with a crash. Johanna, wondering what it was all about, wrung her milk-white hands in bewilderment.

The infuriated Vibbard would have throttled Leroy but his arms were pinioned. Leroy could hardly speak.

"Put him under arrest! Get him away before I kill him!"

Vibbard had struck, as he supposed, once more in defense of innocence, but he had struck his superior officer. The country being at war, the punishment was "death, or such other punishment as a court-martial may direct."

(The second and concluding instalment of "The Mobilizing of Johanna" will appear in "Hearst's" for October.)

THE DWELLING-PLACE OF LIGHT

(*Continued from page 203*)

and offended her. Now she was scarcely aware of his presence. "You feel too much—that is it—you are like a torch that consumes itself in burning. But this will soon be over; we shall have them on their knees, the capitalists, before very long, when it is known what they have done to-day. It is too much—they have overreached themselves with this plot of the dynamite. . . . You have missed me, a little?"

"I have been busy," she said, releasing her hand and sitting down at her desk and taking up her note-book.

"You are not well," he insisted.

"I'm all right," she replied.

He lit a cigaret and began to pace the room—his customary manner of preparing himself for the creative mood. After a while he began to dictate—but haltingly. He had come here from Antonelli all primed with fervor and indignation, but it was evident that this feeling had ebbed, that his mind refused to concentrate on what he was saying. Despite the magnificent opportunity to flay the capitalists which their most recent tactics afforded him, he paused, repeated himself, and began again, glancing from time to time reproachfully, almost resentfully, at Janet. Usually, on these occasions, he was transported, almost inebriated, by his own eloquence; but now he chafed at her listlessness, he was at a loss to account for the withdrawal of the enthusiasm he had formerly been able to arouse. Lacking the feminine stimulus, his genius limped. For Rolfe there had been a woman in every strike—sometimes two. What had happened, during his absence, to alienate the most promising of all the neophytes he had ever encountered?

"The eyes of the world are fixed on the workers of Hampton! They must be true to the trust their fellows have placed in them! To-day the mill-owners, the masters, are at the end of their tether. Always unscrupulous, they have descended to the most despicable of tactics in order to deceive the public. But truth will prevail! . . ." Rolfe lit another cigaret, began a new sentence and broke it off. Suddenly he stood over her. "It's you!" he said. "You don't feel it, you don't help me, you're not in sympathy."

He bent over her, his red lips gleaming through his beard, a terrible hunger in his lustrous eyes—the eyes of a soul to which self-denial was unknown. His voice was thick with uncontrolled passion, his hand was cold.

"Janet, what has happened? I love you, you must love me—I cannot believe that you do not. Come with me. We shall work together for the workers—it is all nothing without you."

For a moment she sat still, and then a pain shot through her, a pain as sharp as a dagger thrust. She drew her hand away.

"I can't love— I can only hate," she said.

"But you do not hate me!" Rolfe repudiated so gross a fact. His voice caught as in a sob. "I, who love you, who have taught you!"

She dismissed this—what he had taught her—with a gesture which, though slight, was all-expressive. He drew back from her.

"Shall I tell you who has planned and carried out this plot?" he cried. "It is Ditmar. He is the one, and he used Janes, the liverystable keeper, the politician who brought the dynamite to Hampton, as his tool. Half an hour before Janes got to the station in Boston he was seen by a friend of ours talking to Ditmar in front of the Chippering offices, and Janes had the satchel with him then. Ditmar walked to the corner with him."

Janet, too, had risen. "I don't believe it," she said.

"Ah, I thought you wouldn't! But we have the proof that dynamite was in the satchel, we've found the contractor from whom it was bought. I was a fool—I might have known that you loved Ditmar."

"I hate him!" said Janet.

"It is the same thing," said Rolfe.

She did not answer. . . . He watched her in silence as she put on her hat and coat and left the room.

THE early dusk was gathering when she left the hall and made her way toward the city. The huge bottle-shaped chimneys of the power-plant injected heavy black smoke into the wet air. In Faber Street the once-brilliant signs above the "ten-foot" buildings seemed dulled, the telegraph poles starker, nakeder than ever, their wires scarcely discernible against the smeared sky. The pedestrians went about somberly garbed in "rubbers"—the most depressing of all articles worn by men. Sodden piles of snow still hid the curb and gutters, but the pavements were trailed with mud that gleamed in the light from the shop-windows. And Janet, lingering unconsciously in front of that very emporium where Lise had been incarcerated, "The Bagatelle," stared at the finery displayed there, at the blue tulle dress that might be purchased, she read, for $22.99. She found herself repeating, in meaningless, subdued tones, the words, twenty-two-ninety-nine. She even tried—just to see if it were possible—to concentrate her mind on that dress, on the fur muffs and tippets in the next window; to act as if this were just an ordinary, sad February afternoon, and she herself once more just an ordinary stenographer leading a monotonous, uneventful existence. But she knew that this was not true, because, later on, she was going to do something—to commit some act. She didn't know what this act would be. Her head was hot, her temples throbbed. . . .

Night had fallen, the electric arcs burned blue overhead, she was in another street—was it Stanley? Sounds of music reached her, the rumble of marching feet; dark, massed figures were in the distance swimming toward her along the glistening line of the car-tracks, and she heard the shrill whistling of the doffer boys, who acted as a sort of fife corps in these parades—which by this time had become familiar to the citizens of Hampton. And Janet remembered when the little red book that contained the songs had arrived at Headquarters from the West and had been distributed by thousands among the strikers. She recalled the words of this song, though the procession was as yet too far away for her to distinguish them:

"The People's flag is deepest red,
It shrouded oft our martyred dead,
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold,
Their life-blood dyed its every fold."

The song ceased, and she stood still, waiting for the procession to reach her. A band of heavy Belgian women were marching together. Suddenly, as by a simultaneous impulse, their voices rang out in the "Internationale"—the terrible "Marseillaise" of the workers:

"Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!
Arise, ye wretched of the earth!"

And the refrain was taken up by hundreds of throats:

" 'Tis the final conflict,
Let each stand in his place!"

The walls of the street flung it back. On the sidewalk, pressed against the houses, men and women heard it with white faces. But Janet was carried on. . . The scene changed, now she was gazing at a mass of human beings hemmed in by a line of soldiers. Behind the crowd was a row of old-fashioned brick houses, on the walls of which were patterned, by the cold electric light, the branches of the bare elms ranged along the sidewalk. People leaned out of the windows, like theater-goers at a play. The light illuminated the red-and-white bars of the ensign, upheld by the standard-bearer of the regiment, the smaller flags flaunted by the strikers—each side clinging hardily to the emblem of human liberty. The light fell, too, harshly and brilliantly, on the workers in the front rank, confronting the bayonets, and these seemed strangely indifferent, as though waiting for the flash of a photograph. A little farther on a group of boys, hands in pockets, stared at the soldiers with bravado. From the rear came that indescribable "booing" which those who have heard never forget, mingled with curses and cries:

"Vive la Grêve!"

"To Hell with the Cossacks!"

"Kahm on—shoot!"

Then, by one of those bewildering, kaleidoscopic shifts to which crowds are subject, the scene changed, more troops arrived, little by little the people were dispersed to drift together again by chance—in smaller numbers—several blocks away. Perhaps a hundred and fifty were scattered over the space formed by the intersection of two streets,



"No, I Never Had Puffed Wheat"

Many a boy, even in these days, has never had a dish of Puffed Wheat. Many more boys get it only occasionally—the finest grain dish in existence.

That's a pity. These flaky, airy, toasted bubbles are not mere food confections. They are whole grains, steam exploded. All the hundred million food cells have been blasted in each kernel.

They are toasted in a fearful heat, then shot from guns. Thus every granule is fitted for digestion. And the whole grain feeds.

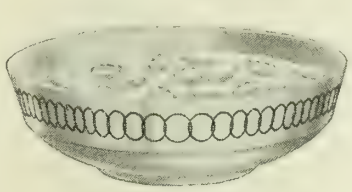
Why serve so many part-grain foods, with part of the food cells broken? And stint or omit these whole-grain dainties, which Prof. Anderson's process makes wholly digestible?

Ask your doctor. He will advise more whole-grain dishes, and tell you to have the grains puffed.

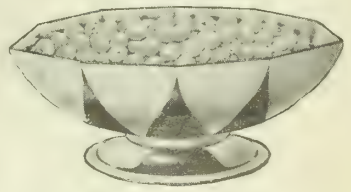
Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**

and Corn Puffs

Each 15c Except in Far West



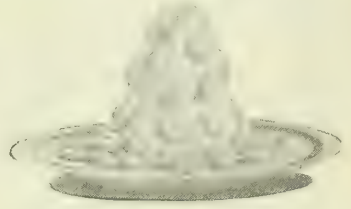
Serve with cream and sugar, or float in bowls of milk. There are no other grain foods like them.



Salt or douse with melted butter. Let hungry children eat them like peanuts between meals.



Mix with any fruit. These thin, crisp, flavory morsels make a delightful blend.



Use like nut meats in candy making, or as garnish on ice cream.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(1632)



Il n'y a pas de talc avec tout-à-fait l'exquis du talc français—il n'y a pas de talc français avec tout-à-fait l'exquis du Talc Djer-Kiss.

—Kerkoff, Paris.

Translation: There is no talc with quite the exquisiteness of French talc—there is no French talc with quite the exquisiteness of Djer-Kiss Talc.

VERY surely Djer-Kiss Talc will charm you—the talcum powder exquisite. In Djer-Kiss Talc Monsieur Kerkoff has achieved the blending of silken French talc with the fragrance of Djer-Kiss—a fragrance so reminding of dainty Paris. Does not that alluringly appeal to you? In any good shop you will find Djer-Kiss Talc.

ALFRED H. SMITH COMPANY
Sole Importers, New York City

Djer-Kiss
Made in France only
TALC

EXTRACT
FACE POWDER
SACHET
TOILET WATER
VEGETABLE
SOAP

where three or four special policemen with nightsticks urged them on. Not a riot, or anything approaching it. The police were jeered, but the groups, apparently, had already begun to scatter, when from the triangular vestibule of a saloon on the corner darted a flame followed by an echoing report, a woman bundled up in a shawl screamed and sank on the snow. For an instant the little French-Canadian policeman whom the shot had missed gazed down at her stupidly. . . .

AS JANET ran along the dark pavements the sound of the shot and of the woman's shriek continued to ring in her ears. At last she stopped in front of the warehouse beyond Mr. Tiernan's shop, staring at the darkened windows of the flat—of the front room in which her mother now slept alone. For a minute she stood looking at these windows, as though hypnotized by some message they conveyed—the answer to a question suggested by the incident that had aroused and terrified her. They drew her, as in a trance, across the street, she opened the glass-paneled door, remembering mechanically the trick it had of not quite closing, turned and pushed it to and climbed the stairs. In the dining-room the metal lamp, brightly polished, was burning as usual, its light falling on the checkered red table-cloth, on her father's empty chair, on that somewhat battered heirloom, the horsehair sofa. All was so familiar, and yet so amazingly unfamiliar, so silent! At this time Edward should be reading "The Banner," her mother bustling in and out, setting the table for supper. But not a dish was set. The ticking of the ancient clock only served to intensify the silence. Janet entered, almost on tiptoe, made her way to the kitchen door and looked in. The stove was polished, the pans bright upon the wall, and Hannah was seated in a corner, her hands folded across a spotless apron. Her scant hair was now pure white, her dress seemed to have fallen away from her wasted neck, which was now like a trefoil column.

"Is that you, Janet? You hain't seen anything of your father?"

The night before Janet had heard this question, and she had been puzzled as to its meaning—whether in the course of the day she had seen her father, or whether Hannah thought he was coming home.

"He's at the mill, mother. You know he has to stay there."

"I know," replied Hannah, in a tone faintly reminiscent of the old aspersion. "But I've got everything ready for him in case he should come—any time—if the strikers hain't killed him."

"But he's safe where he is."

"I presume they will try to kill him, before they get through," Hannah continued evenly. "But in case he should come at any time, and I'm not here, you tell him all those Bumpus papers is put away in the drawer of that old chest in the corner. I can't think what he'd do without those papers. That is," she added, "if you're here yourself."

"Why shouldn't you be here?" said Janet, rather sharply.

"I dunno. I seem to have got through." She glanced helplessly around the kitchen. "There don't seem to be much left to keep me alive. . . . I guess you'll be wanting your supper, won't you? You hain't often home these days—whatever it is you're doing. I didn't expect you."

Janet did not answer at once.

"I—I have to go out again, mother," she said.

Hannah accepted the answer as she had accepted every other negative in life, great and small.

"Well, I guessed you would."

Janet made a step toward her.

"Mother!" she said, but Hannah gazed at her uncomprehendingly. Janet stooped convulsively, and kissed her. Straightening up, she stood looking down at her mother for a few moments, and went out of the room, pausing in the dining-room to listen, but Hannah apparently had not stirred. She took the box of matches from their accustomed place on the shelf beside the clock, entered the dark bedroom in the front of the flat, closing the door softly behind her. The ghostly blue light from a distant arc came slanting in at the window, glinting on the brass knobs of the chest of drawers—another Bumpus heirloom. She remembered that chest from early childhood; it was one of the few pieces that, following them in all their changes of residence, had been faithful to the end; she knew everything in it, and the place for everything. Drawing a match from the box she was about to turn on the gas—but the light from the arc would suffice. As she made her way around the walnut bed she had a premonition of poignant anguish as yet uncrystallized of anguish being held at bay by a stronger, fiercer, more imperative emotion now demanding expression, refusing at last to be denied. She opened the top drawer of the chest, the drawer in which Hannah, breaking tradition, had put the Bumpus genealogy. Edward had never kept it there. Would the other things be in place? Groping with her hands in the left-hand corner, her fingers clasped exultantly something heavy, something wrapped carefully in layers of flannel. She had feared her father might have taken it to the mill! She drew it out, unwound the flannel, and held to the light an old-fashioned revolver, the grease glistening along its barrel. She remembered, too, that the cartridges had lain beside it, and thrusting her hand once more into the drawer, found the box, extracting several, and replacing the rest, closed the drawer, and crept through the dining-room to her bedroom, where she lit the gas in order to examine the weapon—finally contriving, more by accident than skill, to break it. The cartridges, of course, fitted into the empty cylinder. But before inserting them she closed the pistol once more, cocked it and held it out. Her arm trembled violently as she pulled the trigger. Could she do it? As though to refute this doubt of her ability to carry out an act determined upon, she broke the weapon once more, loaded and closed it and thrust it in the pocket of her coat. Then, washing the grease from her hands, she put on her gloves, and was about to turn out the light when she saw reflected in the glass the red button of the I. W. W. still pinned on her coat. This she tore off, and flung on the bureau.

When she had kissed her mother, when she had stood hesitating in the darkness of the familiar front bedroom in the presence of unsummoned memories of a home she had believed herself to resent and despise, she had nearly faltered. But, once in the street, this weakness suddenly vanished, was replaced by a sense of wrong that now took complete and furious possession of her, driving her like a gale once more. Her feet were accustomed to the way. She turned down West Street and almost gained the canal, and it was with a shock of surprise that she found herself confronted by a man in a long cape who held a rifle and barred her path. She stared at him as at an apparition.

"You can't get by here," he said. "Don't you know that?"

She did not reply. He continued to look at her, and presently asked, in a gentler tone:

"Where did you wish to go, lady?"

"Into the mill," she replied, "to the offices."

"But there can't anybody go through here unless they have a pass. I'm sorry, but that's the order."

Her answer came so readily as to surprise her.

"I was Mr. Ditmar's private stenographer. I have to see him."

The sentry hesitated, and then addressed another soldier, who was near the bridge.

"Hi, sergeant!" he called. The sergeant came up—a conscientious Boston clerk who had joined the militia from a sense of duty and a need for exercise. While the sentry explained the matter he gazed at Janet. Then he said politely:

"I'm sorry, Miss, but I can't disobey orders."

"But can't you send word to Mr. Ditmar, and tell him I want to see him?" she asked.

"Why, I guess so," he answered, after a moment. "What name shall I say?"

"Miss Bumpus."

"Bumpus," he repeated. "That's the gatekeeper's name."

"I'm his daughter—but I want to see Mr. Ditmar."

"Well," said the sergeant, "I'm sure it's all right, but I'll have to send in anyway. Orders are orders. You understand?"

She nodded as he departed. She saw him cross the bridge like a ghost through the white mist rising from the canal. And through the mist she could just make out the fortress-like mass of the mill itself, black, save where the blurred, distorted lights in the paymaster's offices were smeared on the white curtain of the vapor.

"Nasty weather," the sentry remarked, in friendly fashion. He appeared now, despite his uniform, as a good-natured, ungainly youth.

Janet nodded.

"You'd ought to have brought an umbrella," he said. "I guess it'll rain harder before it gets through. But it's better than ten below zero, anyhow."

She nodded again, but he did not seem to

resent her silence. He talked about the hardship of patrolling in winter, until the sergeant came back.

"It's all right, Miss Bumpus," he said, and touched his hat as he escorted her to the bridge. She crossed the canal, and went through the vestibule without replying to the greeting of the night-watchman, or noticing his curious glance; she climbed the steel-clad stairway, passed the paymaster's offices and Mr. Orcutt's, and gained the outer office where she had worked as a stenographer. It was dark, but sufficient light came through Ditmar's open door to guide her steps beside the rail. He had heard her step, and as she entered his room he had put his hands heavily on his desk, in the act of rising from his chair.

"Janet!" he said, and started toward her, but got no farther than the corner of the desk. The sight of her heaving breast, of a peculiar light that flashed from beneath her lashes, stopped him suddenly. Her hands were in her pockets. "What is it?" he demanded stupidly.

But she continued to stand there, breathing so heavily that she could not speak. It was then that he became aware of an acute danger. He did not flinch.

"What is it?" he repeated.

Still she was silent. One hand was thrust deeper into its pocket, he saw a shudder run through her, and suddenly she burst into hysterical weeping, sinking into a chair. He stood for some moments helplessly regarding her before he gained the presence of mind to go to the door and lock it, returning to bend over her.

"Don't touch me!" she said, shrinking from him.

"For God's sake tell me what's the matter," he begged.

She looked up at him and tried to speak, struggling against the sobs that shook her.

"I—I came here to—to kill you—only I can't do it!"

"To kill me!" he said, after a pause. In spite of the fact that he had half-divined her intention, the words shocked him. Whatever else may be said of him, he did not lack courage; his alarm was not of a physical nature. Mingled with it were emotions he himself did not understand, caused by the unwonted sight of her loss of self-control, of her anger and despair. "Why did you want to kill me?"

And again he had to wait for an answer.

"Because you've spoiled my life—because I'm going to have a child!"

"What do you mean? Are you? . . . it can't be possible."

"It is possible, it's true—it's true! I've waited and waited, I've suffered, I've almost gone crazy—and now I know. And I said I'd kill you if it were so, I'd kill myself—only I can't. I'm a coward." Her voice was drowned again by weeping.

A child! He had never imagined such a contingency! And as he leaned back against the desk his emotions became chaotic. The sight of her, even as she appeared crazed by anger, had set his passion aflame—for the intensity and fierceness of her nature had always made a strong appeal to dominant qualities in Ditmar's nature. And then—this announcement! Momentarily it turned his heart to water. Now that he was confronted with an exigency that had once vicariously yet deeply disturbed him in a similar affair of a friend of his, the code and habit of a lifetime gained an immediate ascendency—since then he had insisted that this particular situation was to be avoided above all others. And his mind leaped to possibilities. She had wished to kill him—would she remain desperate enough to ruin him? Even though he were not at a crisis in his affairs, a scandal of this kind would be fatal.

"I didn't know," he said desperately, "I couldn't guess. Do you think I would have had this thing happen to you? I was carried away—we were both carried away—"

"You planned it!" she replied vehemently, without looking up. "You didn't care for me, you only—wanted me."

"That isn't so—I swear that isn't so. I loved you—I love you."

"Oh. do you think I believe that?" she exclaimed.

"I swear it—I'll prove it!" he protested. Still under the influence of an acute anxiety, he was finding it difficult to gather his wits, to present his case. "When you left me that day the strike began—when you left me without giving me a chance—you'll never know how that hurt me."

"You'll never know how it hurt me!" she interrupted.

"Then why, in God's name, did you do it? I wasn't myself, then—you ought to have seen that. And when I heard from Caldwell here that you'd joined those anarchists——"

"They're no worse than you are—they only want what you've got," she said.

He waved this aside. "I couldn't believe it—I wouldn't believe it until somebody saw you walking with one of them to their Headquarters. Why did you do it?"

"Because I know how they feel, I sympathize with the strikers, I want them to win—against you!" She lifted her head and looked at him, and in spite of the state of his feelings he felt a twinge of admiration at her defiance.

"Because you love me!" he said.

"Because I hate you!" she answered.

And yet a spark leaped within him at the thought that love had caused this apostasy. He had had that thought before, though it was a poor consolation when he could not reach her. Now she had made it vivid. A woman's logic, or lack of logic—*her* logic.

"Listen!" he pleaded. "I tried to forget you—I tried to keep myself going all the time that I mightn't think of you, but I couldn't help thinking of you, wanting you, longing for you. I never knew why you left me, except that you seemed to think I was unkind to you, and that something had happened. It wasn't my fault——" he ceased abruptly.

"I found out what men were like," she said. "A man made my sister a woman of the streets—that's what you've done to me."

He winced. And the calmness she had regained, which was so characteristic of her, struck him with a new fear.

"I'm not that kind of a man," he said.

But she did not answer. His predicament became more trying.

"I'll take care of you," he assured her, after a moment. "If you'll only trust me, if you'll only come to me, I'll see that no harm comes to you."

She regarded him with a sort of wonder—a look that put a fine edge of dignity and scorn to her words when they came.

"I told you I didn't want to be taken care of—I wanted to kill you, and kill myself. I don't know why I can't—what prevents me." She rose. "But I'm not going to trouble you any more—you'll never hear of me again."

"I love you, Janet," he said. "I want you to marry me."

"You don't understand," she answered. "You never did. If I had married you, I'd feel just the same—but it isn't really as bad as if we had been married."

"Not as bad!" he exclaimed.

"If we were married, you'd think you had rights over me," she explained, slowly. "Now you haven't any, I can go away. I couldn't live with you. I know what happened to me, I've thought it all out, I wanted to get away from the life I was leading—I hated it so, I was crazy to have a chance, to see the world, to get nearer some of the beautiful things I knew were there, but couldn't reach. . . And you came along. I did love you, I would have done anything for you—it was only when I saw that you didn't really love me that I began to hate you, that I wanted to get away from you, when I saw that you only wanted me until you should get tired of me. That's your nature, you can't help it. And it would have been the same if we were married, only worse. I couldn't have stood it any more than I can now—I'd have left you. You say you'll marry me now, but that's because you're sorry for me—I've said I'm not going to trouble you any more. You'll be glad I've gone. You may want me now, but that isn't love. When you say you love me, I can't believe you."

"You must believe me! And the child, Janet—our child!"

"If the world was right," she said, "I could have this child and nobody would say anything. I could support it—I guess I can anyway. And when I'm not half crazy I want it. Maybe that's the reason I couldn't do what I tried to do just now. It's natural for a woman to want a child—especially a woman like me, who hasn't anybody."

Ditmar's state of mind was too complicated to be wholly described. As the fact had been gradually brought home to him that she had not come as a supplicant, that even in her misery she was free and he helpless, there revived in him wild memories of her charm, of the kisses he had wrung from her—and yet this physical desire was accompanied by a realization of her personality never before achieved. And because he had hitherto failed to achieve it she had escaped him. He hovered over her pitifully, his hands feeling for her, yet not daring to touch her.

(*To be Continued*)



The Lamp that Lights the Way to Lighter Housework

HOUSEWORK is hard work—and the problem of help in the home is growing more and more acute. But there's a way to simplify both the work and the problem—a way surprisingly easy, and inexpensive. And here it is—

Electric servants can be depended, on—to do the muscle part of the washing, ironing, cleaning and sewing. They will cool the house in summer and help heat the cold corners in winter. There are electrical servants to percolate your coffee, toast your bread and fry your eggs. There's a big, clean electrical servant that will do all your cooking—without matches, without soot, without coal, without argument—in a cool kitchen.

Don't go to the Employment Bureau. Go to your Lighting Company or leading Electric Shop to solve your servant problem.

Use all your current—don't waste it

Your first economy is your purchase of Edison MAZDA Lamps. By using Edison MAZDA in place of out-of-date carbons you will save enough current to operate several electrical appliances without increasing your electric bill. In this way Edison MAZDA Lamps are lighting the way to lighter housework.

Get them today—enough for every socket in your house. You'll see the difference in the light they give and you'll see the saving on your next month's bill.

EDISON LAMP WORKS
OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
Harrison, N. J.

EDISON MAZDA

BACKED BY MAZDA SERVICE

73 H



"Whatever clogs our thinking or warps our judgment is a menace to the nation at the hour of its greatest trial."

Ringing Words from the Governor of New York at the Hour of the Nations Greatest Trial—

Clean Bodies, Clear Heads, Self Sacrifice. Our Maximum Efficiency Needed. Drink a Menace at this Critical Time.

By Charles S. Whitman

AS IN 1776 and 1861, America to-day stands in need of men—strong, brave, ardent men, in whose hearts there is no selfishness, in whose souls there is no fear—men to whom Democracy is dear, and who are willing to die in defense of free institutions.

To-day thousands of our growing youth have learned the lessons of clean thinking and clean living, have developed in spirit as in body, and have brought to their maturity a finer and more virile conception of citizenship than would have been the case had they not been taught to live clean and to think clean.

A clean body usually goes with a clean mind. Physical vigor superinduces mental vigor. During the years in which I served as District-Attorney of the city of New York, and also when I sat upon the judicial bench, nothing came so clear to my mind as that idleness, drink, and flabbiness were back of most of the crimes.

As a magistrate I found, by actual tabulation, that seventy-two per cent. of the offenses that came before me were directly traceable to drink. In fact, in the great percentage of cases intoxication was urged as a defense. How far it influenced the remainder I have no means of knowing, but it is safe to say that, in one way or another, it was responsible for many of them.

Out of an experience which has touched all classes and conditions of men, I am willing to state my belief that in this present crisis the United States would be better able to meet the high duties before it if prohibition were general and absolute.

I take small thought with regard to the courage of America. It has been proved too often. There is not one among us who does not hold his country's honor high above life. Where our deep concern must lie is with respect to our capacity for self-restraint, our ability to retain sanity in the midst of the struggle.

The real curse of war is its swift appeal to the baser passions of hate, fear, suspicion and revenge. Already the temple of fraternity is being attacked by the forces of passion and misunderstanding, and a great need of to-day is such rallying as will check these divisive prejudices.

The war problem of the United States is not a simple problem. We are not a people of one race, one creed, one tradition, but a vast composite made up of men and women from every country of the earth, drawn together under one flag by the shining promise of the Declaration of Independence.

It is not in the power of any one to say just what the future will hold for us. But our preparation must be based on assumptions of a need for the energy, the devotion, and the sacrifice of every man and woman in the United States.

The call of America is for to-day, not for to-morrow, and he is not true to himself nor true to this country who does not instantly put himself at the service of his country.

There is more than one kind of service. Fighting on the field of battle is not the sole expression of patriotism. One may fight for America in the factory and behind the plow, and in a thousand ways that savor of dull routine but which are necessary and important.

The man who fights through self-denial, who undertakes personal sacrifice that his fellow-men may reap an advantage, may be as much of a patriot as the man who undergoes the supreme sacrifice that is rendered upon the battlefield.

It is my belief that we should enter this conflict—the greatest and most critical in American history—with all our energies and our maximum efficiency.

It is not for America alone that we are fighting. It is for humanity, for civilization, for Democracy. Already in Russia we have seen a despotism crumble, and I look to a day when all people of the earth will enjoy the liberty, equality and justice that are the inalienable rights of every American.

As we take arms there is no greed in our hearts, no swashbuckler passion for mere adventure and conquest, but a holy determination to free the world of an evil superstition which has too long been a stone in the path of human progress.

The call of America is the call of our ancient faith, our ancient brotherhood. In this day of Democracy's test, he who holds to any former prejudice, whether that prejudice concerns itself with race or creed or partisanship, is a traitor to his country.

We must put aside all differences when those (*Concluded on page 231*)



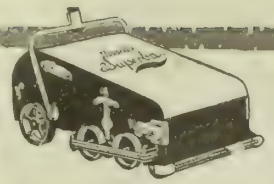
Resinol Soap certainly ended *my* complexion worries

Skins clogged with cosmetics, irritated by rubbing and kneading, or parched by harsh, ill-made—though often costly—soaps, simply *cannot* be really attractive. All that most skins need to bring out their *natural* beauty, to make them clear, fresh and charming, is the regular use of Resinol Soap.

This is, first of all, an exceptionally pure and cleansing toilet soap, free from anything which could harm the most delicate complexion. But to it is added just enough of the gentle Resinol medication to offset the effects of neglect or improper treatment, and to keep the skin healthy—free from redness, roughness and blotches. To adopt Resinol Soap is usually to find one's complexion problems promptly and agreeably solved.

Yet, with all this, Resinol Soap costs but twenty-five cents a cake—little enough when compared with what is often charged for other choice soaps, but sufficient to insure the utmost refinement of manufacture, the utmost satisfaction in use. A week's trial should suffice to make Resinol Soap your favorite. It is excellent, too, as a shampoo, for the bath, and for a baby's delicate skin.

Resinol Soap is sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods.



How to Select a Sweeping Device

There are many conflicting claims, and it is hardly within the province of the busy housewife to decide between them. Her safe guide, as in buying baking powder, flour or pickles, is to buy by name. In carpet sweepers

BISSELL'S

has for forty years been the leader and in fact the only universally known and accepted device of its kind. Bissell's Vacuum Sweepers are made according to the same standard. Until the advent of *Bissell's* Vacuum Sweeper there existed no high standard by which to compare rival claims for merit.

Bissell's "Cyco" Ball-Bearing Carpet Sweepers are $3.25 to $6.25. Vacuum Sweepers $5.00 to $12.50, depending on style and locality. At dealers everywhere. Booklet on request.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.
Oldest and Largest Sweeper Makers
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Made in Canada, too.

(336)



AZUREA
The FACE POWDER de Luxe



Marvelously Soft and Exquisitely Fragrant

A generous Sample of AZUREA Perfume, Face Powder and Sachet Powder will be sent upon receipt of 10c.

L. T. PIVER
PARIS (France)
CHAS. BAEZ
Dept. "N"
24 E. 22nd Street
New York City

Get a Government Job

Railway Mail Service		Positions for Women Pay up to $1000	
P. O. Clerk or Carrier		Government Clerk	
		Stenographer or Bookkeeper	

TEAR THIS OUT — MARK POSITION (X)

for early appointment. With my

Posse Normal School of Gymnastics

THE PORTRAIT OF MARIAN LONG

(Continued from page 187)

heart for anybody who seemed in trouble or depressed. But little by little there crept a light into her eyes and a shyness into her manner that Kane, absorbed as he was, could not fail to notice. The thing affected him. It gave him somehow a catch in the throat. In the end something impelled him to put out his hand.

"My little sweetheart," he said softly, "will you marry me?"

He had to ask her twice, but she did not answer. She held her head down, and her face was flaming. He drew her gently into his arms, and as he did so he noticed that she was fluttering with timidity, like a pigeon held in the hand.

They were married, and for ten years Leonard Kane never forgave himself for two things, and never will. The first was that he spoiled her life, and the second that he does not love her. But Leonard Kane is wrong. They have gone through poverty, and they will feel want until the end of things, but her life has not been ruined. She is happy. She loves him and is content to suffer by his side, is proud of it, and supremely happy. As for loving her, Leonard Kane does that, although he does not know it. There is the love of comradeship, that fine and sturdy growth between man and woman. There is the violent smash of passion, antagonistic, flaming, swinging like a pendulum, never adjusted. And there is a third: a sense of loyalty and pride that a woman has for a man, and his sense of protection for and indebtedness toward her. And this last was between Leonard Kane and his wife Jeannette.

Ten years went by in a muddy stream of poverty and disillusion. From the day on which he had parted from Marian Long his talent was dead. Not that he could not paint, but the things he painted were lifeless, spiritless things that no one wanted. They had drifted down until he was forced to take the smallest and least-dignified work in order to keep life and soul together, minor church decorations, the reproduction of pictures better than which he himself could paint. But the shock of his parting from Marian Long had killed his genius as a blow on the head might rob a man of his sight.

And through all that ten years Jeannette had never uttered a word of protest against their poverty. She was ever smiling, ever gay. Each new descent into want she treated as in the nature of an adventure.

"Listen," she would argue with him, her eyes shining, and her eyebrows lifted quizzically, "it will be all right. Don't worry, man, it will turn out all right."

"My dear," he would tell her gently—he was always gentle with her—"I brought you into this mess. If I hadn't married you——"

"If you say that," her voice would break a little, "if you say that I shall cry!"

She never heard of Marian Long. She never knew that there had been a love venture in his life before he had married, and not for the world would he have let her know. But always, in the back of his consciousness, there remained the memory of Marian Long. It haunted him, as the thought of some black sin might haunt the days of an expiating monk. It terrified him, as a terror of childhood might last through a man's whole life. It seduced him, as the wiles of the Serpent of Old Nile seduced the great triumvir of Rome. In him, over him, about him, was the pernicious remembrance of Marian Long.

And Marian Long was back!

FOR three days he had been sitting to him now, and gradually under his brush the portrait was taking on life and color. Already, out from the canvas, the imperious black head stood like a challenge, the magnificent black eyes flashed imperiously, the tall, slim form shimmered upward like the stalk of some exotic flower.

She had found him out, and she had come to him. She knew her own magnetism and her own strength.

"Len," she had said, "it's ten years ago, but so can be undone."

"Why not?" he had answered with a sort of flippancy.

They stood watching each other's face for an instant, and there was no forgetfulness in either, but a dull sort of tragical pain. They were both silent. She was the first to turn away. She came back briskly and smilingly.

"Len," she told him, "in those old days there was something you wanted to do. You wanted to paint my portrait. Will you do it now?"

"I don't think I can," he answered a little bitterly. "I'm afraid I overrated myself in those days. I haven't done a decent thing for five years. I think it would be beyond me."

"It won't," she said a little fiercely. "It will be good." He shook his head.

"You will do it, Len," she insisted with her old fire. "You will. You must!"

And he had fallen under her spell again, as he had fallen long ago in Paris. Some subtle, hypnotic influence emanated from her. It would be no harm, he thought, to see her again. Perhaps in seeing her the old malign influence would wear off, and he would be a free man. It was a shock this first time, but that might wear off. Surely it could not be as it was ten years ago. A little time, a few hours together, and he might laugh at the chain that had bound him. He would arise, like Prometheus unbound. Yes, he would see her again. There would be no treachery to Jeannette in that.

"You will do it?" she asked.

"I'll try," he agreed.

And for three days now she had been coming to the barren studio on Twenty-third Street, and they had been very silent together. With careful casualness, as though they were acquaintances of long standing who had no more use for speech or courtesy, she came in, took the pose against the white-silk background he had put up for her, and he painted her with bold, unerring strokes. He could nearly hear her willing in her mind: "I love you. I have always loved you. I love you now!" And his own brain whirlingly answered: "I love you. I love you, but I must not. I love you, but I shall not," again and again.

And beneath his eyes, on the canvas, a miracle was happening. The picture was taking shape and color such as he had not believed possible. He was painting better than he had ever painted in the days in Paris when he had been acclaimed a genius. It was not a material matter of pigment and canvas. It was a spirit caught alive. Even in the half-finished head the chiseled lips breathed, the imperious eyes flashed, the nostrils quivered faintly. A great fire consumed him. He was savage when the moment came for him to stop. And in an instant he was aloof and cold as ever.

"You will come to-morrow morning," he would say, controlling his voice.

"Yes," she would answer, as off-hand as he, carefully averting her eyes. "To-morrow morning." He was so excited at home that Jeannette grew worried about him.

"There's nothing wrong man?" she would inquire in her gentle way. "You're not sickening for anything, are you?"

"Oh, nothing at all," he would laugh uneasily. But a troubled look came into her eyes.

He had finished the hands on the fifth day, those thin, long, transparent hands that were like ivory spatula, and he had left the work stunned, so great did it seem to him. More and more did the vague background edge away, and stronger and more vital and more human the figure stood forth. He had caught the electric quality of her—the passionate, dominating force, the conquering and savage will. The actress had seen the look of awe in his eyes as she watched his work.

"I want to see," she demanded.

"You can't," he told her brutally, "not until it's finished."

He went home exhausted. At the threshold Jeannette, excited, drew him in.

"Listen, man," she told him, her eyes shining. "I've got something—two theater-tickets. Mrs. Langdon was going out of town and couldn't use them. You've been overworking, and you need something to cheer you up. So we're going alone. And guess what they're for?"

"I can't guess." He smiled, in spite of himself, at the happiness in her eyes.

"They're for Marian Long, the great actress, in 'Romeo and Juliet.'"

He started back abruptly afraid, shocked, as though some one had accused him to his face of infidelity and deception.

"I can't go," he said roughly.

She didn't plead for a minute. She turned away and the happy eyes filled with tears. The joy went from her face like the light from a snuffed candle.

"Oh, man!" she said, after a minute, chokingly, "I wanted it so much for you!"

A cold sweat had nearly broken out on him. How terrible it seemed. She wanted to bring him to see the woman who was trying to break up her home, to rob her of her husband. She wanted to sit there with him and enjoy the spectacle of this woman's cold-blooded triumph over the public. If Jeannette only knew——

She was weeping softly, pitiably, like a child.

"I had prepared dinner, man," she said, "a great dinner for you—and a supper after the theater when we came home. I've been holding the tickets for a week. I wanted to take you out of yourself, man. Oh, man! Why?"

His heart melted at the sight of her. After all, what did his suffering matter compared to her disappointment? The three hours of agony sitting there, what were they compared to the pain she would feel one of these days——

"I'll go, Jeannette," he decided.

He remembers that evening only by one stab—the moment that Marian Long recognized him. Before that all was joy. Before that his mind and spirit were moving about in a panic, like a rabbit caught in its own warren between a trap and a ferret. He noticed her coming on the stage in a vague way, saying her lines, and moving off. It was only in this moment that he noticed her black eyes dilate at the sight of him in the second row that he came to himself with a shock, as though he had received a stinging blow in his face. Into the woman's voice there crept a throbbing tenseness of passion as she threw her head back in soliloquy:

Give me my Romeo, and when he shall die
Take him and cut him into little stars.
And he shall make the face of Heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun!

His wife's hand crept into his, and in sudden terror he turned to look at her. Even in the dim gloom of the theater he could see her eyes shining and the rapt look that the ringing words had called into her face. She turned to him.

"Dear man! dear man!" she whispered.

And after that, fog again in his heart, his brain whirring like a weaver's shuttle, revolving like a whirligig—and dumb prayers to an unknown god to strike him dead where he sat, and finish the thing decently, instead of with sordidness and shame.

He remembered the next morning, though, when he arrived hot-foot at the studio to finish the picture in a frenzy of work. A note was in the box:

Sorry, but cannot keep appointment to-day. Will come to-morrow. Marian.

"The selfish beast!" he told himself savagely. "Selfish as ever! Same old Marian Long!"

What could it be? he asked himself bitterly. Some fitting with a modiste, or petty point of rehearsal. Could she not see how frenzied he was to finish the portrait! How much it meant to him! And calmly, without a word of explanation! He called up her apartment.

"I want to speak to Miss Long. I am Leonard Kane."

"I'm afraid you can't, Mr. Kane," her maid answered. "Miss Long was tired last night, and decided she would sleep this morning."

So that was it, he muttered furiously. Because she felt tired, she put a brake on the wheels of his work. She wanted sleep, God bless the mark! And wasn't there somewhere the mention of men who could not keep watch with their Master one hour——

And this was the woman he loved with his heart and soul, who had conquered and

abased him. This was the woman who had filled his mind bitterly for more than ten years, who had sought him out, who had pleaded with him to make a mighty effort to regain genius, and for an hour's sleep she had neglected him in the midst of it! And yet he would follow this woman forever, surely as the tides sway to the moon; would abide with her forever; would give up home and wife for her! . . .

His mind went back subconsciously, involuntarily, to his wife, and he remembered her unselfishness toward him. There was the time he was engaged on a picture of which he expected great things, a titanic struggle to regain his old position. They had come to the end of their money and he was going to postpone the painting.

"Indeed you won't," Jeannette had told him. "Listen," and she unfolded to him her plan of going as a waitress for a few weeks into a restaurant. "I'll make enough money for four, much less two. You'll need a wheelbarrow to bring home the tips I'll get —nickels and dimes, quarters——"

"Jeannette!" he had cried out, horrified, but she got her own way, as she always did. He had worked like a fiend on the landscape to justify the sacrilege. It had failed—a beautiful piece of color and technique, but life was wanting. And yet she had nothing but comfort for his disappointment.

"Dear man!" she told him. "It will come. It must! Don't be discouraged. And as for the waiting, darling, it was the fun of the world!"

He thrust the thought of his wife out of his mind brutally, as one might thrust a friend away from the scene of one's own disgrace.

SHE came next morning, slim, beautiful, imperious, with no apology for or no explanation of her yesterday's defection. He asked no explanation of it, but went ahead painting, palette on thumb, brushes in hand, now making a stroke as decisive as a blow, now a touch as delicate as a surgeon's, now stepping back and observing, with slitted eyes, a tint of coloring or a line of shadows. Suddenly she broke in.

"Why don't you come and see me act, Leonard?"

He mumbled an unintelligible answer.

"You have never seen me act?"

"No," he answered casually.

"You lie, Leonard. You were there Tuesday night. I saw you.

"Was that your wife beside you?" she questioned inexorably. "The little fair-haired woman?"

He refused again to answer, but she read the truth in his face.

"Oh, Len! Oh, Len!" she cried out bitterly, and there was in her voice the same piercing tone he had heard when she noticed the shabbiness of his overcoat—the tone of one who observes degradation in a friend.

He went on painting, his face flaming with a sort of shamed shame. From the wall where she posed he could hear her sigh deeply. She stepped back.

"The portrait is almost finished," he said. "You can see it now."

She came quickly forward and stepped in front of it. He watched her for an instant, waiting for the cold, critical expression of her eyes, the careful balancing of values that she never was without. She knew pictures, did Marian Long, and she knew art. Her opinion was worth while. But no appraising shrewdness showed in her face. A startled surprise flashed into it. The pupils dilated. The mouth opened.

"My God!" she exclaimed.

"It's not all finished yet," Kane forced himself to say calmly. "A few lights here and there in the background. I'll fix them up in the morning, then it will be done."

"My God!" she repeated. "Leonard Kane!"

She turned to him, her expression dazed. A great flood of wonder surged into her eyes.

"My God!" again she whispered. "You are the greatest painter in the world!"

He said nothing to that, for he knew it was true. He looked at the portrait steadily by her side.

"No more poverty for you, Lennie," she was saying exultantly. "Riches and fame and power and everything henceforth."

She turned with a quick dramatic gesture.

"And I helped you to that! I! I!"

He turned to her and looked into her shining face.

"Marian!" he called to her, his arms out. She threw her cloak about her.

"No! No!" She put out her hand. "To-morrow I will come, when everything is finished."

She stood in the doorway for an instant—tall, imperious, striking as the portrait itself.

"Leonard Kane!" she murmured.

Back came his voice, vibrant, triumphant! "Marian Long!"

SO there! He put the palette and brush down. It was finished. He stood back and regarded it exultantly. Let them come and see! Let them criticize. Titian could not have done that hand, nor Zuloaga that imperious poise of head. Let Sargent see the pose of that body and Melchers the firm, effective background. When people asked what had become of Leonard Kane, here was the answer—a greater, a stronger Leonard Kane was alive and here was his work.

Nine o'clock! She would not be here for an hour yet. A great impatience seized him. He wanted her to be here, and to tell her that he loved her, more strongly than in the old days, and to hear her tell him she loved him still. That was what she would tell him this morning. He had seen it in her eyes yesterday. The long and bitter years would be as nothing. Their memory would be wiped away in a vast explosion of love, and they would be together forever.

"And they were married," he quoted to himself in ecstasy, "and lived happy ever after!"

Across the vision of the rosy future—the happiness, success, riches and fame—there ran one streak of misery, the thought of Jeannette. What would she do? What would she say? It was better for her to be loosed from him, the worthless failure, and to marry later some one who would appreciate her and give her everything he had failed to. And if Jeannette would take it, she could have anything of his she wished—money, jewels, settlement, anything! But would Jeannette take them? . . .

"At any rate, it's got to go on," he told himself savagely.

For this was love, and nothing should stand in the way of it! Kings had thrown away crowns for it, and queens had died of it. This was the terrible, immortal thing that many waters could not quench nor floods drown. A brutal, rapacious passion——

The telephone jangled. He took the receiver from the hook.

"Listen, man. This is Jeannette!"

"Jeannette!"

"Listen," she said excitedly. "I want you to meet me at two o'clock to-day, outside Berghoff's. That coat of yours is terrible, and I've been saving up for two months to buy you a new one. Listen, man, I've got twenty-five dollars—the butcher and grocer are our deadly enemies for life, but I've got it, and you're going to have a coat——

"Jeannette!" he blurted out.

"I won't discuss it, man. I won't hear any arguments. I'm hanging up. Berghoff's at two!"

He hung up slowly, and standing, he began unconsciously to wipe off the little drops of sweat already forming on his forehead. He began pacing the studio with short, jerky steps, whistling without time, without melody. He looked out of the window aimlessly.

"There's an end of you, Marian Long!" he said to himself.

He took up his palette knife and walked toward the portrait. Slowly and deliberately he drew the knife from top to bottom. The canvas tore in a strident, ripping whine. He drew the knife methodically from right to left and from left to right, until there was nothing left but a frill of tatters hanging to a wooden frame.

"There's my answer to you, Marian Long!" he muttered.

He watched the poor, ruined thing for a minute. There was an end to him, too, he knew. Never again would his hand operate with cunning, nor his mind with fire. Again for him, and for all days, too, the eternal drudgery of hard work—the church decorations, the cheap friezes, the reproduction of pictures by men whose better and leader he could have been.

"Ah, well!" he said resignedly.

He left the door open so that she might enter the studio and see his answer to her. She would understand, he knew, and he smiled to himself at the thought of her rage, for her pride was as great as her selfishness. And slowly he went down the stairs on his way to the museum, to paint for the forty dollars the pot-bellied dentist had offered him a reproduction of that garish, explosive thing of Zuloaga's—Anita Ramirez on a yellow couch!



HEINZ

Imported

Olive Oil

Two things have had much to do with making Heinz foods taste so good. One is to raise all fruits and vegetables where they grow best. The other is to "put them up" just as near the place of growing as possible.

These methods give Heinz Olive Oil its wonderful quality.

The best olives grow in Seville, Spain. So Heinz has a plant in Seville, and there procures the choicest, best flavored olives direct from the orchards. Heinz employees superintend harvesting the crop and press the oil in a plant where Heinz methods insure cleanliness and purity.

HEINZ

Vinegars



All Heinz Vinegars are aged in wood. They are mellow and fragrant. There are five Heinz Vinegars. Those especially adapted to salad making are Malt, Cider and White Vinegars in full pint, quart and half-gallon bottles. Also Tarragon and spiced salad vinegar in pint bottles.



A STOIC—By John Galsworthy

(Continued from page 183)

"Impudence! That's good—after what you did! Look here, why did you? It's so extraordinary!"

Mr. Ventnor answered: "Oh! Is it? You wait a bit, my friend!"

Ever more moved by the mystery of this affair, Bob Pillin could only mutter: "I never gave you their address; we were only talking about old Heythorp."

And at the smile which spread between Mr. Ventnor's whiskers he jumped up, crying: "It's not the thing, and you're not going to put me off. I insist on an explanation."

Mr. Ventnor leaned back, crossing his stout legs, joining the tips of his thick fingers. In this attitude he was always self-possessed.

"You do—do you?"

"Yes. You must have had some reason."

Mr. Ventnor gazed up at him. "I'll give you a piece of advice, young cock, and I won't charge you six-and-eightpence either: Ask no questions and you'll be told no lies. And here's another: Go away before you forget yourself again."

The natural stolidity of Bob Pillin's face was only just proof against this speech. He said thickly:

"If you go there again, and use my name, I'll—well, it's lucky for you you're not my age. Anyway, I'll relieve you of my acquaintanceship in future. Good evening!" and he went to the door. Mr. Ventnor had risen.

"Very well," he said loudly, "good riddance! You wait and see which boot the leg is on!"

But Bob Pillin was gone, leaving the lawyer with a very red face, a very angry heart, and a vague sense of disorder somewhere. Not only Bob Pillin, but his tender aspirations had all left him; he no longer dallied with the memory of Mrs. Larne, but like a man and a Briton thought only of how to get his own back and punish evil doers. The atrocious words of his young friend: "It's not the conduct of a gentleman," festered in the heart of one who was made gentle not merely by Nature but by Act of Parliament, and he registered a solemn vow to wipe out the insult—if not with blood, with verjuice. It was his duty, and they should jolly well see him do it!

SYLVANUS HEYTHORP seldom went to bed before one or rose before eleven. The latter habit alone kept his valet from handing in the resignation which the former habit prompted almost every night.

Propped on his pillows, in a crimson dressing-gown and freshly shaved, he looked more Roman than he ever did, except in his bath. Having disposed of coffee, he was wont to read his letters and "The Morning Post," for though he had always been a Whig he could not stomach paying only a halfpenny for his news. Not that there were many letters—when a man has reached the age of eighty, who should write to him, except to ask for money?

It was Valentine's Day. Through his [illegible] he could see the trees of the park, where the birds were in song, though he could not hear them. He had [illegible] full blooded men with short necks seldom are.

This morning indeed there *were* two letters, and he opened that which smelt of something. Inside was a thing like a Christmas card, save that the naked babe had in his hands a [illegible] and from coming out of his mouth "To be read Valentine." There was also a little pink note with one blue forget-me-not printed at the top. It ran:

"Dearest Daddy,

"I'm sorry this is such a mangy little valentine; I couldn't go out to get it because I've got a beastly cold, so I send Jack, and the pig bought [illegible]. The satin is simply scrumptious. If you don't come and see me in it sometime soon I shall come and show it to you. I will. I feel a romantic humour [illegible] top lip feels just like a match-box, but it's rather ripping having breakfast in bed. Mr. Pillin's taking us to the theater the day after to-morrow evening. Isn't it scrummy! Good-by.

"Your [illegible]"

So the [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] valentine [illegible] Valentine's Day [illegible] Valentine [illegible]

grandmother had given him his last. It made him out a very old chap! Forty years ago! Had that been himself living then? Himself who as a youth came on the town in 'forty-five? Not a thought, not a feeling the same! They said you changed your body every seven years. The mind with it, too, perhaps! Well, he had come to the last of his bodies now! And that "holy woman" had been urging him to take it to Bath, with her face as long as a teatray, and some gammon from that doctor of his. Too full a habit—dock his port—no alcohol—might go off in a coma any night! Knock off—not he! Rather die any day than turn teetotaler! When a man had nothing left in life except his dinner, his bottle, his cigar, and the dreams they gave him—these doctors forsooth must want to cut them off! No, no! *Carpe diem!* While you lived, get something out of it. And now that he had made all the provision he could for those youngsters, his life was no good to anyone but himself; and the sooner he went off the better if he ceased to enjoy what there was left or lost the power to say: "I'll do this and that and you be hanged!" Keep a stiff lip until you crashed, and then go clean! He sounded the bell beside him twice—for Molly, not his man. And when the girl came in, and stood in her print frock, her fluffy over-fine dark hair escaping from under her cap, he gazed at her in silence.

"Yes, sirr?"

"Want to look at you, that's all."

"Oh! an' I'm not tidy, sirr."

"Never mind. Had your valentine?"

"No, sirr; who would send me one, then?"

"Haven't you a young man?"

"Well, I might. But he's over in my country."

"What d'you think of this?"

The girl took the little card, and scrutinized it reverently; she said in a detached voice:

"Indeed, an' it's pretty, too."

"Would you like it?"

"Oh! If it's not taking it from you."

Old Heythorp shook his head; and pointed to the dressing-table. "Over there you'll find a sovereign. Little present for a good girl."

She uttered a deep sigh. "Oh, sirr, it's too much; it's kingly."

"Go on, take it!"

She took it, and came back, her hands clasping the sovereign and the valentine in an attitude as of prayer.

The old man's gaze rested on her with satisfaction. "I like pretty faces—can't bear sour ones. Tell Meller to get my bath ready."

When she had gone he took up the other letter—some lawyer's writing, and opening it with the usual difficulty, read:

"February 13, 1905.

"Sir:

"Certain facts having come to my knowledge, I deem it my duty to call a special meeting of the shareholders of The Island Navigation Co., to consider circumstances in connection with the purchase of Mr. Joseph Pillin's fleet. And I give you notice that at this meeting your conduct will be called in question.

"I am, sir, yours faithfully,

"CHARLES VENTNOR.

"SYLVANUS HEYTHORP, ESQ."

Having read this missive, old Heythorp remained some minutes without stirring. Ventnor! That solicitor chap who had made himself unpleasant at the creditors' meetings!

There are men whom a really bad bit of news at once stampedes out of all power of coherent thought and action; and men who at first simply do not take it in. Old Heythorp took it in fast enough; coming from a lawyer it was about as nasty as it could be. But at once, with stoic wariness, his old brain began casting round. What did this fellow really know? And what exactly could he do? One thing was certain: even if he knew everything he couldn't upset that settlement. The youngsters were all right. The old man grasped the fact that his own position was at stake; a name that had been before the public [illegible] years; his power for independence [illegible] more per [illegible]. It would take so little, owing his age and feebleness, to make his Companies throw him over. But what had the fellow got hold of? Without knowing that, how decide whether or no to take notice; to let him do his worst, or to try and get into touch with him? And what was the fellow's motive? He held ten shares! That would never make a man take all that trouble, and over a purchase that was really first-rate business for the Company. Yes! His conscience was quite clean. He had not betrayed his Company—on the contrary, had done it a good turn, got them four sound ships at a low price—against much opposition. That he might have done the Company a better turn, and got the ships at fifty-four thousand, did not trouble him—the six thousand was a deuced sight better employed; and he had not pocketed a penny piece himself! But the fellow's motive? Spite? Looked like it. Spite, because he had been disappointed of his money and defied into the bargain! H'm! If that were so, he might still be got to blow cold again. His eyes lighted on the pink note with the blue forget-me-not. It marked as it were the high-water mark of what was left to him of life; and this other letter in his hand—by Jove!—low-water mark! And with a deep and rumbling sigh he thought: 'Dash it, I'm not going to be beaten by this fellow.'

"Your bath is ready, sir."

Crumpling the two letters into the pocket of his dressing-gown he said:

"Help me up; and telephone to Mr. Farney to be good enough to come round."

An hour later, when the Secretary entered, his Chairman was sitting by the fire, perusing the Articles of Association. And, waiting for him to look up, watching the articles shaking in that thick, feeble hand, the Secretary had one of those moments of philosophy not too frequent with his kind. Some said the only happy time of life was when you had no passions, nothing to hope and live for. But did you really ever reach such a stage? The old Chairman, for instance, still had his passion for getting his own way, still had his prestige, and set much store by it, and he said:

"Good morning, sir; I hope you're all right in this east wind. The purchase is completed."

"Best thing the Company ever did. Have you heard from a shareholder called Ventnor? You know the man I mean?"

"No, sir. I haven't."

"Well, you may get a letter that'll make you open your eyes. An impudent scoundrel! Just write at my dictation.

"February 14, 1905.

"CHARLES VENTNOR, ESQ.

"Sir:

"I have your letter of yesterday's date, the contents of which I am at a loss to understand. My solicitors will be instructed to take the necessary measures."

['Phew! What's all this about?' the Secretary thought.]

"Yours truly, . . . I'll sign."

And the shaky letters closed the page:

"SYLVANUS HEYTHORP."

"Post that as you go!"

"Anything else I can do for you, sir?"

"Nothing, except to let me know if you hear from this fellow."

When the Secretary had gone the old man thought: 'So! The ruffian hasn't called the meeting yet. This note'll bring him here fast enough, if it's his money he wants—blackmailing scoundrel!'

"Mr. Pillin, sir; and will you wait lunch, or will you have it in the dining-room?"

"In the dining-room."

At sight of that death's head of a fellow old Heythorp felt a sort of pity. He looked bad enough already—and this news would make him look worse! Joe Pillin glanced round at the two closed doors.

"How are you, Sylvanus? I'm very poorly." He came closer, and lowered his voice: "Why did you get me to make that settlement? I must have been mad. I've had a man called Ventnor—I didn't like his manner. He asked me if I knew a Mrs. Larne."

"Ha! What did you say?"

"What could I say? I *don't* know her. But why did he ask?"

"Smells a rat."

Joe Pillin grasped the edge of the table with both hands. "Oh!" he murmured "Oh! don't say that!"

Old Heythorp held out to him the crumpled letter. When he had read it, Joe Pillin sat down abruptly before the fire.

"Pull yourself together, Joe; they can't touch you, and they can't upset either the purchase or the settlement. They can upset me, that's all."

Joe Pillin answered with trembling lips: "How you can sit there, and look the same as ever! Are you sure they can't touch me?"

Old Heythorp nodded grimly. "They talk of an Act, but they haven't passed it yet. They might prove a breach of trust against me. But I'll diddle 'em. Keep your pecker up, and get off abroad."

"Yes, yes. I must. I'm very bad. I was going to-morrow. But I don't know, I'm sure, with this hanging over me. My son knowing her makes it worse too—he picks up with everybody. He knows this man Ventnor. And I daren't say anything to him. What are you thinking of, Sylvanus? You look very funny."

Old Heythorp seemed to rouse himself from a sort of coma. "I want my lunch," he said. "Will you stop and have some?"

Joe Pillin stammered out: "Lunch! I don't know when I shall eat again. What are you going to do, Sylvanus?"

"Bluff the beggar out of it."

"But suppose you can't?"

"Buy him off. He's one of my creditors."

Joe Pillin stared at him afresh. "You always had such nerve," he said, yearningly. "Do you ever wake up between two and four, and find everything black?"

"Put on a good stiff nightcap, my boy, before going to bed."

"Yes, I sometimes wish I was less temperate. But I couldn't stand it. I'm told your doctor forbids you alcohol."

"That be hanged."

Joe Pillin, brooding over the fire, said: "This meeting—d'you think they mean to have it? D'you think this man really knows? If my name gets into the newspapers"—but, encountering his old friend's deep little eyes, he stopped. "So you advise me to get off to-morrow, then?"

Old Heythorp nodded.

"Your lunch is served, sir, in the dining-room."

Joe Pillin started violently, and rose. "Well, good-by, Sylvanus—good-by! I don't suppose I shall be back till the summer, if I ever come back!" He sank his voice: "I shall rely on you. You won't let them, will you?"

Old Heythorp lifted his hand, and Joe Pillin put into that swollen shaking paw his pale and spindly fingers. "I wish I had your pluck," he said sadly. "Good-by, Sylvanus," and turning, he passed out.

Old Heythorp thought: 'Poor shaky chap. All to pieces at the first shot!' And, going to his lunch, he ate more heavily than usual.

MR. VENTNOR, on reaching his office and opening his letters, found, as he had anticipated, one from "that old rascal." Its contents excited in him the need to know his own mind. Fortunately this was not complicated by a sense of dignity—he only had to consider the position with an eye on not being made to *look* a fool. The point was—by which did he set more store: money, or his sense of justice—to use a blunter word, revenge. If by revenge, he had merely to convene the special meeting and lay before it the plain fact that Mr. Joseph Pillin, selling his ships for £60,000, had just made a settlement of £6,000 on a lady whom he did not know, a daughter, ward, or what not—of the purchasing company's Chairman, who had said moreover at the General Meeting that he stood or fell by the transaction; he had merely to do this, and demand that an explanation be required from the old man of such a singular coincidence. No explanation would hold water, and there would at once follow the collapse, if nothing more, of that old image, and the infliction of a nasty slur on old Pillin and his hopeful son. On the other hand, three hundred pounds was money; and, if old Heythorp were to say to him: "What do you want to make this fuss for—here's what I owe you!" could a man of business and the world let his sense of justice—however he might itch to have it satisfied—stand in the way of what was,



Snap-Shots from Home.

Give cheer to the boys in camp and on shipboard by sending them pictures from home. There are likely to be some tedious, homesick days and a little cheer-up in the way of photographs of the home folks and the home doings will do them a lot of good.

And some day when you want to give something a little more substantial, send along a Vest Pocket KODAK and ask your Soldier or Sailor Boy to send pictures to you.

Vest Pocket Autographic Kodak, - - - $6.00

All Dealers'.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

after all, also his sense of justice?—for this money had been owing to him for the deuce of a long time. In this dilemma the words: "My solicitors will be instructed" were of notable service in helping him to form a decision, for he had a certain dislike of other solicitors and an intimate knowledge of the law of libel and slander; if by any remote chance there should be a slip between the cup and the lip, Charles Ventnor might be in the soup—a position that he deprecated both by nature and profession. High thinking, therefore, decided him at last to answer thus:

"February 15, 1905.

"Sir:

"I have received your note. I think it may be fair, before taking further steps in this matter, to ask you for a personal explanation of the circumstances to which I alluded. I therefore propose, with your permission, to call on you at your private residence at five o'clock to-morrow afternoon.

"Yours faithfully,

"CHARLES VENTNOR.

"SYLVANUS HEYTHORP, ESQ."

Having sent this missive, and arranged in his mind the damning, if circumstantial, evidence he had accumulated, he awaited the hour with confidence, for his nature was not lacking in the cocksurety of a Briton. All the same, he dressed himself particularly well that morning, putting on a blue-and-white striped waistcoat which, with a cream-colored tie, set off his fulvous whiskers and full blue eyes; and he lunched if anything, more fully than his wont, eating a stronger cheese, and taking a glass of special Club ale. He took care to be late, too, to show the old fellow that his coming at all was in the nature of an act of grace. A strong scent of hyacinths greeted him in the hall; and Mr. Ventnor, who was an amateur of flowers, stopped to put his nose into a fine bloom, and to think uncontrollably of Mrs. Larne. Pity! The things one had to give up in life—fine women—one thing and another. Pity! The thought inspired in him a timely anger; and he followed the servant, intending to stand no nonsense from this paralytic old rascal.

The room he entered was lighted by a bright fire and a single electric lamp with an orange shade on a table covered by a black satin cloth. There were heavily gleaming oil paintings on the walls, a heavy old brass chandelier without candles, heavy dark-red curtains, and an indefinable scent of burnt acorns, coffee, cigars, and old man. He became conscious of a candescent spot on the far side of the hearth, where the light fell on a bald pate with a tenuous white cockatoo of hair.

"Mr. Ventnor, sir."

The candescent spot moved. A voice said: "Sit down."

Mr. Ventnor sat in an armchair on the opposite side of the fire; and, finding a kind of somnolence creeping over him, pinched himself. He wanted all his wits about him.

The old man was speaking in that extinct voice of his, and Mr. Ventnor said rather pettishly: "Beg pardon, I don't get you."

Old Heythorp's voice swelled with sudden force: "Your letters are Greek to me."

"Oh, indeed! I think we can soon make them into plain English."

"Sooner the better."

Mr. Ventnor passed through a moment of indecision. Should he lay his cards on the table? It was not his habit, and the proceeding was sometimes attended with risk. The knowledge, however, that he could always take them up again, since there was no third person here to testify that he had laid them down, decided him, and he said:

"Well, Mr. Heythorp, the long and short of the matter is this: Our friend, Mr. Pillin, paid you a commission of ten per cent. on the sale of his ships. Oh, yes. He settled the [illegible] relat[illegible] Mrs. Larne and her children. This, as you know, is a breach of trust on your part."

The old man's voice: "Where did you get hold of [illegible] I had [illegible] brought [illegible] me."

"[illegible] Heythorp. My [illegible] names are Mr. Pillin, Mrs. Larne, and Mr. [illegible]."

"What have you come here for, then—[illegible]?"

Mr. [illegible] laughed [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"Well, hang it, do!"

On his way to the cellar the man confided to Molly, who was carrying the soup:

"The Gov'nor's going it to-night! What he'll be like to-morrow I dunno."

The girl answered softly: "Poor old man, let um have his pleasure." And in the hall, with the soup-tureen against her bosom, she hummed above the steam, and thought of the ribbons on her new chemises, bought out of the sovereign he had given her.

And old Heythorp, digesting his oysters, snuffed the scent of the hyacinths, and thought of the St. Germain, his favorite soup. It wouldn't be first-rate at this time of year—should be made with little young home-grown peas. Paris was the place for it. Ah! The French were the fellows for eating, and—looking things in the face! Not hypocrites—not ashamed of their reason or their senses!

The soup came in. He sipped it, bending forward as far as he could, his napkin tucked in over his shirt-front like a bib. He got the bouquet of that sherry to a "T"—his sense of smell was very keen to-night; rare old stuff it was—more than a year since he had tasted it—but no one drank sherry nowadays, hadn't the constitution for it! The fish came up, and went down; and with the sweetbread he took his second glass of champagne. Always the best, that second glass—the stomach well warmed and the palate not yet dulled. Umm! So that fellow thought he had him beaten, did he? And he said suddenly:

"That fur coat in the wardrobe, I've no use for it. You can take it away to-night."

With tempered gratitude the valet answered: "Thank you, sir; much obliged, I'm sure." So the old buffer had found out there was moth in it!

"Have I worried you much?"

"No, sir; not at all, sir—that is, no more than reason."

"Afraid I have. Very sorry—can't help it—you'll find that, when you get like me."

"Yes, sir; I've always admired your pluck, sir."

"Um! Very good of you to say so."

"Always think of you keepin' the flag flyin', sir."

Old Heythorp bent his body from the waist. "Much obliged to you."

"Not at all, sir. Cook's done a little spinach in cream with the soubees."

"Ah! Tell her from me it's a capital dinner so far."

"Thank you, sir."

Alone again, old Heythorp sat unmoving, his brain just narcotically touched. "The flag flyin'—the flag flyin'!" He raised his glass and sucked. He had an appetite now; and finished the three cutlets and all the sauce and spinach. Pity! he could have managed a snipe—fresh shot! A desire to delay, to lengthen dinner, was strong upon him; there were but the soufflé and the savory to come. He would have enjoyed, too, someone to talk to. He had always been fond of good company—been good company himself, or so they said—not that he had had a chance of late. Even at the Boards they avoided talking to him, he had noticed, for a long time. Well! that wouldn't trouble him again—he had sat through his last Board, no doubt. They shouldn't kick him off, though; he wouldn't give them that pleasure—had seen the beggars hankering after his Chairman's shoes too long. The soufflé was before him now, and lifting his glass he said:

"Fill up."

"These are the special glasses, sir; only four to the bottle."

"Fill up."

The servant filled, screwing up his mouth.

Old Heythorp drank, and put the glass down empty with a sigh. He had been faithful to his principles, finished the bottle before touching the sweet—a good bottle—of a good brand! And now for the soufflé! Delicious, flipped down with the old sherry! So that "holy woman" was going to a ball, was she? How funny! Who would dance with a dry stick like that, all eaten up with a piety that was just sexual disappointment? Ah! yes, lots of women like that—had often noticed 'em—pitied 'em too, until you had to do with them and they made you as unhappy as themselves, and were tyrants into the bargain. And he asked:

"What's the savory?"

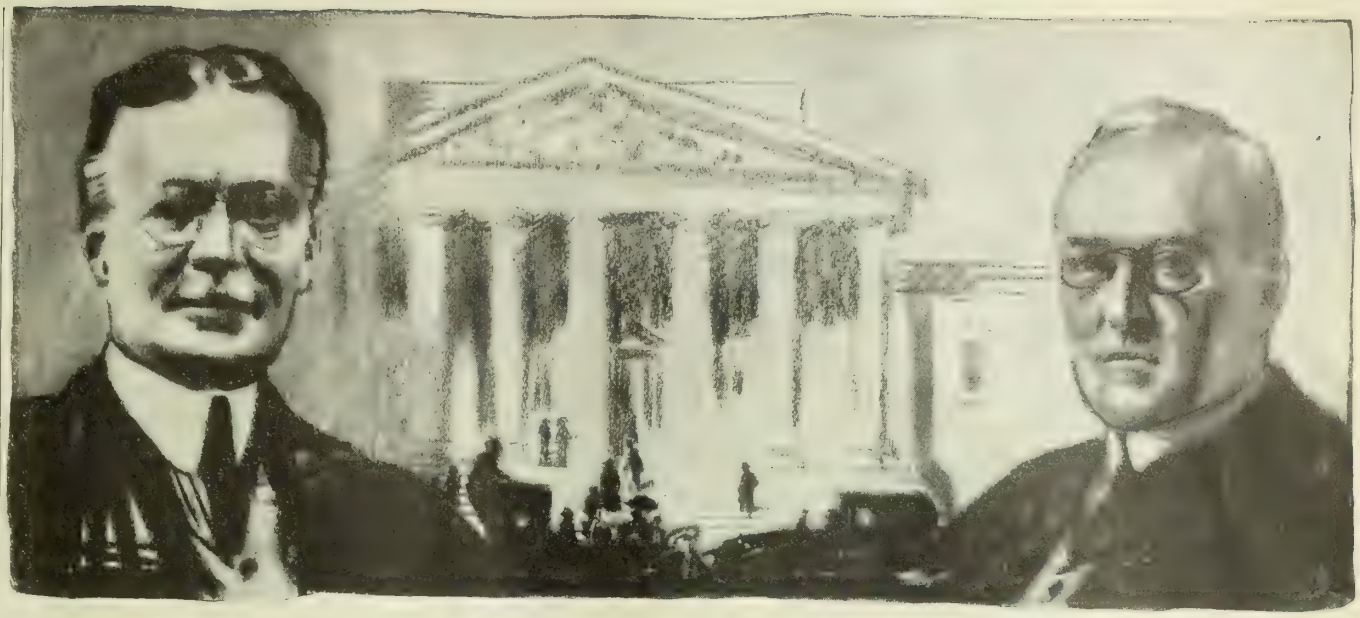
"Cheese remmykin, sir."

His favorite! "I'll have my port with it—the '68."

The valet stood gazing with evident stupefaction. He had not expected this. The old man's face and head were very flushed, but that might be the bath. He said feebly:

"Are you sure you ought, sir?"

"No, but I'm going to."



How two men built up a great bank

The directors of a big New York trust company were hunting for two unusually able men to make vice-presidents. The bank was being reorganized. Strong leaders were needed.

Before making their choice, the directors considered many men in the banking world. The future of the bank depended largely upon the experience and judgment of the men they selected.

Selected for their business knowledge

In the end the directors chose two men without any previous banking experience. One was a successful real estate agent; the other a big life insurance man. These men were selected because their business knowledge was broad and sound.

The directors' choice has been more than justified.

The two new vice-presidents have placed this trust company among the foremost banking institutions of America. Each has advanced to the very forefront of the banking world.

Today, one of these men is president of another, even bigger trust company—the second largest in America. The other man is partner in one of the strongest private banking firms in the world.

Why they succeeded

These two men succeeded in a totally new business because they had mastered the principles underlying *all* business. They were able to build up a great bank because of their unusual grasp of business fundamentals.

This same knowledge lies behind every big success. Once acquired, it needs only the personal qualities of determination and energy to make success sure for any one.

It is this broad grasp of big business principles that the Alexander Hamilton Institute is giving to more than 60,000 men in America today.

Based upon the actual experience of thousands of successful business men

The Institute collects, classifies and transmits thru the Modern Business Course and Service, the best thought and practice in modern business. It gives you a thoro and sound training in the fundamental principles underlying all departments of business.

In our national crisis today, the need for this broad executive training is rapidly increasing. Men in all branches of business are being called upon to assume the work of others and to fill more responsible positions. This demand for trained executives will be even greater in the coming struggle for world-markets. For men and women too, who are prepared there will be more opportunities than ever before to succeed in a big way.

The kind of men enrolled

Presidents of big corporations are often enrolled for the Modern Business Course and Service along with ambitious young men in their employ.

Among the 60,000 subscribers are such men as E. R. Behrend, President of the Hammermill Paper Co.; N. A. Hawkins, Manager of Sales, Ford Motor Co.; William C. D'Arcy, President of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World; H. C. Osborn, President American Multigraph Sales Co.; Melville W. Mix, President of the Dodge Mfg. Co. — and scores of others equally prominent.

In the Standard Oil Co. 291 men are enrolled in the Alexander Hamilton Institute; in the U. S. Steel Corporation 450; in the National Cash Register Co. 194; in the Pennsylvania Railroad 108; in the General Electric Co. 300—and so on down the list of the biggest concerns in America.

Advisory Council

Business and educational authority of the highest standing is represented in the Advisory Council of the Institute. This Council includes Frank A. Vanderlip, President of the National City Bank of New York; Judge E. H. Gary, head of the U. S. Steel Corporation; John Hays Hammond, the eminent engineer; Jeremiah W. Jenks, the statistician and economist, and Joseph French Johnson, Dean of the New York University School of Commerce.

"Forging Ahead in Business"

A careful reading of the 135-page book, "Forging Ahead in Business," will show you how to prepare for the increasing number of business opportunities that are bound to come during the next few years. Every man with either a business or a career to guide to bigger, surer success, should read this book. Simply fill out and send the coupon below.

Alexander Hamilton Institute
644 Astor Place New York, N. Y.



Please send me "Forging Ahead in Business" FREE

Name.....
Please Print

Business Address.....
City *State*

Business Position.....

GENUINE DIAMONDS $70.00 PER CARAT



B101 ¼ carat complete $8.75
B102 ½ carat complete $17.75
B103 ½ carat complete $36.90
B104 ¾ carat complete $54 75
B105 1 carat complete $71.87

B106 Solid Gold Bar Pin. 1 Fine Blue-White Dia. Special price $8.00

B107 Solid Gold Lavall and Chain. 3 Blue White Dias. complete $9.85

B110 ¼ carat complete $17.00

B111 Handsome Cluster Ring. 7 Blue-White Dias. complete $47.50

B112 ½ carat complete $48.00

B113 Solid Gold, Hand Carved Cameo Ring. Special value, only $5.00

B108 14k. Ear Screws. 2 Blue-White Dias. Per pair $7.00

B109 Blue-White Dia. complete $2.75

FROM THE CUTTERS TO YOU BY MAIL

Here is a lifetime opportunity to buy a diamond at a tremendous saving. All middlemen's profits eliminated from our rock bottom prices. We import diamonds in the rough, cut them on our own premises and sell direct to you. *We guarantee to save you actual cash.*

MONEY-BACK IN FULL

This is the most liberal guarantee ever issued. It makes loss or disappointment impossible. We certify carat weight, quality and value of the diamond, and guarantee to *refund your money in full* at any time within one year, not even a penny being deducted from the price you paid. This guarantee is final proof of the tremendous values we give.

ANY DIAMOND SHIPPED FOR FREE EXAMINATION

Just choose any diamond from this ad. or from our catalog. We will ship same for your approval, to any Express Office or Bank you designate, at our risk and expense and without obligating you. We give such tremendous values that there will be no hesitancy on your part in accepting any selection forwarded. *Order your diamond now!*

WONDERFUL 226-PAGE DIAMOND BOOK FREE

This valuable diamond guide is free for the asking. You cannot afford to be without a copy of this book—it will make an appreciated addition to your library. It gives you expert facts and quotes money-saving prices on diamonds, watches, jewelry, silverware, cut glass, leather goods, etc. *Drop us a post card or mail us a letter to the address below for your free copy NOW!*

Wonderful Watch Values. We are headquarters for Howard, Elgin, Waltham, Hamilton, Illinois Watches. Write for special Watch catalog.



B115 Solid gold U. S. A. ring, color enameled. Any ring size furnished. Special price **$2.65** Same in sterling silver **68 cents**

I. PRESS & SONS
IMPORTERS AND CUTTERS OF DIAMONDS
WHOLESALE JEWELERS
809A CHESTNUT ST.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DU PONT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES

Inspiration in
IVORY PY-RA-LIN



Exquisite creations for library, drawing-room and milady's boudoir—rivaling in charm and chasteness the mellow tones and delicate graining of old elephant ivory.

Our distinctive Du Barry design is the epitome of craftsmanship in this charming all American product. A desk set illustrated.

The better stores show full assortments.

Brochure upon request.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & COMPANY
The Arlington Works
724 Broadway New York.

DU PONT

"Would you mind if I spoke to Miss Heythorp, sir?"

"If you do, you can leave my service."

"Well, sir, I don't accept the responsibility."

"Who asked you to?"

"No, sir."

"Well, get it, then; and don't be an ass."

"Yes, sir." If the old man was not humored he would have a fit, perhaps!

And the old man sat quietly staring at the hyacinths. He felt happy, his whole being lined and warmed and drowsed—and there was more to come! What had the holy folk to give you compared with the comfort of a good dinner? Could they make you dream, and see life rosy for a little? No, they could only give you promissory notes that never would be cashed. A man had nothing but his pluck—they only tried to undermine it and make him squeal for help. He could see his precious doctor throwing up his hands: "Port after a bottle of champagne—you'll die of it!" And a jolly good death too—none better. A sound broke the silence of the closed-up room. Music? His daughter playing the piano overhead. Singing too! What a trickle of a voice! Jenny Lind! The Swedish Nightingale—he had never missed the nights when she was singing—Jenny Lind!

A voice at his ear said: "It's very hot, sir. Shall I take it out of the case?"

Ah, the ramequin!

"Touch of butter and the cayenne!"

"Yes, sir."

He ate it slowly, savoring each mouthful; had never tasted a better. With cheese—port! He drank one glass, and said:

"Help me to my chair."

And settled there before the fire with decanter and glass and handbell on the little low table by his side, he murmured:

"Bring coffee, and my cigar, in twenty minutes."

To-night he would do justice to his wine, not smoking till he had finished. As old Horace said:

> "Æquam memento rebus in arduis
> Servare mentem. . . ."

And, raising his glass, he sipped slowly, spilling a drop or two, shutting his eyes.

The faint, silvery squealing of the holy woman in the room above, the scent of hyacinths, the drowse of the fire on which a cedar log had just been laid, the feeling of the port soaking down into the crannies of his being—made up a momentary paradise. Then the music stopped; and no sound rose but the tiny squeaks of the log trying to resist the fire. Dreamily he thought: 'Life wears you out—wears you out. Logs on a fire!' And he filled his glass again. That fellow had been careless; there were dregs at the bottom of the decanter and he had got down to them! Then, as the last drop from his tilted glass trickled into the white hairs on his chin, he heard the coffee-tray put down, and taking his cigar he put it to his ear, rolling it in his thick fingers. In prime condition, and, drawing a first whiff, he said:

"Open that bottle of the old brandy in the sideboard."

"Brandy, sir? I really daren't, sir."

"Are you my servant or not?"

"Yes, sir, but——"

A minute of silence, then the man went hastily to the sideboard, took out the bottle and drew the cork. The tide of crimson in the old man's face had frightened him.

"Leave it there."

The unfortunate valet placed the bottle on the little table. "I'll have to tell her," he thought, "but if I take away the port decanter and the glass it won't look so bad." And, carrying them, he left the room.

Slowly the old man drank his coffee and the liqueur of brandy. The whole gamut! And watching his cigar-smoke wreathing blue in the orange glow he smiled. The last night to call his soul his own, the last night of his independence! Send in his resignations to-morrow—not wait to be kicked off! Not give that fellow a chance!

A voice that seemed to come from far off, said:

"Father! You're drinking brandy! How *can* you—you know it's simply poison to you!" A figure in white, scarcely actual, loomed up close. He took the bottle to fill up his liqueur glass in defiance; but a hand in a long white glove, with another dangling from the wrist, pulled the bottle away, shook it at him, and replaced it in the sideboard cupboard. And, just as when Mr. Ventnor stood there accusing him, a swelling and churning in his throat prevented him from speech; his lips moved, but only a little froth came forth.

His daughter had approached again. She stood quite close in white satin, thin faced, sallow, with eyebrows raised and her dark hair frizzed [illegible] frizzed [illegible] holy woman.' With all his might he tried to say: "So you bully me, do you—you bully me *to-night!*" but only the word "so" and a sort of whispering came forth. He heard her speaking. "It's no good your getting angry, father. After champagne—it's wicked!" Then her form receded in a sort of rustling white mist; she was gone; and he heard the sputtering and growling of her taxi, bearing her to the ball. So! She tyrannized and bullied, even before she had him at her mercy, did she? She should see! Anger had brightened his eyes; the room came clear again. And slowly raising himself he sounded the bell twice—for the girl, not for that fellow Meller, who was in the plot. As soon as her pretty black-and-white aproned figure stood before him, he said,

"Help me up!"

Twice her soft pulling was not enough, and he sank back. The third time he struggled to his feet.

"Thank you; that'll do." Then, waiting till she was gone, he crossed the room, fumbled open the sideboard door, and took out the bottle. Reaching over the polished oak, he grasped a sherry glass; and holding the bottle with both hands, tipped the liquor into it, put it to his lips and sucked. Drop by drop it passed over his palate—mild, very old, old as himself, older, colored like sunlight, fragrant. To the last drop he drank it, then hugging the bottle to his shirt-front, he moved snail-like to his chair and fell back into its depths. For some minutes he remained there motionless, the bottle clasped to his chest, thinking: 'This is not the attitude of a gentleman. I must put it down on the table—on the table,' but a thick cloud was between him and everything. It was with his hands he would have to put the bottle on the table! But he could not find his hands, could not feel them. His mind seesawed in strophe and antistrophe: "You can't move!"—"I will move!" "You're beaten!"—"I'm not beat." "Give up!"—"I won't." That struggle to find his hands seemed to last forever—he *must* find them! After that—go down—all standing—after that! Everything round him was red. Then the red cloud cleared just a little and he could hear the clock—tick—tock—tick; a faint sensation spread from his shoulders down to his wrists, down his palms; and yes—he could feel the bottle! Working his whole body forward, inch by inch, he shifted himself up in the chair till he could lean sideways, and the bottle, slipping down his chest, dropped slanting to the edge of the low stool-table. Then with all his might he screwed his trunk and arms an inch further, and the bottle stood. He had done it—done it! His lips twitched into a smile; his body sagged back to its old position. He had done it! And he closed his eyes. . . .

AT half-past eleven the girl Molly, opening the door, looked at him, and said softly: "Sirr! there's some ladies and a gentleman!" But he did not answer. And, still holding the door, she whispered out into the hall:

"He's asleep, miss."

A voice whispered back: "Oh! Just let me go in. I won't wake him unless he does. I want to show him my dress."

The girl moved aside; and on tiptoe Phyllis passed in. She walked to where, between the lamp glow and the fire glow, she was lighted up. White satin—her first low-cut dress—the flush of her first supper-party—a gardenia at her breast, another in her fingers! Oh! what a pity he was asleep! How red he looked! How funnily old men breathed! And mysteriously, as a child might, she whispered:

"Guardy!"

No answer! And pouting she stood twiddling the gardenia. Then suddenly she thought: 'I'll put it in his buttonhole! When he wakes up and sees it, how he'll jump!'

And stealing close, she bent and slipped it in. Two faces looked at her from round the door; she heard Bob Pillin's smothered chuckle, her mother's rich and feathery laugh. O-oh! How red his forehead was! She touched it with her lips; skipped back, twirled round, danced silently a second, blew a kiss, and like quicksilver was gone. And the whispering, the chuckling, and one little outpealing laugh rose in the hall.

But the old man slept. Nor until Meller came at his usual hour of half-past twelve was it known that he would never wake.

THE END.

A PAGLIACCI IN PUMPS

(*Continued from page 191*)

chicken-hearted young fop, but he had no intention of allowing a stranger to scratch through his veneer of impersonality. So I continued to study him in silence as we danced. And I made several discoveries.

I discovered, in the first place, that his hornet-waisted dress-suit with the impossible jet buttons was just a trifle threadbare along the edges. His shirtstuds, too, were merely plated—though, as Toosey once said of one of her beaux, what difference could that make so long as his heart was true! Even his carefully waxed pumps of patent-leather, when viewed with a critical eye, showed worn and dowdy and slightly run over at the heels. And about his eyes, which were made up like a chorus-man's, there was a luster that was not altogether healthy, with bluish shadows under the temple-bones which made me think of an underfed horse. He coughed now and then as he danced, a dry little bark of a cough which took my mind back to the T. B. ward in St. Andrews and left me wondering why he had so little trouble with his breathing after dancing so steadily.

It came home to me, suddenly, that there was something pathetic about the man, that his nimble gaiety was nothing but a mask, that I had inspected him through the colored glass of my prejudices and probably done him an injustice. Then I remembered the incident of the hand-bag and at the same time recalled something which Inspector Sloan had said only a day or two before: "You can't afford, Balmy, ever to bubble over in this business!" By that, of course, he meant that people in our particular walk of life couldn't afford to allow sympathy to interfere with their professional activities. And Sloan had been through the mill. So I then and there decided to let no sentiment sway me one way or the other in this strange new case which had been thrust so unexpectedly under my very nose.

"Will you take me to my table, please," I asked my partner as the dance came to an end. For I had certain things to find out from that tired-looking young man in the narrow-toed pumps. And the sooner I did so, I felt, the better.

It wasn't until he had piloted me in between those close-set little islands of intimacies, known as tables, that I noticed the excitement about the spot where Verlyn Vachell had been sitting. That excitement was a purely local one, for it behooved the management of a palace of pleasure to permit no untimely accidents to interrupt the steady flow of their patrons' merriment. But I could see at a glance that the owner of the canary-colored diamond had suddenly discovered that she had been robbed. Close beside her was the house-manager himself, and his detective, and the head-waiter, and the mullet-eyed table-waiter. The startled and indignant actress, in the meantime, stood the center of a small circle of onlookers who held back even from a hesitation-waltz to witness the more exciting diversion of a jewel robbery.

"I wonder what's wrong over there?" languidly inquired the tango-rat as he seated himself at my table. The mullet-eyed waiter had for the third time got down on all fours and was again prospecting the neighborhood of Verlyn Vachell's table for the missing jewel.

"What do *you* think it is?" I indolently parried, as I sat back watching him. I was wondering in which pocket he might possibly be carrying the canary-colored diamond.

"The lady seems to have lost something," he said, apparently with only the slightest interest in the subject. He was at least much more intelligent, that tango-rat, than I had been ready to admit.

"Who is she?" I inquired. He looked at me with real wonder in his eyes.

"That's Verlyn Vachell," he said, seeming to think that the mere mention of the name was enough.

"What is she?" I persisted.

"She's an actress, over at the Asteroid," he told me, with a vague note of disdain in his voice.

"A good actress?" I innocently inquired.

"Rotten!" he said with Rialto directness.

"Then why is she over at the Asteroid?" I asked, with a bucolic stare at the lady in question.

"She's the kind of rib who brings Wall Street money into the house," retorted the lank-limbed youth with what was now plainly a note of bitterness in his voice. "Just the same as she brings it into this hop-chow hall!"

"How?" I demanded, persisting in my up-State innocence.

"Look at her!" was his only comment. The lady about whom we were speaking, at that precise moment, swept out across the floor, flanked on one side by a still-explanatory head-waiter and on the other by a profusely apologetic house-manager. She made a picture, all right. And what was more, she knew it. There was something arresting, something provocative, something almost institutional, in that resplendent blonde beauty which seemed fashioned expressly for the wearing of bright stones and soft silks and beaten gold. There was insolence in her movements, although, I suppose, she really meant them to be imperious. She knew that every nine men out of ten in that crowded room were looking after her, were looking after her with appraising and covetous eyes, a little thick, perhaps, from the yellow liquid that bubbled in their tulip-shaped glasses. But she repaid none of them for their stares of adoration. She'd found and lost a fortune that night, and anger whitened her face as she still parleyed with that apologetic yet helpless house-manager who persuasively edged her toward the door, where her barbarically uniformed "tiger" awaited her with a rug over his arm, and her private sedan of royal purple already purred at the end of the striped awning. There was a murmur of talk as she swept from sight.

"I wonder what happened over there?" remarked the tango-rat across the table from me. I resented the forced indifference of his question, resented it almost as much as I'd resented the callithumpian splendor of the Broadway adventuress he'd so recently deprived of her property.

"Don't you know?" I said, deciding to give him one straight from the shoulder.

"No," he replied, doing his best to put on a bold face. But he looked pitiful to me as I held back my answer until his wandering eye, arrested by the prolonged pause, finally stared me straight in the face.

"That woman," I told him, "has just been robbed of a canary-colored diamond set between two emeralds!"

His face did not change. I don't think there was a single movement in a single feature. Only, somewhere behind the face itself, a light seemed to go slowly out, leaving an ashy colorlessness in the listlessly staring eyes. Then he looked down at his hands, rather heavily, as though faintly puzzled by the fact that they weren't as steady as they ought to have been.

"But who could have stolen it?" he inquired, with a forlorn sort of bravado, yet apparently without the courage to look me in the eye as he asked the question.

"It was stolen by somebody who went into the Annex and reached up on the ledge there beside her table, where she'd put her hand-bag. And the pendant was taken out, of course, before the hand-bag was put back on the ledge!"

He was staring into my face by this time. He even tried to smile, but that smile was nothing more than the mechanical movement of his bucco-labial flaps. He looked very narrow and white and invertebrate. As he sat in the center of that chamber of mirth, in his frugally festive apparel, the ironic pathos of all the ages seemed to cluster about his anemic young head with the colorless temple-bones bastioned in blue shadows. In him I suddenly saw the sick clown, the sad-eyed court fool, the Pierrot with a heavy heart. And I hadn't been adding to his happiness.

"You mean you saw it?" he finally asked, though it seemed to be terribly hard for him to articulate the words.

"I saw it," I told him with quiet conviction. And again he looked at me long and silently.

Then he laughed. He laughed deeply and defensively, for his courage, apparently, had had time to catch its second wind. And it was plain that he didn't intend to succumb without a struggle.

"But who could separate a she-vamp like that from any of her loot?" he half-facetiously demanded. He was collected enough now, I saw, to indulge in a side-sweep of inspec-

TRAINED ARTISTS HIGHLY PAID

The never-satisfied cry of the modern business world is "more *trained* commercial artists." Today commercial illustrators with thoroughly developed ability—both men and women—

Earn $25, $50, $75 A Week and Upward

Are YOU awake to the splendid opportunities in this great modern field of enterprise? The business and publishing world pays big prices for forceful designs and appealing illustrations—and artists who can produce the.. *earn extraordinary incomes.*

The Federal Course is a Proven Result-Getter. If you like to draw, develop your talent into a high-salaried ability. The work is fascinating, easy to learn and easy to apply. Results obtained by Federal Students are strongest evidence of the value of "Federal" Training.

The Federal Advisory Council

Nationally known American illustrators and designers have thoroughly endorsed "Federal" Training. On our Advisory Council are *Charles E. Chambers* (who illustrates the Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford stories), *Franklin Booth* (Painter with the Pen), *Harold Gross* of the Gorham Company, *Coles Phillips* (famous for his magazine covers and advertisements), and *Edwin V. Brewer* of "Cream of Wheat" fame. The Course includes exclusive original lessons especially prepared by these men.



Send Now For "Your Future"

You owe it to YOUR future to read this book. In these swiftly moving times when speed and efficiency are imperative, "Federal" Training offers you a short, proven road to a substantial income.

This book shows you how to start—how to win success by *using* spare time now frittered away. It has 56 pages, beautifully printed in colors, showing remarkable work by Federal Students. *Prepare yourself to win the splendid success possible for you.* Send the coupon right now, while you're thinking about it.



Federal School of Commercial Designing
812 Warner Building, Minneapolis, Minnesota
Firms desiring the services of thoroughly trained commercial artists should write us, stating their requirements.

Gentlemen:—Please send me "Your Future" without any obligation to me
*Name*_____
(Write your address plainly in margin) 812

Wanted: An Idea

Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and list of Patent Buyers.

RANDOLPH & CO., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 43, Washington, D. C.

ALVIENE SCHOOLS—Est. 20 Years

The Acknowledged Authority on

DRAMATIC STAGE PHOTO-PLAY AND DANCE ARTS

Each department a large school in itself. Academic, Technical and Practical Training. Students' School Theatre and Stock Co. Afford New York Appearances. Write for catalogue, mentioning study desired.

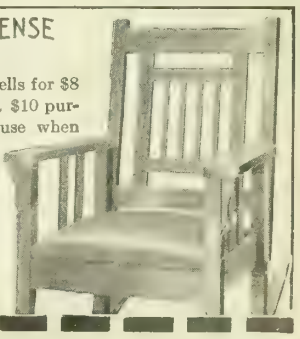
T. C. IRWIN, Secretary
225 West 57th Street, near Broadway, New York

GIVEN TO YOU WITHOUT EXPENSE



This Sewing Table makes your needlework a pleasure and helps make your home more beautiful.

The Rocker shown here usually sells for $8 to $10 retail. We give it with a $10 purchase of Larkin Products because when buying from us you save the amount it represents by dealing direct with our great Factories.



New Catalog FREE

Send for yours Today. Just off the press

Shows the 600 Larkin Products and the hundreds of useful Premiums given with them. Tells how to cut the cost of everyday necessities practically in half by buying your Products without Premiums. Make your own comparisons. Write today.

Mail Coupon Today to nearest address
Larkin Co. Buffalo Peoria Chicago
Please send me your new Catalog No. 48

Name .....
Address .....
G. P. 352 .....



WHEREVER you are it is a distinct satisfaction to know that your hair is clean, glossy and healthy—in fact, just right, as it always is if you use

CANTHROX
SHAMPOO

The one you can try before you buy and which is more like a hair treatment than simply a hair wash. It contains exactly the proper ingredients to rapidly soften and remove all dandruff, excess oil and dirt, at the same time giving such a massive fluffiness that the hair appears much heavier than it is, while each strand is left with a silky brightness and softness that makes dressing the hair a pleasure.

Remember, it is not advisable to use soap or oily preparations. Soaps soon dry the scalp, making the hair brittle and dull. Oily shampoos cling to the hair causing it to be so sticky that dust settles in every strand and it appears dark and streaked and making much more frequent shampooing necessary. Canthrox rinses out entirely leaving a perfectly clean, healthy and stimulated scalp.

15 Exhilarating Shampoos 50c at Your Druggist's

This is about three cents a shampoo. No good hair wash costs less; none is more easily used. A few minutes is all that is needed for your complete shampoo.

Free Trial Offer

You need not spend fifty cents to prove that Canthrox is in all ways the most effective hair wash, we send one perfect shampoo free to any address.

H. S. PETERSON & CO., 212 West Kinzie Street, Dept. 50, CHICAGO, ILL.

Use the *genuine*

O-Cedar Polish



brighten and preserve your finest furniture.

CHANNELL CHEMICAL CO.

CHICAGO TORONTO LONDON

Use This Chest FREE



Sent on Free Trial Famous Piedmont Red Cedar Chest. Your choice of 90 styles and designs sent on 15 days' free trial. We pay the freight. *Piedmont protects furs, woolens, and plumes from moths, mice, dust and damp.* Distinctly beautiful. Needed in every home. Lasts for generations. Finest Xmas, wedding or birthday gift at great saving. *Write today for our great catalog and reduced prices—all postpaid free to you.*

Reduced Factory Prices. Freight Prepaid

Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co., Dept. 59, Statesville, N. C.

For ONE person in every town

We want ONE live representative in each community of one thousand or more inhabitants. Any intelligent man or woman can do the work. Those who can give a portion of their time to our interests can earn liberal salaries in their spare time. A few hours each day devoted to the work will earn a substantial and regular monthly income. Faithful attention to our instructions will result in an established, paying business. We will fully instruct beginners in the duties of the position and supply all necessary equipment free.

If you wish to increase your earnings or add to your present income, HEARST'S plan will surely interest you. Let us tell you about it. The information will cost you nothing and may put hundreds of dollars in your pocket.

Address all inquiries to Manager, Agents' Department,

HEARST'S MAGAZINE

119 West 40th Street New York City

tion to determine whether or not anyone was overhearing our talk.

"*You did!*" I softly but deliberately retorted.

It wasn't exactly a wince that came to his face. It was more an arresting of each slightest movement at the suddenness of my challenge. And the frantic trouble of his eyes seemed to warn me, the next moment, of the need of speaking even more quietly, of the danger of being overheard. But he didn't open his own lips.

He sat there quite silent for a long time. Then his haggard eyes lifted and searched my face.

"And what do you intend doing about it?" he asked in a voice that carried a quavering chest-tone of broken and crushed manfulness somewhere deep down in its undercurrents. Sloan had said there was no excuse for bubbling over in work like ours. But I suddenly wondered if Sloan wasn't sometimes wrong about such things and if the life he had thrust me into was slowly but surely indurating my natural feelings, wringing the goodly human sympathy out of my heart?

"What would *you* do?" I asked, fencing for time, for I didn't want any slightest jot of pity for that dejected tango-rat to complicate the clear-cut issues of justice.

He sat pondering my question, pondering it deeply.

"I wouldn't do anything," he finally said, and he said it with an earnestness that surprised me. "I wouldn't do anything until I understood every side of the case."

It was an oblique yet obvious petition for mercy. It left me comfortably conscious of my power. It was incense to the crypts of vanity. And I even began to wonder if, after all, I hadn't been too hard on the boy.

"What's your name?" I suddenly inquired.

"Willie Whiteway," he just as promptly replied.

"You mean William Whiteway," I corrected. It brought the ghost of a smile about his lean chops.

"Don't you think the 'Willie' is better suited to this wax-hound business?" he asked with his vinegary smile.

"But you like dancing, of course?"

He looked at me with widened eyes.

"I *hate* it!" he said with a prompt and passionate grimace of disgust.

I sat thinking this over. We live and learn, as Toosey Attrill had the habit of saying. But there were still other things I was anxious to learn.

"What would you take me for?" I asked him. The question seemed to surprise him. Yet he studied me with his shrewd and troubled eyes.

"That's what I've been wondering," he admitted. Then he stopped.

"Go on," I prompted.

"You're not the Park Avenue kind looking for night-life. You're too intelligent for that. You're not the stage type. You're not——" He stopped a moment, to cough into his handkerchief. "You're not the out-of-towner wandering around for White Light stuff to write home about. You're too—well, too wise for that. But you're not married. You're not even used to this sort of place. And yet you've got a big pile of confidence. And I guess plenty of courage to back it up. But you're not in business, and——"

"On the contrary," I corrected him as I raised a revers and exhibited my little silver badge to his suddenly steadying eyes, "I'm engaged in a very serious sort of business!"

He leaned forward across the table and studied my shield, reading and re-reading the embossed inscription thereon. It clearly took some time for the meaning of it to filter through to his brain.

"Holy smoke!" he said at last, as he sat limply back in his chair. I waited until the situation had made itself perfectly clear to him, until there could be no shadow of doubt as to his knowing just who and what I was. Then I decided it was about time to get down to cases.

"So what are we going to do about it?" I prompted.

He lifted and then dropped again a very gaunt pair of shoulders. It seemed a movement of both helplessness and hopelessness.

"It's up to you, I suppose," he said in a dead sort of voice. Then he suddenly started and looked over his shoulder, squinting apprehensively toward the orchestra platform. "That's Adolph signaling for me. I've—I've got to do one of my exhibition stunts with that girl in blue there. It's still my work, you see. Could you possibly—possibly let me go?"

"Let you go?" I repeated.

"Yes, won't you please wait here until I come back at the end of my dance?"

"But supposing I can't wait?" I said to him, in spite of the note of pleading in his voice.

"Couldn't you do that much for me?" he demanded. And although it was a request, I admired him for keeping the whimper out of his voice. "If I don't get out and do that dance they'll—they'll surely suspect something. Can't you do that much?"

"On one condition," I said, remembering how easy it would be for him to pass his haul on to the guileless Columbine in blue, in case that spangled-skirted young lady should be a confederate of his.

"What condition?" he asked, already on his feet.

"That you leave that silk handkerchief of yours with me," I told him. "And that you leave it with that pendant wrapped up in it!"

He sat down again, blinking thoughtfully across the table at me. Then, without a word, he slipped a finger into his waistcoat pocket, took something out and wrapped it up in his handkerchief. I caught the flash of light and color as he did so, and knew it was the canary-tinted diamond with the emerald on each side of it. Then, as he stood up again, he left the handkerchief lying in the center of the table between us. He smiled and bowed like an automaton as he backed away, reverting to his dancing-floor manner, for the room was waiting and many eyes were upon him.

I watched him as he hurried, with a ludicrously light and skipping step, over to where his partner in blue stood awaiting him.

Then I casually reached out and took possession of the handkerchief and the stolen jewel, at the same moment that the music struck up and the dance began. I got that pendant out of sight as carefully as I could, for I wanted to give the boy his chance, if any such chance promised to come his way. Then I sat back and watched Willie Whiteway and his partner as they wheeled and dipped and raced. They danced well, superlatively well. There was no denying that fact. They fluttered and drifted like wind-blown butterflies up and down the polished floor. They wavered and wheeled and circled like mating humming-birds through the smoke-blue air. And all the while Willie Whiteway smiled his automatic smile down at his partner in chiffon and silk. That partner seemed to abandon herself to the music, hanging back on his sustaining arm with a pensive up-thrust of her pointed chin as she smiled dreamily up at the youth directing her course. But knowing what I knew, there seemed something tragic in that forced gaiety, something ironic and disquieting in that pagan surrender to sound and movement. It made me think of performing dogs doing a vaudeville act, with the trainer and his whip waiting hidden in the wings.

"Some dancer, eh, that Willie of ours?" remarked a red-faced man with three chins, lolling back at a table on my right. The faded blonde across the table from him did not answer; she was too stout for that perilous floor, and was busy eating her cherry-stone clams. And the dance ended in a little tumult of applause, a perfunctory clapping of hands, a preoccupied tinkling of forks against glass-rims. I noticed, with a sense of relief, that the white-faced tango-rat was making his way back to my table.

"Why do you hate it?" I asked as he took his chair. He made me think of a prisoner taking his seat in the dock after a court recess.

"Because I've always wanted to do a man's work," he rather astonished me by saying.

"What kind of work?" I inquired.

He was silent a moment. I thought at first that he was offended by the curtness of my tone, for I didn't want him to imagine my natural sympathies were already enlisted on his side.

"I was running an upholstery business, up at Oleon, before I came down to this burg," he finally explained. "I liked it. I was proud of it, and there was a decent living in it. And I'd worked up a plan for making still bigger money out of a rustic furniture factory, rockers of willow and old hickory, and swamp-cedar porch-chairs, and all that sort of thing."

"Then why did you leave it?" I demanded.

He hesitated for a moment. Then he let his eyes meet mine.

"There was a girl I—I cared about."

"And?" I prompted.

"I came down here to take her back. She'd promised to marry me."

He seemed a little ashamed of his feelings. So I waited until he was ready to go on.

"She'd got tired of Oleon, she said, and had always wanted to see the City. She intended studying at the Art League, and then getting into the Tiffany Studios, if she could, or with one of the big Fifth Avenue houses, so that she could follow up interior decorating when she got back. Those two lines of work, we'd figured out, would go well together, hers and mine. But after her first week or two down here she got a chance to do some extra work over at Fort Lee, in one of the big studios there, the movie studios. That left her kind of crazy about picture stuff. She got regular work with the Live Wire Company, and she's stuck to it. And that kind of made her lose her taste for Oleon."

His face reminded me of one of those tragic masks they paint up at the top of proscenium arches.

"And for you?" I asked.

"Yes, for me too," he admitted.

"And she's successful?"

"She thinks she is, but it's only because she can't see things as she ought to."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean any success she's had has been ladled out to her by one of the backers of that Live Wire Company."

He spoke with open bitterness. And my imagination promptly got busy carpentering together the forlorn romance of the young lover unable to take his bride back to their home-town, and capering night after night to the strains of ragtime while his heart was as heavy as his heels were light.

"But if she's got her start, surely——"

He cut me short.

"No girl can get anything from that old he-wolf without having to pay for it," he declared with what seemed a sudden and uncontrolled flare of passion.

"You mean you're afraid——" I began, and then broke off. For there was plainly a plank or two I'd been leaving out of my carpenter work.

He leaned closer across the table toward me.

"Would you be that way, if you saw the one girl you wanted being webbed up by that type of moll-dip?" he demanded.

"But I don't know the type," I explained, trying to shoulder back the inevitable. "I don't even know the man."

"Yes, you do," retorted the white-faced youth. "You saw him in here to-night, at that table over there."

I looked at him without speaking. But I suppose the unspoken question was there staring at him out of my eyes.

"I mean Cappie Cairns," he said with quiet hate in his voice. And although I had expected that statement, just as you expect to hear the boat whistle after seeing the steam-cloud beside her funnel, it still rather tended to take my breath away.

"But Mr. Carpenter Cairns seemed to be—well, rather occupied in other quarters," I parried.

The unhappy youth brushed that equivocation aside.

"If you know his name, you know what I mean well enough. All that old squab-hound does is prowl up and down the Way gathering scalps. He's not satisfied with one. He's got to have a new one about every ten days, or there's nothing left in life. And it's not the scalps he wants; it's merely the unholy joy of gathering them."

"Aren't we getting just a little away from our problem?" I somewhat icily inquired.

"But don't you understand—he's just finished his round-up of that Vachell woman, getting her roped and branded, after loading her down with enough rings on her fingers to make you think she was eating cracked ice every time she sits at a table in this dump! Gad, but I hate that man!"

I was beginning to see a little light.

"And since she had so much, you thought it was only fair to lighten her load a little?"

"Please do not speak so loud," he requested, with a quick glance about him. But that half-ironic question of mine seemed to puzzle him. He continued to sit there and regard me with slightly knitted brows.

"Or should I say it was a fine, a fine levied on Cappie Cairns, after the manner of our old friend Robin Hood, for leading the sort of life you couldn't quite approve of?" I continued.

The heavy look went out of his face. It was almost as though I had given him an idea. At least, that was what I thought for a moment. Yet when he spoke I saw that I had guessed wrong.

"I want nothing of that old rounder's. But he's not going to drag Barbara Hilton into that aviary of his so long as I'm above ground!"

"Who's Barbara Hilton?" I demanded, again impressed by the fact that I had failed sufficiently to assess my companion's cleverness.

"That's the girl I intend to marry, the girl I've been trying to tell you about."

"How do you intend to stop it?"

I could see his fingers shut up into a ball.

"I'll make her get away from all this muck. I'll take her back to Oleon."

"But how?" I persisted, feeling a little like an unfair teacher who was deliberately prompting a favored pupil.

The old look of dejection returned to my tango-rat's rather cavernous eyes.

"I don't know—now. But an hour ago I thought it would be easy!" And as I listened I secretly rejoiced at that dawning promise of extenuation. "She's always been coming back with the taunt that I couldn't take care of her, that I haven't the money even to make a start up there in the old town. And when I saw that over-decked Vachell woman—and it's anything for a splash with that dame—brooding over that big yellow diamond I knew it was worth thousands. It couldn't be small stuff that'd pass between her and Cappie Cairns. I knew, as I saw her cache it in her hand-bag, that she didn't need it—and *I* did. It came over me, in a flash, that I'd found my way out. I'd never stolen anything before, that I can remember, in all my life. But to-night I simply didn't seem to care. I knew things had about come to the turning-point. I thought I saw my chance. And I jumped at it!"

I didn't intend to melt down like a sugar lump in a coffee-spoon. I wanted to be sure of my ground, every step.

"But, my dear young man, what could you do with a diamond like that? You couldn't possibly pawn it. And you couldn't sell it, any more than you could sell a Fifth Avenue 'bus. It would be as easy to trace as a white elephant—unless, of course, you handed it over to a fence, who might possibly give you fifty dollars for it."

He sat looking at me, seeming to find me, I fancy, disturbingly practical-minded.

"Then I guess it's just as well you butted in," he finally admitted.

"But we still have our problem of what to do with it," I reminded him. That problem, however, suddenly seemed something of only minor interest to my young friend in pumps. He was once more looking toward the orchestra dais and the dancing-floor. He coughed into his handkerchief as a violin string was scraped, in tuning.

"I've got to dance," he said in gloomy desperation. "Can you wait again?"

I told him I could. So he got up and danced. He danced smilingly with a fat woman who should have been home with her husband, if she had one, or home with a Whiteley's Exerciser, if she hadn't. When it was over he came back to my table.

"Well?" I asked him.

"What had we better do?" he said, thereby adroitly tying me up with himself as a fellow-conspirator. I thought the thing over.

"About the best thing to do," I told him, "is simply to find that lost pendant, pick it up from your floor, and take it, say, to the head-waiter.

"Who is to find it?" he promptly asked.

"Supposing I do?" I suggested, anticipating a possible objection to his own agency in the matter.

He shook his head.

"Do you know that head-waiter?" he asked me.

"Naturally, or I shouldn't be enjoying the advantages of solitude under a roof where it's reckoned as criminal for a woman to come alone!"

"Then it wouldn't be fair to you," he maintained. "And in a case like this that cad wouldn't even know how to treat you right. He'd cause you all sorts of embarrassments. And besides, he's seen me here at your table, powwowing for the last half-hour."

"What difference does that make?"

He didn't find this an easy question to answer. But he shattered my momentary doubts by a sudden suggestion of his own.

"Why couldn't you take the thing back to Cappie Cairns yourself?"

I required a moment or two for the proper digestion of this.

"When?" I asked.

"The sooner the better, I suppose."

Again I turned the problem over in my mind.



Do You Remember?

Do you remember when Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer set out on their great adventure, looking for treasure in the grim cave across the Mississippi?

Do you remember how Tom and little Becky Thatcher were lost in the cave for days, while the whole countryside searched wildly? And of how, one day, peeping around a dark corner of the cave, they suddenly saw Indian Joe?

And when, months later, after the children had escaped from the cave, it was opened, do you remember what they found just inside?

Do you remember, in short, the greatest joys of your boyhood — the things you did yourself, and the things you wanted to do and could not and that Tom Sawyer did for you?

BOYS' STORIES
Remember that Tom Sawyer is only one of the books in which Mark Twain shows his wonderful understanding of boys. No one has ever written of boys as did Mark Twain.

HISTORY
Read Joan of Arc if you would know Mark Twain in all his greatness — the most dramatic and amazing story in the world — accurate in history, spiritual in idea, beautiful in execution.

ROMANCE
Everything he wrote was touched with the golden freshness of youth and romance whether in such books as "The Prince and the Pauper" "A Connecticut Yankee" or "Roughing It."

SHORT STORIES
They are so many and so good.

ESSAYS
He could not see injustice without fighting it. The flame of his anger seared and burst forth in essays that will live forever.

TRAVEL
You have not seen the world until you see it through Mark Twain's wise and humorous eyes. His books of wanderings—will be revelations to you *now* who read them only in your youth.

Mark Twain has been translated into more foreign languages than any other writer.

HARPER and BROTHERS, New York
--1817-1917

Mark Twain

You can renew the old joys — you can find again the beating heart and the laughter. But when you read Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn now, you will find something more — a choke in your throat—a little sadness. The laugh is tempered by thought, just as Mark Twain's own laugh was softened by melancholy—by life's tragedies and losses, for he was not only a great humorist—he was a big and original thinker—a philosopher—a man whose own life—whose rise—whose sorrows and privations—whose losses and whose glory are the ideal of every American boy, and the ideal whether lost or recognized, in the heart of every American man.

"He traveled always such a broad and brilliant highway with plumes flying and crowds following after"—and his death left nations weeping. But in a larger sense he is not dead. He lives forever in work more truly American than that of any other man.

Bernard Shaw said that future generations will turn to him for history.

Rudyard Kipling, writing to the most important officials in India, said: "I have seen Mark Twain this golden morning, have shaken his hand, and smoked a cigar—no, two cigars with him, and talked with him for more than two hours! Understand clearly that I do not despise you; indeed I don't. I am only very sorry for you, from the Viceroy downward."

Perhaps you think you have read a good deal of Mark Twain. Are you sure? Have you read all the novels—all the short stories—all the brilliant fighting essays—all the history?

Why the Price Must Be Raised

To Mark Twain two things were precious above all others—one was a love of his wife—the other was a love of the people. At every side he was surrounded by tributes of honor, by joyous affection. In every corner of the world he was known and loved. And because of this it was his desire that his books be so made and sold at such a low price that every family could own a set.

So this set of Mark Twain has been sold at a much lower price than would ordinarily be the case for a set of books of this character. But Mark Twain could not foresee that the price of ink, paper, binding—that everything that goes into the making of a set of books—was to go to heights undreamed of even two years ago. It is impossible to continue the sale of this set of books at that low price. For a few weeks longer—until the present edition is taken up—this low price will be in force, but on the next edition — the price must be higher.

If you send the coupon at once you can have your set at the low price —but send the coupon at once.

Hearst's 9-17

Harper & Bros.
New York

Please send me MARK TWAIN'S WORKS. I may keep the set for ten days for examination and return it to you at your expense, if I do not want it. If I keep the books I will remit $2.00 at once and $2.00 a month for twelve months.

Name.....

Address.....

For our beautiful red half leather edition, change the above terms to $2.50 on delivery and $3 a month for twenty months.

"All right," I announced. "I'll go right up to Cairns's home and see him."

This seemed to astonish my young friend across the table a little.

"You won't find him at his home about this particular time," he explained.

"Then where will he be found?"

"In that den of his on the top floor of the Asteroid Building, in that Oriental studio just above the raiding-line," was Willie Whiteway's somewhat embittered response.

"So much the better," I retorted. And the young tango-rat stared at me with an expression which I couldn't quite understand.

But I at least understood the task that lay before me, and I wanted no further empty explanations. In five minutes I was out of that smoke-hazed restaurant and breathing in the cool air of midnight as I made my way to the Asteroid Building.

So preoccupied was I with my purpose, in fact, that I'd hurried along three or four silent city blocks before I became disagreebly impressed with the discovery that I was being followed. I carried with me, I remembered, a jewel that must easily have been worth twenty thousand dollars. So I decided to run no risks. I promptly hailed a passing taxicab, hopped in, and continued my way to the Asteroid on wheels, instructing my driver to wait until I came down again. A second taxicab, I noticed, stopped a little further along the silent street. But I had other things to think of.

A gigantic negro servant in a gold-braided burnoose and turban answered my ring. He was still arguing about the impossibility of admitting me when Cappie Cairns himself appeared on the scene. He wore a sort of dark orange-colored dressing-gown faced with burgundy red silk. It made him look like a Baltimore oriole. I noticed he was also adorned in Turkish slippers, and that he smelt faintly of perfumed cigarets. But he himself was not smoking.

"What can I do for you?" he demanded with a Chesterfieldian purr of politeness, but with an abstracted eye, in the corners of which I could detect the ureal deposits of old age. It made his high-colored regalia look suddenly absurd.

"I have every reason to believe that a diamond and emerald pendant which you gave to Miss Verlyn Vachell was stolen from her in a certain restaurant to-night," I said, deciding to give it to him without any beating about the bush.

He took it more coolly than I had expected. The half-narcotized cat-like look, nevertheless, went slowly out of his eyes.

"You are entirely mistaken," he said with quiet dignity. "For I have given the lady you mention no such jewel."

I could afford to laugh.

"Would you care to have me describe it?" I inquired.

"It would be interesting, perhaps," he blandly acknowledged, "but altogether superfluous. And I'm going to ask you to pardon my absence for a moment or two."

He left me standing there, like a peddler, a little taken aback by his sudden movement. But I knew, in my bones, that he was already busy at the telephone.

It was three or four minutes before he reappeared. His face was more mask-like than ever. He was plainly waiting for me to speak.

"Then I am to infer that you're not interested in the recovery of this jewel?" I asked.

"Not in the least," and his stare was plainly an unspoken dismissal. "Particularly since I have never been aware of its existence."

"Then," I said with an imitation of his own mock politeness, "the mistake has been altogether mine."

"Undoubtedly," he cut back. "Good-night."

"Good-night," I retorted, realizing that I despised Cappie Cairns quite as much as [illegible] did. I went down to my waiting taxi, climbed in, and drove home. It was half-way between midnight and morning, and the city was very quiet. I noticed, as I alighted, that a second taxi had again followed me to my own door. If Cappie Cairns was not interested in that canary-colored diamond, there was ac[illegible] that somebody else [illegible] I stayed all three on this incident, for I was tired and sleepy, and too old a bird at the shadowing game to let it interfere with my circulation. I went to bed and slept soundly, with the stolen pendant under my pillow and a number of unanswered questions at the back of [illegible]

It was almost noon when I wakened. I wakened, in fact, to the shrill of my call-bell, and found Sloan himself at the other end of the wire. A Fifth Avenue jeweler, he told me, had just reported the theft of a canary-colored diamond and two emeralds from one of his clients.

"That client, Balmy, is a Broadway actress named Vachell, and they were lifted in the Byzantine Room of that trottery you were telling me about last week. So you'd better get busy on the case."

"All right," I said as I hung up the receiver.

I bathed and breakfasted and dressed leisurely, thinking things over. Then I decided what to do.

I began by taking a taxicab to that resplendently foyered duplex apartment-house on the south side of Central Park where Verlyn Vachell held forth in state. It was two o'clock in the afternoon by this time. I had to be announced, handed on from one factotum to another, and finally found myself in a Jacobean room, confronted by a mulatto maid in a lawn cap and apron, with a King Charles spaniel snapping peevishly at my skirts. It didn't take me long to recognize the props.

I explained that the matter of my visit was an urgent one. There was a prolonged colloquy behind closed doors, and I was finally admitted to the royal presence.

Miss Verlyn Vachell, notwithstanding the hour, was still in bed when she received me, quite plainly resenting an intrusion at that unseemly time of day. She didn't even smile when I nearly fell over a florist's box of American Beauties almost as long as a coffin. For there was a voluptuous disarray about that chamber which for a moment rather overawed me.

The lady herself was in a flesh-pink night-dress of wash satin with a bolero-fashioned arrangement of handmade lace and hazy blue ribbon drawstrings. Beside her sumptuous and billowy four-poster stood a *chaise longue* in Adam design and shadow-cloth of ivory-white spangled with mauve and pale-green. It made me feel that I was confronting a toiler in the urban vineyard who was not missing quite all the good things of life. But the beauty on the regal bed put a stop to those meditations.

"Are you a newspaper woman?" she sharply and suspiciously demanded.

"Not altogether," I temporized.

"You're the photographer?" she suggested, almost hopefully, I thought. She must have suspected there was trouble in the wind.

"Not even that," I acknowledged, "though I spend most of my time in gathering proofs."

This quite uncalled-for sally of mine seemed to puzzle her. In fact, I could see her face visibly harden. And I knew that I disliked the woman more than ever. She seemed fraudulent. She was meretricious. Yet her name, I remembered, was worth money to a Broadway manager. I tried to tell myself that she might have come by her palatial setting more honestly than I had been willing to admit. Yet, even as I tried to do so, I found myself resenting her paraded magnificence, her theatricalities, her imperiousness that graded down into a sort of insolence, her eternal "show-pidgin," as they'd say in Chinatown. Yet it was doubtlessly making her feel like a second Empress Josephine as she posed against her two damask pillows in front of me. And the impatience born of all this parade, I suppose, made me a little more brutally frank than I'd intended to be.

"Miss Vachell, last night Carpenter Cairns gave you a canary-colored diamond set between two emeralds."

She looked at me for a moment or two out of wonderfully steady eyes.

"You are entirely mistaken," she said, with a superior and commiserative sort of smile.

"But that pendant was stolen last night from your hand-bag," I argued.

Again she studied my face.

"My press-agent is not always discreet, apparently," she finally ventured.

"Your press-agent has had nothing whatever to do with this," I promptly corrected.

"Did *you?*" she just as promptly demanded.

I realized, as I stood there trying to hold in my temper, that we weren't making much headway.

"No; but I'd like to have something to do with its recovery," I replied with forced quietness.

"When I lose any of my things like that," the empress on the Adam bed announced with large unconcern, "I usually recover them through my jewelers."

It hurt like a lash, of course. But I did my best to keep from showing it.

"It's quite plain that you've talked this over with Cappie," I softly informed her.

"With whom?" she snapped out. It reminded me of the King Charles spaniel.

"With Mr. Cairns," I amended.

"I know Mr. Cairns only in a business way," she frigidly announced.

"Then am I to understand that you deny he gave you a heart-shaped yellow diamond and that it was stolen from you half an hour after you received it from his hands?"

There was almost pity in her smile. She was acting better on that bed than she ever did on a stage.

"Why shouldn't I deny it?" she languidly demanded. "And it's all so—so awfully absurd!" She even tried to laugh, but the effort wasn't quite a success.

"Then you can't be interested in its recovery?"

It didn't take her long to become quite sober again.

"Not in the least. But I *am* rather interested in knowing just what business it might be of yours."

It was my turn to smile. The situation had actually become humorous. The irony of the thing was almost theatrical. She was afraid, just as Cappie Cairns had been afraid, and I knew it. The two people most interested in an incomparably fine diamond were denying all knowledge of its existence and all desire for its recovery. It was another case of "show-pidgin." A flawless reputation, after all, had to be counted even before a flawless stone. And the one thing to do, I then and there decided, was to take them at their own word.

"I don't suppose it's *any* business of mine," I acknowledged as I moved toward the door and for the second time nearly fell over the coffin of roses, "for naturally, if the pendant was never stolen you can't make a story out of it. And of course you don't want the story."

"Then you *are* a newspaper woman?" she half-declared and half-demanded. I stopped for a moment in the doorway.

"I'm afraid I'll never be a successful one," I announced as I bowed myself out. And I went down to the world of realities with a new resolution giving balm to my battered feelings.

I found myself hailed by a taxi-driver standing beside his cab. But it was not the driver I had instructed to wait for me.

"Your shoffer, ma'am, ran out o' gas and cut for the garodge, to save his fine," explained this placid-eyed substitute as he swung the door open for me. "Told me to wait and finish out your trip."

"You'll do," I assured him. But before I could climb into that taxi a pale-faced girl in a blue serge suit, who'd been standing at the edge of the sidewalk, stepped over in front of me.

"I've *got* to talk to you!" she declared, with a note of desperation in her voice.

"About what?" I demanded, studying her pallid face. It struck me as being an appealing one, one which touched your sympathy in spite of yourself.

"About this terrible thing that Will has done," she brokenly replied.

"Will who?"

"Will Whiteway. I'm the girl who—I'm Barbara Hilton. And I've just got to——"

"We'd better not talk here," I suggested.

"Then let me ride with you," she pleaded, "for only ten minutes in the Park, or I'll never be able to face him again."

I told my driver to take us up through Central Park somewhere. Then I climbed into the cab after the wan-faced girl.

"Now tell me about it," I said as we left the roar of the city behind us.

"I—I don't think I can," she whispered, with tremulous lips.

"Then why are you here?" I asked.

"I wanted to make sure you weren't going to be hard on Will, for—for what he did on the impulse of the moment. I know you don't understand. You couldn't. And I'm more to blame than he is. It's been me, *me*, who's kept him on at that work he hates so. For months and months now he's wanted me to go back to Oleon with him. He's begged and begged me. But I thought I could make a living down here, and I was afraid things mightn't turn out well if we went back. Will found it so hard to save, to get anything ahead. And he seemed moody and suspicious of my friends, of the friends I'd made in my work. And that made me harder on him than I ought to have been."

"And you care for him?" I asked, picturing the gaunt and sallow face of that young Pagliacci who capered daily and nightly to the strains of an orchestra capered while his heart was heavy and his thoughts were far afield.

"Yes," said the girl with a choke in her voice. "I care for him more than anything else in the world."

"But you know, of course, that he crocked the lady's Kimberley?" I had to speak lightly, to keep from making a donkey of myself and putting a motherly arm about that poor girl's drooping shoulder. For notwithstanding Sloan and his cynical barks about life, I felt an absurd and undeniable ache of sympathy for Willie Whiteway and the sweetheart he wanted to take back to Oleon.

"Yes, I know he took that diamond," acknowledged the girl at my side, her face rather white with humiliation. "He's told me everything."

"And what do you expect me to do?"

I could see her shaking shoulders square with sudden resolution.

"I want to take it back to its owner," she said.

My silence seemed to mystify her. She didn't realize it was a silence of amazement.

"Then let *him!*" she implored, looking up into my face. It was my smile now that was puzzling to her.

"That's impossible," I told her.

"Why?" she demanded, her voice going flat.

I was about to explain to her the extraordinary fact that its owner had declined to be interested in it. But I had no chance to do this, for the taxicab suddenly came to a stop.

Our driver, I could see, had been hailed by a slender-bodied youth who stepped out from between the shrubbery that lined the driveway. He was almost beside the taxi-door before I awakened to the fact that it was Willie Whiteway himself.

He opened that door with his own hand. He didn't speak to me, but stood there looking into the eyes of the girl at my side.

What unuttered interrogation he put to her, and what unspoken answer she in turn sent back to him, I had no means at the time of knowing. But he suddenly leaned closer into the cab, staring at me with a determined ferocity which startled me from that sleek and sallow young face.

"I want that diamond," he said with a masterfulness which I rather admired in him.

"Why?" I asked as I reached for my handbag.

He hesitated for a moment.

"Because I've got to start over again," he announced. "And that's the only way I can see to do it."

"I *want* you to start over!" I startled him by saying as I opened my bag.

"What?" he gasped.

"I say I want you two young people to take your chance, now it's here. And if you haven't as much right to this pendant as that sweet-scented pair who've been afraid to touch it with a ten-foot pole, then it's not for me to make myself into a judge and jury!"

And I was about to add "And bless you, my children!" as I handed the canary-colored diamond nestling between its two emeralds out to him. But something stopped me. For it wasn't until my Pagliacci reached out and took the pendant with his left hand that I noticed what he already held in his right hand.

What he held was a very snub-nosed looking revolver, a police revolver with a sawed-off barrel. It was the kind of a fire-arm, I remembered, much affected by the yegg and the professional hold-up man. And at almost the same moment that I realized this I saw a look pass between the youth with the revolver and the girl sitting so close at my side. It struck me as being a foolish look, a look of utter amazement touched with incredulity, the sort of look you're apt to wear when you suddenly find that you've been accepting a friend's unaffected straightforwardness for simple irony.

It was that look much more than the sight of the sawed-off revolver that sent all my benignant impulses suddenly scattering, about the same as meal scatters when a horse-coughs into a nosebag.

"Driver," I called out sharply, as I started to my feet. And the person addressed, I discovered, had to all appearances lapsed into a slumber of blissful unconcern.

"Driver!" I shouted, now in genuine alarm, not yet fully realizing that his indifference was a collusory one. I scarcely knew what I intended to do, for my whole apple-cart of valuations had suddenly gone

over. I merely knew that something was wrong, that everything was wrong. There was no longer a beleaguering look of pathos on the lean face of the lean young tango-rat beside me. It wore a wicked look now, and a furtive one. And it perplexed me to see him suddenly stoop low, close in beside the running-board. At the same moment the lithe-limbed young girl on my left, realizing better than I the full intent of that posture of humiliation, came into unexpected action. With one quick push she bunted me bodily and ignominiously out through the open door of that taxicab.

The result was what Toosey Attrill would have called doing a row of flips. I cascaded out over that obstructing body and rolled without grace or dignity along the well-oiled surface of an uncommonly hard macadamized driveway. I went over like a circus-tumbler doing a somersault over a trick donkey. I went over, in fact, more than once, stunned in mind as well as hurt and bruised in body. And as I struggled into a sitting posture I distinctly heard the crisp and business-like voice of Willie Whiteway say: "Let 'er out now, Steve, out to the limit!"

I sat there dazedly watching that taxicab sway out of sight beyond a turn in the driveway. Then I slowly and dejectedly gathered myself together, recovered my hand-bag, found my dust-covered gloves, and made my way to a Park bench, where I sat long and deep in thought.

Half an hour later I hailed an empty taxi and ordered the driver to take me straight down to the Alliance offices. There Inspector Sloan looked up at me with a meditative and impersonal eye.

"By the way, Balmy, I guess we've got a clue to that canary diamond that belonged to your beautiful blonde friend," he said as he reached for a scratch-pad.

"A clue?" I echoed without enthusiasm.

"Wilkins reports a leather-dip and gem-thief called Bronchial Billy stalling as an exhibition-dancer up at that Byzantine trottery. And I've just found out they've had seven jewel-thefts there inside of five weeks."

I backed up until I came to a chair. Then I sat down in it.

"He tries to pull the con stuff, and works with a chicken-stall who goes under the name of Baby Hilton, or sometimes Barbara Hilton," continued the Chief.

It gave me a decidedly queer feeling, but I did my best to keep my face straight.

"What name did you say that exhibition-dancer worked under?" I inquired.

"Willie Whiteway," was Sloan's pre-occupied reply. "And it's up to you to get the cuffs on him before he breaks for cover."

"*La comedia e fineta*," I slowly and thoughtfully repeated to myself.

"What's that?" snapped out the busy Inspector. But there was no use, of course, explaining it was the last line in "Pagliacci."

"I say I'm afraid we'll find our Willie has already flown the coop," I dispiritedly announced.

The next story in this series, "The Diamond Thieves," is entitled "The Bug in the Rug," and will appear in October "Hearst's."

NATION'S GREATEST TRIAL

(*Concluded from page 218*)

differences menace the unity and the solidarity of our purpose, and threaten to undermine the strength that is necessary to victory.

Every day of the trying future will make larger demands on our manhood, wrenching with equal force at our spiritual foundation as well as at the physical. The curse of war is less in its destruction of life and more in the destruction of ideals.

I am not one of those able to find comfort in optimism that has no saner base than hope. God grant that there may be soon an end to a war which fills the world with terror, and that the coming months may witness the victory that shall lift the black shadow of an insane militarism from a prostrate humanity. But mere desire is a weak foundation upon which to rest the safety of a nation and the honor of a people. A long war is the one assumption upon which we properly may proceed in sanity and in honesty. And a long war must inevitably carry with it full readiness for the ultimate service.

The American manhood of 1917 is the American manhood of '76 and '61. We are fighting for civilization.

Our nation, composed of many races, of people from very many lands, of many creeds, is not divided now. We are with those people, battling for the right. To them and to their cause—our cause now—we pledge ourselves until the cause is won.

Only a comparatively few of us will be privileged to wear the uniform and to follow the flag, but to all will come the opportunity for service. A modern army is strong only as the forces behind it are strong, and all the sacrifice of heroes will not avail unless there is a steady, strong and abundant support behind them.

Almost automatically the country decided that drink was not for the men who are to fight battles. And they have never murmured nor complained. Those of them who did not know that sobriety made for efficiency have found it out in the service of the flag.

If the term of universal service means anything at all, it means the service of every one, not only in arms, but in every activity of life.

Our country demands the best that is in us. We must work at our highest pressure, with clear heads and calm judgment. Whatever clogs our thinking or warps our judgment is a menace to the nation at the hour of its greatest trial.

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP IN CLEVELAND

(*Concluded from page 188*)

local utilities, and there is nothing in Cleveland's success which cannot be duplicated in any other American city whose citizens will supply the necessary courage, resolution and intelligence for the task.

Tractions—Three-Cent Fare

IT would be going far afield to give a complete and detailed account of the many ramifications of Cleveland's traction history. Readers are doubtless familiar with the broad outlines of that ten-year struggle: how Tom Johnson came back in 1900 to take up his permanent residence in Cleveland and to devote the remainder of his life to the betterment of municipal conditions, how he campaigned and won the office of mayor on a platform pledging uncompromising opposition to any franchise renewal which provided for a higher rate of car-fare than three cents, how he was elected and re-elected three times on the same issue, how as every tick of the clock brought the railway franchises one after another to their expiration, the Company offered six, then seven, and finally eight tickets for a quarter, how even a President of the United States was drawn into the fight to give his endorsement to one of the Company's mayoralty candidates, how with victory at last within reach the people turned Johnson out of office—spent in health and vigor, wrecked in fortune, but undaunted still in spirit, and how on the ashes of his defeat his associates, with Judge Robert W. Tayler, drafted a settlement that embodies most of the salient principles for which Mayor Johnson stood and which gives Cleveland car-riders transportation at cost, the municipality control of service and upkeep of property, and the company management and operation of the lines for a fixed term on an agreed valuation of the system.

All these are more or less familiar chapters of the Cleveland traction controversy. They represent the steady unfolding of the Johnson theory of street-railroad control, though in the end the Tayler ordinance (which is the name the plan goes by in Cleveland) contained in Mr. Johnson's view such vital defects that before his death, when the ordinance was up for ratification at a referendum election, he opposed its approval because it provided



Answering the Nation's Call

IN this "supreme test" of the nation, private interests must be subordinated to the Government's need. This is as true of the telephone as of all other instrumentalities of service.

The draft for war service which has been made upon the Bell System is summarized in a recent Government report.

Government messages are given precedence over commercial messages by means of 12,000 specially drilled long distance operators all over the country.

The long distance telephone facilities out of Washington have been more than doubled.

Special connections have been established between all military headquarters, army posts, naval stations and mobilization camps throughout the United States.

More than 10,000 miles of special systems of communication have been installed for the exclusive use of Government departments.

Active assistance has been given the Government by the Bell System in providing telephone communications at approximately one hundred lighthouses and two hundred coast guard stations.

Communication has been provided for the National Guard at railroad points, bridges and water supply systems.

A comprehensive system of war communication will be ready at the call of the Chief Signal Officer, and extensive plans for co-operation with the Navy have been put into effect with brilliant success.

As the war continues, the demands of the Government will increase. And the public can help us to meet the extraordinary conditions by putting restraint on all unnecessary and extravagant use of the telephone.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

Franklin H. Sargent, Pres.

The Standard Institution of Dramatic Education

Connected with Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre and Companies

For catalogue address the Secretary

Room 163 Carnegie Hall, New York

Short-Story Writing

A COURSE of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the Short Story taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, for years Editor of Lippincott's.



Dr. Esenwein

One student writes: — "Before completing the lessons, received over $1,000 for manuscript sold to Woman's Home Companion, Pictorial Review, McCall's and other leading magazines."

Also courses in Photoplay Writing, Versification and Poetics, Journalism. In all over One Hundred Courses, under professors in Harvard, Brown, Cornell, and other leading colleges.

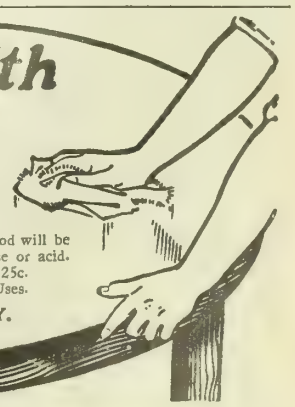
150-Page Catalog Free. *Please Address*

The Home Correspondence School

Dept. 200, Springfield, Mass.

Polish Table Tops with 3-in-One Oil





Fingermarks, cloudy blotches, surface scratches, all will disappear under the magic of 3-in-One. Sprinkle a few drops on a damp cheese-cloth, and rub the table *with the grain*. Rub only a small area at a time. Then polish with a dry woolen cloth. All the lustre and the beauty of the wood will be restored. Leaves no unpleasant odor and contains no grease or acid.

At all stores in bottles: 15c, 25c and 50c; in handy Oil Cans, 25c.

FREE—Send for generous sample and free Dictionary of Uses.

Three-in-One Oil Co., 165 CDF. Bdwy., N. Y.

a capitalization that still contained $8,000,000 of water, too high a maximum rate of fare, and cumbersome arbitration machinery for the settlement of disputes.

The people, however, approved the Tayler ordinance, and on March 1, 1910, it went into effect. Before reviewing its operation for the past six years let me sketch its chain of provisions.

The city controls and specifies service through the medium of the city council and the latter's technical adviser, the street railroad commissioner, the company runs the road on fixed allowances for operation and maintenance, employs and discharges officers, operatives, clerks, etc., expends revenues subject to the supervision of city authorities, and stockholders receive a guaranteed and fixed return of six per cent. Cost of transportation includes legitimate operating expenses, maintenance, renewal and depreciation charges, interest and taxes. There are ten possible rates of fare, ranging from the maximum, four cents cash fare or seven tickets for twenty-five cents and one cent for a transfer, to the minimum, flat two cents cash fare. The prevailing rate of fare is determined by a barometer reserve called the Interest Fund, which contained $500,000 in the beginning, and which always reveals the net balance after all costs of operation, etc., are met. When the fund shows an amount over $700,000 the fare is reduced to the next lower rate, when it goes below $300,000 the fare is raised to the next higher rate, the intention of the ordinance being that it shall stay approximately at $500,000. The initial rate of fare was three cents and one cent for a transfer; this was lowered to flat three cents fare on June 1, 1911, but was restored to the initial rate in September, 1914. Differences between the company and the city which cannot be adjusted amicably are settled by arbitration. As for municipal ownership, the city reserves the right either to purchase the property upon six months' notice, or after January 1, 1918, to designate a purchaser, the purchase price to be the ordinance value plus authorized future additions to the property. If the purchase is made before the expiration of the grant a ten-per-cent. bonus is added to the ordinance value, less bonds and floating debt, which the city assumes. The company's franchise expires May 1, 1934, but the city has a continuing option to renew it for a longer period upon the same terms as in the original grant.

The foregoing are the chief points of the settlement ordinance. The valuation fixed by Judge Tayler in the final negotiations was a little more than $24,000,000 separated as follows: stock—$14,675,000; bonds—$8,128,000, and floating indebtedness $1,288,000. This valuation was about $10,000,000 less than the lowest figure placed upon the property by the company; on the other hand, it was about $8,000,000 higher than the city contended it should be. For, according to Mayor Johnson, the company was allowed $3,600,000 for its unexpired franchises, $2,600,000 for special overhead charges and $1,800,000 for pavement—the first of which should not have been allowed because it took no note of franchises operated at a loss; the second item added a special overhead to the regular overhead contained in the valuation schedules and was therefore a gratuitous addition, and the third—pavement—should not have been allowed because it really constituted the company's license-fee to the city for the use of its streets. No one has ever successfully refuted the soundness of Mayor Johnson's objections, and yet it must be noted that even with the settlement valuation in excess of the physical worth of the property, the company's stockholders only got fifty-five for their stock in the reorganization that followed. And of equal importance is the fact that with three-cent fare and universal transfers still manages to do it [illegible] a half-million dollars annually on the water that still remains in the capitalization.

That brings us directly to the concrete results of operation under the Tayler ordinance. We may as well epitomize the situation as it [illegible]

Three-cent fare with universal transfers, unrivaled day service and excellent rush-hour service, in well-ventilated and well-lighted [illegible] cars, operated by [illegible] as can be found in any city of the country and operated by the highest-paid, best-treated trainmen in the world, is an actual, persistent reality on exhibition twenty four hours a day in the city of Cleveland, which has a population, including its environs, of 800,000 inhabitants.

Service has been constantly improved both during the day and in the morning and evening rush hours. Throughout the day only about five hundred cars are needed to operate the lines, but at night traffic checks show that over three times that number are needed and the company operates upward of fifteen hundred cars between four and six o'clock P. M. It has been said on good authority that there is not a city in the country that operates three times as many cars during the peak period as are operated the remainder of the day. The explanation is simple—in Cleveland profits are limited to six per cent., and the aim is to secure the "best transportation at cost" at all hours; elsewhere, profits are unlimited and the aim is to nurse the system along during the day, and, using substantially the same number of cars, make a "haul" in receipts in the morning and evening by crowding equipment to capacity.

No better rolling-stock will be found anywhere in the country. Hundreds of large center-entrance motor cars and trailers have been purchased in the last three years, the purchases being the largest in American railway annals for a similar period of time. Trailers were bought because rush-hour equipment was only needed for two or three hours a day. Trailers cost $3,000 apiece instead of $6,000, the cost of a good motor car; consequently, they reduce the money tied up and drawing interest twenty-one out of twenty-four hours, while doing the work more efficiently than two motor cars, for it is easier to operate a train of two cars through crowded streets at night than two motor cars separately. Plans for the future call for the purchase of one hundred and fifty to two hundred cars annually.

Nor have the roadbed, equipment or overhead construction been allowed to run down. The two chief falsehoods about the Cleveland traction situation that residents are frequently called upon to refute regard service and upkeep. The former has been discussed. As for the latter, all that need be said is that during the first three years of operation, March, 1910, to March, 1913, there was spent the sum of $4,200,000 for maintenance and depreciation. During the same period the average physical value of the system, including cars, track and power facilities, was $17,600,000. In other words, in three years nearly twenty-five per cent. of the entire value of the road was spent to rehabilitate and keep the system in a high standard of repair, and this out of current earnings. If this policy is adhered to in the future, the system will be renewed out of earnings at a rate that will substantially replace it in twelve years. When one considers that the lowest life placed upon a street-railway property by experts is fifteen years, Cleveland's rate of replacement appears extravagant under five-cent fare and impossible with three-cent fare. Nevertheless "there is such an animal," and Cleveland is keeping her street-car system in unrivaled condition under three-cent fare.

And now what about the actual dollars and cents saving? In the six years and more that have elapsed since the ordinance went into effect, a saving in car-fares of approximately $25,000,000, or about $4,000,000 annually, has been realized for the car-riders. That this has meant a substantial saving to everybody, especially the poorer classes, goes without saying. The average family of five, for example, has saved about $40 a year. But permit me to make a more significant, if somewhat fanciful, comparison. Four million dollars is five per cent. annually on $80,000,000. If Tom Johnson, instead of dedicating his talents and efforts to the street-railroad problem, had continued to devote them to the accumulation of a huge fortune, and at his death had left $80,000,000 to the city with a direction that it be spent for beneficent municipal undertakings, he would have been hailed as one of the greatest of modern benefactors. Monuments and memorial halls and bronze tablets would have been dedicated to the perpetuation of his memory, for his bequest would have added vastly to the facilities of the city. But Tom Johnson did something better than leave money. He taught the people of Cleveland how to make $80,000,000 for themselves, how by joining hands and reclaiming their own domain—the public streets—they could earn the right to all the fruits that resulted therefrom. And by teaching them how to do it in tractions he blazed the way for similar collective efforts in the field of other municipal utilities.

Undoubtedly one of the most wholesome results of three-cent fare has been its effect upon the housing problem. A high rate of fare for a long distance absolutely compels the poorer classes to live within the zone of cheap fares. This has been one of the chief reasons elsewhere for congested tenement districts. Cleveland scarcely knows what the tenement-house problem is, and as years go by the possibility of the problem becomes more and more remote. Three-cent fare is doing it by making it possible to live eight or nine miles from the center of population, and to ride twenty miles across town for a single fare. Make it possible for people to live out in the open away from the stress and turmoil and crowding of shop, factory and business districts by furnishing cheap car-fare, and the tenement-house problem will solve itself.

The company is a generous employer. The rate of wages for motormen and conductors is thirty-one to thirty-four cents an hour and the average for the system about thirty-three cents an hour, or about four cents higher than the average rate in the United States, whether for unionized systems or not. This liberality of compensation to operating employees is characteristic of the compensation to all other employees, both salaried and wage-earning.

What, then, is the secret of Cleveland's pronounced success with three-cent fare? The answer lies at the surface and is the same as may be given for the success of any sound and enterprising business. First, reduction from five-cent to three-cent fare has resulted in a heavy stimulation in the number of car-riders. This, together with the increase of "short-haul" traffic, has been so tremendous as to materially cut down the losses due to fare reductions. Secondly, and this supplies the rest of the explanation, the property has been operated on a valuation approximating its real value and without possibility of speculative profits.

Municipal Electric-Light Plant—Three-Cent Light

THE profound popular education and awakened civic conscience which the traction war had brought about naturally did not cease with the successful consummation of the street-railway struggle. On the contrary, it made the people of Cleveland zealous about public property and public rights in every direction and keen for a wider and fuller extension of municipal enterprise. Consequently, it was not long before public attention was turned toward the electric-light monopoly. During the street-railway fight the local electric monopoly had made itself conspicuous by giving aid and comfort to every individual or movement that was engaged in throwing obstacles in the city's path. And Tom Johnson had prophesied that with the settlement of the street-railway situation the solution of the electric-light problem would come next.

His prediction came true only a few months after his death. In November, 1911, after a stirring campaign, the city of Cleveland voted on a bond issue of $2,000,000 to build a large modern municipal lighting plant, and to enlarge and extend the then-existing distribution system, with the understanding that current was to be sold for electric light and power purposes at a rate not to exceed three cents per k. w. h. At that time the city owned and operated two small plants, one in South Brooklyn and one in Collinwood, both of which had been acquired when these villages were annexed. The proposed plant was therefore to be the city's first undertaking on a large scale, one sufficiently large to give effective competition to the entrenched monopoly. The result of the election was decisive. The bonds were authorized by 12,500 more than the two-thirds majority required.

On assuming the office of mayor on January 1, 1912, it became my duty to carry out the popular mandate. It was, of course, evident that if the ends which the city was seeking could be procured by peaceful methods it would be unwise to wage a costly war of competition. So far as regulation locally or through some State body was concerned, the city believed the door closed, or at least so little ajar as to offer slight hope of obtaining just rates and undiscriminating service. The people showed clearly by their overwhelming vote that they wanted municipal ownership, that a competing plant or the possibility of a competing plant was the only effective weapon left, and that instead of prolonging the controversy until every other expedient had been tried and abandoned, they preferred to take up directly the means that would lead to a permanent solution.

Nevertheless it seemed to me that if the local company was willing to sell out to the city at a fair appraisal of its property, the city would thus be able to get municipal ownership much sooner, consumers cheap current and impartial service more quickly, and we would avoid the construction of a plant which would perhaps duplicate the equipment of the private company to a greater or less degree. The company was therefore offered an opportunity to sell its property to the city at a fair appraisal and a formal offer was made to this effect, but the company flatly turned it down. Instead, it intimated that it was prepared to accept the alternative consequence and made its position so conclusive as to leave no room for doubt as to the attitude of belligerency and antagonism which it was ready to assume definitely.

So the city proceeded to apply the alternative. After many obstacles and much delay the bonds for the plant were sold, and with the proceeds contracts for the various sections of the work let. The work took about two years, and on July 20, 1914, the new plant, located at the foot of East 53d Street on Lake Erie, had been completed and was put into operation, supplying current to such lines of the new distribution system as had been constructed up to that date, and also feeding current into the distribution system of the old South Brooklyn Station.

The rates have been constantly maintained in spite of severe competition from the private company, and each month has seen the roll of customers growing in number. At the present time the plant has 17,250 customers. Each day puts the enterprise more firmly and securely on its feet, and in spite of the combination of low rates, good service, high wages and expensive fuel and raw material, the success of three-cent light has been established. It will soon be necessary for the city to enlarge its system with the construction of another big unit. The demand for cheap light has been so persistent that the plant has found it impossible to withstand it and both a new generating station and additional distribution lines will have to be built to keep pace with the demands of customers and the growth of the city.

How has this affected the dominion of the local monopoly and to what extent has the city solved its problem? It is commonly known that erstwhile practices of discrimination have been and are being gradually eliminated, that the service has improved markedly, so that the company now advertises this factor as one of its chief advantages, while rates in several classifications have been reduced. The company has a lively appreciation of and a wholesome respect for its competitor, maintains a very active publicity bureau to extol its own virtues and deprecate the need or importance of municipal ownership, and every phase and department is "on its toes" to turn every new situation to the advantage of the company.

The city, meanwhile, has passed an ordinance fixing the maximum rate for privately manufactured electricity at three cents per k. w. h. and this ordinance has been in effect since June, 1914. Of course, the company contested its validity and appealed to the State public utilities for relief from the rate. The appeal, however, obligated the company to put up a very large indemnity bond to protect consumers in the rebates above the three-cent rate to which they will be entitled if this rate is ultimately sustained, and it also precipitated a thing the company had long and ardently resisted, namely, a physical valuation of its property. This valuation has been completed, and together with the contested rate is now pending for determination before the State Commission.

Thus, up to the present moment, the city's progress in the solution of the electricity problem has been successful and profitable. Three-cent current with adequate service has been demonstrated as much a success as three-cent car-fare. All the elements for a permanent and satisfactory settlement are now in the hopper, and with intelligent and vigorous advocacy of the city's case on the part of her administrative officers there need be no doubt about the outcome. Whether it be effective regulation in the interest of the consumer, or consolidation of the two plants under municipal ownership, matters not. Inevitably victory will be with the city and the people will be generously and rightfully rewarded and reimbursed for the costs of the conflict. For municipal control and ownership of all enterprises affected with a public interest are obvious chapters in the evolution of the American city.

BACK TO NATURE AND RETURN

Concluded from page 205

me, I'm done with it. The thing's worked out. I'm going back to the city to see whether I can't, right there in the heat of the city, earn myself a livelihood with my unaided hands and brains. That's the real problem, no more bumming on the animals for me. This bush business is too easy. Well, good-by; I'm off."

"But stop a minute," I said. "How is it that if what you say is true I haven't seen or heard anybody in the bush, and I've been here since the middle of the morning?"

"Nonsense," the man answered. "They were probably all round you but you didn't recognize them."

"No, no, it's not possible. I lay here dreaming beneath a tree and there wasn't a sound, except the twittering of a squirrel and, far away, the cry of a lake-loon, nothing else."

"Exactly, the twittering of a squirrel! That was some feller up the tree twittering to beat the band to let on that he was a squirrel, and no doubt some other feller calling out like a loon over near the lake. I suppose you gave them the answering cry?"

"I did," I said. "I gave that low guttural note which——"

"Precisely—which is the universal greeting in the freemasonry of animal speech. I see you've got it all down pat. Well, good-by again. I'm off. Oh, don't bother to growl, please. I'm sick of that line of stuff."

"Good-by," I said. He slid through the bushes and disappeared. I sat where I was, musing, my work interrupted, a mood of bitter disillusionment heavy upon me. So I sat, it may have been for hours.

In the far distance I could hear the faint cry of a bittern bitterning in some lonely marsh.

"Now, who the deuce is making that noise," I muttered; "some silly fool, I suppose, trying to think he's a waterfowl. Cut it out!"

Long I lay, my dream of the woods shattered, wondering what to do.

Then suddenly there came to my ear the loud sound of voices, human voices, strident and eager with nothing of the animal growl in them.

"He's in there. I seen him!" I heard some one call.

RAPIDLY I dived sideways into the underbrush, my animal instinct strong upon me again, growling as I went. Instinctively I knew that it was I that they were after. All the animal joy of being hunted came over me. My union suit stood up on end with mingled fear and rage.

As fast as I could I retreated into the wood. Yet somehow, as I moved, the wood, instead of growing denser seemed to thin out. I crouched low, still growling and endeavoring to bury myself in the thicket. I was filled with a wild sense of exhilaration such as any lover of the wild life would feel at the knowledge that he is being chased, that some one is after him, that some one is perhaps just a few feet behind him, waiting to stick a pitchfork into him as he runs. There is no ecstasy like this.

Then I realized that my pursuers had closed in on me. I was surrounded on all sides. The woods had somehow grown thin.

They were like the mere shrubbery of a park—it might be of Central Park itself. I could hear among the deeper tones of men the shrill voices of boys. "There he is," one cried, "going through them bushes! Look at him humping himself!" "What is it, what's the sport?" another called.

"Some crazy guy loose in the park in his underclothes and the cops after him."

THEN they closed in on me. I recognized the blue suits of the police force and their short clubs. In a few minutes I was dragged out of the shrubbery and stood in the open park in my pajamas, wide awake, shivering in the chilly air of early morning.

Fortunately for me, it was decided at the police-court that sleepwalking is not an offense against the law. I was dismissed with a caution.

My vacation is still before me, and I still propose to spend it naked. But I shall do so at Atlantic City.





HOW do you know it's Dinner Time?

"Your Nose Knows"

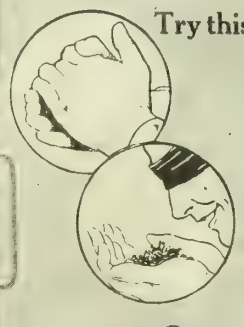
By the *fragrance!* How the frying bacon whets your hungry appetite and promises a keen delight to come. Just so the *pure fragrance* of a good tobacco promises absolute smoke satisfaction. No sense on earth is so dependable as that of *pure fragrance*—"Your Nose Knows."

Such a promise you will find in

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

Made of the most *fragrant* leaves of the tobacco plant—the tender, Burley leaves, ripened in the Blue Grass sunshine of Old Kentucky, mellowed and carefully blended—Tuxedo has a *pure fragrance* all its own—"Your Nose Knows."



Try this Test:—Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious *pure fragrance* will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment—

"Your Nose Knows"



Guaranteed by

The American Tobacco Co.

INCORPORATED

MY FIFTY YEARS IN THE NAVY

(*Continued from page 185*)

salmon, tobacco, flannel and blankets would be generously returned.

Cheap seemed satisfied with these terms, and as he was a wily individual, and quite alive to his own interests, I really believe he used all his influence while we were there to keep the peace; but as the Indians continued to gather, and we knew that the fresh arrivals were avaricious, we still felt that there was some danger of an outbreak. One day, when several hundred of them had congregated in front of our camp, and were showing a constant disposition to edge closer, we ran out a twelve-pound howitzer from its hiding-place in the woods. Having neither shrapnel nor canister, we had—this was the suggestion of Ingraham, a boatswain's mate—filled it nearly full of small cans packed with pebbles. We motioned the Indians to stand aside, giving them to understand in sign language that every living thing in our line of fire would cease to exist. When we had finally secured a clear field and let go it seemed as if a perfect storm of hail had burst upon the waters of the bay. After the gun had been run back to its lair, we beckoned the aborigines to return, but very few accepted the invitation. Even our friend Cheap, at his next visit, seemed very ill at ease. In spite of the respect this maneuver had inspired we kept up all precautions. One commissioned officer, with a petty officer and four men, were on guard, day and night. I still had in reserve the threat of uncorking a bottle of smallpox—so effective, as Washington Irving tells us, in "Astoria."

One morning we found that a small steamer, the *Otter*, belonging to the Hudson Bay Company, had come to anchor off our camp. I had an interview with her captain and contracted with him to take us and such stores as were saved to Victoria. He was rather inclined to take advantage of our situtation, we thought, and I consequently enjoyed his confusion and rueful protests when I made him include among his receipts a quantity of brass tubes, which he had stowed away as part of his own cargo. We had intended to take them out of the wreck at low tide, but discovered the morning before we sailed that the captain had forestalled us at this work.

On our way south in the *Otter* we met the *Sparrowhawk* coming north, just at the upper end of Seymour's Narrows. Her captain brought word from Admiral Thatcher that he was sending a small steamer, the *Forward*, to the scene of the wreck to bring us away, and that the *Suwanee's* guns must be saved if possible. I concluded that I might as well continue in the *Otter* until we should meet the *Forward*, and it was not long after this that we sighted a large bay steamer, the *New World*, which it seemed had been sent in her place. On board was our navigator, Lieutenant-Commander George Wood, Ensign Thomas Perry, and twenty of our men. The Admiral had sent me permission to travel south at the first opportunity, but Greenleaf, Chasmar, Wilson and I decided to transfer to the *New World* and return with Wood to Hope Island. Perry took Wilson's place in the *Otter*.

The *New World* had brought diving apparatus and a professional diver, rejoicing in the euphonious title of "Billy the Bug," but when this gentleman saw the position of the wreck he decided the risks were too great and [illegible]

Hearing of this, Mirch, our gunner's-mate, immediately volunteered his services. The day he began operations everything was favorable, and though the current was strong, the water was so clear that the hatches of the storeroom on the second deck below could be plainly seen. While Mirch's armor and helmet were being adjusted on the hurricane deck, the Indians, who had flocked to [illegible] ship's rail which had not been submerged. They kept a tight clutch on their canoes, and [illegible] on at a safer distance if Cheap had not commanded them by motions to remain. He was [illegible] to the spar-deck, walked slowly along it, remaining an unnatural length of time beneath the water, as it seemed to them. But when he approached the steerage hatch, and began his descent into the deeper darkness below, flesh and blood could bear it no longer. It was too much even for Cheap. With a cry of terror he leaped for his canoe and led the flight. We could see him and his followers still spattering water as they rounded the point, and it was several days before they again honored us with a visit. Usually we would have been glad enough to have them keep away, but at this time it happened that Wood wanted to get some information from Cheap, and after waiting in vain for him to put in an appearance finally decided to make a visit to his village.

Wood and I were the only officers in the party, and we had our revolvers in our belts, but none of the men in our boat's crew were armed, as we considered that we were making a friendly call. We discovered soon after landing that the friendliness was all on one side. Cheap was not at home, and in his absence we found we were distinctly unwelcome. An ugly-looking half-breed, who was manifestly trying to foment the ill-feeling against us, came up to me, gesturing and muttering excitedly, and before I knew what he was about snatched the revolver from my belt. Quick as the action was, Wood was quicker. Before the half-breed could free my revolver of its leather guard Wood's was at his head, and the cool contact of its muzzle caused him to hand back my weapon with almost comical rapidity. The other Indians who had surged forward on this movement of their leader retreated, and Wood, lowering his revolver slowly, motioned the half-breed to go, and he slunk off completely cowed. It occurred to me that it would have been prudent to have held him as a hostage until we were safely in our boat, but Wood's contemptuous treatment of him so impressed the other Indians that they gave us no further trouble.

We saved all the ammunition in the after part of the *Suwanee* and her guns, with the exception of the forward one-hundred-pounder.

DETACHED from the Pacific fleet and ordered home, I took passage on the steamer *Golden City* for Panama. At Aspinwall, now called Colon, I transferred to the *Alaska*. She was just casting off her lines to leave the dock, when a messenger came running down it with orders for the captain to make fast again, and wait for passengers just arrived at Panama by a South Pacific steamer. They proved to be officers and men from the *Dacotah* and the survivors of the *Wateree* and *Fredonia*, vessels destroyed by the earthquake at Arica; nearly three hundred in all. Among them was my classmate, George T. Davis. He asked me to visit his home in Greenfield, Massachusetts, on the way to my own in Montpelier. I was very easily persuaded to do so, as I had seen his sister Louisa several years before, then a young girl, and I was anxious to see if her face or expression had changed. The visit resulted in our engagement and we were married on April 8, 1869. The Greenfield paper in announcing the event gave me a higher rank than I have ever attained since, referring to me as Charles E. Clark, Lieutenant-*Commanding* the United States Navy!

We have two daughters, Mary Louise, married to Captain S. S. Robison, U.S.N.,[1] and Caroline Russell, married to Captain C. F. Hughes, U.S.N.,[2] and one granddaughter, Louisa Russell Hughes.

In September, 1870, I became navigator of the monitor *Dictator*, the "Richard Murphy" as the sailors used to call her. She was then the largest of our ironclads and also the most heavily armored, but through some mistake in her construction she had only one turret, and her battery consequently was only half that of the *Monadnock*. Her overhang was nowhere less than four feet wide, and because of her great length she would, when pitching in a heavy sea, strike this projecting part with such force that it seemed as if the next shock must inevitably tear her open and founder her. Many of her crew never went below in rough weather, saying they did not propose to be caught like rats in a trap without even the chance for a swim.

On our way south from Hampton Roads, during what was generally known in the service as the first Cubic War, we encountered a gale while in the Gulf Stream and our wheel-ropes parted. The space between deck and boilers was less than two feet, and as it was therefore impossible for men to repair the damage to the ropes with steam up, we were obliged to haul fires. So for hours we lay in the trough of a heavy sea, which swept our decks, submerging everything but the turret and the light deck extending from it to the smokestack. The tugs, which were with us as consorts, the *Standish* and *Triana*, were absolutely useless; the former lost her rudder and the latter her propeller, but they managed, one steaming and the other steering, to get into port.

Before ending this cruise we went to Port au Prince, Hayti, in company with the flagship *Severn* and the *Saugus*. Santo Domingo was then considering annexation to the United States, and as there was some idea that Hayti might wish to interfere, we were sent there to bully her into keeping her hands off.

From Port au Prince we went to Samana Bay, Santo Domingo, where the sentiment of the party in power seemed strong in favor of annexation. I remember the mulatto pilot, who tried to induce our captain to let him take the ship into port, was an enthusiastic partisan. He had voted several times already, he told us, and meant to vote again when he got ashore, and when we inquired about the proportion of those who were against the measure, he assured us that they were not allowed to vote at all! If there were truth in his account of affairs it must be concluded that the eventual decision against annexing Santo Domingo must have come from the United States.

My first shore duty was at the Naval Academy, Annapolis. I was there from 1870 to 1873 as an instructor and assistant to the Commandant of Midshipmen.

After my three years at the Academy I was ordered as executive to another monitor, the *Mahopac*, lying at Norfolk. They were rush orders, for war was again threatened with Spain on account of the *Virginius* affair, and all was hurry and hustle. I reached New York City in a driving snowstorm, too late to catch any night train south, and crossed over to Jersey City to be sure of the first train in the morning. It was a case of "much haste, worse speed." The hotel clerk with whom I left word to be called chose that occasion to indulge in a fit, and I slumbered peacefully on through part of the next day.

The *Mahopac* got off the day after her officers reported, some workmen from the navy yard going in her as far as Hampton Roads, working to the last minute to stop the leaks which would have been fatal to a vessel of her class.

On our arrival at Key West we found nearly everything we possessed in the way of a navy assembled there, the European and South Atlantic fleets having been recalled. Our all was not much at that date, but the Spaniards were no better off than we, so I imagine a fight would have seen us on the winning side. Nearly all our ships were fitted with spar torpedoes, and these were expected to inflict great damage on the enemy, always providing he would stay quiet until we got alongside, and that we were not "hoist first" through the spar breaking or the guys carrying away.

But of course our chief concern was target practice, and a Board of three officers was created to superintend it. They decided that six hundred yards was the proper distance to begin with, but our Captain, O'Kane, agreed with me that this would bring the target absurdly close. He told me to set ours at two thousand yards, and he would go aboard, the flagship and take up the matter with the authorities. He had scarcely pulled away when the three officers composing the Board arrived. They made themselves quite disagreeable over our failure to adopt the distance they had suggested, and I had to send out a boat to bring the target in to the six-hundred-yard line. Executives of monitors in those days often fired the guns themselves and I was generally regarded as a good shot. Allowing for the vessel to sheer a little, I pointed ahead, waited for the contact and fired, hoping my luck would stand by me. I knew it had when I saw the men crowding their heads into the port as the gun recoiled. "There ain't any target, sir!" cried one, as I stepped outside and was greeted by the long faces o' the Board.

I put on an injured look and said regretfully: "Well, you see how it is. We can only get one shot a day, and our material for targets will have to be increased."

Indeed, the little tent-shaped target was absolutely obliterated, its center stick having been struck at the base, and the Board which had been eloquent about getting the Admiral's ear and O'Kane's scalp made a silent and solemn departure.

The war flurry over, and the fleet dispersed, I went home for a short leave, at the end of which I received orders to the Asiatic station. As I was to go out by steamer from San Francisco, my wife and our two little girls, then nearly five and three years of age, were able to accompany me.

The good ship *Colorado* took us through to Yokohama in twenty-three days. She was a side-wheeler with a single engine, and had opened the line to China and Japan when I was in San Francisco eight years before. During the whole trip of five thousand miles we encountered neither gale nor sail.

I reported to Admiral Pennock in Yokohama, where he was flying his flag on the *Hartford* whose cabin I entered for the first time since my memorable interview with Farragut. He assigned me to the *Yantic* as Executive.

It was not long after this, while we were at Amoy, that our Captain received some cabled instructions from Admiral Pennock, ending with the words: "Clark's family all right." Of course I knew that there must be some reason for this statement of what seemed to me an obvious fact, and a few hours later, when we heard that Nagasaki had been swept by the most terrific typhoon that had been remembered in years, I was grateful indeed for the Admiral's thoughtfulness. The destruction had been almost unprecedented, and among the houses blown down was one standing next the hotel where my family was staying.

After seven months in the *Yantic* I was ordered to the *Hartford* as Executive, and when she sailed for home, to the *Kearsarge*. The *Kearsarge* was then the largest ship left on the station, so when I offered to exchange with Craven, who was my senior, and who was attached to the *Monocacy*, I suppose I got credit for magnanimity to which I was not entitled. I did not feel bound to confess that the change appealed to me, because I felt sure the *Monocacy* would soon go to Shanghai for extensive repairs. The rest of my cruise was spent on this ship, which was so long identified with the Asiatic Station. When I joined her, Captain Joseph Fyffe was in command. This officer claimed descent from the "first families of America," or in other words, the noble red man, and this blood of the Delawares in his veins accounted for an almost childlike tendency to pose and bluster, which was tempered, however, by a keen sense of humor. He set great store by a decoration that he had received after making an expedition to the Arctic, and whenever visitors were on board this medal, with the Queen's head engraved on it, was sure to be brought out for their inspection, while he related with great gusto that when wearing it once at the court of the Emperor of Brazil he had been addressed as Chevalier by His Imperial Majesty. The exhibition of the souvenir soon became my cue to send to the wardroom for a Siamese medal, which had been dealt out to one of our officers during a visit to Bangkok, and which was nearly as large and thick as a disk of pilot bread. The Captain was so disgusted with my want of taste in showing this "white elephant monstrosity" and bragging about the amount of silver in it, that he gradually gave up the display of his own. "Can't you tell a decoration from a dinner-plate, Clark?" he would remonstrate after the visitors had departed.

It was during our cruise among the islands of the Inland Sea that I one day overheard the Captain administering comfort in his own peculiar fashion to a party of Japanese who were visiting the ship. They were worried because some American missionaries had settled in their little community and Chris-

[1]Captain S. S. Robison took part in the battle of Manila Bay, and now commands the battleship [illegible]

[2]Captain C. F. Hughes now commands the bat[illegible] ... Chief of Staff with Ad[illegible] ... Battleship ... officers, under ... rs to Tampico, proceeded to Vera Cruz instead. [illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible] ...

tianity was on the increase. "Don't worry about the Christians," said Fyffe consolingly. "We've always had them at home, and we don't trouble."

"But do you have so many?" was the anxious inquiry.

"Do we?" exclaimed Fyffe. "Why, we're simply overrun with them!" and the delegation departed, seemingly reassured.

At the end of our pleasant summer in Japan we received orders to proceed to Tientsin on the Pei-Ho River. It was then, as it is now, the nearest port to Peking that could be reached by men-of-war, and the English, French, Russians and Americans were each supposed to keep a vessel there. We expected to remain for the winter, for the Pei-Ho freezes over when cold weather begins. We had only been lying at our anchorage off Tientsin a short time when the Captain concluded to change his position and drop a little further down river. I suggested that, instead of getting up steam, he let me try to "club" her down. In "clubbing" one allows the anchor to drift along just touching bottom, veering chain when it is necessary to bring the ship up. Our journey down stream was brief, but full of incident. Our first move fouled the anchor of the English gunboat *Growler*, and we had scarcely got clear of her when we became entangled with the cable of the French ship, the *Surprise*, and succeeded in pulling out her bitts and part of her rail. Of course there was a lively commotion on board, but our Captain immediately became so vociferous about "clubbing" in general, and what he meant to do to me in particular, that the French commander's indignation for his ship almost disappeared in his concern for "*ce pauvre M. Clark.*"

Ice had just begun to form in the river when we got word that Mr. Avery, our Minister, had died in Peking, and Captain Fyffe at once decided that it was his duty to take the body on board the *Monocacy* and leave for Shanghai.

Whether or not Captain Fyffe's move to Shanghai was approved by the authorities, there was at any rate no chance of getting up the Pei-Ho again that winter, so the long-anticipated repairs at the Tunkadoo Docks began.

When our repairs were completed we made a trip up the Yangtse River. Our first stop was where the Grand Canal and the river unite, and our second at the city of Nanking, which we left the next afternoon, steaming about twenty-five miles above it before we anchored for the night. The Captain was anxious to make a very early start in the morning, as he wished to reach Poyang Lake before dark. He had not been feeling very well that day, and told me that he should expect me to get the ship under way. I had heard it said that vessels had swung to the flood as far up as Nanking, but we were two hundred miles from the sea and the thought that the tide could affect us occurred neither to me nor to our pilot, Mr. Jousberry. At the first faint sign of daylight we hove short, and as soon as Jousberry thought he could distinguish the banks of the river and keep the channel we got under way. As the sun rose, I went up on the paddle-box to have a look around, and one of the first things I noticed were the walls of quite a sizable city some distance ahead. "Jousberry!" I called, "what city is this we're coming to on the north bank?"

"You must be mistaken," he answered. "There's no city along here."

"Well, there certainly is one," I insisted, "and to me it looks very much like Nanking."

"Impossible," said he, and then, following the direction of my finger, gasped "Great Scott! It is Nanking, and we're going down river! We must have swung!"

I asked: "Is there any place near here wide enough for us to turn without stopping and backing? The Captain would be sure to notice if we had to back. He'd think we'd struck a snag and would be up on deck in a minute."

Jousberry knew of a good place just below, and by taking the chief-engineer into our confidence we got her swung about and pointed up-stream. I then seated myself on the cabin hatchway, ready to head off the Captain should he decide to turn out. Pretty soon I heard him stirring, and unfortunately Nanking was still in sight. I used every art I could muster to keep his attention on me and away from the scenery. I even urged him to tell his favorite yarn, which I had heard so often I could have repeated it word for word. At last the obnoxious city had sunk out of sight astern, and when the Captain made another start for the hurricane deck I did not try to detain him. He soon began to notice remarkable resemblances to places we had passed the day before, and then he got out the chart, and made Jousberry's life wretched by demanding explanations. Jousberry only told the truth once that day, and that was a fatal mistake, for it led him into a perfect bog of conflicting statements. Of course we did not reach Poyang Lake, for we had nearly sixty lost miles to make up. As we were passing its entrance the next day I approached the Captain with the chart under my arm, but he declined to look at it. "Take it away!" he grumbled. "It's a delusion and a snare. I won't believe a thing about this river hereafter except what Jousberry tells me!"

We had expected when we left Shanghai that the limit of our trip would be reached when we anchored off the triple cities of Hankow, Wuchang and Hanyan, so it was an agreeable surprise when we got orders to proceed to Ichang, nearly four hundred miles further on, and to establish a consulate there. China had just been forced by England to open Ichang as a port, and as we, under the "favored-nation clause," had equal privileges, our instructions were to get there as rapidly as possible. The English gunboat *Kestrel*, also lying off the three cities, had similar orders.

Our race up the Yangtse lasted several days, for as the navigation was largely guesswork the leading ship was likely at any time to mark the position of a shoal or mud flat by piling up on it, whereupon her rival, instead of assistance, would give her three cheers and steam on, until she in her turn became a warning to mariners. A delay of many hours, just as we were nearing our goal, when we had to carry out our heaviest anchors before the ship could be floated, made us feel that the *Kestrel* had the race in her own hands, but a little later we passed her, hard and fast on a particularly vicious sandbar, and so we reached Ichang well in the lead.

MY next orders for sea, after my Asiatic cruise, came in August, 1881. They instructed me to proceed to Norfolk, and report on board the old ship-of-the-line, *New Hampshire*, as executive officer. She was then fitting out for the training service, as a home ship for naval apprentices, and was to join the rest of the training squadron at Newport, R. I. Her captain, Philip Johnson, had not reported, so I was in command when we sailed. The *Powhatan* had been assigned to tow us, and this was the beginning of a very fortunate acquaintance for me with her Captain, John G. Walker. He had my admiration at once, and the constant friendship he showed me from this time forward inspired me with an attachment that lasted throughout his life. He took an early opportunity of showing his friendship, for it was because of his expressed desire that I became Captain of the *New Hampshire* in the spring following my promotion to Commander, although this ship had always been rated as a Captain's command.

When she joined the other ships at Newport, our training squadron had just been reorganized, and was starting with a great flourish of trumpets. It had been formerly maintained under the Bureau of Equipment and Recruiting, but just before this David D. Porter, the Admiral of the Navy, had been placed at its head, with Commodore Luce in actual command, flying his flag from the *New Hampshire*.

We discovered, however, that while Porter was in control of the system, so far as giving orders was concerned, the Bureau of Equipment was still responsible for the expenditures, and as it did not look with a favorable eye on the changes that had been made we soon found we were working on a vacuum.

The situation was such that Commodore Luce, having gone on a cruise across the North Atlantic with the *Portsmouth* and *Saratoga*, I felt it was up to me to have an interview with the Admiral who was spending the summer at Narragansett Pier. At first he was inclined to simply take it out in cursing the adversaries, but as this, though soothing to us both, did not seem to bring us anywhere, he calmed down and finally suggested that I put down all the facts in a letter to him, and he would go to work on them.

A few days after this Captain James Gillis of the *Minnesota* returned from a visit to Washington, and announced that my letter had started a row in the Navy Department and that I was going to "catch it." I could not think at first what he meant, for I was not aware of having written anything to Washington likely to create trouble, but then a suspicion came to me and I started posthaste for Narragansett Pier.

"Admiral," said I, "where is that letter I wrote you?" Looking a little guilty he

EVEREADY
DAYLO
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



The light that says
"There it is!"

FIRST AID behind the first line frequently calls for Eveready DAYLO.

In the gloom of the dressing station, in the still darkness of the hospital tent, in the interior of the ambulance van moving swiftly through the night, and wherever darkness might hamper the work of mercy, the portable electric light has proven invaluable.

For it combines with the convenience and dependability of *instant* light, the *safety* that makes possible its use anywhere.

There are 77 different styles of Eveready DAYLO—a style for every purpose. Every genuine Eveready DAYLO is fitted with a TUNGSTEN battery and MAZDA lamp. On sale by the better electrical, hardware, drug, stationery, sporting goods and jewelry stores.

Prices from 75 cents up. In Canada, 85 cents up.



AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS
of National Carbon Co., Inc.
Long Island City, N. Y.
Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco
Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited
Toronto, Ontario

when dressing a wound

when preparing a sedative

when reading a clinical thermometer

when making an entry on the temperature chart

when the patient wishes to summon the night nurse

whenever you need light in its safest, most convenient and efficient form, you need Eveready DAYLO.

Don't ask for a flashlight—get an Eveready DAYLO



From a
Fairy Garden
A fragrance as elusive and delicate as the breeze that floats over the garden hedge. A texture as soft and smooth as a butterfly's wing. A quality as pure and refreshing as the heart of the flowers themselves. These are the charms of that most delightful aid to beauty.

CARMEN COMPLEXION POWDER
White, Pink, Flesh, Cream
50c Everywhere
STAFFORD-MILLER CO.,
St. Louis, Mo.

Reduce Your Flesh!



It can be accomplished quickly with ease and safety—if you wear Dr. Jeanne Walter's Seamless Rubber Garments. No Dieting or strenuous exercise.

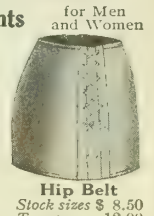
No matter where the excess flesh exists there is a specially designed garment to cover that part of the body. Also made to cover the entire body.

Corsage
Stock sizes $15.00
Made to measure 20.00

Dr. Jeanne Walter's famous Reducing **Rubber Garments** for Men and Women are endorsed by leading physicians.

Chin Reducer	$2.00
Frown Eradicator	2.00
Neck and Chin Reducer	3.00
Brassiere	6.00
Abdominal Reducer	6.00
Bust Reducer	5.00

Also Union Suits, Stockings, Jackets, etc. Send for illustrated booklet.



Hip Belt
Stock sizes $ 8.50
To measure 12.00

DR. JEANNE O. WALTER, Inventor and Patentee
Billing's Building (4th Floor) New York
S. E. Cor. 34th Street & 5th Avenue



HUMP Hair Pins
—for all out-door sports and after the shampoo. One-third the usual number of pins holds the hair beautifully. They can't slip.
Five sizes. Sold everywhere, 5c and 10c packages.
HUMP HAIR PIN MFG. CO.
Sol. H. Goldberg, Pres. CHICAGO

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR

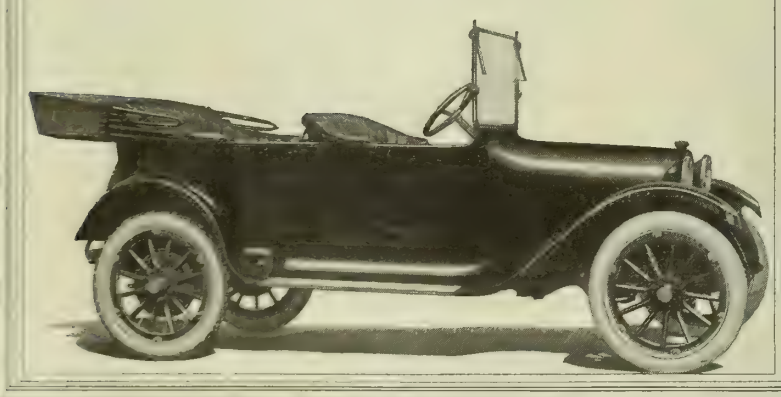
A stable institution with a stable policy, a stable product, and a stable demand for the car

Three elements which make the business of Dodge Brothers a permanent, season-proof business.

The gasoline consumption is unusually low
The tire mileage is unusually high

Touring Car or Roadster, $835. In Canada, $1185
Sedan or Coupe, $1265. In Canada, $1800
All prices f. o. b. Detroit

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



admitted he had sent it on to the Navy Department. It was good, he said. Full of ginger, and just what they needed for their complaint. His endorsement and approbation would make it all right. "All right for you, perhaps, Admiral," I conceded. "You are at the head of the Navy; but for me, the bottom commander, trouble is due and lots of it." He would not allow this, and said he would stand by me in any case.

A short interval of shore duty and leave, and I was ordered to Washington for instructions connected with the survey of the North Pacific, which was then being carried on by the *Ranger*.

OUR working ground was on the west coasts of Mexico and Central America. It had been surveyed before by French and English vessels under De Laplin and Sir Edward Belcher, but as that was in the days when only sailing ships were available, and the portions of coast not deemed important to traders and navigators had been but hurriedly examined, their work, while creditable, left much to be accomplished, and in some cases to be corrected.

For instance, we were steaming in toward the Central American shore one night in a dense fog, and Ensign Rush offered to station himself as lookout on the flying-jibboom; a suggestion which I gladly adopted. He had just worked his way past the fore-royal stay, when I saw him wave his arms wildly, and heard a shout of "Stop her, Captain! Stop her! I can hear a baby crying!" When the engine was stopped we all could hear it. We found when the fog lifted that we had been heading for the only village in many a mile of beach, and we were grateful to that baby for being wakeful.

The *Ranger* was an iron ship, and I found I could reduce the temperature on board considerably, during hours of sunlight, by giving her a coat of white paint. This was done with Commodore Walker's approval, then at the Department, and some time later, when he took command of our first squadron of modern ships, they were painted white, a custom that was followed for years.

When my cruise on the *Ranger* was completed I had one year of shore duty, part of it as Lighthouse Inspector on the Great Lakes. It was during the month of May, 1894, while still on the commanders' list, that I was placed at the head of the Bering Sea patrol fleet, with orders to enforce the terms governing pelagic sealing, just agreed upon by the Arbitrators at Paris.

I had seven men-of-war, the Fish Commission steamer, and two Revenue Cutters under my command—perhaps the largest fleet for cruising purposes assembled since the Civil War.

Although by the terms agreed on by the Arbitration Commission pelagic sealing was supposed to be limited in time, and never permitted within sixty miles of the Pribylof Islands, where the enormous seal-rookeries were situated, the facts were that thousands of female seals were killed each season, and in consequence nearly twenty-five thousand of their pups died of starvation on the rookeries. As the rich quality of the seal's milk enables the young to survive nine days, according to experts, after abandonment by the mother, one can realize what prolonged suffering was entailed by this practice. It seemed to me such an abominable state of affairs that I recommended that the seal herd, which had already been reduced from millions to about six hundred thousand, should be practically destroyed, or at least so reduced as to make pelagic sealing unprofitable. As I looked at it, our Government could not afford to countenance a business which, as I remarked in my protest, would never be tolerated in a stock-raising community. When a bill, based on this suggestion, was introduced by Congressman Dingley I was considerably astonished at hearing it proclaimed by some as shocking and wantonly cruel. Whether the outsiders raising this outcry were touched in their sensibilities or their pockets it would be hard to say, but as far as cruelty was concerned one would think there could be scarcely a question as to which was preferable—quick death or slow starvation. However, I was on the whole more flattered than hurt to think that an original idea of mine had made such a stir.

(To be Concluded.)

THE CONVERT

(*Continued from page 193*)

down his sleeves again, he took up his coat and stood eyeing her in genuine perplexity.

"Tell 'em I've gorn," he said at last.

"And what about telling lies?" demanded his wife. "What would your Mr. Purnip say to that?"

"You do as you're told," exclaimed the harassed Mr. Billing. "*I'm* not going to tell 'em; it's you."

Mrs. Billing returned to the parlor and, with Mr. Billing lurking in the background, busied herself over a china flower-pot that stood in the window, and turned an anxious eye upon three men waiting outside. After a glance or two she went to the door.

"Did you want to see my husband?" she inquired.

The biggest of the three nodded. "Yus," he said, shortly.

"I'm sorry," said Mrs. Billing, "but he 'ad to go early this morning. Was it anything partikler?"

"Gorn?" said the other in disappointed tones. "Well, you tell 'im I'll see 'im later on."

He turned away and, followed by the other two, walked slowly up the road. Mr. Billing, after waiting until the coast was clear, went off in the other direction.

He sought counsel of his friend and mentor that afternoon, and stood beaming with pride at the praise lavished upon him. Mr. Purnip's co-workers were no less enthusiastic than their chief; and various suggestions were made to Mr. Billing as to his behavior in the unlikely event of further attacks upon his noble person.

He tried to remember the suggestions in the harassing days that followed; baiting Joe Billing becoming popular as a pastime from which no evil results need be feared. It was creditable to his fellow-citizens that most of them refrained from violence with a man who declined to hit back, yet as a butt his success was assured. The night when a gawky lad of eighteen drank up his beer, and then invited him to step outside if he didn't like it, dwelt long in his memory. And Elk Street thrilled one evening at the sight of their erstwhile champion flying up the road hotly pursued by a foeman half his size. His explanation to his indignant wife that, having turned the other cheek the night before, he was in no mood for further punishment, was received in chilling silence.

"They'll soon get tired of it," he said hopefully, "and I ain't going to be beat by a lot of chaps wot I could lick with one 'and tied behind me. They'll get to understand in time—Mr. Purnip says so. It's a pity that you don't try and do some good yourself."

Mrs. Billing received the suggestion with a sniff; but the seed was sown. She thought the matter over in private and came to the conclusion that, if her husband wished her to participate in good works, it was not for her to deny him. Hitherto her efforts in that direction had been promptly suppressed, Mr. Billing's idea being that if a woman looked after her home and her husband properly there should be neither time nor desire for anything else. His surprise on arriving home to tea on Saturday afternoon, and finding a couple of hard-working neighbors devouring his substance, almost deprived him of speech.

"Poor things," said his wife, after the guests had gone, "they did enjoy it. It's cheered 'em up wonderful. You and Mr. Purnip are quite right. I can see that now. You can tell him that it was you what put it into my 'art."

"Me? Why I never dreamt o' such a thing," declared the surprised Mr. Billing. "And there's other ways of doing good besides asking a pack of old women into tea."

"I know there is," said his wife. "All in good time," she added, with a far-away look in her eyes.

Mr. Billing cleared his throat, but nothing came of it. He cleared it again.

"I couldn't let you do all the good," said his wife hastily. "It wouldn't be fair. I must help."

Mr. Billing lit his pipe noisily, and then took it out into the back yard and sat down to think over the situation.

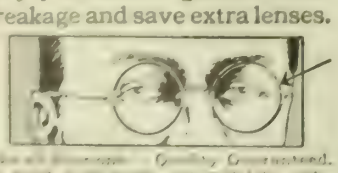
The ungenerous idea that his wife was



Economy + Style

Shelltex TRADE MARK **Shur-on**
EYEGLASSES & SPECTACLES

Economical, besides being comfortable and stylish, for they protect the glasses from breakage and save extra lenses.



Quality Guaranteed.
Lenses for
E. KIRSTEIN SONS CO., 248 Andrew Street
Est. 1864 Rochester, N. Y.



Be A Traffic Manager

Over a half million shippers need men who know how to route shipments, obtain shortest mileage and quickest deliveries; how to classify goods and obtain lowest rates. These are two vital factors in business competition. The man who can classify commodities and figure routings most economically can name practically his own salary. Concerns gladly pay competent men

$35 to $100 a Week

Many pay a great deal more, because the knowledge of a Trained Traffic Expert saves them many times his salary. Train to enter this new, **uncrowded** profession. Positions are permanent; work is pleasant; salary is large. Give yourself a chance.

We Train You By Mail

in your **spare time—at home**—while holding your present position. The LaSalle Course is endorsed by railroads and big concerns everywhere. Covers thoroughly every phase of shipping and transportation. Write at once for Big Free Traffic Book and full details. We will also send you a valuable book—

"Ten Years Promotion In One" FREE

A prominent business man said—"It would pay every ambitious person to get this book even if it cost him $5.00." Free with literature explaining how easily **you** can qualify for a Big Traffic job.

LaSALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY,
"The World's Greatest Extension University"
Dept. 947-C Chicago, Ill.

making goodness serve her own ends was the first that occurred to him.

His suspicions increased with time. Mrs. Billing's good works seemed to be almost entirely connected with hospitality. True, she had entertained Mr. Purnip and one of the ladies from the Settlement to tea, but that only riveted his bonds more firmly. Other visitors included his sister-in-law, for whom he had a great distaste, and some of the worst-behaved children in the street.

"It's only high spirits," said Mrs. Billing; "all children are like that. And I do it to help the mothers."

"And 'cos you like children," said her husband, preserving his good-humor with an effort.

THERE was a touch of monotony about the new life and the good deeds that accompanied it which, to a man of ardent temperament, was apt to pall. And Elk Street, instead of giving him the credit which was his due, preferred to ascribe the change in his behavior to what they called being "a bit barmy on the crumpet."

He came home one evening somewhat dejected, brightening up as he stood in the passage and inhaled the ravishing odors from the kitchen. Mrs. Billing, with a trace of nervousness somewhat unaccountable in view of the excellent quality of the repast provided, poured him out a glass of beer, and passed flattering comment upon his appearance.

"Wot's the game?" he inquired.

"Game?" repeated his wife in a trembling voice. "Nothing. 'Ow do you find that steak-pudding? I thought of giving you one every Wednesday."

Mr. Billing put down his knife and fork and sat regarding her thoughtfully. Then he pushed back his chair suddenly and, a picture of consternation and wrath, held up his hand for silence.

"W-w-wot is it?" he demanded. "A cat?"

Mrs. Billing made no reply and her husband sprang to his feet as a long, thin wailing sounded through the house. A note of temper crept into it and strengthened it.

"Wot is it?" demanded Mr. Billing again.

"It's—it's Mrs. Smith's Charlie," stammered his wife.

"In—in *my* bedroom?" exclaimed her husband in incredulous accents. "Wot's it doing there?"

"I took it for the night," said his wife hurriedly. "Poor thing, what with the others being ill she's 'ad a dreadful time, and she said if I'd take Charlie for a few—for a night, she might be able to get some sleep."

Mr. Billing choked, "And wot about my sleep?" he shouted. "Chuck it outside, at once. D'ye hear me?"

His words fell on empty air, his wife having already sped upstairs to pacify Master Smith by a rhythmical and monotonous thumping on the back. Also she lifted up a thin and not particularly sweet voice and sang to him. Mr. Billing, finishing his supper in indignant silence, told himself grimly that he was "beginning to have enough of it."

He spent the evening at the "Charlton Arms," and returning late went slowly and heavily up to bed. In the light of a shaded candle he saw a small objectionable-looking infant fast asleep on two chairs by the side of the bed.

"H'sh," said his wife in a thrilling whisper. "He's just gone off."

"D'ye mean I mustn't open my mouth in my own bedroom?" demanded the indignant man loudly.

"*H'sh*," said his wife again.

It was too late. Master Smith, opening first one eye and then the other, finished by opening his mouth. The noise was appalling.

"*H'sh! H'sh!*" repeated Mrs. Billing as her husband began to add to the noise. "Don't wake 'im right up."

"Right up?" repeated the astonished man. "*Right up?* Is he doing this in 'is sleep?"

He subsided into silence and, undressing with stealthy care, crept into bed and lay there marveling at his self-control. He was a sound sleeper, but six times at least he was awakened by Mrs. Billing slipping out of bed—regardless of draughts to her liege lord—and marching up and down the room with the visitor in her arms. He rose in the morning and dressed in ominous silence.

"I 'ope he didn't disturb you," said his wife anxiously.

"You've done it," replied Mr. Billing. "You've upset everything now. Since I joined the Purnip lot everybody's took advantage of me; now I'm going to get some of my own back. You wouldn't ha' dreamt of behaving like this a few weeks ago."

"Oh, Joe!" said his wife entreatingly, "and everybody's been so happy!"

"Except me," retorted Joe Billing. "You come down and get my breakfast ready. If I start early I shall catch Mr. Bill Ricketts on 'is way to work. And mind, if I find that steam-orgin 'ere when I come 'ome to-night you'll hear of it."

He left the house with head erect and the light of battle in his eyes, and, meeting Mr. Ricketts at the corner, gave that justly aggrieved gentleman the surprise of his life. Elk Street thrilled to the fact that Mr. Billing had broken out again, and spoke darkly of what the evening might bring forth. Curious eyes followed his progress as he returned home from work, and a little later on the news was spread abroad that he was out and paying off old scores with an ardor that nothing could withstand.

"And wot about your change of 'art?" demanded one indignant matron as her husband reached home five seconds ahead of Mr. Billing and hid in the scullery.

"It's changed agin," said Mr. Billing simply.

He finished the evening in the Blue Lion, where he had one bar almost to himself, and avoiding his wife's reproachful glance when he arrived home, produced some warm water and began to bathe his honorable scars.

"Mr. Purnip 'as been round, with another gentleman," said his wife.

Mr. Billing said "Oh."

"Very much upset they was, and 'ope you'll go and see them," she continued.

Mr. Billing said "Oh," again, and after thinking the matter over called next day at the Settlement and explained his position.

"It's all right for gentlemen like you," he said curtly. "But a man like me can't call 'is soul 'is own—or even 'is bedroom. Everybody takes advantage of 'im. Nobody ever gives you a punch, and as for putting babies in your bedroom, they wouldn't dream of it."

He left amid expressions of general regret, turning a deaf ear to all suggestions about making another start, and went off exulting in his freedom.

His one trouble was Mr. Purnip, that estimable gentleman, who seemed to have a weird gift of meeting him at all sorts of times and places, never making any allusion to his desertion, but showing quite clearly by his manner that he still hoped for the return of the wanderer. It was awkward for a man of sensitive disposition, and Mr. Billing, before entering a street, got into the habit of peering round the corner first.

He pulled up suddenly one evening as he saw his tenacious friend, accompanied by a lady member, some little distance ahead. Then he sprang forward, with fists clenched, as a passer-by, after scowling at Mr. Purnip, leaned forward and deliberately blew a mouthful of smoke into the face of his companion.

Mr. Billing pulled up suddenly and stood gaping with astonishment. The aggressor was getting up from the pavement while Mr. Purnip, in an absolutely correct attitude, stood waiting for him. Mr. Billing in a glow of delight edged forward, and, with a few other fortunates, stood by watching one of the best fights that had ever been seen in the district. Mr. Purnip's footwork was excellent, and the way he timed his blows made Mr. Billing's eyes moist with admiration.

It was over at last. The aggressor went limping off, and Mr. Purnip, wiping his bald head, picked up his battered and dusty hat from the roadway and brushed it on his sleeve. He turned with a blush to meet the delighted gaze of Mr. Billing.

"I'm ashamed of myself," he murmured brokenly, "ashamed."

"Ashamed?" exclaimed the amazed Mr. Billing. "Why, a pro. couldn't ha' done better."

"Such an awful example," moaned the other. "All my good work here thrown away."

"Don't you believe it, sir," said Mr. Billing earnestly. "As soon as this gets about you'll get more members than you want a'most. I'm coming back, for one."

Mr. Purnip turned and grasped his hand.

"I understand things now," said Mr. Billing, nodding sagely. "Turning the other cheek's all right so long as you don't do it always. If you don't let 'em know whether you are going to turn the other cheek or knock their blessed heads off, it's all right. 'Arf the trouble in the world is caused by people knowing too much."

"Are you tired again this morning?"

UNRESTFUL SLUMBER—zest for neither breakfast nor work—nothing but a dreary vision of a tired, ambitionless day—of "I don't know what's come over me."

If he but knew, too little heed has been paid to nature's demands. The steady grind and shocks of work and worry have worn out the nerves' reserve. A complete rest would be ideal, but short of that a scientific food-tonic is the one thing urgently needed—and that means Sanatogen.

For as Sir Gilbert Parker, the statesman-novelist, writes: "Sanatogen is a true food-tonic, feeding the nerves, increasing the energy and giving fresh vigor to the overworked body and mind."

To this statement thousands of brain-workers unhesitatingly subscribe, some even going as far as Arnold Bennett, the famous writer, who exclaims, "The tonic effect of Sanatogen is simply *wonderful!*"

In the face of such unparalleled proof can *you* fail to realize that Sanatogen stands ready to give you real help?

* * *

FREE SAMPLE OFFER

On request we will send a 25-gram Sample Package of Sanatogen, also Richard Le Gallienne's booklet, "The Art of Living," telling of Sanatogen's kindly help. Address The Bauer Chemical Co., 34M Irving Place, New York.

Sold by good druggists everywhere, in 3 sizes, from $1 up.



SANATOGEN

ENDORSED BY OVER 21,000 PHYSICIANS

Driver Agents Wanted

Drive and demonstrate the Bush Car. Pay for it out of your commissions on sales. My agents are making money.



Five-Pass., 34.7 H.P. 32x3½ tires
114-in. Wheelbase
Delco Ignition—Elect. Stg. & Ltg.

Shipments are prompt. Bush cars guaranteed or money back. Write at once for my 48-page catalog and all particulars. Address J. H. Bush, Pres., Dept. 979.

BUSH MOTOR COMPANY, Bush Temple, Chicago, Illinois

WANTED—IDEAS

Manufacturers are writing for patents procured through me. **FREE:** — 72-page guide book, "Successful Patents;" "Stepping Stones" (containing hundreds of inventions wanted); and "Patent Promotion," (tells how to sell your rights; chief cause of failure, etc.) Send for them. Free manufacturing facilities. Advice free.

RICHARD B. OWEN, 56 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

A guaranteed salary

The demand for HEARST'S MAGAZINE has become so great that we must have at once a representative in every community to look after our increasing subscription business, and we offer a Guaranteed Monthly Salary to every person who qualifies for the position.

The work is simple, attractive and dignified, and the amount of money any representative can earn is limited only by the time which can be devoted to our interests. We will gladly pay $25.00—$50.00—$100.00, and more, each month to the person who can take care of our business.

Address all inquiries to Manager, Agents' Department,

HEARST'S MAGAZINE

119 West 40th Street **New York City**



It will pay you to investigate the Bell Tailors

LET us make you a smart, perfect fitting suit to your special measure for $15. You absolutely take no chance, because you are protected by the broadest possible guarantee which says—

If the clothes we make do not fit or please you, we will refund your money and any transpo tation charges you may have paid.

That's the pledge on which we have built this great tailoring business.

That's the pledge by which we have served smart dressers of the nation for nearly forty years.

That's the pledge by which we ask to make you a suit or overcoat.

Style Book 64 Samples FREE

Let us send you our new Style Book, showing 64 of the smartest and newest fabrics, free of charge.

We have no agents or representatives [illegible]. Our new economy is our method. [illegible] and asks no pay for doing its work. That's why we can offer you a fine suit or overcoat made [illegible] at $15 that is worth many dollars more.

[illegible] have ever ordered [illegible] and for [illegible] Bell Tailors of New York

Bell Tailors
of New York
Dept. F
135 Walker St.
New York

HIS DAUGHTER

(Continued from page 196)

even in the best families." Aloud he said:

"Can it be known that it is you, Monsieur, who seek?"

"That would not help in any way."

"On the contrary, the peasants will put themselves out for an aviator as they would not for any ordinary person."

Dayton knew this to be true.

"Very well, then," he said. "Let my name appear in the affair. That is nothing, if the child can be found. What do you propose to do?"

"To speak of what Monsieur desires to a few peasants. Within a week Monsieur's wishes will be known to every peasant in Lorraine. Electricity is wonderful, Monsieur. But the people who live close to the ground are still more wonderful."

Ten days later Dumal knocked on the door of Dayton's room in the coquettish château where the escadrille was quartered. Dayton looked up impatiently. He was working on a new range-finder for airplanes. When he saw the expression on Dumal's face, his impatience left him. Dumal might have stood for a statue of Mind triumphing over Matter. He attempted (and failed) to speak in a matter-of-fact voice.

"She lives in Bois Dormis," he said. "She keeps house for the Curé, who is a very old man. He has taught her Latin and geography, and already she was the organist in the village church until the Germans blew the roof in, and the rains have ruined the organ. The old doctor is also her friend. Jointly, he and the Curé have been her guardians ever since the death of the foster-parents. She has the same name as the mother, Claire D'Avril; that is why it has been not impossible to find her, and she is very beautiful."

Dayton was very deeply moved. Presently he said: "The Germans—they were in Bois Dormis?"

"Yes, Monsieur; but so was the old doctor, and so was the old Curé. No harm came to her. Only fancy, Monsieur, this old doctor is quite a scientist. He has in his house objects of great scientific interest; among others, there is, for instance, a large stuffed crocodile. From this curious beast, on the approach of the Germans, Monsieur, our droll doctor, removes the stuffing; punctures the hide with breathing holes, and, for the stuffing substitutes—the young lady. The neighbors speak of her as 'Our Little Lady of the Crocodile. . . .' Among the young women of Bois Dormis, Monsieur, Mademoiselle Claire D'Avril was one of them to escape. . . . That is a fair percentage, when you consider that it is a very little village. . . ."

Dayton interrupted almost brusquely, so great was his excitement.

"The fog," he exclaimed. "Does it lift at all?"

"If Monsieur is willing to fly low, the conditions are not altogether bad."

"How far is Bois Dormis?"

"A hundred and thirty-two kilometers."

"You know the way? Good! Get the car out of the hangar. You accompany me."

"I thank you," said Dumal. He was sincere. What he had heard concerning "Our Little Lady of the Crocodile" had immensely excited his interest.

IT was one of those days, all too frequent, which the devil seems to spew up for the protection of the invading armies. You could not fly against the enemy; for if you flew high enough to stand a chance with his anti-aircraft equipment, you flew among clouds and mists, so that his trenches, guns, positions and movements of munitions were completely hidden from you. On such days the airmen are not sent out, and they do as they please.

Flying low, however, the landmarks of the country were mistily visible, and, roaring at top speed, Dayton's tiny plane picked up, one by one and very swiftly, the steeples, the hills and the bridges which, like blazed trees in a forest, marked the airway to Bois Dormis.

With a graceful half-turn, such as a plover makes when it sets its wings to light on a sandbar, Dayton landed in the midst of a dew-drenched pasture.

His progress across the field was slow. Wooden crosses and low mounds marked the graves of French soldiers who had died for their country. At each grave, custom and the reverence in his heart compelled Dayton to halt, to bring his heels together with a sharp click, and to salute deliberately. Dumal, hard at his master's heels, imitated him exactly.

They did not speak until they were in the village.

"That will be a hard field to plow," said Dayton.

"It will be best to put a fence about each grave," said Dumal, "and let the cattle graze between. This village was taken and retaken many times."

Of the fifty-odd houses which had composed the red-roofed village of Bois Dormis, only that of the doctor remained entirely habitable. The village was a shambles of blackened limestone, of tumbled brick chimneys, of twisted iron bedsteads. Of the church, there stood only the four walls. The roof had fallen in, and the spire had followed. But where old gardens had not been buried too deep with débris were patches of bright color; and among these roses and perennials old peasant women were weeding and watering just as if nothing had happened.

Hard by the church stood the Curé's house. A noble pear-tree, pruned and trained to the last inch, had once covered the whole of the front; but some highly cultured Teuton had hacked through the thick trunk which sprouted from the ground at the right of the front door, so that the loving care of a hundred years had never a leaf to show.

Dayton knocked upon the door and it was almost instantly opened by the Curé. To that one, people came with their troubles at all hours of the day and night, and he never kept them waiting.

"My friend," said Dayton to Dumal, "come back in an hour."

Then he went into the house with the Curé.

"I have come," said Dayton, "to see Claire D'Avril."

His voice was trembling. So were his knees. The eagle had lost his coldness.

"She will return presently," said the Curé. "She does our cooking next door. We lost our kitchen and our scullery in the last bombardment. . . . You are not well. Please sit down. I have here a bottle of cognac. Perhaps a little glass would do us both good."

The old man fetched the cognac and two little glasses from a carved walnut cabinet, dusted the neck of the bottle with a clean napkin, and filled the glasses.

He was very thin and frail, the color of a wax candle. He was over eighty; but he had perfect vision, and his black eyes had all the fire and valor of youth.

Dayton gulped down the brandy. Then he spoke.

"My father," he said, "this is a very solemn moment in my life. Claire D'Avril is my daughter. It is only within the year that I have learned of her existence. I have come in order that I may undo, as much as is possible, the evil that I have done."

"The evil is not beyond remedy, perhaps," said the Curé. "You are a Protestant?"

"But I have often thought that I should like to confess my sins to a good man—like yourself. I do not know the forms. May I tell you how Claire D'Avril happens to be in this world, and how it happens that I seem to have abandoned her and her mother before her?"

The old Curé nodded and, leaning forward, his chin in his hand, listened. There was only one interruption.

Fingers tapped upon the door that led into the next room, and the Curé called out: "Don't come in at this moment. I am receiving a confession."

"That was she?" asked Dayton.

The Curé nodded, and Dayton went on with his story, concealing nothing, to the end. Then the Curé smiled his gentle, wise old smile. "I have listened to worse things, my son," he said, "and your repentance seems to me full and without flaw. If you had not sinned, our little Claire would not have existed. She has lived a happy life, and she has made many others happy."

"Her mother?" Dayton asked.

"Of her own accord," said the Curé, "she renounced the child many years ago. The life she had been obliged to lead had rendered

Send a 2c stamp For a Sample Cake



The Joy of Beauty

Charming woman had no greater social asset than a lovely skin and a complexion clear and limpid. And no one aid to nature can do more for you in attaining the velvety texture, the soft smoothness that is Beauty's handmaiden, than delightful, luxuriant

No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap

For generations discriminating women have known the beautifying qualities of this delightful soap. Its rare delicacy and elusive perfume, its transparent purity and its luxuriantly abundant lather make its use a delight and a habit unchangeable.

You can get No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap at your favorite department store or druggist.

For the sample cake, send 2c stamp; or for 10c in stamps we will send you a package containing a sample cake of No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap, a sample bottle of No. 4711 Bath Salts, and a sample bottle of No. 4711 Eau de Cologne.

MÜLHENS & KROPFF, Dept. 17, 25 West 45th Street, New York



Prof. I. Hubert's
MALVINA
CREAM
is a safe aid to a soft, clear, healthy skin. Used as a massage it overcomes dryness and the tendency to wrinkle. Also takes the sting and soreness out of wind, tan and sun burn. Send for testimonials. Use Malvina Lotion and Ichthyol Soap with Malvina Cream to improve your complexion.
At all druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.
Cream 50c, Lotion 50c, Soap 25c
PROF. I. HUBERT, Toledo, Ohio

You have no time for Personal Opinions

Americans Want Facts

HILAIRE BELLOC'S

Elements of the Great War

is a concise and authoritative account of the World's War

FREE FROM ALL PERSONAL NARRATIVE

The Only Big War Book

All Critics Agree on This

"The reader finds profit in Belloc because a reason is furnished for every statement."
—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

"A critical and authoritative account of one of the world's greatest battles."
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"As was true of 'The First Phase,' Mr. Belloc's second book is written in a vivid and dramatic style, taking the reader close to the scenes of battle."
—*The Kansas City Star.*

"Mr. Belloc's book is a rare achievement. Anyone who cares to clearly understand this war on its military side must have Mr. Belloc's book for his guide."
—*Boston Transcript.*

"The book is a model of clear exposition, a true analytical history and not a simple military chronicle. It deserves and doubtless will have a wide reading."
—*New York Evening Post.*

"Mr. Belloc's military understanding and compelling literary style make his book the most interesting and informing for laymen yet produced."
—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Two Volumes Now Ready Price $1.50 each

Vol. 1 Causes and Forces Involved

Vol. 2—The Battle of the Marne

Hearst's International Library
119 W. 40th Street New York City

her unfit in her own eyes to enjoy the privilege of being a mother. The last time she came, and that is many years ago, the neighbors suspected her for what she was. . . All this is very tragic. In many ways, I have never known a better woman."

"What has become of her?"

"I do not know. But it may be that, through renunciation and self-sacrifice, she has found happiness. In my youth," he continued, "I was very sharp with sinners, but in later years, more lenient. But you have confessed, and I am to impose a penance—is that your desire?"

"Why, yes. If you can think of any penance which will make for expiation."

"To the mother," said the old man, "you have a very obvious duty—if you can find her. That duty is, of course, purely financial. A greater duty is to your own wife. It is not possible for you to love her as she deserves to be loved. But at least, a clever man, whose heart is in the right place, can always make the woman who loves him believe that he loves her. I give you this penance: To find me Claire D'Avril's mother, if that is possible, and to make her as comfortable as may be for the rest of her life; to reunite with your own wife in a true marriage. You are not too old to hope for children to take the places of those which you have lost——"

"But I have only lost my Ellen——"

The Curé shook his head.

"Will you, my son, by disclosing yourself, disturb the simple, sane ideas and the real happiness of many years' standing? You cannot take Claire with you into your world—a thousand things forbid. And if, in that sweet-tempered mind, there is any room for discontent, would you be the means of putting it there? . . . Here with us, in spite of all our shortcomings and narrowness, she has been happy. She will continue to be as happy as it is right to be in these evil days. . . . My son, I have indicated the penance."

"But," exclaimed Dayton, "she is flesh of my flesh—bone of my bone!"

"If she were other, there could be no penance in renouncing her. . . . Do you find no wisdom in what I have said to you, my son?"

"Wisdom, father, yes. But also pain that is almost intolerable. . . . I am rich, father——"

"She has never felt the want of money."

"I would love her as no one else could."

"She was a delicate baby when she first came to Bois Dormis," said the Curé gently. "In our pleasant country air she grew strong. There is no longer any stiffness in her arm. . . . It resulted from some sickness of childhood. Our good doctor cared for her body. Twice a year he took her to the American dentist in Nancy. I cared for her soul. Between us we have cared for her mind. The man who is so fortunate as to marry her will have the best housekeeper and the best bookkeeper in Lorraine. Even in the great world of music she would be a success. But she does not know that. You were speaking of the superior sort of love that you could give her. There is an honest boy of this country who loves her very dearly, and she loves him in the same way. When this cruel war is over they are to be married."

"He is in the army?"

"Of course."

"And you think I should only interfere with their happiness?"

"It is best that they work out their destiny in the station of life to which they are accustomed and to which they are attached."

"At least, my father, let me recompense you for all that she has cost."

"Can you give me back the fifteen years of devotion that I have given her? You cannot. I would not take it back if you could."

"Will you accept from me a new roof for your church, and a new spire?"

"Willingly, my son."

Dayton's head dropped forward in deep reflection.

"Could I see her?" he asked presently. "I will promise not to reveal myself."

"You are only making your penance harder."

"It will be no harder than I deserve."

"Very well, then," said the Curé, "you shall have your wish."

He stepped to the door which led to the adjoining room, opened it, and in a caressing voice:

"Claire, my dear," he said, "a glass of water, if you please, for the American aviator."

She came presently carrying a great white-and-gold pitcher and a tumbler. The fashion of her dress was lost upon Dayton. He saw only her face and her eyes. She resembled Ellen as one pansy resembles another.

He had risen, and his hand trembled as he lifted the tumbler of water to his lips.

"I thank you," he said.

"Don't mention it, Monsieur," she said. And she had an odd quality of Ellen's voice, a certain deep and tranquil quality that ripped and tore his heart-strings.

"Our hero," said the old Curé, who was watching Dayton very closely, "has flown far and fast. It takes muscle to fly. See, my dear, how his hands tremble!"

And he laughed quietly. Dayton put the offending hands behind his back.

"The good father," he said, "tells me that you are engaged to be married."

"Oui, monsieur. It is true."

"Do you love each other very much?"

She only smiled serenely and looked him in the eyes.

"You would rather have him than anything else you can think of—riches—fine clothes—motors—jewels——"

"Tell him not to tease me," she appealed to the Curé; "he thinks I am a child."

Dayton felt as if he was standing by an open grave. He smiled crookedly.

"My father," he said, "put just a drop of the brandy in this water. I have got to go, and up there in the fogs and mists it is very cold, and everything is uncertain."

When the door had closed upon Dayton, Claire D'Avril stood looking at it for some moments.

"He appeared very much moved, the American," she said presently.

"Not so long ago," said the Curé, "he lost his only child. Doubtless you reminded him of her. . . . His name is Dayton. He has a good heart. . . . I shall mention him sometimes in my prayers."

"Very well, then," said Claire D'Avril, "so will I, if it's the proper thing to do. And besides, there was something about him that touched me."

DAYTON had been admitted to the doctor's house. Dumal waited in the broken village street. The doctor was as old as the Curé; and like him he was alert and keenly alive.

"I have a favor to ask," said Dayton; "I wish to see the crocodile in which you hid Claire D'Avril from the Germans."

"With pleasure, Monsieur l'Aviator. This way."

The famous crocodile lay along the end wall of the Doctor's museum; it was very old, and broken in places.

"At night," said the Doctor, "we let her out, so that she could stretch herself and breathe freely. This rent was made by a drunken soldier with his bayonet. He thought the beast was alive. It missed her by a finger's breadth."

Dayton knelt by the dusty crocodile, and broke down completely. He sobbed and cried like a little child.

The doctor watched him, chin in hand.

"I guessed who he was from the resemblance," he thought, "and now I know."

He laid a firm hand on Dayton's shoulder.

"You have told her who you are?"

Dayton shook his head. Gradually the sobs ceased, and he rose totteringly to his feet.

"I am not to tell her," he said, "ever. That is part of the penance. . . . Forgive me for making a fool of myself, but God gave me two daughters, my friend, and within the year I have buried them both."

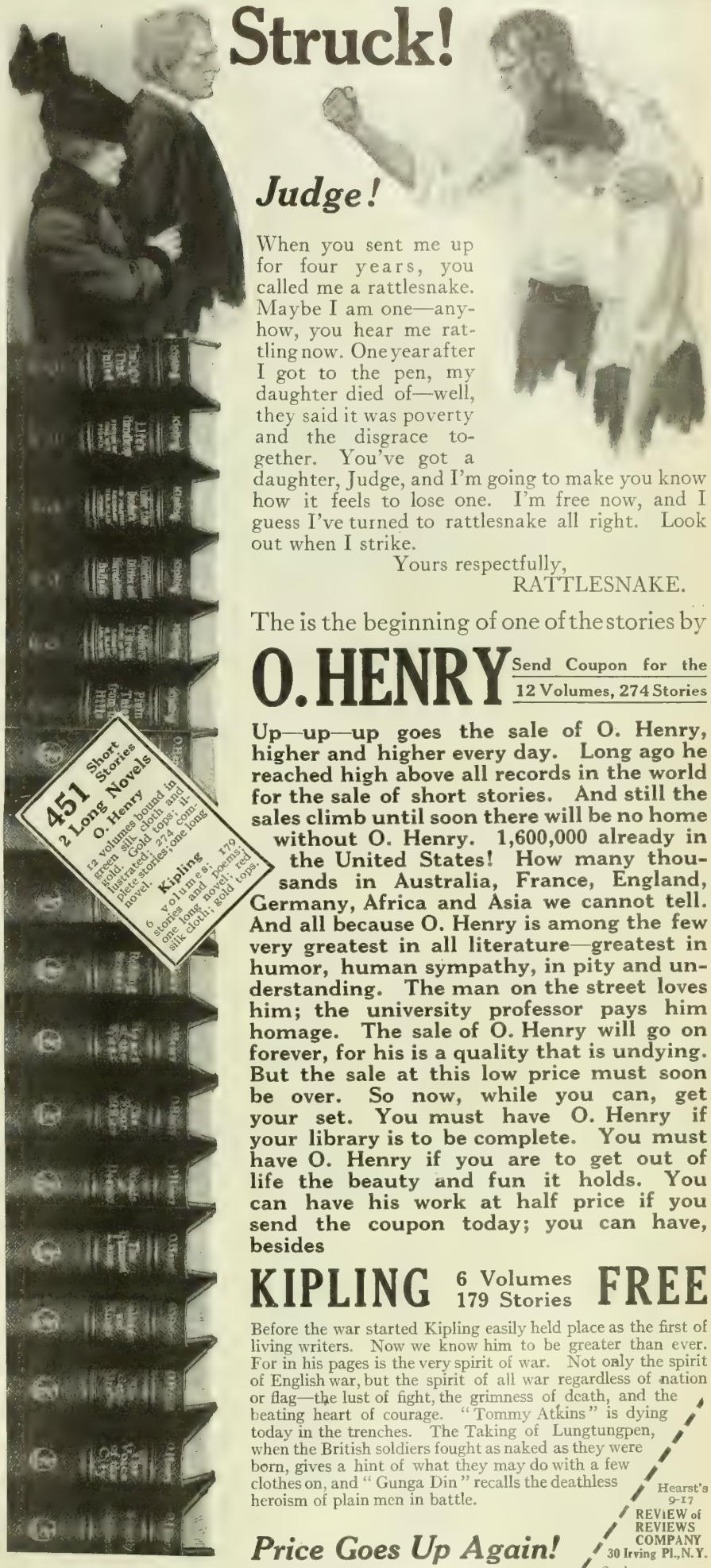
Presently, his jaws set, his nerves in iron control, his heart beating quietly, he was once more scudding through the low-hanging mists. The next day was bright and clear, and Dayton, ten thousand feet above the troubles of this earth, met an enemy aviator and in fair fight slew him.

The next day his own machine was crumpled by a burst of shrapnel. As Dayton neared the ground back of the French lines, flames burst from his gasoline tank and followed him like the tail of a comet.

When they snatched him from the wreckage his clothes had begun to burn, and the blood that gushed from a wound in his right breast sputtered and hissed as it became steam.

(*To be Concluded.*)

When the Rattlesnake Struck!



Judge!

When you sent me up for four years, you called me a rattlesnake. Maybe I am one—anyhow, you hear me rattling now. One year after I got to the pen, my daughter died of—well, they said it was poverty and the disgrace together. You've got a daughter, Judge, and I'm going to make you know how it feels to lose one. I'm free now, and I guess I've turned to rattlesnake all right. Look out when I strike.

Yours respectfully,
RATTLESNAKE.

The is the beginning of one of the stories by

O. HENRY

Send Coupon for the 12 Volumes, 274 Stories

Up—up—up goes the sale of O. Henry, higher and higher every day. Long ago he reached high above all records in the world for the sale of short stories. And still the sales climb until soon there will be no home without O. Henry. 1,600,000 already in the United States! How many thousands in Australia, France, England, Germany, Africa and Asia we cannot tell. And all because O. Henry is among the few very greatest in all literature—greatest in humor, human sympathy, in pity and understanding. The man on the street loves him; the university professor pays him homage. The sale of O. Henry will go on forever, for his is a quality that is undying. But the sale at this low price must soon be over. So now, while you can, get your set. You must have O. Henry if your library is to be complete. You must have O. Henry if you are to get out of life the beauty and fun it holds. You can have his work at half price if you send the coupon today; you can have, besides

KIPLING 6 Volumes 179 Stories FREE

Before the war started Kipling easily held place as the first of living writers. Now we know him to be greater than ever. For in his pages is the very spirit of war. Not only the spirit of English war, but the spirit of all war regardless of nation or flag—the lust of fight, the grimness of death, and the beating heart of courage. "Tommy Atkins" is dying today in the trenches. The Taking of Lungtungpen, when the British soldiers fought as naked as they were born, gives a hint of what they may do with a few clothes on, and "Gunga Din" recalls the deathless heroism of plain men in battle.

Price Goes Up Again!

Last spring the price of paper went so high that we had to raise the price of the books. Fortunately, we secured one big lot of paper at a comparatively reasonable price so that we had to add only one payment to the price of the books. So as long as this paper (enough for one edition) lasts you can have your set of O. Henry at the present low price with the Kipling free. But paper is still higher now, cloth is higher, and this is the last edition we shall ever be able to make at a low price. So send the coupon now at once—for your set on approval free.

Review of Reviews Co.
30 Irving Place, N. Y.

Hearst's 9-17

REVIEW of REVIEWS COMPANY
30 Irving Pl., N. Y.

Send me on approval, charges paid by you, O. Henry's works in 12 volumes, gold tops. Also the 6 volume set of Kipling bound in cloth. If I keep the books, I will remit $1 per month for 17 months for the O. Henry set only and retain the Kipling set without charge. Otherwise I will, within ten days, return both sets at your expense.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

This beautiful three-quarter leather edition of O. Henry costs only a few cents more a volume and has proved a favorite binding. For this limited time, pending change above to $1.00 a month for 12 months.

THE PAWNS COUNT

(*Continued from page 173*)

get all about him." They finished their luncheon a little more cheerfully. As the cigarets were handed round, Pamela's eyes looked longingly at a tray of Turkish coffee which was passing.

"I'm a rotten host," Holderness declared, "but to tell you the truth, this queer prank of Sandy's has driven everything else out of my mind. Here, Hassan!"

The colored man in gorgeous Oriental livery turned at once with a smile. He approached the table, bowing to each of them in turn. Pamela watched him intently, and, as his eyes met hers, Hassan's hands began to shake.

"The waiter is bringing us ordinary coffee," Holderness explained. "Please countermand it and bring us Turkish coffee for four."

The man had lost his *savoir faire*. His wonderful smile had turned into something sickly, his bland speech of thanks into a mumble. He turned away almost sheepishly.

"Hassan doesn't seem to like us to-day," Molly remarked.

"I should have said that he was drunk," her brother observed, looking after him curiously.

There was certainly something the matter with Hassan, for it was at least a quarter of an hour before he reappeared and served his specially prepared concoction with the usual ceremony but with more restraint. Molly and the two men, after Hassan had sprinkled the contents of his mysterious little flask into their coffee, gave him their hands for the customary salute. When he came to Pamela, he hesitated. She shook her head and he fell back, bowing respectfully, his hand tracing cabalistic signs across his heart. For a moment before he departed he raised his eyes and glanced at her. It was like the mute appeal of some hurt or frightened animal.

"You don't approve of Hassan's little ceremony?" Lutchester asked her.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"In America," she observed, "I think we look upon colored people of any sort a little differently. . . . Well, we've certainly given your friend a chance," she went on, glancing at the little jeweled watch upon her wrist. "We've outstayed almost every one here."

Their host paid the bill and they strolled reluctantly toward the door, Holderness and Pamela a few steps behind.

"Now what are your sister and Mr. Lutchester studying again?" the latter inquired, as they reached the lobby.

Molly had paused once more before the notice on the wall, which seemed somehow to have fascinated her. She read it out, lingering on every word:

MÉFIEZ-VOUS!
TAISEZ-VOUS!
LES OREILLES ENNEMIES VOUS ÉCOUTENT!

Holderness listened with a frown. Then he turned suddenly to Lutchester, who was standing by his side.

"It would be too ridiculous, wouldn't it—you couldn't in any way connect the idea behind that notice with Sandy's dis-

"I was wondering about that myself," Lutchester confessed. "To tell you the [illegible] time. If ever a man broke the letter and the spirit of that simple warning, I should say your excitable young friend Captain

"But here at Henry's," Holderness protested, "with friends on every side! Isn't it a little too ridiculous! We'll wait until [illegible] any way."

[illegible] Ferrari [illegible] appeared with [illegible]

"Your friend [illegible] has not [illegible] Holderness [illegible]

"[illegible] Ferrari [illegible]

"Great idea," Holderness assented, turning toward the cloakroom attendant. "Don't [illegible] on. "He arrived about half past one and [illegible]

The attendant nodded and glanced toward an empty peg.

"I remember him quite well, sir," he acknowledged. "Number sixty-seven was his number.

"Where are his things, then?"

"Gone, sir," the man replied.

"Do you remember his asking for them?"

The attendant shook his head.

"Can't say that I do, sir," he acknowledged, "but they're gone, right enough."

A party of outgoing guests claimed the man's attention. Holderness turned away.

"This thing is getting on my nerves," he declared. "Does it seem likely that Sandy should chuck his luncheon without a word of explanation, come out and get his coat and hat and walk off? And besides, where was he all the time we were looking for him?"

It was unanswerable, inexplicable. They all looked at one another almost helplessly. Pamela held out her hand.

"Well," she announced, "I am sorry, but I'm afraid that I must go. I have a great many things to attend to this afternoon."

"You are going away soon?" Lutchester inquired.

She hesitated, and at that moment Mr. Fischer, who had been saying farewell to his guests, turned toward her.

"You are not thinking of the trip home yet, Miss Van Teyl?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know," she answered, a little evasively. "I'm out of humor with London just now."

"Perhaps we shall be fellow-passengers on Thursday?" he ventured. "I am going over on the *New York*."

"I never make plans," she told him.

"In any case," Mr. Fischer continued, "I shall anticipate our early meeting in New York. I heard from your brother only yesterday."

She looked at him with a slight frown.

"From James?" Mr. Fischer nodded.

"Why, I didn't know," she observed, "that you and he were acquainted."

"I have had large transactions with his firm, and naturally I have seen a good deal of Mr. Van Teyl," the other explained. "He looks after the interests of us Western clients."

Pamela turned a little abruptly away and Lutchester walked with her to the door.

"You will let me see that they bring your car round?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"Thank you, no," she replied, holding out her hand. "I have not yet said good-by to Captain Holderness and his sister. Good-by, Mr. Lutchester!"

Her farewell was purposely chilly. It seemed as though the slight sparring in which they had indulged throughout luncheon-time had found its culmination in an antipathy which she had no desire to conceal. Lutchester, however, only smiled.

"Nowadays," he observed, "that is a word which it is never necessary to use."

She withdrew her hand from his somewhat too-tenacious clasp. Something in his manner puzzled as well as irritated her.

"Do you mean that you, too, are thinking of taking a holiday from your strenuous labors?" she asked. "Perhaps America is the safest country in the world just now for an Englishman who——"

She stopped short, realizing the lengths toward which her causeless pique was carrying her.

"Prefers departmental work to fighting, were you going to add?" he said quietly. "Well, perhaps you are right. At any rate, I will content myself by saying *au revoir*."

He passed through the turnstile door and disappeared. Pamela made her adieux to Holderness and his sister, and then, recognizing some acquaintances, turned back into the restaurant to speak to them. Fischer, who had just received his hat and cane in the cloakroom attendant, stood watching her.

PAMELA, after a brief conversation with her friends, once more left the restaurant. In the lobby, she called Ferrani to her.

"Has Mr. Fischer gone, Ferrani?" she asked.

"Not two minutes ago," the man replied. "You wish to speak to him? I can stop him even now."

She shook her head.

"On the contrary," she said drily, "Mr. Fischer represents a type of my countrymen of whom I am not very fond. He is a great patron of yours, is he not?"

"He is a large shareholder in the company," Ferrani confessed.

"Then your restaurant will prosper," she told him. "Mr. Fischer has the name of being very fortunate. That was a wonderful luncheon you gave us to-day."

"Madame is very kind."

"Will you do me a favor?"

Ferrani's gesture was all-expressive. Words were entirely superfluous.

"I want two addresses, please—first the address of Joseph, your head-musician, and, secondly, the address of Hassan, your coffee-maker."

Ferrani effectually concealed any surprise he might have felt. He tore a page from his pocket-book.

"Both I know," he declared. "Hassan lodges at a shop eighty yards away. The name is Haines, and there are newspaper placards outside the door."

"That is quite enough," Pamela murmured.

"As for Monsieur Joseph," Ferrani continued, "that is a different matter. He has, I understand, a small flat in Tower Mansions, Tower Street, leading off the Edgeware Road. The number is 18 C. So!"

He wrote it down and passed it to her. Pamela thanked him and stood up.

"Now that I have done as you asked me," Ferrani concluded, "let me add a word. Both these men are already off duty and have left the restaurant. If you wish to communicate with either of them, I advise you to do so by letter."

"You are a very courteous gentleman, Mr. Ferrani," Pamela declared, dropping him a little mock curtsey, "and good-morning!"

She made her way into the street outside, shook her head to the commissionaire's upraised whistle, and strolled along until she came to a cross street down which several motor-cars were waiting. She approached one—a very handsome limousine—and checked the driver who would have sprung from his seat.

"George," she said, "I am going to pay a call at a disreputable-looking news-shop, just where I am pointing. You can't bring the car there, as the street is too narrow. You might follow me on foot and be about."

The young man touched his hat and obeyed. A few yards down the street Pamela found her destination, and entered a gloomy little shop. A slatternly woman looked at her curiously from behind the counter.

"I am told that Hassan lodges here, the coffee-maker from Henry's," Pamela began.

The woman looked at her in a peculiar fashion.

"Well?"

"I wish to see him."

"You can't, then," was the curt answer. "He's at his prayers."

"At what?" Pamela exclaimed.

"At his prayers," the woman repeated brusquely. "There," she added, throwing open the door which led into the premises behind, "can't you hear him, poor soul? He's been pinching some more charms from ladies' bracelets, or something of the sort, I reckon. He's always in trouble. He goes on like this for an hour or so and then he forgives himself."

Pamela stood by the open door and listened—listened to a strange, wailing chant, which rose and fell with almost weird monotony.

"Very interesting," she observed. "I have heard that sort of thing before. Now will you kindly tell Hassan that I wish to speak to him, or shall I go and find him for myself?"

"Well, you've got some brass!" the woman declared, with a sneer.

"And some gold," Pamela assented, passing a pound note over to the woman.

"Do you want to see him alone?" the latter asked, almost snatching at the note, but still regarding Pamela with distrustful curiosity.

"Of course," was the calm reply.

The woman opened her lips and closed them again, sniffed, and led the way down a short passage, at the end of which was a door.

"There you are," she muttered, throwing it open. "You've arst for it, mind. 'Tain't my business."

She slouched her way back again into the shop. At first Pamela could scarcely see anything except a dark figure on his knees before a closed and shrouded window. Then she saw Hassan rise to his feet, saw the glitter of his eyes.

"Pull up the blind, Hassan," she directed.

He came a step nearer to her. The gloom in the apartment was extraordinary. Only his shape and his eyes were visible.

"Do as I tell you," she ordered. "Pull up the blind. It will be better."

He hesitated. Then he obeyed. Even then the interior of the room seemed shadowy and obscure. Pamela could only see, in contrast with the rest of the house, that it was wonderfully and spotlessly clean. In one corner, barely concealed by a low screen, his bed stood upon the floor. Hassan muttered something in an Oriental tongue. Pamela interrupted him. She spoke in the soothing tone one uses toward a child.

"That's all right, Hassan," she said. "Sorry to have interrupted you at your prayers but it had to be done. You know me?"

"Yes, mistress," he answered unwillingly. "I your dragoman one year in Cairo. What you want here, mistress?"

"You know that I know," she went on, "that you are a Turk and a Mohammedan, and not an Egyptian at all."

"Yes, mistress, you know that," he muttered.

"And you also know," she continued, "that if I give you away to the authorities, you will be sent at once to a very uncomfortable internment camp, where you won't even have an opportunity to wash more than once a day, where you will have to herd with all sorts of people who will make fun of your color and your religion——"

"Don't, mistress!" he shouted suddenly. "You will not tell. I think you will not tell!"

He was sidling a little toward her. Again one of those curious changes seemed to have transformed him from a dumb, passive creature into a savage. There was menace in his eyes. She waved him back without moving.

"I have come to make a bargain with you, Hassan," she said, "just a few words, that is all. Not quite so near, please."

He paused. There was a moment's silence. His face was within a foot of hers, lowering, black, bestial. Her eyes met his without a tremor. Her full, sweet lips only curved into a faintly contemptuous line.

"You cannot frighten me, Hassan," she declared. "No man has ever done that. And outside I have a chauffeur with muscles of iron, who waits for me. Be reasonable. Listen. There are secrets connected with your restaurant."

"I know nothing," he began at once, "nothing, mistress—nothing!"

"Quite naturally," she continued. "I only need one piece of information. A man disappeared there this morning. I just have to find him. That's all there is about it. At half-past one he was inveigled into the musicians' room and by some means or other rendered unconscious. At three o'clock he had been removed. I want to know what became of him. You help me and the whole world can believe you to be an Egyptian for the rest of their lives. If you can't help me, it is rather unfortunate for you, because I shall tell the police at once who and what you are. Don't waste time, Hassan."

He stood thinking, rubbing his hands and bowing before her, yet, as she knew very well, with murder in his heart. Once she saw his long fingers raised a little.

"Quite useless, Hassan," she warned him. "They hang you in England, you know, for any little trifle such as you are thinking of. Be sensible, and I may even leave a few pound notes behind me."

"Mistress should ask Joseph," he muttered. "I know nothing."

"Oh, mistress is going to ask Joseph all right," she assured him, "but I want a little information from you, too. You've got to earn your freedom, you know, Has-

san. Come, what do they do with the people who disappear from the restaurant?"

"Not understand," was the almost piteous reply.

Pamela sighed. She had again the air of one being patient with a child.

"See here, Hassan," she went on, "a few days ago I went over that restaurant from top to bottom with the manager. There is the musicians' room, isn't there, just over the entrance-hall? I suppose those little glass places in the floor are movable, and then one can hear every word that is spoken below. I am right so far, am I not?"

Hassan answered nothing. His breathing, however, had become a little deeper.

"An unsuspecting person, passing from the toilet-rooms upstairs, could easily be induced to enter. I think that there must be another exit from that room. Yes?"

"Yes!" Hassan faltered.

"To where?"

"The wine-cellars."

"And from there?"

Hassan was suddenly voluble. Truth unlocked his tongue.

"Not know, mistress—not know another thing. No one enters wine-cellar but three men. One of those not know. If I guess—I, Hassan—I look at little chapel left standing in waste place. Perhaps I wonder sometimes, but I not know."

Pamela drew three notes from her gold purse, smoothed them out and handed them over.

"Three pounds, Hassan, silence, and good day! You'll live longer if you open your windows, now and then, and get a little fresh air, instead of praying yourself hoarse."

Again the black figure swayed perilously toward her. She affected not to notice the hand which seemed for a moment as though it would snatch the door-handle from her grasp. She passed out pleasantly and without haste. The last sound she heard was a groan. . . .

"Done your bit o' business, eh?" the landlady asked curiously.

Pamela nodded assent.

"Rather an odd sort of lodger for you, isn't he?"

"Not so odd as his visitors," the woman retorted, with an evil sneer.

Pamela passed into the narrow street and drew a long sigh of relief. Then she entered her car and gave the chauffeur an address from the slip of paper which she carried in her hand. When they stopped outside the little block of flats, he prepared to follow her.

"Tough neighborhood this, madam," he said.

"Maybe, George," she replied, waving him back, "but you've got to stay down here. If the man I am going to see thought I was frightened of him I wouldn't have a chance. If I am not down in half-an-hour, you can try number 18 C."

The chauffeur resumed his place on the driving-seat of the car. Pamela, heartily disliking her surroundings, was escorted by a shabby porter to a shabbier lift.

"You'll find Mr. Joseph in," the lift-boy assured her with a grin.

Pamela found the number at the end of an unswept stone passage. At her third summons the door was cautiously opened by a large, repulsive-looking woman, with a mass of peroxidized hair. She stared at her visitor first in amazement, then in rapidly gathering resentment.

"Mr. Joseph is at home," she admitted truculently, in response to Pamela's inquiry. "What might you be wanting with him?"

"If you will be so good as to let me in, I will explain to Mr. Joseph," Pamela replied.

The woman seemed on the point of slamming the door. Suddenly there was a voice from behind her shoulder. Joseph appeared—not the smiling, joyous Joseph of Henry's, but a sullen-looking negro, dressed in shirt and trousers only, with a heavy underlip and frowning forehead.

"Let the lady pass and get into the kitchen, Nora," he ordered. "Come this way, ma'am."

Pamela followed her guide into a parlor, redolent of stale cigar smoke, with oilcloth on the floor, and varnished walls, an abode even more horrible than Hassan's lair. Joseph closed the door carefully behind him and made no apology for his dishabille. He simply faced Pamela.

"Say, what is it you want with me?" he demanded truculently.

"A trifle," she answered. "The key of the chapel in the little plot of waste ground next to Henry's."

She meant him to be staggered and he was. He reeled back for a moment.

"What the devil are you talking about?" he gasped.

"Facts," Pamela replied. "Do you want to save yourself, Joseph? You can do it if you choose."

He folded his arms and stood in front of the closed door. Without a collar, his neck bulged unpleasantly behind. There was nothing whatever left of the suave and genial *chef d'orchestre*.

"Save myself from what, eh? Just let me get wise about it."

Pamela's eyebrows were daintily elevated.

"Dear me!" she murmured. "I thought you were more intelligent. Listen. You know where we met last? Let me remind you. You were playing in the Winter Garden at Berlin, and the gentleman whom I was with, an attaché at the American Embassy, spoke to you. He told me a good deal about your past life, Joseph, and your present one. You are in the pay of the Secret Service of Germany. Am I to go to Scotland Yard and tell them so?"

He looked at her wickedly.

"You'd have to get out of here first."

"Don't be silly," she advised him contemptuously. "Remember you're talking to an American woman and don't waste your breath. You can be in the Secret Service of any country you like without interference from me. On the other hand, there's just one thing I want from you."

"What is it? I haven't got any key."

"I want to discover exactly what has become of Captain Graham," she declared.

"What, the guy that missed his lunch to-day?" he growled.

"I see you know all about it," she continued equably.

"So he's your spark, is he?" Joseph observed slowly, his eyes blinking as he leaned a little forward.

"On the contrary," Pamela replied, "I have never met him. However, that's beside the point. Do I have the key of that chapel?"

"You do not."

"Have you got it?"

"Right here," Joseph assented, dangling it before her eyes.

"I think it's a fair bargain I'm offering you," she reminded him. "You lose the key and keep your place. You only have to keep your mouth shut and nothing happens."

"Nothing doing," the negro declared shortly. "Keys as important as this ain't lost. If I part with it, I get the chuck and I probably get into the same mess as the others. If I keep it——"

"If you keep it," Pamela interrupted, "you will probably stand with your back to the light in the Tower within the next few days. They've left off being lenient with spies over here."

He looked at her, and there were things in his eyes which few women in the world could have seen without terror. Pamela's lips only came a little closer together. She pressed the inside of the ring upon her third finger, and a ray of green fire seemed to shoot forward.

"I guess I'm up against it," he growled, taking a step forward. "I'll have something of what's coming to me, if I swing for it."

His arm was suddenly around her, his face hideously close. He gave a little snarl as he felt the pinprick through his shirt-sleeve. Then he went spinning round and round with his hand to his head.

"What in God's name!" he spluttered, "what the ——"

He reeled against the horsehair easy-chair and slipped on to the floor. Pamela calmly closed her ring, stooped over him, withdrew the key from his pocket, crossed the room and the dingy little hall with swift footsteps, and, without waiting for the lift, fled down the stone steps. Before she reached the bottom she heard the shrill ringing of the lift-bell, the angry shouting of the woman. Pamela, however, strolled quietly out and took her place in the car.

"Back to the hotel, George," she directed the chauffeur. "Don't stop if they call to you from the flats."

The young man sprang up to his seat and the car glided off. Pamela leaned forward and looked at herself in the mirror. There was a shade more color in her face, perhaps, than usual, but her low waves of chestnut hair were unruffled. She used her powder-puff with attentive skill and leaned back.

"That's the disagreeable part of it over, anyway," she sighed to herself contentedly.

(*To be Continued*)



The scars left by hot dishes

and moisture stains that mar the table top are things unknown to thousands of housewives. They use table mats and pads of

JOHNS-MANVILLE

Asbestos

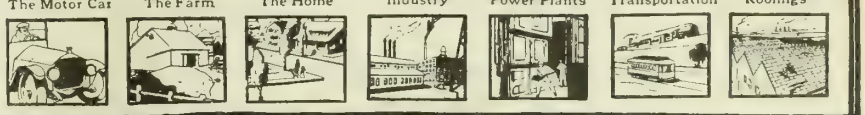
Resistant to heat, water, wear and weather

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE COVERS THE CONTINENT

Practically unknown for ages, this mineral is today, through Johns-Manville, available in every conceivable form. On factory piping it conserves heat—on electric wires in your home it spells safety. The theatre curtain, the moving-picture booth, the brake lining on your motor car—all depend on J-M Asbestos. The history of Johns-Manville is read in the growth of Asbestos as a world-wide utility.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE COMPANY
New York City
10 Factories—Branches in 55 Large Cities

Asbestos Fabrics, Packings, Roofings, Shingles, Brake Linings, Building Materials, Electrical Devices, Heat Insulations, Refractory Cements, Waterproofing.



When you think of Asbestos you think of Johns-Manville

THE SANITARY "O.K." ERASER includes an Adjustable Metal Holder which keeps Rubber Clean, Firm and Keen-edged; works better and lasts longer.
Two Rubbers, the length of the Holder, are made, one for Ink, one for Pencil. By slight pressure, clean Rubber is fed down until used. Price 15c. New Rubbers 5c each.
ALL STATIONERS
By mail 2c extra. Booklets free.
The most Practical Eraser for Everybody
THE O.K. MFG. CO., Syracuse, N. Y.
Makers of the famous Washburne "O.K." Paper Fasteners



A High School Course In Two Years

Learn in your own home. Here is a thorough, complete and simplified high school course that you can finish in two years. *Meets all college entrance requirements.* Prepared by leading members of the faculties of universities and academies.
Write for booklet. Send your name and address for our booklet and full particulars. No obligations. Write today now.
American School of Correspondence. Dept. P-1286, Chicago, U. S. A.

A Good Bookcase for the price of a good book!

Good, sturdy, attractive bookcases sold at moderate prices direct to you from factory



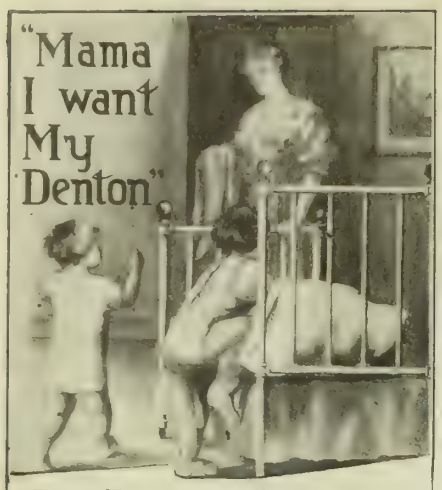
On Approval $1.75 Per Section and Up

Lundstrom
IT GROWS WITH YOUR LIBRARY
The UNIVERSAL BOOKCASE

Endorsed by over 100,000 Users

Made for and universally used in the finest homes and offices throughout the country. They are made in sections, combining practical utility, economy and attractive appearance. Style illustrated is beautifully finished in SOLID OAK with **non-binding, disappearing glass doors**; price: top $1.25, leg base $1.50—combination complete $8.00. Other styles and grades at correspondingly low prices. On orders of $10.00 and over **we pay all freight** except to extreme western states where we pay part freight. Shipped **direct** from factory ON APPROVAL and at **considerable saving** TO YOU. Write for new Catalog 29-S.

The C. J. Lundstrom Mfg. Co., Little Falls, N. Y.
Mfrs. Sectional Bookcases and Filing Cabinets
Branch Office: Flatiron B dg., New York City



Dr. Denton *Soft-Knit* Sleeping Garments

protect your little ones at night and give you unbroken sleep.

Dr. Denton Garments **cover body, feet and hands.** Feet are part of the Garment. Hands are covered by cuffs that turn down and close with draw-strings. Made from our **Dr. Denton Hygienic, Double Carded, Elastic, Knit, Mixed Cotton and Wool Fabric,** specially devised to give most healthful sleep. We use only clean, new, high-grade cotton and wool; **no waste, no dyes and no bleaching chemicals.** Our **Soft-knit** fabric carries off perspiration and **keeps the child warm even if bed covers are thrown off.** Prevent colds that often lead to pneumonia.

Eleven sizes for one to ten Years old. Prices, 60c to $1.20 according to size and style.



TRADE MARK

Soft, Elastic, Durable. Do Not Shrink.

Write for booklet giving Dr. Mary Wood Allen's practical ideas "Healthful Sleep for Children." Be sure you get the **genuine Dr. Denton Garments.** Our trade mark, shown here, is attached to each garment. If you cannot get them of your dealer **write us.**

DR. DENTON SLEEPING GARMENT MILLS,
925 Mill Street, Centreville, Michigan.

What New Thought Will Do



ELIZABETH TOWNE
Editor of Nautilus

Change Your Mental Habits, banishing fear, worry, doubt and nervousness.

Develop Your Mind to self-confidence, self-command and success.

Give You Tact, fore-thought and ability to win respect, friendships and heart's desires.

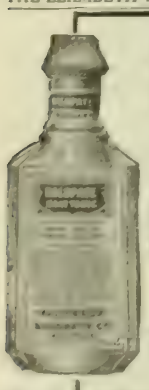
Hundreds of letters in our files prove the above.

The Gist of New Thought

in eight chapters explains New Thought. It's a clear and interesting hand-book, easily understood and applied. Complete in itself and different.

For 10 Cents you can get the above booklet and 3 months' trial subscription to NAUTILUS, magazine of New Thought. Elizabeth Towne and William E. Towne, editors. Edwin Markham, Paul Ellsworth, Dr. Orison Swett Marden, Edward B. Warman, A. M., Horatio W. Dresser, Ph.D., Christian D. Larson, contributors. Send now and we will include "How to Get What You Want."

THE ELIZABETH TOWNE CO., Dept. B-51, Holyoke, Mass.



An Excellent Tonic for Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair

BALDPATE

Registered in U. S. and Canada

HAIR TONIC

NEVER FAILS

Stops hair and strengthens the follicles and thus promotes the growth of the hair. Keeps the scalp of [illegible] and prevents dandruff. Is highly perfumed and free from oil. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. If your dealer cannot supply you, send 10c and we will

Send 10c for Trial Size

BALDPATE CO., NEW YORK
167 West 34th Street, Dept. X
SOLD EVERYWHERE

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

[illegible] —writer, and only nine characters [illegible] Speedy, practical in 30 days of home study. [illegible] CORRESPONDENCE [illegible] Chicago, Ill.

EFFICIENCY

Your success depends upon your Personal Efficiency. Complete Course $4.00. Particulars.

MEAD COURSE IN PERSONAL EFFICIENCY
Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

"TURN TO THE RIGHT"

(*Continued from page 200*)

you managed to get along all this year. How did you do it?

Mrs. Bascom—Deacon Tillinger gave us all the credit we wanted.

Joe—Tillinger!

Mrs. Bascom—Oh, he was awful good, Joe.

Joe—Well, can you beat that! But anybody 'd be good to you, Little Lady. They couldn't help it, even Tillinger.

Betty—We've gone into debt——

Joe—Don't let that fret you. I'll get even with Tillinger first thing I do.

Betty—Oh, Joe, will you?

Joe—You bet I will.

Betty—Oh, Maw, do you hear that? It's all right now—it's all right, Joe'll pay him. Won't you, Joe?

Joe—Certainly I'll pay him.

Betty—Oh, that's fine. He was goin' to take this place and make us get out and move into that miserable Jones house. And now we won't have to. Oh, Maw, I'm so happy! He's to bring over all the things for Maw to sign to-night. You know—that'll make him own the farm—but now you can pay him and Maw won't have to sign them. I'll run right over to the store and tell him.

Joe—No, hold on a minute, kid. You needn't do that. I'd better see him myself later on.

Mrs. Bascom—Oh, Betty, do let's give your brother time to turn around an' get his breath before we bother him with all our worries.

Joe—How much is it we owe Tillinger?

Mrs. Bascom—We can talk about that after you've had your supper.

Joe—Do we owe him as much as that?

Mrs. Bascom—Well, I don't suppose a hundred and twenty-five dollars seems much to you.

Joe—Oh no, it ain't nothin' to me.

Mrs. Bascom—You see, we expected a lot from the peach crop this year. It's about the biggest we ever had. But now the market's so over-stocked the Deacon can't sell ours at any price, and he has always thought this farm was too big for us.

Joe—Well, you're going to stay right here.

Mrs. Bascom—It will be lovely for you to pay him when he comes to-night. The thought of leavin' here has almost broke Betty's heart.

Betty—It's almost broke yours, too, but you wouldn't let on.

While *Mrs. Bascom* and *Betty* are getting *Joe's* supper out in the summer kitchen his two pals, Muggs and Gilly, knock at the door. Joe thinks they have followed him, but this they deny; saying that they are merely tramping to the next big town and stopped on a chance of getting a hand-out:

Joe—You two!

Muggs—Well, I'll be- —

Gilly—Pete!

Joe—S-sh! What the devil do you fellows mean by following me?

Muggs—We didn't follie yer.

Joe—Don't try to kid me.

Gilly—No, on the level, we didn't.

Muggs—We hops a freight for the big town—gits in an empty, an' what do they do but switch us off on a siding over there and leave us flat. It's dark an' we're broke an' starvin', so we quits the empty to look for a hand-out.

Joe—Too bad, boys, but I'm afraid you'll have to take a sneak.

Muggs—Oh, this is where the dame is?

Gilly—Sure.

Muggs—What d'you think of that. A rube dame! Come on, Gilly.

Joe—I'm sorry, boys.

Gilly—Was it all right, Pete? She hadn't forgot yer?

Joe—No.

Gilly—We didn't mean to butt in on the level we didn't!

Mrs. Bascom—Joey, do you like—Oh!

Joe—Little Lady, these are a couple of pals of mine—business acquaintances. This is Mug—M- Mr. McCarthy and this is Mr. Gilbert. Fellows, this is my mother.

Mrs. Bascom—Well, well, well! I'm real glad to see you, Mr. Gilbert.

Gilly—Thank you, ma'am.

Mrs. Bascom—And you too, Mr. McCarthy. Won't you both step right into the parlor.

Muggs—Oh no, ma'am, no. We—we got to be gettin' on.

Gilly—We're in a sort of a hurry.

Mrs. Bascom—Oh, ain't that too bad! Joey, dear, I hope they ain't goin' because they're afraid they took me by surprise. Joe didn't tell me you was comin', but he has only just got here himself, an' I hain't given him a chance to tell me much of anythin' yet.

Gilly—Well, you see, he didn't know we was comin'.

Mrs. Bascom—Oh!

Muggs—No, ma'am, we blows in- unexpected.

Mrs. Bascom—Well, ain't that nice! Can't you stay to supper?

Muggs—Supper!

Mrs. Bascom—Joe's just goin' to have his. I got plenty—can't you?

Gilly—Well, we're much obliged, ma'am, but we ain't exactly—er—hungry.

Joe—I guess you better stay. You can spare that much time.

Mrs. Bascom—Oh, do, that'll be lovely, an' then Joe won't have to eat alone.

While the three boys are at table *Betty* returns and later her friends appear, *Jessie Strong* (Alice Hastings) and *Elsie Tillinger* (Louise Rutter). The latter is the Deacon's daughter and Joe's old sweetheart. After introductions all round the three couples all "fall" for each other. While the women are getting ready for prayer-meeting, *Joe* puts *Muggs* and *Gilly* wise to the situation:

Mrs. Bascom—Joey, dear, can't you come to meetin' with us? It would be so nice on your first night home.

Joe—Why, of course.

Mrs. Bascom—Perhaps you boys would like to come too?

Gilly—Where is it at—in a church?

Mrs. Bascom—No, it's in the chapel.

Gilly—Oh!

Muggs—We'll take a chance if you want us to—won't we—Gilbert?

Gilly—Sure!

Mrs. Bascom—Oh, that's lovely. Now, call me, Joey, if you want anythin'.

Joe—All right, mother. (*She exits*)

Muggs—I've had some swell dreams in my life—but nothin' like this! What about havin' us guys in de church, kid?

Joe—It's all right, I guess. It would make an awful hit with her. What do you think, Gilly?

Gilly—Go to church? Why I'd go to hades for that old lady—she—she—no wonder you was worryin' all last year. I never seen no one like her.

Muggs—Betty! Betty—that's the sister's first name, ain't it kid?

Joe—Yes, that's it.

Muggs—I was tryin' to remember it. Suppose the gang could see us now—wid our milk an' jam.

Gilly—I didn't know there was such chuck in the world.

Muggs—Us lookin' fer a bum hand-out and fallin' up against this Tiffany food.

Gilly—And how can everything be so clean?

Joe—It's quite a farm. Got a big peach orchard on it—finest fruit in the State.

Muggs—And you're goin' to stay here an' run it?

Joe—I was—but I don't know now. My mother and the kid was figurin' they'd got to get out just before I come. I got to dig up some coin somewhere right away.

Muggs—What's the matter?

Joe—Well, my mother owes a bill to the village Shylock, see? And before I am wise as to how she stands I made her think I'm loaded down with coin and can settle up everything for her. Then I find out the guy has got it all framed to take this farm—I don't know exactly how, but I know *him*, and it's a pipe he's doped out some way he can do it by law.

Gilly—How much you got to get?

Joe—The bill my mother thinks I'm goin' to pay to-night is a hundred and a quarter.

Muggs—When's the next train for the Bronx?

Joe—No, nothin' doin', Muggs.

Muggs—You needn't be in on this at all. Gilly an' me'll have a roll for you as soon as we can get there an' back.

Gilly—Sure! I'd commit murder for that old lady.

Joe—Sit down. Sit down both of you. I know you'd both go through for me, but I wouldn't let you. I'm goin' to talk with this guy first an' see if I can work it out some way. It's no cinch goin' to him because we love each other like a couple of rattlesnakes. I ran away from home on his account.

Muggs—How was that?

Joe—Well I—I used to like his daughter. Now I've got to go to her old man an' beg for mercy.

Muggs—But if he turns you down, and you can't give him that hundred an' twenty-five bucks to-night, your mother will get wise that you are four-flushing, won't she?

Joe—That's what I'm afraid of.

Gilly—Is there anybody in this town got a hundred and twenty-five?

Joe—Only this guy we owe it to—he's got a barrel of it.

Gilly—Where does he keep his barrel?

Muggs—Say, listen here: Joe, I could take it out of his shoe and he'd never feel it.

Gilly—Aw, what're you talkin' about—them rubes don't never carry a roll—they bury it.

Joe—I wouldn't stand for anything like that, and if I would you could never get near any of Tillinger's coin.

Muggs—If he keeps any of it in this town Gilly could. Why, that guy taught Houdini all he knows!

Gilly—Tillinger, is that his monaker?

Joe—Yes, Deacon Tillinger.

Muggs—What is he—a farmer?

Joe—No, he's got a big store—groceries—and 'most everythin' else. I've got to go an' see him now and try to keep him away from here. I'd better go and tell my mother I'm going out for a walk. I'll be back in a few minutes. (*Exits*)

Muggs—We got to help the kid out some way, Gilly.

Gilly—How yer goin' to help him if he won't stand fer it?

Muggs—Dig up a roll an' tell him we borrowed it.

Gilly—We might take a look at this guy Tillinger's dump.

A little later *Betty*, quite innocently, describes to *Gilly* the plan and arrangements of Deacon Tillinger's store:

Gilly—How does it look inside?

Betty—Well, in the front part they've got counters on each side and down the center. One side is all groceries and the other side is drygoods, and in the middle is——

Muggs—Barrels of flour, molasses and potatoes.

Betty—Oh no, they keep all the barrels in the cellar.

Gilly—How do they get 'em in there?

Betty—Why, they let them down the cellar steps.

Muggs—Oh, they got cellar steps? Don't they interfere with the show windows?

Betty—Why, the cellar steps ain't in the front of the store—they're around in the back, under the office.

Muggs—Oh, I see. The office is in the back of the store. We was goin' to have our office in the front. (*To Gilly*) I'm always tellin' you the back of the store is the best place for an office.

Gilly—Well, you can't get such good light there.

Jessie—There's plenty of light in Deacon Tillinger's office. There's a big window right by the desk.

Gilly—By his desk?

Jessie—No, the book-keeper's desk. The Deacon's desk is over in the other corner near the safe.

Betty—Look! They've closed up; the light's just gone out.

Muggs—Ain't it time you was takin' your exercise, Mr. Gilbert?

Gilly—Sure. I think I'll go out and take a little walk.

Muggs—Mr. Gilbert's doctor always makes him take a walk after eatin'.

Jessie—Good-night, Mr. Gilbert.

Gilly—Good-night!

Betty—You're comin' back, aren't you?

Gilly—It won't take me long.

Betty—Deacon Tillinger said he was comin' over here on business.

Jessie—Oh, dear, then we'd better go.

Betty—Yes, let's. Won't you come along, Mr. McCarthy?

Muggs—How far is it?

Betty—Just down the road a piece.

Muggs—Well, I'll walk down with yer but I can't go in. I got some business with—with Mr. Bascom.

Then comes the show-down between *Deacon Tillinger* and *Joe Bascom* in which the former bares his hand:

Tillinger—You're back, are you?

Joe—Yes, Sir—won't you sit down, Mr. Tillinger?

Tillinger—I'm here to see your mother.

Joe—But I'd like to talk to you first, please.

Tillinger—They ain't nothin' I want to say to you.

Joe—I suppose not—but I know what you've come for and my mother wants me to attend to it for her.

Tillinger—Oh!

Joe—She's told me how good you've been to her, Mr. Tillinger.

Tillinger—She has, eh?

Joe—Oh, yes, I was just going over to see you—but you got here first. Won't you sit down, Mr. Tillinger?

Tillinger—Then you understand our agreement, do you?

Joe—Well, I'd like to hear it from you—to make sure I got it straight.

Tillinger—This farm's too much for her—needs a lot of tending to—and money to keep it going, an' she's been gettin' further an' further behind right along. I've worried about her quite a bit. Now, she can manage first-rate in a small place—what with doing odd jobs around an' finding a place for Betty to work—an' perhaps you helpin' out again like you used to——

Joe—I see.

Tillinger—Well, I'm givin' your Maw the Jones place and five hundred dollars for her equity—that's the agreement. Here's a receipt to date for your Maw's bill. Here's my cheque to make up the five hundred, and here's a deed to the Jones property, all free and clear, and this is the deed for your Maw to sign.

Joe—Mr. Tillinger, we'd rather hold on to this place a while longer.

Tillinger—What? It's too late for that now.

Joe—Why is it too late?

Tillinger—Because the bargain's all made and agreed to and only this afternoon I arranged to turn this place over to—to a party from New York.

Joe—But how could you do that? My mother hasn't signed anything yet, has she?

Tillinger—Oh, so that's it—you think you can hold me up?

Joe—Not at all, I——

Tillinger—Well, you'll find you can't. The terms has all been settled and your mother's took one hundred and twenty-five dollars to bind the bargain.

Joe—What! Oh, you mean your bill?

Tillinger—Yes, I charged it off and here's the receipt.

Joe—Suppose I pay it?

Tillinger—Can yer pay it?

Joe—I say suppose——

Tillinger—No supposin' about it. I say, can yer? I know yer can't. Then there's the taxes past due and the interest—over six hundred dollars it amounts to.

Joe—We got the peach crop.

Tillinger—You try to sell it. Peaches ain't worth counterfeit money this year.

Joe—But listen, Mr. Tillinger—you made this bargain to do my mother a favor, because she and Betty were alone here. I'm back now and I want to stay and look out for them and try my hand at running the place.

Tillinger—You run it! I know you—. you can't run nothin'—an' your Maw'd be a good sight better off without you than with you.

Joe—Perhaps that ain't a bad guess, but just the same I am goin' to try it.

Tillinger—No you ain't—this farm is mine and I don't want to multiply words with you.

Joe—Well, get this anyhow—you're a dirty crook and you're tryin' to rob my mother of this farm! But you ain't never goin' to get away with it! I'll see you in hades first!

While the Deacon has been getting his knockout, the versatile *Gilly* has opened the store safe and abstracted a hundred and twenty-five dollars which later he passes to *Joe*, who therewith liquidates the debt on the farm with the Deacon's own money! The latter slips the wad out of sight and then Gilly picks his pocket. Next morning the Deacon at first thinks he has lost the money.

Act Second shows how the three ex-jailbirds "turn to the right" and go into the peach business, intending to market *Ma Bascom's* famous preserves. Right here *Sam Martin* (Edgar Nelson) takes a hand. He is a smart young villager, and has already had some success in peddling small lots of the famous jam:

Sam—Say, what are you going to do with the peaches?

Muggs—Eat 'em.

Sam—I heard there was a syndicate that's goin' to make Mis' Bascom's jam——

Muggs—Do you get that! There ain't no chance to keep a secret around here.

Sam—Who's he? (*indicating Gilly*)

Muggs—That gentleman is my partner——

Sam—Are you two a syndicate?

Muggs—Sure we're a syndicate.

Sam—And you're goin' to make jam of all that peach crop?

Muggs—Right down to the last peach-skin, kid.

Sam—Who's goin' to sell it for you?

Muggs—Why? Can you sell some?

Sam—You give me the chance an' I'll show you.

Muggs—Well, you go right ahead and sell 'em.

Gilly—Say, and hurry back with the money.

Sam—Say, if you mean it, how would you like to sign this?

Muggs—What is it?

Sam—Oh, it's all square. I just give Mr. Stephens, the lawyer, fifty cents to write it out for me.

Muggs—Read it!

Sam—Know all men by these presents, that I, blank—the blank of the blank Jam Company, for the sum of One Dollar, lawful——

Muggs—One dollar!

Sam—Oh, that's only the way a lawyer writes it, but what it means so's folks can understand it is that you agree to give me one per cent. commission on the jam, and I guarantee to sell all you can make.

Muggs—And do you think we'd give you all that for one dollar! Say, listen! Anybody that wants to do business with this syndicate has got to put up some money—some regular money.

Sam—How much do you want me to put up?

Muggs—How much you got?

Sam—I got 'most three hundred dollars——

Muggs—Kiss me!

Sam—Oh, stop foolin', will you, an' talk business!

Muggs—Just show me that coin.

Sam—Oh, I got it all right! If I put up some money, how do I know you're goin' to make the jam?

Muggs—I'm tellin' you.

Sam—I don't believe all I'm told. Let me put it in here. (*Referring to paper*) If you don't make the jam, I own the peaches, an' I'll give you two hundred and fifty dollars as an advance on the first lot I sell.

Muggs—What do you say, Mr. Gilbert?

Gilly—I say count it and see if he's got two-fifty.

Muggs—You're on, kid—hand over the coin.

Sam—Wait a minute!

Muggs—It's hard for you to give up, ain't it?

Sam—I ain't givin' up till I get this signed. I worked four years for this money. What's your first name?

Muggs—McCarthy.

Sam—I want to write it in this blank. What's your first name?

Muggs—McCarthy.

Sam—What, your first and last name just the same?

Muggs—It's my middle name too—McCarthy McCarthy McCarthy!

Sam—That's a deuce of a name (*offering paper*) Put it there.

Muggs—(*shaking hands with him*) How are you!

Sam—(*pulling away his hand*) No, I mean your name.

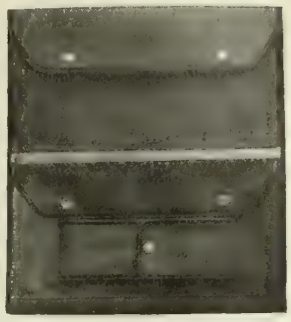
Muggs—I'll sign it in four places! Be gettin' that two-fifty ready, kid!

Sam—Don't you worry. (*Joe enters*) Say, Joe, is this all right? If it ain't I can make it hot for him—it would be obtaining money under false pretenses.

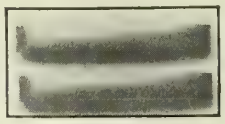
Joe—What the blazes is this?

Sam—I just paid 'em two hundred and fifty dollars for the right to sell their jam.

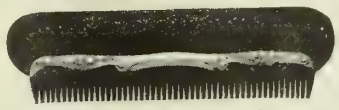
Joe—Where did you get two hundred and fifty dollars?



No. 718. **Army Khaki Wardrobe Case,** with leather bound edges. Pockets for ties, handkerchiefs, collar buttons, pins, gloves and hosiery. A very serviceable and durable article for a man in the service. **$5.**



No. 307. **Solid 10K Gold Lingerie Clasps.** A very useful article that is fast becoming a necessity. These clasps are well made and are of good weight. **$1.**



No. 518. **Sterling Silver Mounted Comb** in leather case. Comb is 5 inches long. A very useful article, appreciated by every man. **65c.**



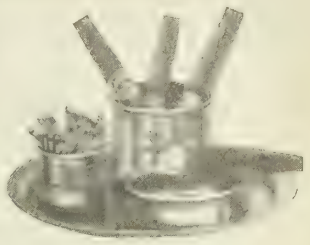
No. 522. **Heavily Nickeled Shaving Stand,** with best quality beveled glass mirror and removable porcelain cup. Brush has heavily nickeled handle and finest quality bristles. Stand is 12 inches high. Just the article for a man for whom it is hard to find a useful gift. **$3.**



No. 107. **Square Cut Tourmaline** and 2 cultured pearls, set in fancy engraved Solid 10K Gold Mounting. Please state ring size when ordering. **$7.50**



No. 308. **Solid 10K Gold Pendant** with sapphire and baroque pearl. One of our extraordinary bargains. **$1.**



No. 519. **Brass Smoker's Set** of four pieces, comprising 7½ inch tray, ash receiver, match and cigar holders. One of the most popular gift articles for men that we carry in our extensive line. We quote it at a special price. **$3.50**

Shop Early—
The Baird-North Way.

Uncle Sam is calling upon us to conserve our strength, our time and our resources—but he cautions us not to hoard, for the safety of the business structure which is so important in these troublesome days.

Make a little more time to give Uncle Sam by shopping the "Baird-North Way". Save your strength by shopping at home with our catalog—doing away with the tiresome hours in the crowded city stores.

Make your money go farther this Christmas by availing yourself of our low prices—prices which we have safeguarded in the ever-changing metal markets.

The "Baird-North Way" means a saving of money—but it does not mean a sacrifice of quality.

Send the corner coupon TODAY for our 200 page catalog of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Leather Goods, Novelties, Toiletware, Tableware, etc.

Every article is guaranteed to satisfy you or we will refund your money. We guarantee free, safe and prompt delivery.

DIRECT FROM WORKSHOP **BAIRD-NORTH CO.** YOU SAVE ONE THIRD

BAIRD-NORTH CO., 108 Broad St., Providence, R. I.

Gentlemen:
Please send me FREE without obligation your 200 page catalogue, containing 10,000 articles of jewelry and gifts.

Name.....

Address.....

They're Here!

EVERY motorist has been waiting for the new 1917 Automobile Blue Books. 400,000 miles of the best motor roads in the country are covered by this largest edition of the "Standard Road Guide of America." They're here!

Don't follow the crowd. Get out into the country. Discover new roads, new scenery, new pleasures in motoring. The Blue Book will unfold a new world to you, right near your home or anywhere in the United States.

You don't have to ask any questions when you drive with a Blue Book on your lap. It guides you from anywhere to everywhere and, by keeping you on the good roads, it saves you money in gasoline, tires, wear and tear on your car.



The Blue Books are used by more than 250,000 motor tourists in every part of the country.

Buy Your Copy Today
Price $3.00 Per Volume

On sale at all leading bookshops, automobile supply houses, garages, hotel news-stands—or sent direct upon receipt of $3.00.

THE AUTOMOBILE BLUE BOOK PUBLISHING COMPANY

Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. | 900 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. | 243 West 39th Street, New York City

Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they peel off



Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the United States or Canada.

The Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, O.

"Mum"

(as easy to use as to say)

neutralizes body odors *as* they occur

in warm weather, in all weathers. "Mum" does not overpower one odor with another nor check natural functions. Keeps skin and clothing fresh and clean and sweet. Indispensable to everyone. Quickly applied—use very little—lasts the day through.

25c

"Mum" is a trade mark registered in U.S. Patent Office

"MUM" MFG CO 1106 Chestnut St Phialdelphia

"Get a Better Job"—

To the man with training, bigger salaries are paid [illegible] and all the better positions are filled by trained men. And you can get that training right in your own home [illegible] your spare time. Let us send you our free book and tell you how. Write today.

Write Today for the Free Book

We will send you our new book "How To Get a Better Job" free, postpaid. It tells how to have an [illegible] way to experience it costs to make the most of your opportunities. It tells how to [illegible] for the position you want. It tells how to [illegible] Free. Write today.

American School of Correspondence, Dept. C1298, Chicago, Ill

Sam—From the bank! I drew out all I had. Them fellers ain't cheatin' me, be they?

Joe—What makes you think you can sell it?

Sam—Never mind. All I want to find out is whether that paper's good.

Joe—Sure it is.

Sam—So-long!

Joe—Here! Wait a minute! Who got you to do this?

Sam—Nobody—I done it my own self.

Joe—Oh, no, you didn't. Tell me the truth now.

Sam—Honest, Joe. Only I found out where I could sell it!

Joe—Where's that?

Sam—Not much—if I told you you might try to beat me out of my commission!

Joe—No, Sam. No one wants to beat you. We couldn't anyhow—you've got the agreement.

Sam—That's right.

Joe—Come on, tell us, Sam.

Sam—Well, I got a man in New York that'll pay $36 a gross for all he can git. And that man is Henry W. Parker!

Joe—Henry W. Parker?

Muggs—Who is he?

Sam—Who *is* he? He's the biggest wholesale grocer in the country, an' I was talkin' with him just the same as if he was anybody!

But *Joe's* troubles are not yet ended. The Deacon prefers a charge of robbery and sends for a Headquarters detective, *Callahan* (Harry E. Humphrey), the very man who pinched *Joe* some years ago:

Callahan—Well, this looks great! You couldn't have picked out a better spot—nice little story for the Chief, this is! Of course that house ain't got a bit of stolen property in it!

Joe—No, it hasn't!

Callahan—Oh, no, and so there ain't no harm in havin' a look through it.

Joe—Yes there is—you've got no right to go in there.

Callahan—Easy now, don't try to pull anything on me. I'm goin' to look through every inch of that shack—and if you three know what's good for you, you'll be nice—see? Nice!

Mrs. Bascom—Dinner's ready, boys. Oh!

Joe—Mr. Callahan, this is my mother.

Mrs. Bascom—I'm real glad to see you, Mr. Callahan.

Callahan—Thank you.

Mrs. Bascom—We're just goin' to have dinner—won't you stay?

Callahan—You're very kind, but I——

Mrs. Bascom—Oh, do, it won't take a minute to set another place.

Joe—We—we've got a little business to talk over first; mother.

Mrs. Bascom—Oh, well, don't hurry. But you'll get Mr. Callahan to stay?

Joe—I'll try.

Mrs. Bascom—That's right. Come in when you're ready.

Callahan—Well, that search thing is off.

Joe—Thank you, Mr. Callahan. Why, my mother's always lived in this village. anybody'll tell you she's all right.

Callahan—Say, I wasn't born yesterday. I know she's all right, but you want to be careful about the friends you have around you (*glances at Muggs and Gilly*) So you have been pulling something! (*The Deacon enters*) Who's this? Is your name Tillinger?

Tillinger—Yes.

Callahan—Perhaps I can be of some help to you. I'm from New York Police Headquarters.

Tillinger—A detective! I'm mighty glad you're here.

Callahan—Tell me what the trouble is.

Tillinger—Last night one of these fellers picked my pocket.

Callahan—Which one?

Tillinger—Well, I guess they both of 'em had a hand in it.

Callahan—Have you just found it out?

Tillinger—No, I missed some money out of my pocket last evenin', but I thought I'd lost it at first—spent half the night lookin' for it. Scoundrels!

Joe—He can't prove that any of us took his money, Mr. Callahan.

Tillinger—I can prove one of 'em assaulted me.

Callahan—Assaulted you?

Tillinger—Yes, he did (*points at Muggs*).

Muggs—I didn't assault you (*to Callahan*) Why, Callahan, he was in the kitchen—an' smellin' language to Mr Bascom, an' all I did was just to push him out—easy like that. *He talks, and as he does so slips the roll of bills into Tillinger's right-hand vest-pocket. Joe does not see this. (Muggs, after the scuffle, shows his emply hands)*

Tillinger—Take your hands off'n me.

Joe—Nix, Muggs. Mr. Tillinger, you lost that money last night.

Tillinger—I never lost a cent in my life.

Joe—Oh, yes, you did, for I found it on the porch this morning, and here it is.

Til inger—Ah, you're give it back now—tryin' to keep out of limbo, but you'll find—(*he is putting the money in his vest pocket. He stops suddenly, surprised, feels in his pocket, slowly withdraws his fingers with two rolls of bills, takes one roll in each hand*)

Callahan—What's that?

Tillinger—Another hundred and twenty-five.

Eventually *Callahan* clears Joe's good name and arrests the real culprit for whose crime he had been sent to jail. Between these events and Act Third a year elapses. The jam firm is making money hand-over-fist and the three partners are getting rich. The Bascom house has been remodeled for *Joe* and his bride *Elsie* who have just returned from their wedding-trip to find a big banquet ready and waiting. During coffee and cigars *Joe* addresses *Muggs* and *Gilly:*

Joe—Say, boys, do you remember what you promised me when we went into business together?

Muggs—About Betty?

Gilly—And Jessie?

Joe—Yes.

Gilly—And we've stuck to it, Joe.

Muggs—Sure we have. We bought two engagement-rings six months ago—but we never said nothin' about 'em.

Joe—Well, that promise is off.

Muggs—Off!

Gilly—Do you mean it?

Joe—You agreed to say nothing until you'd made good.

Muggs—You think we have made good; Joe, honest?

Joe—If two fellows ever made good, you have.

Gilly—I ain't missed Sunday-school in forty weeks.

Joe—I'll see if I can find the girls for you.

Gilly—There's some kid!

Muggs—And he's got some sister!

Gilly—And she's got some friend!

Muggs—And now we can ask 'em.

Gilly—And we've both got bank-accounts.

Muggs—And we got 'em on the level.

Gilly—And our mugs ain't in the Rogues' Gallery.

Muggs—Dudley!

Gilly—Lucius!

Muggs—Joe's lookin' for the girls. They'll be here in a minute.

Gilly—Can't we both ask 'em together?

Muggs—What do you mean?

Gilly—Somehow, I don't like the idea of being alone when I ask Jessie.

Muggs—Afraid?

Gilly—Scared stiff!

Muggs—Me, too. Got your ring?

Gilly—Sure. I think I'll send mine to Jessie with a note.

Muggs—Oh, you can't propose to a girl that way. I wouldn't mind askin' your Jessie.

Gilly—I wouldn't mind askin' your Betty! Say, Muggs—would you—propose for me?

Muggs—Yes.

Gilly—Here comes Betty. Blow—quick!

Muggs—Blow yourself!

Gilly—But I want to fix it for you.

Muggs—I'll do my own fixin'—beat it—get out!

Betty—Jessie wants to see you, Dudley. You better go right away.

Gilly—Thanks! (*exits*)

Muggs—(*he holds ring in right hand by his side. Looks at it meaningly, then breathes on it, and rubs it on his coat-sleeve. Betty sees the ring*) Betty, I got something terrible important to say to you. Will you take a little walk in the orchard, Betty? (*they exit. Enter Jessie and Gilbert, then Mrs. Bascom*)

Jessie—Oh, Mrs. Bascom, I want to show you something (*Jessie runs to Mrs. Bascom—shows her engagement-ring, Gilly grinning and looking on*)

Mrs. Bascom—Oh, my dears I'm so glad! (*Betty and Muggs enter*)

Betty—Maw! Maw! Look! (*shows Mrs. Bascom her engagement-ring*)

Mrs. Bascom—My darling girl!

Jessie—Oh, let's see! See mine!

Betty—Jessie!

Jessie—Betty!

Muggs—Dudley!

Gilly—Lucius!

Muggs and Gilly—Mother!

REDUCE THE COST OF GASOLINE ONE THIRD TO ONE HALF

FORDS AND ALL OTHER CARS

One-third to one-half MORE MILEAGE and POWER can be secured from cheapest grade of gasoline or even half gasoline and half kerosene by using the

Newly Perfected 1917 Model

AIR FRICTION CARBURETORS

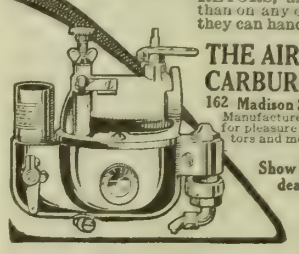
Start your motor instantly and move off at once, even in zero weather, with no "popping", "spitting", or "missing". END your carburetor troubles.

We fit any car without changing present manifold or throttle connections.

ASK your dealer. If he can't supply you, write us direct, sending his name and the name and model of your car.

30% off list price where no representative is already appointed. Ask us about our 30 day trial offer.

Dealers, garages and repair shops make greater profits and give more satisfaction supplying AIR FRICTION CARBURETORS, and spark plugs, than on any other accessories they can handle.



THE AIR FRICTION CARBURETOR CO.

162 Madison St., Dayton, Ohio

Manufacturers of carburetors for pleasure cars, trucks, tractors and motor boats.

Show this adv. to your dealer or repair shop



Do You Need More Money?

To help your husband—to help your children—to help yourself? We can show you an easy way that is dignified, honorable and profitable.

The happy, contented women shown above are all *free from worry and with money coming in.* Each of them has founded, with our help, a growing and prosperous business and every year sees each of them making more money. And these cases are by no means exceptional, for

In More Than 13,000 Cases We Have Helped ambitious, deserving women. You can do the same as they have done. Sell World's Star Hosiery and Klean-Knit Underwear in your home town. No previous experience is necessary—we show you how to make money in an easy, congenial and profitable way. We sell direct from the mill to the home through our local representatives, and our lines of hosiery and underwear for men, women and children are famous the world over.

Write today for our free catalog
It tells the whole story

WORLD'S STAR KNITTING CO
DEPT. 297 BAY CITY, MICH.

We have been in business here for more than 22 years

Send for MINIATURE BOTTLE 20¢



You have never seen anything like this before

The most concentrated and exquisite perfume ever made. Produced without alcohol. A single drop lasts days. Bottles like picture, with long glass stopper, Rose or Lilac, $1.50; Lily of the Valley or Violet, $1.75. Send 20c silver or stamps for miniature bottle.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Rieger's Flower Drops

The above also comes in less concentrated (usual perfume) form at $1.00 an ounce at druggists or by mail, with two new extra odors, "Mon Amour" and "Garden Queen," which are very fine. Send $1.00 for souvenir box, five 25c bottles same size as picture, different odors. Send stamps or currency.

EXACT SIZE OF BOTTLE

PAUL RIEGER, 228 First St., San Francisco

600 Shaves From One Blade



Yes, and more. That's the record of many men who shave themselves. Old blades made sharper than new—in 10 seconds. For all Safety Razors. Quick, velvety shaves for life with wonderful, new

Rotastrop

Just drop blade in, turn handle. Nothing to get out of order. Machine gives "feel and toe action", just like a barber strops a razor.

10 Days Free Trial—write for booklet. Send name of nearest dealer and state make of razor.

Burke Mfg. Co., Dept. 214 Dayton, O.

BUY **DIAMONDS** DIRECT

FROM JASON WEILER & SON,

Boston, Mass., one of America's leading diamond importers

For over 41 years **Jason Weiler, of Boston,** has been engaged in importing diamonds. However, a large business is done **direct by mail** with customers at **prices only Importers of Diamonds can quote! Here are several diamond offers—Direct to you by mail**—which clearly demonstrate our position to name prices on diamonds that should surely interest any present or prospective diamond purchaser.



1 carat, $95.00

This genuine one carat diamond is of fine brilliancy and perfectly cut. Mounted in Tiffany style, 14k. solid gold setting. Money refunded if your jeweler can duplicate it for less than $125. Our price direct to you **$95.**



Ladies' Diamond Ring, $205.00

This ring is made of all platinum, richly carved and pierced in the new lace work effect. Set with perfectly cut, blue-white diamond.



¾ carat, $65.00

This ¾ carat, genuine diamond of great brilliancy and perfectly cut. 14k. solid gold setting. Money refunded if your jeweler can duplicate it for less than $85. Our price. . . **$65.**

A few weights and prices of other diamond rings:—

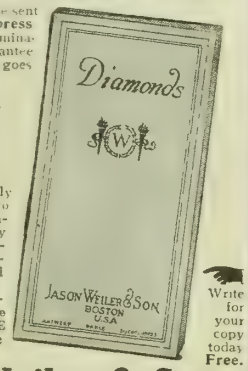
¼ carat . .	$ 19.00
⅜ carat . .	32.00
½ carat . .	43.00
1½ carats .	139.00
2 carats . .	189.00
3 carats . .	512.00

Money refunded if these diamonds can be purchased elsewhere for less than one-third more.

We refer you as to our reliability to any bank or newspaper in Boston.

If desired, rings will be sent to your **bank** or any **Express Co.** with privilege of examination. Our diamond guarantee for full value for all time goes with every purchase.

WRITE TODAY FOR THIS VALUABLE CATALOG ON *HOW TO BUY DIAMONDS*



This book is beautifully illustrated. Tells how to judge, select and buy diamonds. Tells how they mine, cut and market diamonds. This book, showing weights, sizes and prices ($10 to $10,000) is considered an authority. **A copy will be mailed to you FREE** on receipt of your name and address.

Write for your copy today **Free.**

Jason Weiler & Son

350 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Diamond Importers since 1876

Foreign Agencies: Amsterdam and Paris

Base and Floor one continuous piece.



Imperial Sanitary Floor

Put On Like Plaster—Wears Like Iron

It is a composition material, easily applied in plastic form over old or new wood, iron, concrete or other solid foundation—Laid 3-8 to 1-2 in. thick—Does not crack, peel or come loose from foundation.

It presents a continuous, fine grained, smooth, non-slippery surface, practically a seamless tile—No crack, crevice or joint for the accumulation of grease, dirt or moisture—Is noiseless and does not fatigue.

The Best Floor

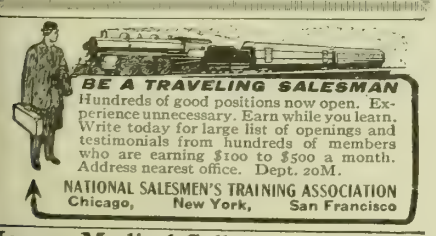
for Kitchen, Pantry, Bath Room, Laundry, Porch, Garage, Restaurant, Theater, Hotel, Factory, Office Building, Railroad Station, Hospital—all places where a beautiful, substantial and foot-easy floor is desired.

Your choice of several practical colors. Full information and sample FREE on request.

IMPERIAL FLOOR COMPANY

921 Cutler Building, Rochester, N. Y.

On the Market 10 years



BE A TRAVELING SALESMAN

Hundreds of good positions now open. Experience unnecessary. Earn while you learn. Write today for large list of openings and testimonials from hundreds of members who are earning $100 to $500 a month. Address nearest office. Dept. 20M.

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION

Chicago, New York, San Francisco

Jenner Medical College

Study Medicine at night. Accredited. Unusual demand for doctors to serve the Government. First class training offered to both young men and women. Opportunity to earn all expenses while in attendance. Splendid laboratory and clinical facilities. High School branches taught to those lacking entrance requirements. Methods approved by quarter of century experience. For full information and catalog address

JOHN D. MACKELLAR, M. D.

ILLINOIS, Chicago, 117 N. Elizabeth St., Box 18.

BABY-FACE

(*Continued from page 178*)

"Then you must put the train back to Camden Station. You see, I only had fifteen minutes to rush from the Bazaar, where I was helping at the Red Cross Booth, to make this train. I *must* be in New York in the morning. Well, I gave my purse to the man who very kindly, drove me to the station, because I had something in both hands, and in the excitement of getting on he forgot to give me my purse. And so he has my ticket and all my money."

There was a little pause. Young Warren's heart stopped.

"Funny, ain't it?" said the old man. "Now tell me another."

"Another what?"

"Young woman, I've heard that story three times a week for thirty-seven years." The voice was shrill and angry.

"Have you, really? How perfectly extraordinary!"

Young Warren cranked up his heart. He would stake his life that eyes like those contained no guile.

"See here. I ain't got no time to waste. The ticket, the money, or you git off at the next stop."

"I don't think so."

"I don't think so, neither. I know."

"You are extremely disagreeable. Perhaps you'll alter your tone when I give you a check."

Warren sighed deeply and wiped his forehead. The strain was awful.

"Check? Ah! Now you're talkin'." It was obvious that the old man, like Warren and the open-mouthed and sympathetic porter, conceived that she referred to a baggage-check, which proved the purchase of a ticket.

"Will you unstrap my case, please?"

"Sure." The porter did so and out rolled two large bottles with golden noses.

The old man gasped. And young Warren asked himself what in thunder was the next thing?

The girl laughed. "I don't wonder you're surprised to see these bottles of champagne. I won them in a raffle and they were put in my case for a joke. Can you give me a pen? I will write you a check."

There was another and an uglier pause. This costume, that baby-face, those bottles, no ticket, that old story. . . . The old man spoke. The train was slowing up again. "Sam, put this play actress off. I'm through!"

"But you can't mean that? I'll give you my name and address, or, if you won't take a check, you can have this ring. You can't put me off the train at this time in the morning—you simply can't. I shall report you."

The old man actually laughed. At least he called it laughing. The train pulled up. "Shoot her off," he said. "I'll show who's he boob."

"Oh, please, please . . . !"

Out went young Warren. He would rise to the occasion or retire to the woods as a hermit. "Oh, hello, Sis," he cried, in mighty and delighted surprise.

"Oh, hello," said Baby-face, wider and bluer of eye than ever before. The porter stopped strapping up the case. The old man wheeled round.

"When did you get on? What's all this? Lost your ticket, or something? Just like you to do that! I thought you were going to stay over at Baltimore? Here, make way for my sister. Porter, bring the case to my drawing-room. When you want any money, collector, come and get it."

It was fine, splendid. Every dead hero, every man who had ever in all history gone to the rescue of maidens in distress, paid homage to the young barbed-wire man. Even Washington, surfeited with genius as it was, had reason to be proud of this one.

Baby-face slipped like a sunbeam in front of the old, defeated man and entered the little haven of refuge. Half-crying, half-laughing, not knowing quite whether to be glad or frightened, relieved or nervous, she stood in the middle of the brightly lighted little oasis with her hands clasped together. What sort of man was this unexpected brother?

"Sit down, dear," said David affectionately. "It's all right now. Here, Rip Van Winkle, take it out of this." He held out a ten-dollar bill.

Grinning like a *Mididoe*, or African marmoset with thirty-two teeth and a non-prehensile tail, the porter laid the case on David's bed and made way for the old man, whose expression would have done justice to a movie star. Dollars exchanged hands, a shining instrument ran up and down a thin slip of paper, a most peculiar sniff followed it and David slammed the door. Then he faced the girl and burst out laughing.

She didn't understand this laugh. It gave her a jar. She was twenty years too young to read a man's character in his face. She had desired to read in David's, with his good square jaw, merry eye, blunted nose and large, firm mouth, honest friendship, a keen sense of humor and the gift of being able to forget that every girl is a girl. She didn't understand that this laugh was indulged in to hide a huge shyness and self-consciousness that made him want to imitate a penguin as to feet and a village idiot as to face.

"I don't think, after all, that I'll go on to New York," she said quickly. "It's . . . it's so small in here and I'm dreadfully in your way and, oh, please let me out."

What was in this utterly uncalled for appeal that made the man David feel for the first time a quarter of an inch of doubt as to the goodness of this girl? Was it that she seemed to overdo her coyness and fright—that it was so well done as to give the appearance of acting? . . . He hated himself for a sophisticated scoundrel, but the feeling of doubt remained.

"You've got to stay here now," he said. "It's your only chance. Won't you sit down?"

"I wish I'd stayed in Baltimore," she said, with a little break in her voice. "I wish I hadn't given my purse to Harry O'Connor. I wish I'd never agreed to help at the Bazaar. I wish I . . . I wish I'd never been born."

Before she had quite finished her sentence—all his life he would thank his stars that it was before she had finished—young Warren threw open his door. Out of it his doubts flew. Those detestable doubts—and, mind you, he hadn't caught sight of those two diamond tears that were trickling down her cheeks—and he desired to prove to her, once for all, that he was a believer and make a silent plea for her forgiveness.

When he looked at her again she was smiling. "Thank you," she said warmly. "I'm *so* grateful and . . . "

"Well?"

"Shall I go on?"

"Yes, do."

"I forgive you, *quite*."

He laughed and she laughed and all was well.

"I'll sit there," said the man, who was really a boy. "You sit on the bed and make yourself happy and comfortable. We've a long way to go and when you feel tired just turn me out and go to sleep and I'll go and read in the smokeroom."

She jumped up gladly and did as she was bid and he thumped up the billows behind her. "Oh, I sha'n't sleep," she said. "Think of turning you out! Let's talk and while the time away. Smoke here, if you like. I love a pipe."

"How do you know I smoke a pipe?"

"You look like a pipe man."

He beamed and sat down. It was the nicest thing any girl had ever said to him.

"Oh, won't you shut the door now," she asked. He shook his head. "It's all right like that."

"Then we'll have to talk in undertones. I should hate to disturb the sleepers. Anyhow they'll be tired in the morning, with lots of work to do, and I know what that feels like."

What a beastly shame, he thought. She has to earn her living—with eyes like that. And then *his* imagination ran ahead and he saw her opening one reproachful eye at the alarm-clock, getting up under electric light, hurrying out after a self-made breakfast, jamming into a trolley car or a subway train, going up in a crowded elevator, playing the devil's tattoo on a typewriter. Baby-face!

"What do you say to a formal introduction?" she asked, merrily. "My name's . . . "

"Don't tell me," he said, quickly.

"Why not?"

"I don't know. But—don't. And I won't tell you mine."

"Ships that pass in the night?"

"Yes, that sort of thing. You won't laugh if I tell you something?"

"Not unless it's so funny that I simply have to."



"Instruction by correspondence is the cheapest and best way for the poor man"

Thos A Edison

Edison is Right!!!

You admit the International Correspondence Schools are a good thing. You'd take a course right now "if"—"except"—

"If" what? If you weren't so "overworked," with such "long hours," or had more strength and energy?

Wasn't it Edison who stayed up half the night to educate himself in spite of every handicap you could ever have?

All big men who have made their mark in the world had the *ambition*—the *determination*—to improve their spare time, to train themselves for big work. You, too, can possess power, money and happiness if you'll only make the effort. The reward is great—it's worth it.

Here's all we ask: Merely mail this coupon. Put it up to us without paying or promising. Let us send you the details of others' success through the I. C. S., and then decide. Mark and mail this coupon now.

I. C. S. Box 2824, Scranton, Pa.

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

BOX 2824, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, *before* which I mark X.

☐ ELECTRICAL ENGINEER	☐ SALESMANSHIP
☐ Electric Lighting	☐ ADVERTISING
☐ Electric Railways	☐ Window Trimmer
☐ Electric Wiring	☐ Show Card Writer
☐ Telegraph Engineer	☐ Sign Painter
☐ Telephone Work	☐ Railroad Trainman
☐ MECHANICAL ENGINEER	☐ ILLUSTRATING
☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ Cartooning
☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ BOOKKEEPER
☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ Stenographer and Typist
☐ CIVIL ENGINEER	☐ Cert. Pub. Accountant
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER
☐ MINE FOREM'N OR ENG'R	☐ Railway Accountant
☐ Metallurgist or Prospector	☐ Commercial Law
☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER	☐ GOOD ENGLISH
☐ Marine Engineer	☐ Teacher
☐ ARCHITECT	☐ Common School Subjects
☐ Contractor and Builder	☐ Mathematics
☐ Architectural Draftsman	☐ CIVIL SERVICE
☐ Concrete Builder	☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Structural Engineer	☐ AUTOMOBILE OPERATING
☐ PLUMBING AND HEATING	☐ Auto Repairing
☐ Sheet Metal Worker	☐ Navigation
☐ Textile Overseer or Supt.	☐ AGRICULTURE
☐ CHEMIST	☐ Poultry Raising
	☐ Spanish
	☐ German
	☐ French
	☐ Italian

Name_____

Present Occupation_____

Street and No._____

City_____ State_____

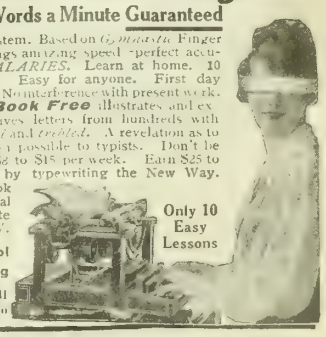
STENOGRAPHERS

Earn $25 to $40 a Week

Typewrite The New Way

80 to 100 Words a Minute Guaranteed

Totally new system. Based on *Gymnastic* Finger Training! Brings amazing speed perfect accuracy—*BIG SALARIES.* Learn at home. 10 Easy Lessons. Easy for anyone. First day shows results. No interference with present work. ***32-Page Book Free*** illustrates and explains all. Gives letters from hundreds with salaries *doubled* and *trebled.* A revelation as to *speed* and ease possible to typists. Don't be satisfied with $6 to $15 per week. Earn $25 to $40 per week by typewriting the New Way. Write for book of proof. Postal will do, but write today—NOW.



Only 10 Easy Lessons

Tulloss School of Typewriting

3029 College Hill Springfield, Ohio

Learn to PAINT SIGNS and SHOW CARDS



I teach you personally, by mail, in a short time. Oldest and largest School. Big field, work interesting. You can

EARN $18 TO $45 A WEEK

Fritzner, Minn., wrote, "Did job after first lesson, got $10, profit $7.05." Crawford, B. C., says: "Earned $200.00 while taking course." Get literature, samples, guarantee, all FREE.

DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING

Established 1899. 809 D. S. of L. Bldg., DETROIT, MICH.

Be a Big Man In the Office



The Expert Accountant is consulted in all business affairs. He is a confidential adviser in all matters of finance. His reports and recommendations are sought after by every business man. He is highly paid. Many Accountants earn $10,000 to $25,000 a year. Think of this in planning your future.

BECOME AN EXPERT

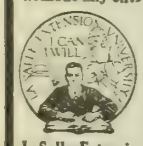
ACCOUNTANT

The Profession that Pays Big Incomes

The tremendous commercial growth of this country has created a rich field for the expert. There are only 2000 Certified Public Accountants to do the work of the half million concerns needing their services. The Expert Accountant is also needed today in every executive organization. We train you by mail for one of these big positions.

Knowledge of Bookkeeping Unnecessary

to begin. Our Course is under the personal supervision of Wm. Arthur Chase, Ex-Sec'y Ill. State Board of Accountancy, and other experts who will give you whatever instruction or review on the subject of bookkeeping you may personally need—and without any extra expense to you. Our FREE Book explains how we train you from the ground up according to your individual needs. Send now for full information regarding our Home Study Course in Accountancy, C. P. A. Examinations, etc.—also how you can qualify for a high-grade accounting position and pay for it, a little each month if you wish. We have helped over 125,000 ambitious men—learn what we can do for you. Write today—NOW.



LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 947-H Chicago
"World's Greatest Extension University"

Learn French In a Few Days

We are at war — and France is our ally. French is now the most important foreign language for every American. Every man who faces the prospect of service in the American army will possibly fight in France. His chances for promotion, his personal convenience, his enjoyment of the advantages of his trip abroad, will be immeasurably increased by a speaking knowledge of French. Every woman who is interested in Red Cross work who wants to understand the language of the country her friends and relatives will be fighting in, needs a knowledge of French. Everyone, whether directly engaged in war-work or not, will find immense satisfaction in an understanding of the language of "Papa" Joffre and his great nation. When the war is over France will develop an enormous trade with us and the man who can speak French will be in big demand.

You Can Soon Become Fluent

A little spare time daily makes you so—The Rosenthal Common-Sense Method of Practical Linguistry will teach you to read, write, and speak French readily if you will devote *ten minutes* of your leisure time each day to this wonderful system. German, Spanish and Italian are just as easily learned by this method.

French War Terms

A special glossary of French war terms has been prepared and added to this course, making it completely up-to-the-minute and of great, timely value in connection with the war. This feature is of especial help to men and women interested in the Army, Navy, and Red Cross.

Absolutely free, the booklet, "Revolution in the Study and Teaching of Foreign Languages" which describes the Rosenthal Method fully. Send for the booklet now—you will be obligated in no way whatever.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Dept. 53, NEW YORK CITY

SPEAK A FOREIGN LANGUAGE!!!



The War has created unlimited opportunities for those who know SPANISH, FRENCH, ITALIAN or GERMAN. Better your position or increase your business. Learn quickly, easily, at home, during spare moments, by the

LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD
and Rosenthal's Practical Linguistry

You listen to the living voice of a native professor pronounce the foreign language, over and over, until you know it. Our records fit all talking machines. Write for free booklet, which explains full details.

THE LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD
930 Putnam Bldg. 2 W. 45th St., N. Y.

PATENTS

Write for How to Obtain a Patent, List of Patent Buyers, and Inventions Wanted. $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Send sketch for free opinion as to patentability. Our Four Books sent free. Patents advertised Free. We assist inventors. **FREE**

WOOD, EVANS & CO., 764 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Your Roll of Films Developed and Printed 10c

Send Us Your Roll. Any size roll developed 10c. Prints 2½x4½ and smaller from Kodak negatives 3c each. Enlargements 5c each.

Roanoke Photo Finishing Company,
Formerly Roanoke Film Co., 211 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

LE PAGE'S GLUE

HANDY TUBES

A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY 10¢

"Then you *will* laugh, but—well, a friend of mine who reads poetry saw me off at Washington and said some fool thing about my having an adventure on my holiday. I scoffed at him because I don't read poetry and told him that romance had gone out. It has, of course, but it'd be rather fun to kid ourselves that this *is* an adventure. What do you say?"

She looked gravely at him for a moment in silence. "All right," she said. "Let's. I don't believe in romance either. I've found the world a very hard place. I'll just call you Paul."

"Why Paul?"

"Paul and Virginia. Don't you see?"

He didn't. He had never read that classic. "Yes," he said. "And I'll think of you as Baby-face."

"If you ever think of me again."

The old man stopped, peered in, sniffed and went on.

Her eyelashes fell and rose again with an effort. "Oh, I'm so tired."

"Are you?" He rose quickly.

"No, don't move, Paul. And if I *have* to fall asleep, promise that you'll stay. Not to use a drawing-room when you've got it! What a waste!"

So he sat again. What a pretty thing she was with those white clothes and that red cross and those unbelievably blue eyes. She had found the world a hard place, had she? It was inconceivable. Surely he was really lying asleep in a jolting train and dreaming all this. These things didn't happen when a man was awake.

"I had two days' holiday to go to Baltimore," she said. "We worked very hard to get the Red Cross booth ready and I've been on my feet all day. Heigh-ho! Do you mind if I pretend to be asleep for a minute?"

"Go ahead," said David.

It was no pretense. The little pretty head snuggled into the pillows, a hand fell flaccid with its shining nails and a smile of peace crept over the baby-face.

For ten minutes, it may have been eleven, the boy sat like a bronze looking and looking. He didn't know it but he was taking a mental photograph of that sweet figure that was to remain on his brain for all time, everlastingly. And then, taken possession of by one of those dead heroes, he got up, made the pillows more comfortable, laid his overcoat gently over the tired girl, picked up his book, switched off the light, shut the door very, very quietly and made his way swayingly down the straight and narrow path to the smokeroom. With an odd smile on his humorous, clean-cut face, he loaded and lit his pipe, took a corner seat, put his feet up and fell asleep,—to go on with the dream.

The next thing he heard was "Pennsylvania Station in ten minutes," and opened his eyes to see the good-natured face of the porter. Several half-dressed men were bending over the basins and a pile of used towels showed that many other half-awake martyrs had preceded them. David got up and stretched himself and yawned. What on earth was he doing here when he had bought and paid for a drawing-room? Had he fallen asleep after leaving Washington? What was all that about two bottles of champagne and a red cross, two amazingly blue eyes and . . . Baby-face? He darted out, nipped along the car and tapped at the door of the haven of refuge. It was opened at once and there stood, not the white-clad figure with the red cross but a slim, neat girl in a little round hat and a blue-serge suit. Only the eyes were the same and they were merry and bright.

"How very kind of you to let me have your room," she said. "I had a splendid sleep." Her tone was a little formal now, perhaps because the bold light of day was peeking into the window. "What did you do?"

"I slept too," said David. "We're due to run in in a few minutes. You've forgotten to pack one of your bottles of champagne."

She laughed. "No, I left it out on purpose. Just for a joke will you take it to remind you that, after all, adventures do occur even in [illegible] century?"

"I'd like to," said David. "Thanks," and he opened his case and laid it comfortably among his shirts.

The train ran slowly in.

A few minutes later, followed by a porter, these two young people who had been for a brief space alone in a back-water, found themselves in the great stream of humanity [illegible]

"What about having some breakfast in the station?" asked David.

It was too early to face the city.

"Thank you very much. Yes. I'd like to."

"Fine!" He led the way to the restaurant, told the porter to dump the baggage by the hatrack, paid him off and went across to a table in the window. The song of the great town was already in full swing.

While they were waiting for their mutual eggs-bacon-coffee-rolls the girl leaned forward. "I have a dim recollection that we agreed, hours ago, not to exchange names. Weren't we trying to persuade ourselves that we had found romance or something?"

"Yes, I believe so," he said.

"You'll give me your name and address now, won't you? I want it in order to send you the money you paid for me."

"Can't a man do a little thing like that for a sister?"

"Oh, but you must . . . "

"No," said David, "as a favor you must let me absolutely refuse. Ships that pass in the night, you said. Let's keep that up. Let's both have the satisfaction of being able to feel that we've had one adventure. It may be the only one we shall ever have."

"All right," she said.

And then breakfast came and was duly welcomed. They were both a little stiff, a little uncomfortable. They never once called each other by their train names. They were in the great, prosaic city, in daylight. They had slept and were awake again. The dream was over.

"Can I drive you home?" he asked presently.

"No, thanks. I shall go straight to the office."

"What do you . . . I beg your pardon."

She smiled. "Why? I'm a stenographer and thankful to be. I'm one of the large army of working-girls. One of these days I'm going to be a Secretary and dictate letters myself. Isn't that something to look forward to?" She spoke bravely, with her head held high. She said nothing about having been brought up in luxury, of having enjoyed the delights of New York society as a *débutante* for a year. She didn't attempt to win sympathy by telling him of her father's smash and sudden death or of finding herself, with a delicate and broken-hearted mother, friendless and face to face with what she had naturally called a hard world. God had inspired her with courage.

David paid the bill. "I'll carry your bag to the Subway," he said.

"Will you? Thanks."

Leaving his own things he marched off with her, filled with a vague sense of impending loss that he couldn't understand. She held out her hand when they came to the entrance.

"Well, good-by, big ship."

"Good-by, little ship," he said.

"Thank you again for taking me in tow," she laughed at her joke.

"Good luck, Baby-face!"

"Good luck, Paul!"

And she was gone. . . . The barques across the pathless flood hold different courses.

"I CAN'T make out what's the matter with David," said one of the kid cousins, and a pretty kid too.

"I can't either," said another, who wasn't so much of a kid as all that goes.

"He's been here over a week and he's never once taken us out to tea."

"Tea? He's never taken us out to anything. He came like a pig with a sore ear and now he's a regular full-grown hog. He used to be as merry as a grig!" She put her magazine down, got up and looked out of the drawing-room window. All down the street flags were flying.

"Harry saw him waiting about outside the Subway in Wall Street yesterday morning. Is he gambling, do you think? It appears that he shoots off to Wall Street every day after an early breakfast."

"Very likely, and losing too from the looks of it. That's a pity of course, but he needn't bring his troubles home or to the theater. And what an extraordinary way he has of looking all about the audience instead of at the stage. It's very disconcerting."

"Ah, well, there it is. He's altered and we must count him out."

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings. What that nice, fair-haired kid cousin said was true. David *had* altered. He was not to be recognized by his aunt and uncle, the girls or his numerous friends. He didn't even know himself. It was extraordinary. No, it was natural. Don't you remember that he had taken a mental photograph that night in the train from Washington? Well, the truth of the whole thing was that Fate, whose long ears had caught his foolish remark, had set to work. The picture of the sweet, tired figure, with the drooping lashes, was not only in David's mind, which would have been

MONEY'S EARNING POWER

¶Conservative investors have discovered that the full earning power of money is not being utilized when the income return derived from it is limited to 3% or 4%.

¶Many gilt-edge, dividend-paying securities netting 6% or more are presented fortnightly in

"Investment Opportunities"

and their accumulation is made easy through *The Twenty Payment Plan.*

¶Inquiry for 49-HS will bring our fortnightly publication free of charge, beginning with the present issue, as well as booklet explaining

"The Twenty Payment Plan"

SLATTERY & CO. (Inc)
Investment Securities
(Established 1908)
40 Exchange Place New York

Permanence of the Partial Payment Plan

Seven years ago the Partial Payment Plan of purchasing New York Stock Exchange securities was first put before the American investment public. Year by year it grew in favor and increased in scope until a score of responsible firms and institutions were using it to interest an ever-growing army of investors.

The War Loan campaign of education has brought to the attention of a new army of investors the advantages of "investing while you save."

Our investment department has made up a diversified selection of Partial Payment purchases to suit any monthly savings capacity from $5 to $1,000.

Send for Circulars M-43 and T-43.

John Muir & Co.
SPECIALISTS IN
Odd Lots

Members N. Y. Stock Exchange
Main Office, 61 Broadway, N. Y.

New York, N.Y. Brooklyn, N.Y. Newark, N.J.
Bridgeport, Conn. New Haven, Conn.

BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST



DISTANCE is no hindrance to saving money by mail at 4% interest with this large safe bank which has been conducting a conservative savings bank business for 49 years.

No matter where you live—send today for a copy of our interesting booklet "H."

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, O. CAPITAL & SURPLUS $ 8,000,000.00
ASSETS OVER SIXTY-FIVE MILLION DOLLARS

LAW

STUDY AT HOME

Become a lawyer and big success awaits you. Legally trained men win high positions in business and public life. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Be Independent—be a leader. Lawyers earn

$3,000 to $10,000 Annually

We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. We prepare you to pass bar examination in any state. Money refunded according to our Guarantee Bond if dissatisfied. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Thousands of successful students enrolled. Low cost, easy terms. Big Law Library and modern course in Public Speaking free if you enroll now. Get our valuable 120 page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them now.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 947-F, Chicago.



Typewriter Prices Smashed!

We will sell you Underwoods, Remingtons, Royals, L. C. Smiths, Monarchs, etc., at **a saving from 50 to 70 per cent.** Your choice of any standard new built machine at a bargain. Every one perfect and **guaranteed for five years.** Write today for our free circulars and price list.

$12 AND UP

DEARBORN TYPEWRITER CO., Dept. K-2, Chicago

very pleasant, but in his heart also, which was, under the circumstances, very painful. Whatever he looked at he saw Baby-face. Wherever he went he searched eagerly for Baby-face. Baby-face, Baby-face—the little name that had leaped into his mind at the sight of her—was set to the recurring song that rang persistently in his ears. "Oh, Baby-face, Baby-face, where are you, where are you, why did I let you go? Why did I lose you . . . ?" These were the questions that he got up with, went to bed with, took about with him all day long and tried to answer in his dreams. The man who didn't believe in romance was paying the penalty. The man who scoffed at adventure was as frantically, boyishly, eagerly, whole-heartedly, fervently in love as any one of the heroes who had rescued maidens in distress, sung beneath their lover's windows, ridden forth, rose in helmet, to fight and die and put golden patches in the pages of history by their gallant deeds.

Hang the irony of it all! Hang all that stuff about poetic justice! Hang everything, including himself! He was in love with Baby-face and where was she? Gambling in Wall Street? Not he. He was there every morning, wet and fine, searching for those blue eyes among the crowd that poured up from the Subway. Under the thousands of umbrellas, where was she? And every evening he was there too, peering into strange faces, hunting for the little ship in the pathless flood, sending out wireless messages and frantic signals. Fool that he had been, with something in front of it, to think that it was a good joke not to have taken her name and address and have found out everything about her. He had gambled with life, not in stocks and shares, and had lost Baby-face!

Not only the Subway, but the streets, the theater, the trolley-cars, high and low, he searched. He hung about outside office buildings whose top floors tried to touch the sky. He opened his bedroom window at night, like any poet, and cried out "Baby-face, Baby-face!" loudly in his heart. She *must* hear him, she must! He loved her and wanted her. Surely she could hear him calling. But there was no answer. Somewhere in the great main stream she was going from home to work and back again, the brave little ship!

THE last day of his holiday came. He had received a request from his father to take an important client to lunch and do him well. His invitation was duly accepted and an appointment was made at the Giltmore for one-thirty. Once more he mounted guard over the Wall Street subway station and stood in the rain until the early rush of workers was over. Then, sick at heart, and calling himself unprintable names, he proceeded into that most unprofitable of all pursuits, the killing of time, and wandered aimlessly up-town. He was tired, crestfallen, and profoundly dispirited. Like all men who kick against the pricks he had succeeded in doing nothing but hurt his own foot.

His guest, a middle-aged man of conspicuous shrewdness, keen intelligence, complete sophistication and a quick sense of humor, was punctual to the minute. He shook hands heartily. He did everything heartily. "Glad to see you, Warren," he said. "It's almost a year to the day since we met last. But what's wrong? You look different, older. In love, eh? Is that it?"

"Yes," said David simply. "That's it."

Denton Mitchell took the boy's arm into the crowded restaurant, in which an admirable orchestra was playing the music of "Flora Bella." "Good for you, my dear lad. Wish I could go through the joy and pain of a first love again."

With a mighty effort David played up for the sake of his father and the firm. For nearly an hour he led the conversation into all the topics that he believed would enable Mr. Mitchell to expand himself. He also provided him with the most expensive lunch on the *menu*. The sight of the bottle of champagne took him with such a jerk back to the night on the train from Washington that he nearly cried out. But he got over it, put Baby-face away again into the most private corner of his brain, laughed at Mitchell's witticisms, which were good, listened to his comments on current events, which were well-considered, and finally, when his guest, Corona in mouth, glanced surreptitiously at his watch, told the waiter to bring the account. With the arrival of this, discreetly folded in two, as well it might be, he put his hand into his back pocket, and turned cold and hot in rapid succession. Great Jupiter! He suddenly remembered that he had left his wallet on his dressing-table! In his mind's eye he could see the placid, black thing lying bulging cheek by jowl with his bottle of hair-tonic. He had only a few pieces of silver in his pocket! . . . Here was an appalling look-out! To invite a man, and such a man, to lunch, and such a lunch, and then with a specious grin to ask him if he would pay for it would be to invite the scoffing laughter of every responsible man alike. And the lost-wallet story was hoary with age.

For several minutes he sat horror-stricken, his brain shut off like an engine, his face flaming hot. "Will you excuse me for a second?" he asked suddenly. "I have to make an important telephone call."

"Go ahead, my boy," said Mitchell, with a kindly and slightly roguish nod. "Tell her to take a taxi."

David threaded his way between what seemed to be a million tables, and across a room that gave the impression of being a mile long. In every eye that he caught he thought he saw ridicule; in every waiter suspicion. In the air played by the band he seemed to hear mocking laughter. But his checkbook was in his pocket. It was a forlorn hope.

He ran up the wide stairs, collided with a man who was obviously from the Middle West, apologized, stumbled over a suitcase at the feet of a porter, and came at last to the pigeon-hole in the grille that separated the cashier from the outer world. He was a man with the manner of a diplomatist but the eyes of a skeptic.

"Will you help me out?" asked David, stammering a little in his panic. "I've had a friend to lunch here and I find that I've left my money at home."

A slow smile stole over the cashier's face. "You usually discover that you've had your pocket picked," he said.

David laughed hysterically. "I don't belong to that lot," he said. "I'd be awfully obliged if you'd cash a small check for me."

Neither of them saw how the girl who had been bending over a typewriter in the office behind the cashier wheeled round in her chair with a look of joy that lit up the room.

"Have you a room here?"

"No," said David.

"Have I ever cashed your checks before?"

"No, but——"

"There's no 'but.' Good morning."

The typist sprang up and touched the cashier on the arm. "I'll be responsible for the money," she said. "That's my brother."

There was a cry of "Baby-face!" and the sight of a wild man trying to find the door that opened into the office.

It was opened, and the two people who didn't believe in romance stood face to face.

"Baby-face!"

"Oh, Paul!"

He drew her into the room next to the safe. There was something in her eyes, a gleam of joy, a gleam of gladness, that set his tongue loose.

"At last I've found you! I've hunted the earth! I'll never let you go! Why didn't you hear me? O God! I've cried out. I love you, Baby-face; come and let me do the working. Come and let me pay for your ticket for life!"

She laughed and her eyes filled with tears. "I've been calling *you*," she said.

And he took her in his arms and kissed her. The cashier was busy.

"I'll be back for you in a few minutes," he said. "Get your hat on. Say you're going out to lunch. I'll never let you out of my sight again."

"Wait a minute. How much do you want?"

"Ten dollars."

And she gave it to him out of her own pocket, exulting in being able to do for him in his scrape what he had done for her in hers. Ten minutes later they met outside the cashier's office. "Quick!" he cried. "Washington—we've just got time to drive to my uncle's. My money's on the dressing-table."

It was quick work, but Fate's an impatient person and these two had to be turned into believers. From the train a telegram was sent to the cashier at the Giltmore which gave him a thrill that lasted several minutes.

Never mind about baggage! This was *Romance!*

Mr. David Warren, Senior, was just getting out of his office-coat when those two entered his room. Why, the boy had altered during this holiday!

"Dad," said David, "this is Baby-face and she's come to help us make barbed-wire!"

And after a long, silent minute, Mr. Warren held out a hand to both of them, with a very rare smile.

He had had a Baby-face—once.



NOTHING — your hammer leaves no impression — why? Because rubber is *elastic*. And it is the elasticity of "61" Floor Varnish that makes its life so long. Send for a sample panel. Test it yourself. Examine the dented wood and the unbroken varnish film.

WRECKAGE — the glass is shivered into a thousand pieces — why? Because glass is *brittle*. And this in a lesser degree is exactly what happens to countless floors finished with ordinary varnishes which crack, check and chip off. A good varnish doesn't break off — it wears off — *slowly*.

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

MERE beauty of surface, and resistance to water, hot or cold, should be taken for granted in any good varnish — but resistance to abrasion — *wear*, is the paramount quality found in "61" Floor Varnish — so often lacking in others. That is why we say:

Send for Booklet and Sample Panel

"test it with a hammer. You may dent the wood, but the varnish won't crack."

Vitralite THE LONG LIFE WHITE ENAMEL

THE *dogged endurance* of Vitralite, *the Long-Life White Enamel*, is so extreme, whether it be used for the finest of interior work or the most exposed *exterior* work, that it is *guaranteed for three years*. Inside its term of service is indefinitely long.

Free Booklet and Sample Panel

showing the beautiful and durable finish of Vitralite will be sent you on request.

OUR GUARANTEE· If any Pratt & Lambert Varnish Product fails to give satisfaction you may have your money back.

Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects, and sold by paint and hardware dealers everywhere.

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC. VARNISH MAKERS 68 YEARS

131 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 75 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario



The Selection of Plumbing Fixtures for Your Home deserves serious consideration. *How* serious depends upon the kind you select. The proper kind will outlast a lifetime with reasonable care. The life of the other kind may be very, very limited.

THE TRENTON POTTERIES COMPANY *"Bathrooms of Character"*

represent the best in plumbing. Glaze baked on clay gives a much harder surface than the same glaze baked on other materials. The heat applied to our ALL-CLAY products would *melt* other plumbing materials. The harder you bake the harder the object. That is why "Bathrooms of Character" fixtures are so much more *sanitary* and *so easily cleaned*. Gritty soaps cannot scratch their surface, medicine and common acid stains will not adhere. A permanent investment—a beautiful one.



Convince yourself of what we say by making the little experiments described in our Catalogue P-6, "Bathrooms of Character." It will give you a great deal of help in selecting the proper plumbing fixtures.

THE TRENTON POTTERIES COMPANY

World's Largest Maker of All-Clay Plumbing Fixtures

TRENTON - - - - - - - NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.

How can I?

1 How can I learn to play bridge well?

2 How can I cut my tire costs?

3 How can I buy looks cheap?

4 How can I get the best plans for the kind of home I want to build?

5 How can we organize a red cross chapter in our community?

6 How can I be sure of the kind of car to buy?

7 How can I learn the latest dances?

8 How can I choose the best school for my boy or girl?

9 Which phonograph should I buy?

10 What is the best camera for ordinary out of doors snapshots?

11 How can I invest my money safely and with the best returns?

12 What can our club do to help in the present war crisis?

Thousands of people, all over the country, are interested in these and many similar questions but do not know where or how to get the answers.

In the past Hearst's readers have frequently written us asking for information of all kinds. We believe that there are thousands of others who would welcome a source of information from which they could expect considerate and honest answers to the many questions that are continually rising in every day life.

write the new

Hearst's *Magazine*

Information Bureau

This bureau has been organized for your benefit. Its services are entirely free to anyone, whether a reader of Hearst's Magazine or not. The nationwide Hearst organization with its score of great magazines and newspapers naturally has many sources of information not open to the ordinary individual.

These sources of information we gladly put at your disposal. We consider it a privilege to serve our readers in such a way. We will always do our best to answer any question you may ask, fairly, freely and promptly.

Address

HEARST'S INFORMATION BUREAU

119 West 40th Street New York City

"THE LIVING PRESENT"

(*Concluded from page 206*)

had been clever enough to make even an imperfect attempt to protect women without independent means from the terrors of life, say by taxing themselves, they would not be pestered to-day with the demand for equal rights, see themselves menaced in nearly all of the remunerative industries and professions, above all by the return of the Matriarchate.

"It is Life that has developed the fighting instinct in woman, bred the mental antagonism of sex. Nature did not implant either.

She May Be the Better Man

"ALL 'men' are not real men by any means. They are not fitted to play a man's part in life, and many of the things they attempt are far better done by strong, determined women who have had the necessary advantages, and the character to ignore the handicap of sex. The truth of the matter is that there is a vast number of men of all races who are fit to be nothing but servants, and are so misplaced in other positions where habit or vanity has put them that they fail far more constantly than women.

"Domestic service would solve the terrible problem of life for thousands of men, and it would coincidentally release thousands of girls from the factory, the counter, and the exhausting misery of a 'home' that never can be their own. At night he could feel like a householder and that he lived to some purpose. If he is inclined to complain that such a life is not 'manly,' let him reflect that as he is not first-rate anyhow, and never can compete with the fully equipped, he had best be philosophical and get what comfort out of life he can. Just consider for a moment how many men are failures. They struggle along until forty or forty-five 'on their own,' although fitted by nature to be clerks and no more, striving desperately to keep up appearances—for the sake of their own pride, for the sake of their families, even for the sake of being 'looked up to' by their wives and observant offspring.

"How many women have said to me—women in their thirties or early forties, and with two or three children of increasing demands: 'Oh, if I could help! How unjust of parents not to train girls to do something they can fall back on. I want to go to work myself and insure my children a good education and a start in the world, but what can I do? If I had been specialized in any one thing I'd use it now whether my husband liked it or not. But although I have plenty of energy and courage and feel that I could succeed in almost anything I haven't the least idea how to go about it.'

So Give Her a Chance to Train

"NO doubt this problem will have ceased to exist twenty years hence. Every girl, rich or poor, and all grades between, will have specialized during her plastic years on something to be used as a resource.

"The itching pride of the American male deprives him of many comforts and sometimes of honor and freedom, because he will not let his wife use her abilities and her spare time. He will steal or embezzle rather than have the world look on while 'his' wife eke out the family income. The determined Frenchwomen have had their men in training for generations, and the wife is the business partner straight up to the *haute bourgeoisie;* but the American woman, for all her boasted tyranny over the busy male of her land, is either an expensive toy or a mere household drudge, until years and experience give her freedom of spirit. How many American women drive their husbands to the club by their incessant drone about the iniquities of servants and the idiosyncrasies of offspring? This war will do more to liberate her than that mild social earthquake called the suffrage movement.

"For a long time to come women will be forced to leave the administering of the nation as well as of states and cities to men, for men are still too strong for them. The only sort of women that men will spontaneously boost into public life are pretty, bright, womanly, spineless creatures who may be trusted to set the cause of woman back a few years at least, and gratify their own sense of humorous superiority.

"Women would save themselves much waste of energy and many humiliations if they would devote themselves exclusively to helping and training their own sex.

"The concerted awakening of the sex was almost as abrupt as the European War. Like many fires it smouldered long, and then burst into a menacing conflagration. But I do not for a moment apprehend that the conflagration will extinguish the complete glory of the male any more than it will cause a revulsion of nature in the born mother."

The Greatest Nation of Investors

(*Concluded from page 207*)

into hundreds and thousands of $50 and $100 units for individual workers who are paying for them week by week. The grand total of Liberty Bond owners therefore is probably well in excess of 5,000,000.

Now, the taste for saving grows with cultivation. Americans are not by nature a thrifty race. The percentage of investors in this country is smaller than in the principal countries of Europe. But once overcome the initial barriers, once induce the American workman or the American housewife to begin saving regularly, and in eight cases out of ten the habit will be continued. There is more opportunity for saving in the United States than in England or Germany or France or Italy, as the margin between income and absolutely necessary expenditures is much larger here. The number of potential investors in this country is more than twice that of any European nation. But there is so widespread an indifference to economy and to saving that some special stimulus must be applied in order to transform inaction into action, indifference into interest, extravagance into economy.

The war has given us a start such as we never had before. There are to-day ten bondholders for every one there was before the Liberty Loan was offered and the second war loan will recruit other millions for this inspiring army of investors. We must look ahead, however. We must begin now to educate both employers and employees as to the vital importance of continuing in motion the war-saving machinery in times of peace. The demand for money for constructive purposes will be as urgent as it is now for destructive purposes. Every dollar that can be saved rationally will help to rehabilitate ruined nations. The saving of money for peace purposes will be just as patriotic as it is for war purposes.

Whether companies all over the country should follow the example of the Steel Corporation and certain others in enabling their employees to become stockholders on attractive terms is another point not to be decided by any sweeping general statement because, while no objection could be offered to certain concerns inducing their men to become co-partners, there are other enterprises so unstable that the savings of workers should not be invested in them. To my mind the problem of finding suitable channels of investment for savings can be solved without great difficulty. This phase of the subject should, however, receive due attention because if corporations simply deposit money in savings-banks for workers there will inevitably arise a swarm of unscrupulous promotors who will inveigle these depositors into using their funds for glittering, dangerous, illegitimate purposes. To get hundreds of millions of workers' money saved every year is the [illegible]d by far the most important object to be attained, but the devising of proper means for the utilization of that money should be a supplementary part of any national wide program.

"Savings the Source" can be made our individual and national economic salvation.

Beginning a New Serial by Marie Corelli

Hearst's

For October
20 Cents



The Oliver Typewriter

WAS $100

NOW $49

A $2,000,000 GUARANTEE

That This $49 Typewriter Was $100

The Sales Policy Alone Is Changed, *Not* the Machine

The Oliver Nine—the latest and best model—will be sent direct from the factory to you upon approval. Five days free trial. No money down—no C. O. D. No salesmen to influence you. Be your own salesman and save $51. Over a year to pay. Mail the coupon now.

This is the time when patriotic American industries must encourage *intelligent* economy by eliminating waste. New economic adjustments are inevitable.

So March 1st we announced the Oliver Typewriter Company's revolutionary plans. On that date we discontinued an expensive sales force of 15,000 salesmen and agents. We gave up costly offices in 50 cities.

Prices Cut In Two

By eliminating these terrific and mounting expenses, we reduced the price of the Oliver Nine from the standard level of $100 to $49. This means that you save $51 per machine. This is not philanthropy on our part. While our plan saves *you* much, it also saves for *us*.

There was nothing more wasteful in the whole realm of business than our old ways of selling typewriters. Who wants to continue them? Wouldn't you rather pocket 50 per cent for yourself?



OVER 600,000 SOLD

The Identical Model

The Oliver Typewriter Company gives this guarantee: The Oliver Nine we now sell direct is the exact machine—our latest and best model—which until March 1st was $100.

This announcement deals only with a change in sales policy.

The Oliver Typewriter Company is at the height of its success. With its huge financial resources it determined to place the typewriter industry on a different basis. This, you admit, is in harmony with the economic trend.

A World Favorite

This Oliver Nine is a twenty-year development. It is the finest, the costliest, the most successful model that we have ever built.

More than that, it is the best typewriter, in fifty ways, that anybody ever turned out. If any typewriter in the world is worth $100, it is this Oliver Nine.

It is the same commercial machine purchased by the United States Steel Corporation, the National City Bank of New York, Montgomery Ward & Co., the National Biscuit Company, the Pennsylvania Railroad and other leading businesses. Over 600,000 have been sold.

Simplified Selling

Our new plan is extremely simple. It makes it possible for the consumer to deal direct with the producer.

You may order from this advertisement by using the coupon below. We don't ask a penny down on deposit—no C. O. D.

When the typewriter arrives, put it to every test—use it as you would your own. If you decide to keep it, you have more than a year to pay for it. Our terms are $3.00 per month. You are under no obligation to keep it. We will even refund transportation charges if you return it.

Or if you wish additional information, mail coupon for our proposition in detail. We immediately send you our de luxe catalog and all information which you would formerly obtain from a typewriter salesman.

Ten Cents a Day

In making our terms of $3.00 a month—the equivalent of 10 cents a day—it is now possible for everyone to own a typewriter. To own it for 50 per cent less than any other standard machine.

Regardless of price, do not spend one cent upon any typewriter—whether new, second-hand or rebuilt—do not even rent a machine until you have investigated thoroughly our proposition.

Remember, we offer here one of the most durable, one of the greatest, one of the most successful typewriters ever built. If anyone ever builds a better, it will be Oliver.

Don't Pay $100

Why now pay the extra tax of $51 when you may obtain a brand new Oliver Nine—a world favorite—for $49? Cut out the wasteful methods and order direct from this advertisement.

Or send for our remarkable book entitled "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy." You will not be placed under the slightest obligation.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
1207 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

Mail Today

NOTE CAREFULLY—This coupon will bring you either the Oliver Nine for free trial or further information. Check carefully which you wish.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.
1207 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

... it. I will ... until fully ... tion to buy. If I choose to return the ... the end of five days. ... t. Mail me your book—"The High Cost ... emedy," your de luxe catalogs and further ...

This Coupon Is Worth $51

Two Great Features

Charles Edward Russell tells the Arabian Nights' Story of the New Russia—

Champ Clark tells His Own Story—the story of a Wonderfully Interesting Life

CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL, member of the American Commission to Revolutionized Russia, came back to Washington the other day with this message: "The whole question of the future of Russia now lies with the United States."

That was a startling statement to come from any man. Much more startling was it from an envoy of democracy from the oldest republic of one hundred million Americans to the youngest republic of one hundred and seventy million Russians. The statement demands explanation. And Mr. Russell has consented to make the explanation in a series of articles in HEARST'S. The first of the series appears in this number on page 259.

PRESIDENT WILSON chose the members of the Russian Commission with care and far-seeing reason. A great moment in the history of nations and the social organization of the world had come. A people had been born again, a new nation had sprung into being, quick with the dreams of a new economic and social life. Russia must understand America; and we must understand Russia. So the President chose Russell, because he has been a Socialist candidate for high American political office, because as writer and speaker he has fought the people's battles.

Mr. Russell, therefore, is the kind of a man the Russian people understand. The kind of a man who would understand them. For in the Russia of to-day has struck the hour of the "man with the hoe" coming to his own.

MR. RUSSELL spent four weeks in Petrograd, going daily to the National Council of Workmen's, Soldiers', and Peasants' Delegates which is all of the Russian national Government to-day. Closely, intimately, sympathetically he was able to study this "sentimental and peculiar people" and their political and social selves and hopes-to-be.

As no one else can Mr. Russell do what he has set out to do—give you a picture of the New Russia—because he is a forceful and expressive writer.

ONE THING MORE: Eighty per cent. of Russia's millions are agriculturists—this is a social proportion that takes us back to the time when this American nation of ours was younger—a struggling race bringing forth to maturity a new idea upon a new continent. A study of that American time will give us understanding of what the Russia of to-day is as she faces and tries out a new régime, even as America has. Russia is the new land of opportunity.

Part and parcel of that earlier American age, with political democracy in the making, stands Champ Clark, Speaker of the Federal House of Representatives. We call your attention to his autobiography that begins next month in HEARST'S.

TO CHAMP CLARK we shall turn for the romance and interpretation of an earlier America. And a rarely interesting tale is his life-story. For this great leader of Democracy has his roots in the troubled times that begat Lincoln and Douglas, a day when political debate was bitter, when liberty was being defined—sometimes by pistols, when democracy itself tottered. A day, too, when a debate or a political destiny was halted for a moment or ended forever by a witty retort or an anecdote. The Lincoln "story" is famous. Of that delightful trait Champ Clark is inheritor and master; his anecdotes make his autobiography rich and colorful.

BUT MORE than this, Champ Clark gives us the history of a career—"fifty-odd years of unremitting toil" he names it. The "how" and "why" of success is always fascinating; the play of chance and fate marvelous. The story of this career will hold you to the end. The man and the scenes he moved in, his growing America as background, will give you pleasure and understanding.

With Charles Edward Russell beginning this month and Champ Clark in November, HEARST'S feels sure that it is to be congratulated.

Vol. XXXII

CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER

No. 4

FOUR BRILLIANT SERIAL NOVELS

MARIE CORELLI — The Young Diana — ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE 256
E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM — The Pawns Count — ARMAND BOTH 269
GOUVERNEUR MORRIS — His Daughter — HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY 282
WINSTON CHURCHILL — The Dwelling-Place of Light — JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG 275

CLEVER ILLUSTRATED SPECIALS

JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES — Hurley at the Throttle — WITH PORTRAITS 272
CHARLES EDGAR CLARK, U.S.N. — V.—"Oregon's" Dash Around the Horn — NAVAL PHOTOGRAPHS 278
JOHN A. GADE — The Wounded Country That Will Not Die — OFFICIAL PICTURES 292
CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL — New Russia in the Making — SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS 259
FRANK CRANE — "The Young Diana" — VINCENT ADERENTE 254

FIVE SPARKLING SHORT STORIES

RUPERT HUGHES — The Mobilizing of Johanna—II. — W. H. D. KOERNER 263
ANNE HARD — Nest-Building — LEJAREN A. HILLER 265
RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD — Her Countenance — ANTON OTTO FISCHER 273
BRUNO LESSING — The Friend of Antonio — M. LEONE BRACKER 280
ARTHUR STRINGER — The Bug in the Rug — G. PATRICK NELSON 289

HUMOR, FINANCE, LITERATURE, ETC.

STEPHEN LEACOCK — The Real Cave-Man — F. STROTHMANN 294
SERMONETTE — Stick-to-itiveness — W. R. LEIGH 253
B. C. FORBES — Must the People Train Themselves? — W. FLETCHER WHITE 297
BOOK OF THE MONTH — What the German Soldier Thinks of War — PHOTOGRAPHS 296

THEATER, ART, VERSE AND DUOTONE SECTIONS

JULES BOIS — The Stars of America — GAYNE A. DE MEYER 285
PLAY OF THE MONTH — "Lilac Time" — REPERTOIRE PICTURES 286
GARDNER TEALL — A Painter of Golden Fancies — LOUIS D. VAILLANT 267
COVER IN COLORS — "Under Allied Flags"—1. La Belle France — PENRYHN STANLAWS

HEARST'S, 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y. George L. Willson, President; S. S. Carvalho, Treasurer; W. G. Langdon, Secretary. Copyright, 1917, by International Magazine Co. Published monthly by International Magazine Co. Trade Mark registered. Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second-class mail matter. Single copy, 20 Cents. Yearly subscription, $1.50. Foreign Postage, $1.00 additional. Canadian Postage, 50 Cents.



Let your skin really breathe at night

Powder by day as often as you like, but if you really want the charm of "a skin you love to touch," do, do let your skin breathe at night

IF you care for the looks of your skin, if you really want a clear, fresh complexion, don't go to bed a single night with powder flakes and the dust and grime of the day still lodged in the delicate pores.

Use this special Woodbury treatment regularly each night and see what a wonderful difference it will make in your skin.

Dip a cloth in warm water and hold it to the face until the skin is damp. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and go over your face with the cake itself. Then dip your hands in warm water and with the tips of your fingers work up a lather from the soap left on your face. Rub this cleansing, antiseptic lather thoroughly into the pores of your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse thoroughly with warm water, then with cold. If possible rub your face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice.*

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap today and begin tonight this famous skin treatment. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks.

For sale wherever toilet goods are sold.



Send now for a week's-size cake

If you would like a sample of Woodbury's Facial Soap, send 4c and we will send you a cake large enough for a week's use. Write today! Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., 410 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.**

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 410 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.



"In due season we shall reap, if we faint not."—Gal. vi, 9.

"There is no success to-day for rolling stones."

Stick-to-it-iveness

By B. C. Forbes

DIAMONDS are chunks of coal that stuck to their job.

If it has taken millions of years to develop mankind, must we fret if it takes us a few years to rise above the rank and file of mankind? Must we quit if we don't get there quickly? Note this: There is not one major figure in American financial, industrial, or commercial life to-day under forty. Not one.

And what of the past? The original J. P. Morgan, though born rich and reared as an international banker, was sixty before he did his greatest work, and nearer seventy before Wall Street, in its hour of trouble, acknowledged him as its undisputed leader.

Harriman at fifty was an obscure broker with a penchant for railroading. Hill's hair was gray before he became the Empire Builder of the Northwest.

At fifty Woodrow Wilson was a little-known college professor, though a student of politics and history.

Washington was no youngster when he won the immortal title of "Father of His Country."

Lincoln midway through life was in the coal, not the diamond class, and was over fifty before he loomed up as Presidential calibre. He was fifty-four when he spoke at Gettysburg.

But all were stickers. They conceived their goal, and pressed on courageously, unflinchingly, unswervingly, hurdling more obstacles than we are ever likely to meet.

Most people show more persistency in their first twelve months than they show later in twelve years; did they not, they never would have learned to walk.

Robert the Bruce six times failed to free Scotland, but a struggling spider on the wall, which climbed up successfully after six falls, revived his courage, and at the seventh attempt Bruce won a crown and imperishable glory.

Charles M. Schwab was president of the world's first billion-dollar corporation before he was thirty-five, made a misstep, lost his steel throne and dropped from the limelight for a decade; but all this time he had redoubled his efforts, and he has done his greatest work since he crossed the half-century mark. He did not quit. He stuck.

The three most influential bankers in America to-day, George F. Baker, James Stillman, and Jacob H. Schiff, average seventy years of age, while the three leaders of the "younger school," Henry P. Davison, Frank A. Vanderlip, and Otto H. Kahn, have all lived half-a-hundred years or more.

There is not a leading railroad president in the whole land not old enough to be a grandfather. Ninety per cent. of America's business leaders began at the bottom—of the fifty men voted the greatest business stalwarts in the country not more than half-a-dozen were born to luxury.

At least forty of them sweat blood before they gained a foothold on the ladder, sweated and toiled with brain and often with body from early morning to late at night, many times all night, tasting defeat, but never despair.

Employers to-day shun shifters. Find your sphere, then stick to it.

Life is so specialized that Jacks-of-all-trades are wanted by none. All-round men find every hole is to-day square.

To last, a man must stick to his last—he cannot hope to be a good shoemaker to-day and a capable plumber to-morrow.

The pace to-day calls for red blood, not white livers—men of grit, not grouch. Stickers, not sticklers, are wanted.

"Tenacity is the only key that will open the door of success," recently declared Daniel Guggenheim, head of the greatest mining and smelting family America has ever known.

Even a postage-stamp knows enough to stick till it gets there.

Had our forefathers been quitters, there would have been no United States to-day. It is stick-to-itiveness that has made both nations and individuals great.

Decay and decline come only when nations or individuals cease their knitting, when they become slack, slothful and shiftless.

"The moment a man feels he can rest on his laurels, that moment he begins to slide back; he must stick at it and at it," says Thomas E. Wilson, the former penniless stockyard clerk who recently became a national figure through displacing by his own firm name that of Sulzberger & Sons Company after a career the very embodiment of stick-to-itiveness.

Is it not the literal truth that America, as we know it, owed its discovery by Christopher Columbus to this very virtue of stick-to-itiveness? Without stick-to-itiveness no man is likely to climb to the top of the ladder—and stick there.



Drawn by V. Aderente

A wanderer in the desert of unappreciation, an old maid, with love and motherhood but dreams, until—Miss Corelli's magic—and then for Diana youth and lure and power.

"The Young Diana" by Marie Corelli is a Fascinating Novel Founded upon the Greatest of all Truths, says Dr. Crane

By Dr. Frank Crane

THIS is not the story of a little girl who wanted a doll, cried for a doll every night as she went to sleep, thought that if she could have a doll, a big doll with blue eyes like saucers, and beautiful blond hair, she would never, never want anything else as long as she lived—but she never got the doll; and then when she grew up, and became rich, and could buy hundreds of dolls, discovered that she didn't want a doll any more; the desire was gone when the power to satisfy it came.

This is not the story of a boy that longed and dreamed and suffered for a ball and bat, yet no man gave him, and when one day he became a man and somebody left him a million dollars, and he could have bought bushels of balls and cords of bats, was amazed to find that balls and bats did not interest him.

But it is much the same kind of a story. It is of a woman of forty, wandering in the desert land of unappreciation, a fifth wheel, a useless appanage, a bothersome piece of impedimenta—what, in short, is known as an "old maid," who longed for the sympathy of her parents, and the attentions of her lover, and was scorned and slighted because she was not pretty, and who suddenly, by a strange circumstance became young, fresh, charming, rich, endowed with great wisdom, and awoke to the realization that the things she had longed for in her impotence left her cold in the maturity of her power.

Forty starved years the poor bird beat at the bars of her cage, dreaming of what happiness it would be to fly about the room, from chair to table. Then one day she was set free, and flew out of the window, and in the glory of the sunshine, the beauty of outdoors, she had no use at all for the cheap and tawdry furniture of the room!

It is an old theme. As old as human thought. Yet new, ever fresh, because it is the theme humanity to-day is still playing, with infinite variations. In philosophy, in life, if you would find the most novel *motif*, go back to Adam and Eve.

It is a picture by a novelist of one of the deepest truths of the soul. Though told in an engaging narrative, without tiresome didactics, presented merely as a mirror held up to this commonplace existence, yet it has the same core of truth, the same message that we read in the words of the old Greek thinkers, who brooded upon the strangeness of destiny centuries ago very much the same as we ponder at this present time upon its problems. For we know about as much now about the Soul as did the dwellers in the Stone Age.

The truth in question is simply that Satiety is the Great Delusion. Getting what we want does not bring happiness. The real Joy of the Spirit of Man is in Development, in rising ever to higher planes. The Soul is not to be filled, as a bucket, it is to be unfolded, as a bud. The only Satisfaction of Life is more Life.

And, to state the proposition more concretely, the Happiness of Man comes not from Without but from Within.

Anacharsis, by some reckoned as one of the Seven Wise Men, stated it: "A man's felicity consists, not in the outward and visible favors and blessings of Fortune, but in the inward and unseen perfections and riches of the mind."

That is the Great Truth, perhaps the Greatest of Truths.

A Magazine With a Mission

That is what Buddha discovered when he sat under the Bo Tree and received the Illumination. Not the Sating of Desire, but the Rising to purer and higher desires, is the answer to the Soul's Riddle.

That is the gist of what to-day we call New Thought.

That is the dynamic that underlies the Christian Science movement.

That is the essence of Christianity, as expressed by its Founder: "Except ye be converted, ye cannot see the Kingdom."

And that is what Marie Corelli is telling us, by a method unique and her own, in this story of Diana May.

Yet, as I said, it is a story, not an argument. It flows along in the channels of every-day life, as a brook ripples over the earthy sands, and perhaps you cannot see anything in it but a lame and curious tale; but then, again, possibly you may look into this book as into a brook, and see reflected there your own face—and a bit of sky.

Of course it is a Fairy Story. It would not be Marie Corelli's else. There is just that touch of the Unreal, the Impossible, that injection of the Miraculous into the Every-dayness, that we expect from this authoress.

For she is essentially a Story-Teller, and the Story-Teller tells us not what is, but what Ought to be, what Might be. She cannot get away from the ancient ways of the masters of folk-lore. The unbelievable happens. Jack's beanstalk grows and grows till it reaches the sky. Aladdin finds his wonderful lamp. The gods of Olympus fight above the plains of Troy.

But the Story itself and the Truth back of it lose nothing from this dash of whimsical fancy. In fact, the one thereby becomes more diverting, and the other more obvious.

And when we find this soul of an old maid, listless, helpless and negligible, returning to the scenes of her humiliation, and awake to the fact that she, an immortal, divine being, has been exercising herself on rag dolls and mud pies, we are shocked into an understanding of that great Reward of Existence, the Glory of Going On.

Diana May, with youth and lure and power thrust into her hands, becomes an enigma to the world and to herself; for with the access of that deeper wisdom that comes from the flowering and perfection of life, comes the knowledge that

"Our souls sit close and silently within,
And their own web from their own entrails spin."

It is the kind of a story no one but an author of established reputation would write. I say "would." A young writer might compose such a tale, but nobody would publish it. No one would read it.

But this authoress has gained a place from whence she may speak things she could not have uttered while she was yet unknown.

So she gives us a narration that is not of Sex, nor of Money, nor of Fighting, the three themes that are supposed to include all varieties of human interest, but of Life, Life itself, baffling, mysterious, but ever fascinating, as ever present, to us all. The story is not for logic choppers, for those who seek to bolster up some cult or creed. To them it will be as Dickens was to a certain theologian who tried to read him because everybody else read him. "Pshaw!" he exclaimed, as he laid down "Nicholas Nickleby," "the fellow proves nothing!"

This story is as inconclusive as Wagner's music, vague as a Tchaikowsky symphony is vague, as lacking in finality as the river that flows on forever but is ever before you.

Not until we realize that the answer to life is not the Happy Ending, not the grasping of Power, the getting of Money and the Sating of Desire, can we follow the heroine of this tale into that "strange, sweet, lonely delight" into which the Gift of Eternal Youth has ushered her. But if we genuinely lend our souls to the teller of this strange story we shall, at the end, come out upon a high and cloudless mesa, where we shall feel as Keats felt, when he first read Chapman's "Homer:"

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent upon a peak in Darien."

The Secret of Happiness is not in Satisfying your Wants, but in changing them.

It must not be concluded, however, that the story contains but one message, nor that it makes the mistake so fatal to good art of being too zealous to convince. The characters are alive and hence complex. The novel deals with real human beings, and consequently every reader will draw from its perusal his own conclusions. For humanity is like the Bible, a thousand conflicting creeds use it to bolster their peculiar tenets.

Perhaps one may discover here the remedial, rejuvenescent powers of good thought, and the miraculous medicine of the scientist which brought Diana into newness of life, which may be to the devoted follower of this or that religion a symbol of what his particular "Word" or "Truth" has been to him.

Can such experiences come to human souls, that thereafter they may say: "Behold! all things have become new! Old things have passed away"? We know how the world changes, the skies and fields and all the settings of this earthly drama, when the youth falls in love, or when the invalid suddenly recovers his health, or when some shattering event rives us like a lightning-bolt and alters our very fundamental feelings and thoughts; is there a spiritual phenomenon that corresponds with this?

Christians will at once respond: "Yes, such is the experience we call Conversion." But does Conversion bring the radical transformation like that pictured here in the case of Diana May? Is one lifted out of the cares and concerns of the lower life and set upon a plane as spiritually different from one's former life as affairs in Mars differ from affairs on earth?

We commend the subject to those whose business it is to expound such matters. We can but ask as our authoress asks: Is there a cure of Life? Is there some mystic answer to the problem of Existence? Did Buddha find it, or Tolstoy, or Paul, or the dreamers after the Fountain of Youth?

Who shall say?

Humanity keeps asking the question, and as the nightingale bruises his breast against the thorn and thus pours forth his sweetest music, so the high dreamers will, as Marie Corelli has here done, forever attack the puzzle which the Sphinx of Life forever propounds, even if, as Omar, they can but say: "There was a Door to which I found no Key; there was the Veil through which I might not see."

WHEN you have read this editorial turn to the page following and read the first instalment of Miss Corelli's wonderful novel.





The servants, peeping at her from kitchen and pantry windows, made their own comments. "Poor dear," said the cook, "she do wear thin!" Mr. Jonson, the butler, added his morsel: "Miss Diana has lost her chances. She's too old to marry now!"

The Young Diana

By Marie Corelli

Illustrated by André Castaigne

ONCE upon a time, in earlier and less-congested days of literary effort, an Author was accustomed to address the Public as "Gentle Reader." It was a civil phrase, involving a pretty piece of flattery. It implied three things; first, that if the Reader were not "gentle," the Author's courtesy might persuade him or her to become so; secondly, that criticism, whether favorable or the reverse, might perhaps be generously postponed till the reading of the book was finished; and thirdly, that the Author had no wish to irritate the Reader's feelings, but rather sought to prepare and smooth the way to a friendly understanding. Now I am at one with my predecessors in all these delicate points of consideration, and as I am about to relate what every person of merely average intelligence is likely to regard as an incredible narrative, I think it as well to begin politely, in the old-fashioned "grand" manner of appeal, which is half-apologetic and half-conciliatory. "Gentle Reader," therefore, I pray you to be friends with me! Do not lose either patience or temper while following the strange adventures of a very strange young woman—though, in case you should be disappointed in seeking for what you will not find, let me say at once that my story is not of the Sex-Problem type. No! My heroine is not perverted from the paths of decency and order, or drawn to a bad end; in fact, I cannot bring her to an end at all, as she is still very much alive and doing uncommonly well for herself. Any "end" for Diana May would seem not only incongruous, but manifestly impossible.

Life, as we all know, is a curious business. It is like a stage mask with two faces—the one comic, the other tragic. The way we look at it depends on the way it looks at us. Some of us have seen it on both sides, and are neither edified nor impressed.

Then, again, life is a series of "sensations." We who live now are always describing life. They who lived long ago did the same. It seems that none of us have ever found or can ever find anything better to occupy ourselves withal. All through the ages the millions of human creatures who once were born and who now are dead passed their time on this planet in experiencing "sensations," and relating their experiences to one another, each telling his or her little "tale of woe" in a different way. So anxious were they, and so anxious are we, to explain the special and individual manner in which our mental and physical vibrations respond to the particular circumstances in which we find ourselves, that all systems of religion, government, science, art and philosophy have been and are evolved simply and solely out of the pains and pleasures of a mass of atoms who are "feeling" things and trying to express their feelings to each other. These feelings they designate by various lofty names, such as "faith," "logic," "reason," "opinion," "wisdom," and so forth; and upon them they build temporary fabrics of Law and Order, vastly solid in appearance, yet collapsible as a house of cards and crumbling at a touch, while every now and again there comes a sudden, unlooked-for interruption to their discussions and plans—a kind of dark pause and suggestion of chaos, such as a great war, a plague or other unwelcome "visitation of God," wherein "feelings" almost cease, or else people are too frightened to talk about them. They are chilled into nervous silence and wait, afflicted by fear and discouragement, till the cloud passes and the air clears. Then the perpetual buzz of "feeling" begins again in the mixed bass and treble of complaint and rejoicing—a kind of monotonous noise without harmony. External Nature has no part in it, for Man is the only creature that ever tries to explain the phenomena of existence. It is not in the least comprehensible why he alone should thus trouble and perplex himself—or why his incessant consideration and analysis of his own emotions should be allowed to go on. But go on it does, and is likely still to go on; for, whatsoever education may do for us, we shall never be educated out of the sense of our own importance. Which is a curious fact, moving many thoughtful minds to never-ending wonder.

My heroine, Diana May, wondered. She was always wondering. She spent weeks and months and years in a chronic state of wonder. She wondered about herself and several other people, because she thought both herself and those several other people so odd. She found no use for herself in the general scheme of things, and tried, with much patient humility, to account for herself. But though she read books on science, books on psychology, books on natural and spiritual law, and studied complex problems of evolution and selection of species till her poor dim eyes grew dimmer, and the lines from nose to chin became ever longer and ever deeper, she could discover no way through the thick bog of her difficulties. She was an awkward numeral in a sum; she did not know why she came in or how she was to be got out.

Her father and mother were what are called "very-well-to-do people," with a pleasantly suburban reputation for respectability and regular church-attendance. Mr. James Polydore May—this was his name in full, as engraved on his visiting-card—was a small man in stature, but in self-complacency the biggest one alive. He had made a considerable fortune in a certain manufacturing business which need not here be specified, and he had speculated with it in a shrewd and careful manner which was not without a touch of genius, the happy result being that he had always gained and never lost. Now, at the age of sixty, he was free from all financial care and could rattle gold and silver in his trousers-pockets with a sense of pleasure in their clinking sound—they had the sweetness of church bells which proclaim the sure nearness of a prosperous town. He was not a bad-looking little veteran; he had, as he was fond of saying of himself, "a good chest-measurement," and though his legs were short they were not bandy. Inclined to corpulence, the two lower buttons of his waistcoat were generally left undone, that he might the more easily stretch himself after a full meal. His physiognomy was not so much intelligent as pugnacious; his bushy eyebrows, hair and mustache gave him at certain moments the look of an irascible old terrier. He had keen, small eyes, coming close to the bridge of a rather pronounced Israelitish nose, and to these characteristics was added a generally assertive air—an air which went before him like an advancing atmosphere, heralding his approach as a "somebody"—that sort of atmosphere which invariably accompanies nobodies. His admiration of the fair sex was open and not always discreet, and from his youth up he had believed himself capable of subjugating any and every woman.

Copyright in Great Britain and the Colonies.



Diana May lived in a world of visions, peopled with the wraiths of her own lost youth—Love and Romance and Beauty. As she walked slowly in the garden among the roses, and watched the sea sparkling in the afterglow of an exceptionally fine sunsetting, the expressions of natural beauty saddened while they entranced her. "They never grow old!" she murmured half aloud. "They are always beautiful and vital!"

He had an agreeable "first manner" of his own on introduction—a manner which was distinctly deceptive, giving no clue to the uglier side of his nature. His wife could have told whole stories about this "first manner" of his, had she not long ago given up the attempt to retain any hold on her own individuality. She had been a woman of average intelligence when she married him—commonplace, certainly, but good-natured and willing to make the best of everything; needless to say that the illusions of youth vanished with the first years of wedded life (as they are apt to do), and she had gradually sunk into a flabby condition of resigned nonentity, seeing there was nothing else left for her. The dull, tame tenor of her days had once been interrupted by the birth of her only child, Diana, who as long as she was small and young, and while she was being educated under the usual system of governesses and schools, was an object of delight, affection, amusement and interest, and who, when she grew up and "came out" at eighteen as a graceful, pretty girl of the freshest type of English beauty, gave her mother something to love and to live for. But alas! Diana had proved the bitterest of all her disappointments. The "coming-out" business, the balls, the race-meetings, and other matrimonial traps had been set in vain; the training, the music, the dancing, the "toilettes" had failed to attract and—Diana had not married. She had fallen in love, as most girls do before they know much about men, and she had engaged herself to an officer "with expectations" for whom, with a romantic devotion as out-of-date as the poems of Chaucer, she had waited for seven long years in a resigned condition of alarming constancy; and then, when his "expectations" were realized, he had promptly thrown her over for a fairer and younger partner. By that time Diana was what is called "getting on." All this had tried the temper of Mrs. James Polydore May considerably, and she took refuge from her many vexations in the pleasures of the table and the consolations of sleep. The result of this mode of procedure was that she became corpulent and unwieldy; her original self was swallowed up in a sort of feather-bed of adipose tissue from which she peered out on the world with protruding, lusterless eyes, the tip of her small nose seeming to protest feebly against the injustice of being well-nigh walled from sight between the massive flabby cheeks on either side of its never classic and distinctly parsimonious proportions. With over-sleep and over-eating she had matured into a stupid and somewhat obstinate woman, with a habit of saying, unmeaningly, nice or nasty things: she



When the family of three were seated at table, Mrs. May's eyes goggling with sheer greed, Mr. May casting sharp glances about him to see if he could find fault with anything, Diana's heart sank more and more.

would "gush" affectionately to all and sundry—to the maid who fastened her shoes as ardently as to a friend of many years' standing—yet she would mock her own guests behind their backs, or unkindly criticize the physical and mental defects of the very man or woman she had flattered obsequiously five minutes before. So that she was not exactly a "safe" acquaintance—you never knew where to have her. But, as is often the case with these placidly smiling, obese ladies, everyone seemed to be in a conspiracy to call her "sweet" and "dear" and "kind," whereas in very truth she was one of the most selfish souls extant. Her charities were always carefully considered and bestowed in quarters where she was likely to get most credit for them; her profusely expressed sympathy for other people's troubles exhausted itself in a few moments, and she would straightway forget what form of loss or misfortune she had just been commiserating; while, despite her proverbial "dear" and "sweet" attributes she had a sulky temper which would hold her in its grip for days, during which time she would neither speak nor be spoken to. Her chief interest and attention were centered on eatables, and she always made a point of going to breakfast in advance of her husband so that she might select for herself the most succulent morsel out of the regulation dish of fried bacon before he had a chance to look in. Husband and wife were always arguing with each other, and both were always wrong in each other's opinion. Mrs. James Polydore May considered her worser half as something of a wayward and peevish child, and he in turn looked upon her as a useful domestic female—"perfectly simple and natural," he was wont to say, a statement which, if true, would have been vastly convenient to him as he could then have deceived her more easily. But "deeper than ever plummet sounded" was the "simplicity" wherewith Mrs. James Polydore May was endowed, and the "natural" way in which she managed to secure her own comfort, convenience and ease while seeming to be the most guileless and unselfish of women; indeed, there were times when she was fairly astonished at herself for having "arranged things so cleverly," as she expressed it. Whenever a woman of her type admits to having "arranged things cleverly" you may be sure that the most astute lawyer alive could never surpass her in the height or the depth of her duplicity.

Such, briefly outlined, were the characteristics of the couple who, in an absent-minded moment, had taken upon themselves the responsibility of bringing a woman into the world for whom apparently the world had no use. Woman, considered in the rough abstract, is only the pack-mule of man—his goods, his chattels, created specially to be the "vessel" of his passion and humor—and without his favor and support she is by universal consent set down as a lonely and wandering mistake. Such is the Law and the Prophets. Under these circumstances, which for a long time have shown no sign of yielding to pressure, Diana, the rapidly ageing spinster daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Polydore May, was in pitiable plight. No man wanted her, not even to serve him as a pack-mule. No man sought to add her person to his goods and chattels, and at the time this true story opens she was not fair or fascinating or young enough to serve him as a toy for his delight, a plaything of his pleasure. Life had been very monotonous for her since she had passed the turning-point of thirty years; "nice" people who always say nasty things remarked "how *passée* she was getting," thereby helping the ageing process considerably. She, meanwhile, bore her lot with exemplary cheerfulness; she neither grizzled nor complained, nor showed herself envious of youth or youthful loveliness. A comforting idea of "duty" took possession of her mind, and she devoted herself to the tenderest care of her fat mother and irritable father, waiting upon them like a slave and saying her prayers for them night and morning as simply as a child without the faintest suspicion that they were past praying for. The years went on, and she took pains to educate herself in all that might be useful; she read much and thought more; she mastered two or three languages, and spoke them with ease and fluency, and she was an admirable musician. She had an abundance of pretty light-brown hair and all her movements were graceful; but alas! the unmistakable look of growing old was stamped upon her once-mobile features; she had become angular and flat-chested, and the unbecoming straight line from waist to knee which gave her figure a kind of pitiful masculinity was developing with hard and bony relentlessness. One charm she had, which she herself recognized and took care to cultivate—"a low, sweet voice, an excellent thing in woman." If one chanced to hear her speaking in an adjoining room the effect was remarkable; one felt that some exquisite creature of immortal youth and tenderness was expressing a heavenly thought in music.

Mr. James Polydore May, as I have already ventured to suggest, was (*Continued on page 320*)



The Russian passion for "demonstrating" had full sway on June 4, 1917, when all Petrograd gathered on the Field of Mars to celebrate the downfall of the Czar and the birth of the Republic.

New Russia in the Making

A Vivid Story of the Birth of a Democracy Told by a Member of the American Commission

By Charles Edward Russell

EDITOR'S NOTE:—In this striking series of articles on Russia by Charles Edward Russell we have eye-witness text and pictures by a trained observer and critic excellently qualified to describe and estimate at their true value the effects of the great Russian Revolution—one of the most stupendous events in human history. Mr. Russell accompanied the Root Commission to Russia in the summer of 1917, crossing that vast empire from East to West.

RUSSIA: A vast, dimly lighted stage whereon we know some tremendous new drama is being enacted, but where all the actors seem to be running about inconsequentially as in a maze without plan or meaning.

Something like this, I suppose, if we were to speak up with delectable candor, is about the impression most of us have had about this wonderful country ever since it tumbled the last of the Romanoffs from his ancient seat.

Yet the keys to the play are, after all, simple, and to be found in simple events, and when we have found them, behold the most fascinating and moving drama ever played in human affairs!

There is a place on the Trans-Siberian Railroad called Passing Point Number 37, a brown little speck on the illimitable emptiness of the Siberian plains. On the 23d of May there came marching up to it a procession of farmers—about forty of them, I think—carrying red flags. They tramped solemnly along what in Siberia, by a violence of speech, is called a road, and is in fact not otherwise than a trail of ruts in black-gumbo mud.

A passenger-train was coming from the east, from Vladivostok. At Passing Point Number 37 it took the sidetrack to wait for the train it was to meet. According to Russian railroad practice (which you might think a precept of religion punctiliously observed) the operation of getting these two trains past each other was to consume one half-hour, liberally inundated with swift and cheerful conversation.

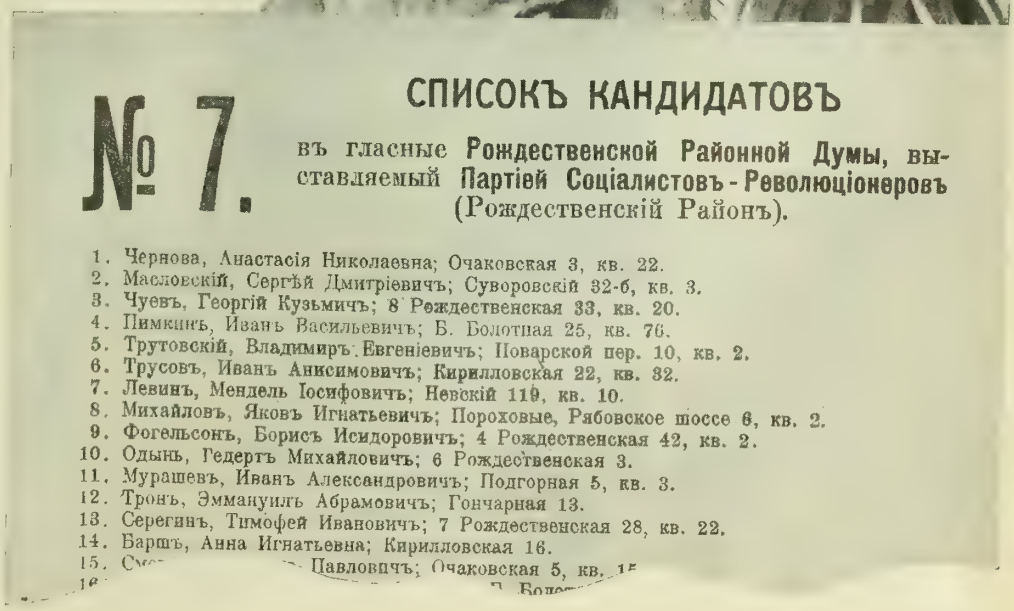
Some of the passengers got out and swelled the verbal freshets. They talked with the peasants of the procession; the peasants responded with undiluted pleasure on their brows. It was after the Revolution; more than two men could talk together without being prodded by a superactive *gendarmerie;* and the springs of speech, frozen for three hundred years in Russian breasts, burst forth into grateful and tireless fountains.

Of a sudden the processionists were seen to line up in front of the baggage-car, to fall upon their knees there, to lift their hands in attitudes of



Alexander Kerensky, the "Man of Iron" now Premier of Russia.

© INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE



№ 7.

СПИСОКЪ КАНДИДАТОВЪ

въ гласные **Рождественской Районной Думы**, выставляемый **Партіей Соціалистовъ-Революціонеровъ** (Рождественскій Районъ).

1. Чернова, Анастасія Николаевна; Очаковская 3, кв. 22.
2. Масловскій, Сергѣй Дмитріевичъ; Суворовскій 32-б, кв. 3.
3. Чуевъ, Георгій Кузьмичъ; 8 Рождественская 33, кв. 20.
4. Пимкинъ, Иванъ Васильевичъ; Б. Болотная 25, кв. 76.
5. Трутовскій, Владиміръ Евгеніевичъ; Поварской пер. 10, кв. 2.
6. Трусовъ, Иванъ Анисимовичъ; Кирилловская 22, кв. 32.
7. Левинъ, Мендель Іосифовичъ; Невскій 119, кв. 10.
8. Михайловъ, Яковъ Игнатьевичъ; Пороховые, Рябовское шоссе 6, кв. 2.
9. Фогельсонъ, Борисъ Исидоровичъ; 4 Рождественская 42, кв. 2.
10. Одынъ, Гедертъ Михайловичъ; 6 Рождественская 3.
11. Мурашевъ, Иванъ Александровичъ; Подгорная 5, кв. 3.
12. Тронъ, Эммануилъ Абрамовичъ; Гончарная 13.
13. Серегинъ, Тимофей Ивановичъ; 7 Рождественская 28, кв. 22.
14. Баршъ, Анна Игнатьевна; Кирилловская 16.
15. См[illegible] Павловичъ; Очаковская 5, кв. 15
16. [illegible] Болот[illegible]

Ballot bearing names of candidates for election to the City Council belonging to the Social Revolution (Kerensky) Party.



The beginning of Bloody Monday, Jan. 9, 1916. "In this great square, overlooked by the famous Winter Palace, five thousand men and women who asked for bread and freedom were mowed down by machine-guns."



A uniformed orator in the National Council, "elected as a worker by workers."

PHOTOS © INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE

prayer, the while they uttered strange, wailing cries and many wept.

What were they crying about? They had learned that in that baggage-car were the ashes of a Russian revolutionist, an old-time hero of the long, long struggle. He had been condemned by the Czar to one of the worst prisons of coldest Siberia; he had managed to escape and in the end to get to America. There he died, and his body was cremated. Now his ashes in a draped memorial urn were being carried in state back to the free Russia he had dreamed of and suffered for. But note:

Of the peasants that fell on their knees before that handful of dust that day, about one-half could not read. All of them, you might think, lived in a region farther from the world and its affairs than is Cape Nome from the Bowery. Yet all of them knew well enough the name of this dead hero and all his deeds, and instinctively all knelt before his ashes that they might testify at once to their reverence for him and the fervor of their own revolutionary faith.

After which there were speeches. If you know Russia, the New Russia, Russia of the unchained tongue, the information is superfluous. To know that there was any kind of a meeting anywhere at any time is to know that there were speeches.

But what did that procession mean, wandering red-flagged along the black ruts of lonely Siberia? It meant that the peasants were making a "demonstration." Demonstration about what? Why, if you will believe me, against the Austrian Government's sentence of death against Frederick Adler, slayer of the Austrian prime-minister.

And there you are, that is Russia. I offer you herewith the keys to the play.

Because you find in this one little incident these things, perfectly typical, truly fundamental:

The Russian temperament and character, emotional, sympathetic, altruistic, generous, and quite indifferent to conventionalities;

The passion for "demonstrating," the tremendous impulse to let go with the feelings brutally suppressed so long by the monarchy now dead and gone, thank God for his infinite mercies;

The passion for oratory;

The warm, naïve and somewhat dreamy feeling for the universal brotherhood and the sense of a world-wide cause.

That there was anything incongruous about a demonstration in Russia by Russians against Austria's execution of the death penalty upon an Austrian in Austria at a time when Russia and Austria are at war would never occur to them. Are not the workers of Russia, Austria, and all other countries brothers? Is not a wrong done to a member of the proletariat in Austria the affair of members of the proletariat everywhere? Assuredly, comrades. Then let us demonstrate—even in remote Siberia, where nobody will ever know anything about it.

Also, you may see in this incident how deep in the heart of every peasant and toiler are at least the rudiments of the Revolution's creed, how widespread a fair understanding of the Revolution's history



The last session of the Duma—"the grand old Russian Parliament, admirable, safe, and sane. Well, there isn't any more Duma."

and meaning—spread even to the uttermost parts of this prodigious country, spread when there were no modern means of communication, when there no public schools, no right of assembly, no free press and very little reading, and yet spread competently. Is not that a marvel?

Therefore, be of good cheer, O Timid Heart! The old order will never come back to Russia. Let be what will, the black shadow of that blight will never return. The Czar will never be again anything more than Citizen Romanoff. Whatever other peoples may do, these will never have kings nor kinglets, but only democracy, absolute, invincible, wherever democracy may lead. The people may rule well or rule ill, but by the ever-living soul of Liberty, in Russia they will rule! And of that you may be sure.



And now Democracy itself! Premier Kerensky addressing several thousand soldiers after the Revolution. His picture on the left reveals him as the student and philosopher, the irresistible patriot orator, and the relentless enemy of oppression.

But perhaps it is no wonder that the world, sitting at such an unprecedented play, blinks and is doubtful. There was one day the imposing great structure of the most powerful autocracy on earth, centuries old, rock-rooted, imperial and irresistible, cloud-compelling and remorseless. At a touch it crumbled together like the unsubstantial figment of a dream; vanishing without a trace, as if it had never been. Intricate, great systems of government, of police, of spies, of punishments, erected with long care and skill to keep the people down, all, all dried up and blown away like a mist, and behold these same kept-down people instantly and easily taking seats in a new machine, untried, just from the shops, and throwing the controlling levers—with aplomb, and with success.

No wonder, I say, some spectators gasp and are puzzled. To the rigid, rectangular English mind, to the American mind that tries hard to be like the English, all this is not in nature. It is so different from Chelmsford Abbey and St. Johnsbury, Vermont, that it must surely be bad. After all, and truth to tell, we have not much faith in the popular intelligence; no Anglo-Saxon has. What there is of it, we feel, must be the product of long education, of training and of reading—much reading. But here is country where only a few years ago 80 per cent. of the population could not read at all; where the few newspapers were frankly corrupted and fiercely censored by the monarchy. Yet out of all this, lo, a people, by our narrow creed called unenlightened, that alone are steering the government, and on the whole steering it well.



A whole people awake! Great popular and military demonstration in Petrograd in commemoration of those who fell in the Massacre of Bloody Monday.

Plain, everyday working people, farmers right from the plow, laborers from the factories, producers and toilers, the "base mechanicals" of Elizabeth's famous sneer, the "common workingmen" of our own beautiful snobbery. The nobles, the wealthy, the middle class, the Intelligentsia, the propertied, the financial geniuses, the merchant princes, the employers and all of that element so influential elsewhere, here cowed, silent or displaced. The Man with

the Hoe has come into his own at last. He rules Russia.

This is the fact that most observers of all other nations, and particularly of our own, find so indigestible; it is for this reason that the great Russian drama seems to them a tarantelle or a delirious dream.

Yet, whatever you may read, or whatever you may hear about Russia, you may with entire confidence lie up to this—that what is done will be done by the Russian toilers and by them alone. Here democracy has been taken literally and without compromise. Here the conditions that exist in other countries with political freedom and the ballot-box have been turned the other way about. Here Labor doesn't take orders but gives them. And here Labor, being in an absolute majority, has taken charge and so far nobody else has had a look in. All there is of government in Russia today is strictly working-class government, animated by about such impulses and convictions as caused the Siberian peasants to demonstrate against the killing of Frederick Adler and to fall on their knees before the ashes of a revolutionist.

Under the red flag!

I don't know but that the flag is the hardest fact for the conservative American and Englishman to swallow. With us it has always signified detestable anarchy, violence, blood, riot and ruin. Here in Russia it is flying everywhere over the most peace-loving and orderly people on earth. From Vladivostok to the Baltic and from Turkestan to the Arctic Circle, the simple red flag, without device or ornament is, on land, the only flag you see. It has become the national flag of Russia.

It is flying this moment over the famous Winter Palace of the Czars, where I am writing, over the most sumptuous royal quarters in Europe, over these windows that looked down on Bloody Monday. In the great square in front of me five thousand men and women who asked for bread and freedom were shot to death with machine-guns from these roofs, and now the red flag flies over it and a band that used to play "God Save the Czar" now plays the new national anthem. And what is that? The once-proscribed "Marsellaise!"

On Sunday, July 1, 300,000 people marched in this square with band after band that played nothing else; all day the strains of that revolutionary anthem echoed through the suites where Czars used to sit and condemn to the living death of Siberia men that had said a few words in favor of human liberty. Three hundred thousand free men and women tramped to that tune over the stones that in 1905 had been soaked in the people's blood. If that you like texts for your quiet meditations, here be a plenty, or call me naught!

It is revolution in full swing and come to stay, the dream of the prophets come true, democracy absolute and unlimited, naked and unashamed.

When we begin to absorb that fact the drama ceases to look like inebriated chaos and begins to appear as it really is, a totally new experiment in government—momentous, perilous, if you like, but wholly reasonable and wholly logical.

What they mean by democracy here is direct government by the people, the great majority of whom are the toilers on the farms and in the factories; no "checks and balances," no artificial barriers to defeat the popular will and ensure government by property; exact political equality for all, universal suffrage, women at last free from the surviving disabilities of the jungle, men freed from the political relics of feudalism. At one leap democracy goes far beyond all its previous achievements. A new country is launched with new ideals and new purposes and the world must rub its eyes and awake to the new birth.

It is so; I do not exaggerate. Snobbery is in the bones of us; that is why we do not appreciate the wonderful things done in Russia. But if the New Day lives and is suppressed not of Old Night, another generation will think us strangely blind and dull that we did not hail with joy so great a victory for the faith we profess.

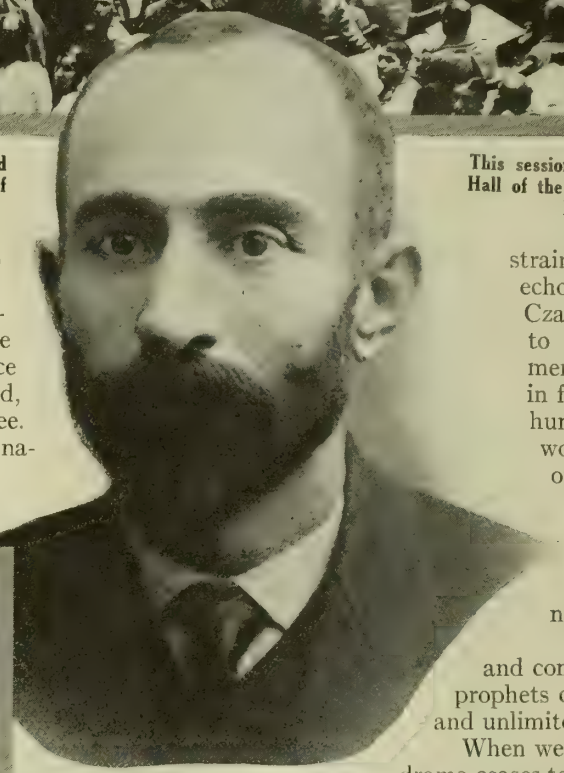
We have not only failed to see it, but by some trick of legerdemain some of us have been able to fool ourselves into believing we have a call to be the patient instructors in democracy to these well-meaning but deluded creatures.

Nobody who has ever been to the Cadetsky Corpus has any such (*Continued on page 324*)



The Russian National Council of Soldiers, Peasants, and Workmen. Its 830 delegates represent every part of Russia. Five of the delegates are women.

This session was held in the former Assembly Hall of the Russian Duma. "The Man with the Hoe has come into his own."



Tschaidse, "an extraordinary, hawk-eyed, cold-blooded person," who presides over the National Council.



This drawing of the Massacre of the Revolutionists by order of the Czar was made especially for this article by the eminent artist Ivan Raketski, an eye-witness.

The Mobilizing of Johanna

By Rupert Hughes

Illustrated by W. H. D. Koerner

PART TWO



"Say," demanded Johanna, "if you convict Vibby, what does he really get? This death talk is all bunk, o' course." "I'm afraid not," said the Adjutant solemnly. "The Major-General wants to make an example of him."

THE code of military discipline that makes it almost a sacrilege for a soldier to strike a superior officer, makes it, in our army at least, an almost greater blasphemy for an officer to strike a man.

Poor Lieutenant-Colonel Leroy had been struck and could not strike back. He was nearly maddened by the number and the weight of his humiliations.

A wearying fever had kept him prisoner in a farmhouse for weeks, idle and ailing, while his regiment underwent training without him, and marched away and came back. The stupid little daughter of a stupider old farmer had taken advantage of his isolation to be kind to him, and while she had him alone and helpless she had made him feeble-wittedly fall in love with her.

Jealousy had led him to descend on her, expecting to find her flirting with another man. He had surprised her very much alone and she had shocked him by suspecting his chivalry. Meanwhile a common soldier whom jealousy had made a spy had equally misinterpreted Leroy's chivalry and tried to break in the door.

A sense of exquisite consideration for Johanna had given Leroy the courage to run away. His physical weakness had failed his moral bravery and left him unable to climb the stairs.

And thus the soldier had found him, regarded his costly efforts to escape as proof of guilt and evidence of cowardice, accused him of villainy and, when ordered away, dealt his Colonel a smash in the jaw.

It is bitter hard for any man to take a blow from any man. To be floored by it is bitterer still. To be floored by an undeserved blow driven by a misinformed contempt is hardship indeed. Private Vibbard had his own lofty motives. He had intervened to protect Johanna from what was not going to happen, or to avenge her for what had not occurred. He was dealing stern retribution to Leroy for doing what Leroy had never dreamed of.

The ludicrous tragical blunder of it all infuriated Leroy against life in general as much as against Vibbard in particular. All motives and results seemed to wrestle and whirl before him like the struggle of Vibbard himself with the two other soldiers who had chanced to come by and come in. He knew them both, Isher and Pettingill, and had found occasion to discipline them both for laziness. To have them as witnesses of the blow was bad enough, to have to be saved by them from a downright thrashing was worse.

To add a few more last straws, the Officer of the Day, Captain Bregan, making his rounds of the sentry-line, heard the loud voices and the scuffle, and hurried into the farmhouse, demanding:

"What's this? What's up? What's the matter here?"

Isher, who owed the Colonel a bad turn and Vibbard two, explained as he tried to salute without letting go of the lurching prisoner:

"We saw Vibbard here assault the Lieutenant-Colonel here and we heard him call the Colonel names, so we nabbed him before he could do any more damage."

Captain Bregan gave Leroy a glance that said all too plainly:

"How's that? Do you have to have a couple of huskies to help you discipline an enlisted man?"

Leroy answered the interrogation:

"I've been ill. This contemptible hound attacked me unexpectedly. I'll beat him to a pulp as soon as I get well and get out of this uniform."

"Yes, sir," said Bregan, saluting with irony. "But in the meanwhile you'll prefer charges, I presume, sir."

"Prefer charges!" roared Leroy, "Of course I will—under Article 64!" he turned to Vibbard: "The penalty of that is death."

Captain Bregan interposed: "If you'd like, sir, I'll have a formal charge-sheet filled out on the typewriter for you to sign."

"Thank you, Captain. Very kind of you."

"Don't mention it, Colonel. I'll send it right over. Good-night, sir." He motioned the guard.

"Take the prisoner to the guard-tent and present my compliments to the commander of the guard and say that charges will be preferred immediately."

The Officer of the Day swept out while the two soldiers made ready to set forth with their captive, when:

"Say, say!" a woman's voice, Johanna's voice, broke in. "What's all this rumpus about anyway? Where do I come in? or don't I? Everybody goin' to kill each other and me not even consulted?"

Vibbard snarled at her as if he hated her, though his whole rage was due to his love of her.

"You know well enough. If I die for this you're to blame for it."

"To blame for what? To blame for what?" Johanna raged.

Vibbard raged back with the vehemence of youth: "As soon as I saw your folks drive away I thought I'd come over and call, but oh, no—the door was locked, and when I knocked you wouldn't answer."

"O' course not," said Johanna. "I was—I was——"

She did not dare confess the vanity of that ill-fated still-sticky milk bath she had attempted. Vibbard took her confusion for confession, and said:

"You wouldn't let me in, but he—oh, he—he was an officer, and so——"

Then Johanna, remembering that she had been prepared to defend herself from Leroy with the bread-knife, waxed so frantic at Vibbard's supposed implication that she made a leap for him with all her nails.

When Isher and Pettingill tried to save him, she turned on them and they could save themselves only by ignominious flight. They did what brave men do when attacked by a woman; they ran. Their prisoner ran with them.

Johanna chased them only as far as the gate, but stood there flinging taunts after the retreating army. Then she returned to settle with Colonel Leroy. But he had taken advantage of her absence to clamber up the stairs somehow to his own room. He locked the door and fell on his bed expecting his fever to return. But microbes, not emotion, are the cause of fever and he had nothing worse than a bad night.

Johanna from the hall caught sight of the kitchen with the milk-bath scattered over the floor. She had hardly more than dipped into it when the sound of Leroy's footsteps had sent her flying into the pantry. But the little she had had was enough. She would not for worlds have let her family learn of how far her vanity had lured her.

So she got on her knees and scrubbed the kitchen floor. It was a sad come-down for one who had so recently dreamed of the higher beauty. Now she had lost her Lieutenant-Colonel and his rival the High Private, and the whole army would be against her. She felt that she would have done better if she had gone to church, even at the cost of obeying her father. But when they came home she did not tell him so, nor mention any of the storm that had broken over the quiet dwelling.

Later, an orderly brought the charge-sheet prepared in triplicate, and Pa, not knowing what it was, sent the orderly up-stairs with it to Leroy's door. The Lieutenant-Colonel was still shivering with rage and he read with a vindictive delight Vibbard's name and previous service, the

date of his arrest and place of confinement, the name of the witnesses and the charge: "Violation of the 64th article of war," and the two specifications:

"Specification No. 1: In that Private Henry Vibbard, Co. A, 13th Infantry, having received a lawful command from Lt.-Col. Leroy, 13th Infantry, his superior officer, to return to his quarters, did at Rensler Farm, on or about the fifteenth day of August, 1917, wilfully disobey the same."

"Specification No. 2: In that Private Henry Vibbard did at Rensler Farm, on or about the fifteenth day of August, 1917, wilfully strike Lt.-Col. Leroy, his superior officer, who was then in the execution of his office, on the jaw with his fist."

Leroy's face was enscarleted with the shame of the blow as he read of it, and he signed his name thrice with zest and returned the papers to the orderly.

The orderly took them to the Adjutant's office. Adjutant Van Rensellaer, never dreaming that his family name was involved, placed the charges before the Colonel, who had heard of the battle with great indignation. He asked a few questions, and signed a statement that he had investigated and approved the charge. He sent it forward that night to Brigade Headquarters as a channel to the Division Headquarters, whither it went the next morning by motor-cycle courier.

Major-General McRoberts, Division Commander, had played poker the night before. The Division Surgeon had operated on him for a month's pay. He was in a sensitive state. When he read that a private soldier had smitten an officer on the jaw, he was convinced that the growing insubordination must be sternly checked or his division would be well named.

He ordered a general court-martial to convene the next day, designated thirteen officers to compose it and for Judge-Advocate selected Adjutant Van Rensellaer, who had been a lawyer and had a sense of legal form. He sent for him to report at once and prepare to press the matter, get Vibbard the limit, and rush him through.

LEROY made a heavy night of it in the dark, but he dreaded to face the daylight and his fellowmen with the uneffaced stigma of Vibbard's blow like a brand of Cain. He fell asleep so late that reveille did not reach him. Being an invalid he was still permitted to keep his own hours. It was nine when he woke with a start. As he shaved himself he felt that he could see a blotch that not all the general courts-martial in the world could erase. He wondered how he could live long enough to get strong enough to go to Vibbard and give him knuckle for knuckle. He owed it to the country to send Vibbard to condign punishment, but he owed it to himself to plant his fist on Vibbard before the nation planted Vibbard in a felon's grave.

Then he stopped shaving with a gasp. He thought of Johanna. The trial would mean devastation to her life—her blossoming young life! It would shake the petals off as the rough wind had stripped the apple-tree in the yard.

His duty as an officer was written in the books, but his duty to Johanna was in the unwritten laws of chivalry and common decency. He must swallow the insult to his manhood and the insult to his silver maple-leaf; he must not drag that poor girl into the public notoriety of a trial.

Vibbard had accused him of leading the girl astray; that would be his justification for the blow. Nobody would believe in the girl's innocence, however the court white-washed her, or red-washed her with Vibbard's blood.

Leroy finished shaving in haste, slipped into his uniform and hurried breakfastless to the Adjutant's tent to withdraw the charge. It was his first appearance in the camp, and his arm grew sore with the unwonted task of saluting everybody he met.

The Adjutant had been summoned to the Major-General's headquarters and had gone thither in his automobile. His clerk said that the charges had gone to the Colonel. Leroy staggered to the Colonel's tent, and impatiently acknowledging the welcome he received asked for the charge-sheet.

"I rushed it over to the Brigade Headquarters last night," said the Colonel. "Want to add another specification?"

Leroy saluted and went to his long-abandoned tent whence he dispatched the first man he met for his horse. That neglected and restive steed celebrated his return by playfully dancing among the guy-ropes of various tents, striking two of them before he could be spurred into the main street and thence to the high-road.

Brigade Headquarters greeted Leroy with hospitality, and he had word that the charges had gone on up to Division Headquarters ten miles away. Leroy went there like another Sheridan on his way from Winchester. He did not meet Adjutant Van Rensellaer, who returned by another road.

It was noon when *(Continued on page 311)*



"If Your Honors don't mind, I'd like to say a word," Vibbard broke in. "Miss Rensler is a lady I'm proud to have fought for, and if the Court wants me to die, I don't mind, seeing it's for her!" Johanna rewarded him with a most precious look.

Nest Building

By Anne Hard

Illustrations by Lejaren à Hiller

ANNA was startled out of her reverie by the sound of a paddle in the water.

Who could it be—here, at this time of the year—this time of night! She listened tensely.

The sound came from the pine-shadowed bay just beyond the rocky point on which she had made her fire.

Before she could fix anything but shadows—shadows—shadows, she heard a grating keel on the pebbled shore-edge. A man was pulling his canoe onto the grass.

In spite of the glare of the fire he caught the outline of her figure, standing fearlessly and tall against the straight pine trunks. He stopped instantly.

"I beg your pardon," he said, from the other side of the fire. "I must be in the wrong place! I thought I was on Silver!"

"Silver Lake is a mile and a half west of here." Anna's voice was perfectly even. "This is Heron Lake."

"Heron!" the man sputtered. "Heron? Then what right have—I beg your pardon. But, really, if it's Heron——"

He had seen in that instant that the woman before him was undeniably town-bred. He couldn't go on, as his first impulse had led him, to say: "Then why are you here?".

"This lake belongs to me." She knew what he had wished to say. Her tone said quite clearly, "So of course you will go on."

"If you don't mind," he said, "I'll get some water at your spring and camp for the night across—your lake. I hope you will excuse the intrusion."

The high blaze of fire died for a moment so that Anna could see him quite clearly. He was instantly remembered, though it was over two years since she last had seen him.

All day long she had tramped the edge of her domain. The untouched shore was hers. The pines that threw their needles on the ground to feed young growing things for years to come; the birches wearing leaves like veils over the tender whiteness of their virgin limbs; the pale blush of azaleas at their pictures in the water; even the tiny stones that rolled to rocks and rocks that wore to tiny stones again; the infinite cosmic processes of Nature, stretching great arms over the little minions of a day—protecting them—all these were hers to protect in turn. If the gracile larch that flew its dainty springtime plumes had come to life to-day it might have felt as Anna felt when she surveyed that mountain lake and knew it hers.

For the first time in her life, under the fine, true influence of Nature, she summed herself up, her longings, her hitherto vague sense of emptiness, her half-realized fear that she might never fulfil the gift of womanhood. For the first time in her life the tumbling water, the stir and movement of all-conquering mother-work of the spring around her, called her to account, seemed to demand of her an excuse for her fruitlessness and taunted her for her loneliness. A sense of injustice surged all about her. Her friends were loved and taken to the altar. She remained alone. It was with a revulsion of feeling that swept all convention aside,—there, in the very lap of nature,—that she heard the voice of this man at such a moment, in such a solitude.



"Dear girl," said Phil Carr, "I never dreamed you were like that! This night and all the music of it were made for you and me!"



"She needn't *go back* to her husband," said Philip, "her husband has come for her!" Taylor glanced at Anna. but she was oblivious of him. Neither she nor Philip would know whether he was there or whether he had gone away.

"Come and sit by the fire, Phil Carr!" She laughed as she said it. "You must be frightfully tired." Startled, he tried to see her more clearly as he walked around the fire.

"I would be ashamed to tell you, if these were four walls," he smiled back at her, "that I don't remember *your* name! But somehow in the big woods I don't care. Names are trivial! I don't know the names of half the flowers round here that I love, and I never try to find them out!"

"So you won't try to find out mine?"

She laughed again. Her laugh was never loud, but it had the curious vibrant, ventriloquial effect of a thrush's note. "Never mind. I remember *you!* Have you your violin with you?"

"Of course I have; it's in my basket where most guides put their frying-pans."

"Are you a guide now?"

There was just a lingering shade on the "now" as she said it. Philip caught its full implication.

"You *do* know me! I've had rather more of an excuse, though, for my latest change of occupation than usual. I had to give up newspaper work for awhile; doctor's orders. I've been so much better the last six months that I have been "guiding" for some hunting parties, occasionally. But this is my great day! Got my release to-day!"

"Your release?"

"Yes. I'm going out to-morrow."

"Your release! Do you call it a 'release' to leave all this?" She threw wide her arms as if she would embrace it all.

"No—but to be a prisoner anywhere—even here! It was all very well when I didn't *have* to stay here. Choosing is what makes freedom, whether it's walls or trees!"

"Freedom!" Anna repeated; then, more gently: "Freedom! That is what I have been seeking, too."

He looked at her more closely. The moonlight now had found an opening among the branches so that it shone full upon her copper-colored hair. Her face was in shadow, but the curves of her strong arms and hips showed gently through the wood-brown dress she wore. She went on dreamily:

"Men have made freedom, as they have made everything else, in their own image."

"To think," he said, and through the silence between them they heard the stir of a bird, "to think I should ever have known you, and then forgotten you! I begin to see you now, though! An old white house; high pillars at the front; elm-shaded walks—I have it! Back when I was trying to be a puppet-instructor at the university! You are Anna Douglas!"

"I remember more than that about you, though," Anna smiled back at him. "Of course you wouldn't remember me, for you never noticed me. Why should you have done so? No one else did!"

It seemed so incredible, as she sat there with the radiance of the fire upon her hair, that he made a move to dissent. And yet that in turn was so obviously futile that they both laughed.

"You were distinguished, you know!" she said, still smiling, yet earnestly. "You had a social triumph, of a sort——"

"And you were very young."

"That was the bitterness of it!" she said, but gently. "I was not young—and no one—no man, I mean—had ever noticed me."

Her saying "no one ever noticed me," baldly, focused his attention upon her. Up to that moment she had been a part of the wonder and the mystery of the night. Now she lost nothing of that mysterious charm. Instead, under his gaze, she seemed to fuse that influence with her own into one magnetic personality.

"Queer," he answered her; "why didn't you let me know you then?"

"How could I!" she cried. "Could I walk out of that 'old white-pillared house on Langdon Street' and say to you: 'Here I am, Phil Carr! Please notice me'?"

"I wish you had," he said, looking at the light in her eyes, listening to the lilt of her voice. "I wish you had. And now it is too late."

It was a question as he said it. She shook her head.

"I have never talked to any one like this before!" she cried. "A few days ago word came of my uncle's death. He had left everything to me. This lake—these hills—acres of forest—everything. I had to come East to settle up the estate. My mother—you would not remember—died when you were in Madison—my father, shortly after. I am all alone.

"I came up to this lake of mine to look it over—to build a summer home, perhaps. I came to stay an hour. I have been here a week—walking around these woods—thinking—thinking—of all I have now . . . thinking still more of what I have not. . . .

"You spoke just now of freedom—a man's freedom," she went on after a moment, "the freedom to *do*. I think we long for a different kind—we women. The freedom to——" She drew back from the completion of her own thought, and then moved a little, gently, on the fir boughs which strewed the open camp. He sat down at her side.

"This has been my great day, too," she went on. "All day I have walked among the trees and along the water's edge so happy that I sang out loud though no one could hear me!"

"No one?" he wondered. "But surely——"

"No one. I am here——" Darkness opened before her.

"*If I do not tell him,*" she told herself, "*I can go on and on as before—gray days, gray nights—like the years of days and nights I have gone blindly through so long—so long——*" It was like a dusty road to her sense, that way! "*If I do speak,*" she thought, "*what then?*"

That way, all was terrible confusion, blare and blaze, but it was sound *(Continued on page 336)*



"No lovelier or more lovable children can be painted than those Vaillant depicts," as in his "Autumn" reproduced above.

A Painter of Golden Fancies—
The Work of Louis D. Vaillant

By Gardner Teall

BEAUTY, Truth, Nature—what a happy trio to come upon, these incomparable Graces, hand in hand! You will scarcely find a fairer mirror to reflect them than the art of a young American of note, Louis David Vaillant, a painter of golden fancies. "An Idyll" in the Spring Exhibition of the National Academy fully sustained the excellence and loveliness we have come to look for in Vaillant's work since he carried away the Second Hallgarten Prize some six or seven years ago. "The Bathers," an Academy picture of 1915, and "The Hill of the Muses," shown at the Academy last year, remarkable though they were, did not surpass this exquisite idyll which marks the fact that Vaillant's art not only shows no retrogression from its early promise, but becomes more perfect year after year and has already reached a quality beyond expectation.

Surely Vaillant's art is worthy the name and every one of his paintings full of meaning and rich in instruction. I do not believe one could stand before "An Idyll" and not experience æsthetic emotion that would ennoble the experience. There is true beauty in this work of art, just as there is in "The Bathers," "The Hill of the Muses" or Vaillant's "Madonna of the Laurel" (a painting exhibited in 1912), a beauty the more satisfying to the apostle of ideals because herein there is beauty of two sorts—that independent of the subject and that of the subject itself.

The sympathy which makes up art, a sympathy which in turn art evokes, leads us to agree with Guyau that "Art is tenderness;" it cannot be otherwise. And Vaillant's art is infinitely tender though never insipid, never weak or maudlin and never lacking in that virility which marks its noble conception.

There is something about these paintings by Vaillant that impresses one with their sincerity, that attaches them to the soul of the artist. They are not just patterns or pleasing devices, but things, living in their spirit, emanating from a sensibility. What more potently brings a people before a sentiment or an ideal that is held in common than a work of art? That, perhaps, is why such paintings as Vaillant's will be loved and understood by the many, though I do not think that even the few could be found to deny their charm. It is not a mere decorative, unliving thing that he depicts when he paints a figure, but a wondrous vision is transferred by the artist's brush from him to us—the semblance, not alone of a living being, but of a beautiful one, a being with a soul of sunshine. It was Fielding who used to say, when he wished to compliment a painter, not that the work breathes but that it thinks. And with these figures by Vaillant we feel that they think as well as seem to breathe,



"Summer" is a companion canvas to "Autumn," shown on the preceding page. "Vaillant's art is infinitely tender though never insipid."

"In Vaillant's 'Madonna of the Laurels' (on the right) there is beauty of two sorts—the beauty independent of the subject and that of the subject itself."

to breathe the breath of the glades of Helicon, to hold thoughts pure, noble, but human. And could lovelier, more lovable, children be painted than those Vaillant depicts? They are as tenderly conceived as the infant St. John of Andrea del Sarto or of Bronzino or the babes of Bonifazio Veronese. Somehow it seems to me that such little ones are these that Vaillant loves to paint, that he has succeeded marvelously well in suggesting in his figures of these little dwellers in the Golden Age that sense of mystery that is their charm, has made us feel the whole world to be theirs, and yet that they belong to us.

Alexander the Great thought Art of such utility that he ordered all the members of the Macedonian nobility to study it. Would that more of us understood that Art is something more than a picture or a pastime. But just as The Michelangelos, the Leonardos and the Raphaels of the Renaissance brought to everyone of the time a realization of Art's utility, so, again, are modern painters coming to exert a beneficent influence upon the public of our own times—not all artists, it is true, for not all artists are worthy the protection of the goddess they invoke. We can only derive from a work of art what the artist put into it.

In Vaillant we have a painter who is bound to prove an influence. In the beauty, truth and nobility of his work we find Art's utility presented. It is true that Vaillant's paintings partake of the spirit of the Old Masters. Indeed, I never stand before one of his canvases that my thoughts do not go back to the Florentines and the Venetians, but that is because of a common bond of sympathy; Vaillant is no copyist, no follower of a school. His has been an honest and unflagging apprenticeship to Art. Vaillant was born in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1875. As a youth he studied at the Art Students' League under Henry Siddons Mowbray. Mowbray has been characterized as "a colorist and a man of imagination, a wonderful narrator of fanciful tales, with ample knowledge and manual skill in the practice of his craft," and the young Vaillant could not have made a better beginning. Later the artist continued his study in Paris under Luc Olivier Merson, and then came industrious years in Italy, mainly in Florence and in Rome. These were the years in which his fine sense of color gained sureness in transmission. Opie it was who said: "Color is the sunshine of art which clothes poverty in smiles, and renders the prospect of barrenness itself agreeable;" but Vaillant's color was not called upon to eke out poverty of subject or barrenness of scene. His versatile invention always responded with compositions rich in grace, fertile in fulness. He indeed was a colorist that was sunshine setting aglow the gift of mind and style. And Vaillant had already become a master of technique.

Sir Joshua Reynolds in one of his discourses said: "Style in painting is the same as in writing; a mastery over materials, whether words or color, by which conceptions and statements are conveyed." A master's dictum indeed.

Few of the canvases in recent American exhibitions as fully exemplify Paul Gaultier's observations, here quoted from his scholarly treatise on the meaning of Art, as do Vaillant's paintings: "Every work of art," says Gaultier, "worthy of the name is full of meaning and rich in instruction; not only in what it represents on the purely intellectual side, but especially in the emotion it kindles. Historians who compare its ancient products with other relics of the past, such as faded costumes and documents yellow with age, which bear only the marks of life that have been, do not seem to consider this. Careful to utilize the most trivial indications as means of instruction, many of them fail to give themselves up to their æsthetic charm, and scorn it as something superfluous. It does not occur to them that, since works of art are first of all things of beauty made to kindle emotions, they lose by this procedure the most precious element of meaning, even for the knowledge of bygone ages, of which they are the surviving witnesses, through the action they exercise on us."

Surely no American artist of to-day more skilfully, more pleasingly or more enduringly lends to his work a style at once acceptable to our ideals and born of sincerity than does Vaillant.

It is in such that we take national pride, of such that we derive our art galaxy.



The Pawns Count

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrated by Armand Both

SYNOPSIS—"America first, America only, America always!" was the motto of Pamela Van Teyl, a pretty and clever New York girl, rich in her own right, well-educated and well-traveled. During several years' residence abroad in various European capitals Pamela has kept both eyes and ears open, and the Great War finds her in possession of certain valuable data. The scene opens in Henry's fashionable London restaurant, where she is bidden to lunch with several friends, among them Captain Richard Holderness and John Lutchester, who has also seen service at the Front. London is full of spies. Another expected guest is Captain Sandy Graham, discoverer or inventor of a very deadly explosive. In fact, as he greets his friends in the crowded foyer he announces loudly that the formula is complete. The statement is overheard by Oscar Fischer, a wealthy German-American whose sympathies are all for the Fatherland and against the United States. Then Sandy Graham mysteriously disappears! Miss Van Teyl suspects Joseph, the leader of the hotel orchestra, and Hassan, a waiter, whom she has reason to think are German spies. After the meal she visits each in turn and frightens them into confession.



"That formula can be written again. I think you had better write it!" said Oscar Fischer. "I'll see you burn first!" was Sandy Graham's weak but prompt reply.

THE last of the supper-guests had left Henry's restaurant; the commissionnaire's whistle was silent. The light laughter and frivolous adieux of the departing guests seemed to have melted away into a world somewhere beyond the pale of the unseasonable fog. The little strip of waste ground adjoining was wrapped in gloom and silence. The exterior of the bare and deserted chapel, long since unconsecrate, was dull and lifeless. Inside, however, began the march of strange things. First of all, the pinprick of the light of a tiny electric torch seemed as though it had risen from the floor, and Hassan, pushing back a trapdoor, stepped into the bare, dusty conventicle. He listened for a moment, then made a tour of the windows, touched a spring in the wall and drew down long, thick blinds. Afterward he passed between the rows of dilapidated benches and paused at the entrance-door. He stooped down, examined the keyless lock, shook it gently, gazed upward and downward as though in vain search of bolts that were never there. His white teeth gleamed for a moment in the darkness. He turned away with a little shiver.

"Not my fault," he muttered to himself, "not my fault."

He listened for a moment intently, as though for footsteps outside. The disturbance, however, came from the other end of the building. There was a sharp knocking from the trapdoor by which he had ascended. He touched an electric knob. The place was dimly yet sufficiently illuminated. He hastened toward the further end of the place and pulled up the trapdoor. A melancholy-looking little procession slowly emerged. First of all came Joseph, stepping backward, supporting the head and shoulders of Graham, still bound and gagged. After him came a dark, swarthy-faced wine-waiter, who supported Graham's feet. Behind followed Fischer, carrying his silk hat and cane in his hand. He paused for a moment as he stepped into the chapel, and brushed the dust from his trousers.

"You can take out the gag now," he ordered the two men. "There isn't much shout in him."

They laid him upon a couch and Joseph obeyed the order. Graham's head swung helplessly on one side. His eyes opened, however, and he struggled for consciousness. His lips twitched for a moment. In these long hours he had almost forgotten the habit of speech. The words, when they came, sounded strange to him.

"What . . . where am I? What do you want?"

Fischer laid his hat and stick upon a table on which also stood a telephone instrument.

"The formula, my young friend," he replied, "for that wonderful explosive of which you spoke in the lobby."

A sudden accession of nervous strength brought something almost like passion into the young man's reply, although to himself there still seemed some unreality in the words which might have come from the walls or the roof—surely not from his lips.

"I'll see you grilled first!"

Fischer smiled. The man was good-looking, in his way, but this was a pale and ugly smile.

"My request was merely a matter of courtesy," he remarked. "The difficulty of searching you is not formidable. It would have been undertaken long ago but for the fact that the restaurant has been crowded and gags sometimes slip. Besides, there was no hurry. Observe!"

He leaned over Graham, who for the first time struggled furiously but ineffectually with his bonds. His fingers all the time were straining toward the inside pocket of his coat. Fischer nodded understandingly.

"Allow me to anticipate you," he said.

With a quick thrust he drew a little handful of papers from the pocket of his captive. One by one he glanced them through and flung them on the floor. As he came toward the end of his search, however, his expression of confident complacency vanished. His lips shriveled up a little, his eyes narrowed. The last folded sheet of paper—a little perfumed note from Peggy, thanking Sandy for his beautiful roses—he crumpled fiercely into a little ball. He opened his lips to speak, then he paused. A new light broke in upon him. The fury had passed from Sandy Graham's face. In its stead there was an expression of blank astonishment.

"Where is the formula?" Fischer asked fiercely.

There was no reply. Sandy Graham was still staring at the little pile of papers upon the floor. Fischer made a brief examination of the other pockets. Then he stepped back. His voice shook, his face was dark and malevolent.

"Joseph, Hassan, Jules—listen to me!" he ordered. "Did any one else enter the musicians' room while he was lying in the alcove?"

"Impossible!" Jules declared.

"The door was locked," Hassan murmured.

"Stop!" Joseph exclaimed.

Fischer wheeled round upon him.

"Well?" he exclaimed. "Get on, then. Who?"

Joseph moistened his lips. He was still feeling sore and dizzy but he began to see his way.

"You noticed, perhaps," he said, "the American girl—the beautiful young lady who was with this guy's friends? She was waiting with the others for Captain Graham to come down. I saw her go up the stairs. I saw her come down again three minutes later."

"Miss Van Teyl?" Fischer exclaimed, with a frown. "You're mad, Joseph!"

The negro laughed grimly.

"Am I?" he retorted. "I tell you this, Master Fischer: She was in Berlin, where I was, and she was at the Embassy every day. She was asked to leave there. They put her over the frontier into Holland. I knew her when she came into the restaurant. She's no society young lady, she ain't! Bet you she was on to the goods!"

Fischer hesitated for a moment. The thoughts were chasing one another through his brain. Then he took up the receiver from the telephone which stood upon the table.

"1560 Mayfair," he asked in a low tone.

They all stood listening, grouped around Graham's writhing figure.

"Hullo! Is that Claridge's Hotel?" Fischer went on. "I am speaking from Ciro's. Put me through, if you please, to Miss Van Teyl's apartments . . . What? Repeat that, will you? . . . Thank you."

Fischer laid down the receiver. He turned toward the others. He was breathing a little quickly and his eyes glittered behind his gold-rimmed spectacles.

"Miss Van Teyl," he announced, "has left for Tilbury. She is going out on the *Lapland* this morning. She's got the formula!"

Copyright, 1917, by International Magazine Co. (Hearst's)—Copyrighted in Great Britain

There was a moment's silence. Joseph was standing by with a wicked look on his face.

"I saw her slip away," he muttered, "and I watched her come down again. There was just time."

Fischer turned suddenly to where Graham was lying. He drew a sheet of writing-paper from the rack upon the table and a pencil from his pocket. There was an evil and concentrated significance in his tone.

"That formula," he said, "can be writtten again. I think you had better write it."

"I'll see you burn first!" was the weak but prompt reply.

Fischer bent a little lower over the prostrate figure.

"Look here," he went on, "we don't run risks like this for nothing. You're better dead than alive, so far as we are concerned, anyway. We'd planned to take the formula from you and you can guess the rest. There are cellars underneath here into which no one ever goes who matters. Now here's a chance of life for you. Write down that formula—truthfully, mind—and we'll discuss the matter of taking your parole."

"See you shot first!" Graham repeated, his voice a little more tremulous, but still convincing.

Fischer stood upright and turned to Jules.

"Get a bottle of brandy and a glass," he ordered.

The man pushed open the trapdoor and disappeared. He came back again in a few moments, with a bottle in one hand and a glass in the other. Fischer poured out some of the cordial and drew a small table up to Graham's side.

"There," he said, loosening the cord around his left wrist, "drink that and think it over. We shall be gone for about ten minutes. If you change your mind before, ring that little handbell. If you have not changed your mind when we return, it will be the cellars."

"Beasts!" Graham muttered.

Fischer shrugged his shoulders. For a moment he had straightened himself. His face had softened but it was in tune with his thoughts.

"I would twist the necks of a million fools like you," he said, "for the sake of——"

He paused, leaving his sentence uncompleted, and beckoned to the other men. They followed him through the trapdoor and down into the cellars below. The place was once more silent. Graham rolled from side to side, drew a long breath and tugged vainly at his bonds. The effort overtaxed his strength. He seemed to feel the darkness closing in upon him, the rushing of the sea in his ears. . . .

SO far as Sandy Graham was concerned, his unconsciousness might have lasted an hour or a day. As a matter of fact, it was scarcely a minute after the disappearance of Fischer and his confederates when he was conscious of a rush of cold air in the place, and beheld the vision of a tiny flash of light at the lower end of the gloomy building. Immediately afterward he heard the soft closing of a door and beheld a tall, shadowy figure slowly approaching. He lay quite still and looked at it, and his heart began to beat with hope. One of the lights had been left burning, and there was something in the bearing and attitude of the man who finally came to a standstill by his side which was entirely re-assuring.

"Lutchester!" he faltered. "How did you get here?"

"Offered a young lady," Lutchester observed, producing a knife from his pocket. "Allow me."

He cut the cords which still secured Graham's limbs. Then he looked around him.

"How did they bring you here?" he whispered. "I suppose there is a passage from the restaurant?"

"Up through a trapdoor there," Graham explained, pointing.

Lutchester stood over it and listened intently. Then he turned around, lifted the glass of brandy from the table, smelt it approvingly and tasted it.

"Excellent!" he pronounced. "The 1840. Allow me!"

He refilled the glass and handed it to Sandy, who gulped down the contents. The effect was almost instantaneous. In less than a minute he had staggered to his feet.

"Feel strong enough to walk about fifty yards?" Lutchester inquired.

"I'd walk to hell to get out of this place!" was the prompt reply.

Lutchester took his arm and they passed down the dusty aisle between the worm-eaten and decaying benches, and through the outside door, which Lutchester closed and locked behind them. The rush of cold air was like new life to Graham.

"I can walk all right now," he muttered. "Gad, but we'll give these fellows fits for this!"

They made their very difficult way across a plot of ground from which a row of dilapidated cottages had been razed to the ground. The fog still hung around them and seemed to bring with it a curious silence, although the dying traffic from one of the main thoroughfares reached them in muffled notes. Lutchester climbed to the top of a pile of rubbish and then, turning around, held out his hand.

"Up here," he directed.

Graham struggled up until he stood by his companion's side. The latter stood quite still, listening for a moment. Then he climbed a little higher and swung around, holding out his hand once more.

"I'm on the top of the wall," he said. "Come on."

Graham's knees were shaking, but with Lutchester's help he staggered up and reached his side. On the pavement below a man in chauffeur's livery was standing, holding out his hands, and by his side of the curbstone a closed car was waiting. Somehow or other, the two reached the pavement. Lutchester almost pushed his companion into the limousine and stepped in after him. The chauffeur sprang to his seat, the car glided off.

Graham just realized that there was a woman by his side whose face was vaguely familiar. Then the waves broke in upon his ears once more.

"I was right, then, it seems," Pamela observed approvingly. "You were just the man for this little affair."

Lutchester sighed.

"Unfortunately," he confessed, "a messenger-boy would have been as effective. I stumbled over to the chapel—rubber shoes, you observe," he remarked, pointing downward—"and soon discovered that blinds had been let down all round and that there were people inside. There was just a faint chink in one, and I caught a glimpse of several men, your friend Oscar Fischer among them. Having," he went on, "an immense regard for my personal safety, I was hesitating what means to adopt when the lights were lowered and it seemed to me that the men were disappearing."

"Do go on," Pamela murmured. "This is most exciting!"

"In a sense it was disappointing," Lutchester complained. "I had pictured for myself a dramatic entrance . . . a quiet turning of the key, a soft approach—owing to my shoes," he reminded her—"a cough, perhaps, or a breath . . . discovery, me with a revolver in my hand pointed to the arch-villain: 'If you stir you're a dead man!' . . . Natural collapse of the villain. With my left hand I slash the bonds which hold Graham, with my right I cover the miscreants. One of them, perhaps, might creep behind me and I hesitate. If I move my revolver, the other two will get the drop on me—I think that is the correct impression? A wonderful moment, that, Miss Van Teyl!"

"But it didn't happen," she protested.

"Ah! I forgot that," he acknowledged. "Still, I was prepared. I had the revolver all right. But, as you say, it didn't happen. I made my way to the chapel door, let myself in, found my friend lying in a half-comatose state upon one of the blue-plush Henry sofas, in the shadow of a



"Young fellow," drawled John Lutchester, "you'll have to listen to me about this." Graham's smouldering sense of revolt suddenly found words. "What the devil have you got to do with it?" he demanded hotly.



Lutchester almost pushed his companion into the limousine and stepped in after him. Graham just realized that there was a woman by his side, then darkness descended. "I was right, then," Pamela observed approvingly to John. "You were just the man for this little affair!"

horrible deal pulpit. I gathered that he had been left there to reflect upon his sins. There was a bottle of remarkably fine brandy within reach, which I tested, and with which I dosed our friend here. I then cut away his bonds, arm in arm we walked down the aisle, I locked up the place, threw the key away, kicked my shins half-a-dozen times crossing that disgusting little plot of land, climbed boldly to the top of the wall, and behold!"

Pamela smiled upon him in congratulatory manner.

"On the whole," she said, "I am quite glad that I telephoned to you."

"You showed a sound discretion," he admitted.

"If he had not been lame," she confessed, "I should have sent to Captain Holderness."

"That would have been a great mistake," Lutchester assured her. "Holderness is a good fellow, but devoid of imagination. He is great on constituted authority. He would have probably marched up with a squad of heavy-footed policemen—and found nothing."

"Yet I must confess," Pamela persisted, with a frankness unaccountable even to herself, "that if I could have thought of any one else I should never have telephoned to you."

"And why not?"

"Because I should not have classified you as being of the adventurous type," she declared. Lutchester looked injured.

"After all," he protested, "that is not my fault. That is due to your singular lack of perception. However, I am able to return the compliment. For my part, I should have thought that you were much more interested in the fashions than in paying exceedingly rash visits to degenerate Orientals and negroes."

"Perhaps some day," she remarked, "we may understand one another better."

He met her gaze with a certain seriousness.

"I hope that we may," he said.

For some reason they were both silent for a moment. Her tone had changed a little when she spoke again.

"You are sure," she asked, "that you do not mind my leaving the rest of this affair in your hands? There are reasons, which I cannot tell you of just now, which make me anxious not to appear in it at all."

"I accept the charge as a privilege," he assented. "We are within a few yards of my rooms now. I promise you that I will look after Captain Graham and advise him as to the proper course for him to pursue."

The car came to a standstill.

"This, then," she said, holding out her hand, "will be good-by for the present."

He held her fingers for a moment without reply. Quite suddenly she decided that she liked him. Then he lifted Graham, who was half-asleep, half-unconscious, to his feet, and assisted him from the car.

"Where shall I tell the man to drive to?" he inquired.

"He knows," she answered, with sudden taciturnity.

"Wherever it may be, then," he replied, "*bon voyage!*"

IT was about half-an-hour later when Sandy Graham opened his eyes and began to feel the life once more warm in his veins. He was seated in the most comfortable easy-chair of John Lutchester's bachelor sitting-room. By his side was coffee equipage and a decanter of brandy. His head still throbbed and his bones ached, but his mind was beginning to grow clearer. Lutchester, who had been seated at the writing-table, swung round in his chair at the sound of his guest's movement.

"Feeling better, eh?" he asked.

"I am all right now," was the somewhat shaky reply. "Got a head like a turnip and a tongue like a lime-kiln, but I'm beginning—to feel myself."

"How's your memory?"

"Hazy. Let me see . . By gad, I've been robbed, haven't I?"

"So I imagine," Lutchester replied. "You rather asked for it, didn't you?"

Graham moved uneasily in his place. He had suddenly the feeling of being back at school—and in the presence of the headmaster.

"I suppose I did, in a way," he admitted, "but at Henry's—why, I've always looked upon the place as a club more than anything else."

"I am afraid that I can't agree with you there," Lutchester observed. "I should consider Henry's a remarkably cosmopolitan restaurant, where a man in your position should exercise even more than ordinary restraint."

"I suppose I was wrong," Graham muttered, "but I had been working for about ten hours on end, and then rushed up to London in the car to try and keep my appointment with Holderness."

"Stop anywhere on the way?"

"We had a few drinks," Graham confessed. "I was so done up. Perhaps I had more than I meant to. However, it's no use bothering about that now. I've been robbed, and that's all there is about it. Could we get on to Scotland Yard from here?"

"We could, but I don't think we will," Lutchester replied.

Graham was puzzled.

"Why not?" he demanded. "That formula was the most wonderful thing that has ever been put together, and the whole thing's so simple. I've been afraid every second that some one else might stumble upon it."

"It is without doubt a great loss," Lutchester admitted. "All the same, I don't fancy that it's a Scotland Yard business exactly. Have you any idea who robbed you?" (*Continued on page 298*)



Hurley is frequently in those groups of advisers called to the White House these days. Front row, left to right: Robert DeForest, Woodrow Wilson, William H. Taft. Rear row, left to right: H. P. Davison, Grayson M. Murphy, Chas. D. Norton, E. N. Hurley.



In Washington, Edward N. Hurley, Director of the National Shipping Board, is accounted the real thing. This man has been hostler, fireman, engineer, master-mechanic, inventor, author, and bank president.

Hurley at the Throttle

By John Temple Graves

IT IS the prevailing opinion at Washington that the Wilson Administration has developed out of the ranks no more effective man than Edward N. Hurley of Chicago. It is inspiring that, in an age of shams, President and people should so unerringly recognize the genuine when it presents itself.

And Edward N. Hurley is accounted the real thing. In business, in politics, in war, and in the personal relations of life, it is agreed that he has made good. Out of the alembic which we delight to call "typically American," Edward N. Hurley has builded himself. He has worked his way from the bottom to the top.

Twenty-nine years ago an engineer in blue overalls holding the throttle of a Burlington engine, to-day he is, under the President, the responsible head and director of the National Shipping Board, that vast engine of construction, in whose wise conduct and vigorous direction tremble in balance such mighty issues of success or failure in this vast and universal war.

The formula for the framing of a successful man like Hurley is old and familiar, but it cannot be too often repeated for the modeling of the future: Diligence, fidelity, square-jawed integrity and resolute common sense, dominated by the central purpose to "rise and shine when his day should come." Hurley looks and breathes all this American formula, and his powerful personality, masterful but kind, wins for him everywhere.

I don't know exactly where Wilson found him, but I do know that as soon as he found him, the Presidential soul went out to the ex-engineer of the Burlington even as Jonathan's unto David and has cleaved to him ever since. Not even Colonel House himself holds closer to the Wilson ear and the Wilson mind than this new and wholesome figure that seems to have sprung full-fledged from the teeming commerce of Chicago.



Mr. Hurley literally has the Steel Trust in tow in the person of President Farrell.

© HARRIS & EWING

When the President wanted to inject new life into the Federal Trade Commission, he planted Hurley there and speedily advanced him to the head of it. Hurley made good, put life and vigor and directness into the Commission, and then resigned in a year to go back to conserve the millions of his private business in Chicago. The President wrote him a letter of regret which will remain one of the model eulogies ever pronounced upon a public servant, and as soon as the war began summoned him to do his sturdy bit as the head of the Federal Export Board. Here, as elsewhere, the strong and unfailing common sense and vigor of the new man made itself felt in admirable organization and effectiveness.

Then Denman and Goethals distressed the country with their ceaseless and hopeless wrangling in the Shipping Board. And when all Presidential devices of harmony had failed, Mr. Wilson cut the Gordian knot at one stroke, restored the Shipping Board to the full confidence of the country by putting Edward N. Hurley at the head of it, with the efficient Admiral Capps as his team-mate. It is working splendidly now.

Mr. Hurley does not call himself a political economist, (*Concluded on page 323*)

Her Countenance

By Richard Washburn Child

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer

PIX was a tough one. He brought violence. He was a stormy petrel. No man, dog, or snake could have lain three days in those coal-bunkers, even in midwinter, when the fog squats or the sun glares down over the oily harbor of Calagosta, without being intended to survive the fittest.

Just when he came aboard the *Larribeu* and stowed away not even the second engineer of the Victor Line freighter—a man who has a certain and incorrect opinion of everything—can say. The first chow-boy, like all Chinamen, had the habit of poking about the ship the way the yellow tabby cat does, on silent feet, and he uncovered the little beggar after dark. There was red marine paint on the soles of the stowaway's shoes and the deck itself had been dry for two suns. Besides, there is the "La Dia," which the Peruvians consider a daily newspaper fit to read, and the copy in his pocket was three days old.

Pix was covered with coal-dust, all grimed in with the heat, until he looked like a lump of calking pitch. They cleaned him off a bit and then the mate, Heeny, spit out an oath between those two gold teeth which a San Francisco dentist had stepped into his jaw at the end of one hurricane season voyage up the West Coast.

"Something has stove his face in," he growled, the way a man does who unpacks a china bowl and finds it cracked. "An' he ain't nothink but a little boy!"

The mate was right fast enough; it looked as if somebody had stroked the lad's face with a belaying-pin. But there were two eyes in him, like a couple of blue jewels, shining out of the dirt and the damage. They were all of him that talked, but they said a good deal about the promise of youth and of the sinews in the boy's soul, as any man would say who had them looking at him. Something was in them that said it would not bend nor break, ravel nor rust, and this was in spite of the fact that the lad would cringe every time one of the men would move a hand. Whatever this thing was, it was sturdy—like his body. Later on, Pix said he was eighteen years old, but we thought there must have been an error in his observations; seventeen years would have covered it with maybe a year or two to spare.

They took him to the Captain's cabin.

The door of the Captain's bathroom was shut and from the other side came the bubble and squeak of the steam-pipe heating the water for the master's Saturday night.

"Stand by for Captain Bellows to dry hisself," said Heeny to the stowaway. "He has a big fist an' a big heart an' one or the other will go out to you."

The boy blinked his eyes, for the Old Man had had the cabin done over when he became master of the *Larribeu*, owners and weather permitting. Bellows dated back to clipper days, when the fashion in master's cabins was white paint, Corinthian carved corners and gilded trimmings. He was one of the West Coast masters left, who had memories of long trips around the Horn in seas racing toward the after-house, of spiced dinners in Hongkong with American masters and their families, and a call at the Marquesas Islands. His mother, whose daguerreotype in an embossed black leather case he carried in his pocket, had given him the name of Tolerance. Poor woman—little did she know how many broken jaws and black eyes she was bringing into the world along with that name! She was a State of Maine woman.

That is neither here nor there. The boy sat blinking those two blue eyes at the stare, glare, and gleam of the *Larribeu's* master's cabin with its white and gold, its old black-walnut desk, the green bed-curtains, and the black Bible on the center table with a red poinsettia flower stuck in a glass beside it to remind us that another Christmas was thirty-six hours away. In the ceiling was a two-hundred-and-fifty-watt lamp and it had no mercy. Its rays fell on the papers on the Captain's desk and it was so bright that a man at the end of a ten-fathom line could have read the figures on the cargo diagram, and the print of the book called "Investments and How to Make Them Without Loss," and the bills of lading for the nitrate which had filled the *Larribeu's* hold for her voyage north.



With one of his young paws Pix clutched the British officer by the sleeve. "I am a Cherman!" he shouted. "Don't you let der Captain lie! He nefer lies! I am a Cherman!"

The boy blinked until he saw the old photograph framed and hung between the barometer and the clock over the Captain's desk, and he fixed his eyes on that as if it were something he could steer by.

It was nothing more than a picture of the Captain's wife, who died in childbirth the same night the Republicans of Bath, Maine, had sat around planning to eat a turkey dinner and then heard that Grover Cleveland was elected.

When anybody who did not know said: "Is that your daughter, Captain?" he would draw himself up in his chair, sigh and say: "Those are the delineaments of my wife;" but if they asked if it was his wife he would say: "Yes, I lost her. She was delicate. Like a wild rose and not meant to withstand much heavy weather. Yes, that's her countenance." And then he would pluck at the buttons down the front of his coat with his fingers, which were as thick as a child's arm, and end up by staring at the gold braid on his cuffs, and could be depended upon to do the same things and say the same things every time. He was a rough man in some ways, but for him she had been and always would be the only one of her sex; after she had gone all other women were just those who must hear no good full-mouthed oath.

"For Tol from Emily" was written in a fine hand across the bottom of the picture, and anybody could see the stowaway's lips move as he spelled it out while the gurgle of the drain-pipe sounded and said that Captain Bellows was through with his tub.

The mate and the boy waited there, listening to the swash along the piles of the dock, and the croon of the noises of a tropical port at night, the clack of oars put out on the mist-ridden water, the fingering of a guitar somewhere, the band playing on the Plaza far away but brought down on the warm wind, and the squeak and squeal of the *Larribeu* rubbing her sides against the floating booms.

No bear was built heavier around the shoulders than the Captain, and it was the shoulders, packed with beef and brawn, layer on layer, that had seemed to stay young long after his hair was white and retirement was a word he did not like to hear, and the flesh along his wrists took on a dry look which cannot be entered on the salt-and-sun account but has to be charged to old age. The boy looked at the shoulders and then at the door the way an animal does when it is cornered. At last he looked up into the eyes of the master of the *Larribeu*, thrust back, deep and wrinkled, under a thatch of eyebrows that are still quilled in with dark hairs, though the tousle on Bellows's head is as white as snow.

"Who is this?" the Captain asked, reaching for his undershirt, for he was bare to the waist.

"Stowaway, sir. The chow-boy found him in the bunkers."

"Did? Who baffed the lad in the muzzle? Nobody on this ship dared to hit this boy—stowaway or no stowaway. Speak up there, boy. Who baffed you in the face."

"Der mate."

The Captain swung around toward Heeny with such violence that both his scuff-slippers fell off his feet.

"Not me, sir," gasped the first officer, drawing back.

"Der mate off der *Karl von Klossen*."

"Dogash!" roared the Captain, using the favorite one of his "denaturized oaths," as the freight-clerk used to call them.. "Dogash! The boy's a German from the interned freighter that hails from Kiachow and Hamburg. She has been lying over yonder at the Machina Dock ever since

the war began. Her bottom is a foot thick with barnacles. This boy is from her—from the interned ship."

Heeny hitched up his pants, which were always sagging on his lean carcass. He said: "Back he goes!"

The young stowaway heard this and shivered and dropped his head forward.

"Look up!" commanded old Bellows, reaching for his spectacles. "Dogash! Don't hang your head—don't duck and flinch. You are made in the image of God. Can you speak?"

"I *sabe* English. I *sabe* der Spanish also. I *sabe* Spanish since we been Calagosta."

He raised his head and looked Bellows straight in the eye, and the two stared at each other under the glare of the ceiling-light—the old man and the boy. There were no words passed that could be heard, but maybe the lad was telling the Captain that he had no father and was alone and wanted one, and maybe the old Down-Easter was saying to the boy that he had wanted a son and was all, all alone and had no son. Nobody can say what goes on at such times except those who are a part of it, and often enough they do not know themselves.

After a time the *Larribeu's* master wrenched his eyes away from the boy's and looked at the picture of his wife's "delineaments" on the wall between the clock and the barometer. She was smiling out of the photograph at him.

"Huh," he said, taking off his spectacles. "Who baffed ye in the muzzle, did you say?"

The boy pointed to his torn and swollen upper lip.

"Der mate. Der was notting to do on der *Klossen* but scrub der decks. Eferybody vas crazy. Der is notting to do. I vas paid fifteen marks by der month. Der mate beat me regular. Twice I was in der bunk put, ven he had beat me. He beat me until I *sabe* notting. Last time I polish brass. I sing. He wake up. I say I mean no badness. He baff me in der face. So. And so I run away. I show you place on der leg where he hit me wid piece steel rope. Please."

"Dogash!" exclaimed the Captain. "Heeny, let me talk to this boy. They've fouled him fore an' aft. They've fouled him outside and like enough they've fouled him inside. He's raw meat all over his durn young carcass. God knows what they've done to his sperrit. What do they call ye, boy?"

The stowaway watched the mate go out onto the bridge deck and into the night; then he turned around and looked at the Captain.

"Pix," he said.

"Pix, eh?" repeated the Captain, and shut the door.

What passed between the master of the *Larribeu* and the stowaway there is no telling. Certain enough, old Bellows never made mention of it.

"The Captain has taken a shine to the little beggar," said Heeny, leaning over the rail with his hand on the davit-post watching the black water and a launch that was coming toward us across Calagosta Bay. "I ain't nothing to say to it except he will talk religion to the boy. They tell me Bellows was a hard-spoken man till his wife died. It was then he was converted, as they call it. Not that he goes to church. But they say she read the Bible, and so he reads it. There isn't any good reason in that. She wore skirts, I opine, but that is no reason for his wearin' 'em. Religion is for women. Not that I haven't my beliefs, but religion takes the confidence out of a man. It makes him tame and tasteless—like putting warm salt water into coffee. It stays his hand when he oughter knock a sailor down—that and the new law under our registry."

The chief engineer filled his pipe.

"I 'aven't any contempt for religion," he said with a generous manner. "I never got it—that's all. Some do and some don't. Now, as for the Captain—I got a theory. I got a theory that 'e loves 'is wife."

"Loves his wife! Loves his wife!" sneered the mate. "Wot's the matter with you? She died thirty years and more ago!"

The engineer was indignant. He said: "You ain't telling me anything wot is new. Wot I sye is, that the Captain looks at her countenance. She looks back at 'im and 'e thinks it ain't as if she was dead, d'y see? She may be dead but she ain't gone. So 'e reads the Bible to please 'er. An' 'e talks to 'er picture. 'E probably has often drawed 'elp from it and wot I sye is, that when a man draws 'elp from keepin' alive somebody wot is dead there's no harm."

"Aw, it makes him too gentle—mouth, fist and boot," complained the mate. "He's a pacifist. He's against a navy to protect commerce. What do you think of that?"

"I was born a Britisher, as you know, and wot I sye to that is, that if you don't want commerce the best way to put an end to it is to 'ave no navy. I've taken out papers in Seattle and I'm a citizen, but I'm beginning to wish I 'ad my money back. I'm a little touchy about my new registry, but I'll thank you, Mr. Heeny, to throw no reflections on my manhood."

Controversy was interrupted by the rumble of the Captain's voice escaping from the porthole together with the pole of light from the two-hundred-and-fifty-watt lamp which made a path on the deck.

"And above all, Pix, I want to speak to you about the truth," old Bellows was saying.

He had turned his desk-chair around and he had drawn it over and leaned forward with his big hands on his heavy knees until his weathered face and his tousled white head and his deep-set eyes under the thatch of eyebrows were no more than two inches away from the round face of the boy and the small brown head, and the boy's eyes under scarcely any eyebrows at all had opened as big as the glasses in a double binnacle.

"Yes, I don't know as I oughter, but I place it first—the truth," the Captain said on. "If there is a punishment after death a man who tells a lie surely will catch it. A liar is lost, lad. A lie—well—a lie—hm. See here, this is what the Book says—Zechariah eight sixteen: 'Speak ye every man the truth to his neighbor.'"

"What did I tell you?" asked Heeny. "He's a-preachin'."

"A lie robs a man of his manhood. It cuts the throat of a man's self-respect. The biggest purgatory of 'em all is for the liars. Why, my boy, a lie—hm."

His eloquence failed him and Pix blinked his eyes while old Bellows grumbled and snorted for the want of words.

"A lie is abomination and—and—hm."

The Captain paused—mobilizing his means of expression—and then inspiration came to him. With his thick right thumb he pointed over one meaty shoulder to the portrait on the wall between the clock and the barometer. He had thought of the final argument.

"She—you see her boy?"

The stowaway nodded.

"I told you about *her?*"

Pix nodded again.

"Well—*she* is against a lie!"

"An' wot did I sye to you, Mr. Heeny?" asked the engineer outside, hearing this final authority quoted. "Did you 'ear his words, I ask. Does 'e say she *was?* By no means. 'E says she *is!* 'E speaks of 'er as if 'e took her on

(*Continued on page 302*)



The Captain pushed the mate toward the center table; he bent him backward. Dobsch stared up at the ceiling light as the skipper's head worked its way up under his jaw until his bones cracked!



There were moments during these readings when it seemed that Janet could scarcely contain what she felt of beauty and significance. And sometimes, as she listened to Mrs. Maturin's voice, she wept in silence.

The Dwelling-Place of Light

By Winston Churchill

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

SYNOPSIS.—In the city of Hampton, a typical New England mill-town, lives Edward Bumpus, watchman at the great Chippering Mill, with his wife Hannah and their two daughters, Janet and Lise. The Bumpuses come of fine old Puritan stock, but are completely submerged among the flood of aliens that people Hampton. Lise, who works in a department store, rebels bitterly at the family poverty and delights in cheap and tawdry amusements. Janet, a stenographer in the Chippering Mill, is more serious-minded. Both girls are very pretty, and Janet thus attracts the notice of Claude Ditmar, the Mill Agent, and becomes his private secretary. He uses his position to make hot love to her; the girl is alternately attracted and repelled. Meanwhile Lise Bumpus falls in with flashy associates. Labor troubles begin to loom in Hampton; then one day in the mill office, while Ditmar and Janet are alone, he loses control of himself. She repels him and threatens to leave Hampton, but he prevails on her to stay and promises to make her his wife. After a Sunday spent in Boston with Ditmar, Janet returns to Hampton and learns that Lise has eloped with a traveling salesman. The great strike breaks over Hampton and Janet joins the operators. While thus engaged she meets the Man from Silliston, Brooks Insall, who turns out be an author of note, and who has opened a soup-kitchen to feed the hungry children. Janet takes up work at strike headquarters, and also meets Rolfe, one of the strike leaders, who for a time fascinates her yet repels her. Her own troubles almost drive her insane and she plans to kill Ditmar, the author of all her woe.

AFTER leaving Ditmar, Janet, probably from force of habit, had indeed gone through West Street, and after that she walked on aimlessly. It was better to walk than to sit alone in torment, to be gnawed by that Thing from which she had so desperately attempted to escape, and failed. She tried to think why she had failed. . . . Though the rain fell on her cheeks, her mouth was parched; and this dryness of her palate, this physical sense of lightness, almost of dizziness, was intimately yet incomprehensibly part and parcel of the fantastic moods into which she floated. It was as though, in trying to solve a problem, she caught herself from time to time falling off to sleep. In her waking moments she was terror-stricken. Scarce an hour had passed since, in a terrible exaltation at having found a solution, she had gone to Ditmar's office in the mill. What had happened to stay her? It was when she tried to find the cause of the weakness that so abruptly had overtaken her, or to cast about for a plan to fit the new predicament to which her failure had sentenced her, that the fantasies intruded. She heard Ditmar speaking, the arguments were curiously familiar—but they were not Ditmar's! They were her father's, and now it was Edward's voice to which she listened; he was telling her how eminently proper it was that she should marry Ditmar because of her Bumpus blood. And this made her laugh. . . . Again, Ditmar was kissing her hair. He had often praised it. She had taken it down and combed it out for him; it was like a crown, he said—so fine; its odor made him faint—and then the odor changed, changed, became that of the detested perfume of Miss Lottie Myers! Even that made Janet smile! But Ditmar was strong, he was powerful, he was a Fact; why not go back to him and let him absorb and destroy her? That annihilation would be joy. . . .

It could not have been much later than seven o'clock when she found herself opposite the familiar, mulberry-shingled Protestant church. The light from its vestibule made a gleaming square on the wet sidewalk, and into this area from the surrounding darkness came silhouetted figures of men and women holding up umbrellas; some paused for a moment's chat, their voices subdued by an awareness of the tabernacle. At the sight of this decorous and dwindled congregation something stirred within her. She experienced a twinge of surprise at the discovery that other people in the world, in Hampton, were still leading tranquil, untormented existences. They were contented, prosperous, stupid, beyond any need of help from God, and yet they were going to prayer-meetings to ask something! He refused to find her in the dark streets. Would she find Him if she went in there? And would He help her? The bell in the tower began to clang, with heavy, relentless strokes—like physical blows from which she flinched—each stirring her reluctant, drowsy soul to a

Copyright, 1917, by International Magazine Co. (Hearst's) Copyrighted in Great Britain

quicker agony. From the outer blackness through which she fled she gazed into bright rooms of homes whose blinds were left undrawn, as though to taunt and mock the wanderer. She was an outcast! Who henceforth would receive her save those, unconformed and unconformable, sentenced to sin in this realm of blackness? Henceforth from all warmth and love she was banished. . . . In the middle of the Stanley Street bridge she stopped to lean against the wet rail; the mill lights were scattered, dancing points of fire over the invisible swift waters, and she raised her eyes presently to the lights themselves, seeking one unconsciously—Ditmar's! Yes, it was his she sought; though it was so distant, sometimes it seemed to burn like a red star, and then to flicker and disappear. She could not be sure. . . . Something chill and steely was in the pocket of her coat—it made a heavy splash in the water when she dropped it. The river could not be so very cold! She wished she could go down like that into forgetfulness. But she couldn't. . . . Where was Lise now? . . . It would be so easy just to drop over that parapet and be whirled away, and down and down. Why couldn't she? Well, it was because—because—she was going to have a child. Well, if she had a child to take care of, she would not be so lonely—she would have something to love. She loved it now, as though she felt it quickening within her, she wanted it, to lavish on it all of a starved affection. And she suddenly recalled, as an incident of the remote past, that she had told Ditmar she wanted it. This tense craving for it she felt now was somehow the answer to an expressed wish which had astonished her. Perhaps that was the reason why she had failed to do what she had tried to do, to shoot Ditmar and herself! It was Ditmar's child, Ditmar's and hers! He had loved her, long ago, and just now—was it just now?—he had said he loved her still, he had wanted to marry her. Then why had she run away from him? Why had she taken the child into outer darkness, to be born without a father,—when she loved Ditmar? Wasn't that one reason why she wanted the child? Why, even in moments of passionate hatred she now recalled having been surprised by some such yearning as now came over her? And for an interval, a brief interval, she viewed him with startling clarity. Not because he embodied any ideal did she love him, but because she was what he was, because he had overcome her will, dominated and possessed her, left his mark upon her indelibly. He had been cruel to her, willing to sacrifice her to his way of life, to his own desire, but he loved her, for she had seen, if not heeded, in his eyes the look that a woman never mistakes! She remembered it now, and the light in his window glowed again, like a star to guide her back to him. It was drawing her, irresistibly. . . .

The sentry recognized her as she came along the canal.

"Mr. Ditmar's gone," he told her.

"Gone!" she repeated. "Gone!"

"Why, yes, about five minutes ago. But he was looking for you just after you left—he asked the sergeant about you. Didn't he find you?"

"And—he won't be back?"

"I guess not," answered the man, sympathetically. "He said good night."

She turned away dully. The strength and hope with which she had been so unexpectedly infused while gazing from the bridge at his window had suddenly ebbed; her legs ached, her feet were wet and she shivered, though her forehead burned. The world became distorted, people flitted past her like weird figures of a dream, the myriad lights of Faber Street were blurred and whirled in company with the electric signs. Seeking to escape from their confusion she sought a side street leading north, only to be forcibly seized by someone who darted after her from the sidewalk.

"Excuse me, but you didn't see that automobile," he said, as he released her.

Shaken, she went on through several streets to find herself at length confronted by a pair of shabby doors that looked familiar, and pushing one of them open, halted at the bottom of a stairway to listen. The sound of cheerful voices came to her from above; she started to climb—even



Darkness descended on Janet. Mrs. Maturin ran forward and bent over her. "Oh, Brooks!" she cried. "What is it—what's happened to her?"

by the help of the rail it seemed as if she would never reach the top of that stairway. But at last she stood in a loft where long tables were set, and at the end of one of these, sorting out spoons and dishes, three women and a man were chatting and laughing together. Janet was troubled because she could not remember who the man was, although she recognized his bold profile, his voice and gestures. . . . At length one of the women said something in a low tone, and he looked around quickly and crossed the room.

"Why, it's you!" he said, and suddenly she recalled his name.

"Mr. Insall!"

But his swift glance had noticed the expression in her eyes, the sagged condition of her clothes, the attitude that proclaimed exhaustion. He took her by the arm and led her to the little store-room, turning on the light and placing her in a chair. Darkness descended on her. . . .

Mrs. Maturin, returning from an errand, paused for an instant in the doorway, and ran forward and bent over Janet.

"Oh, Brooks, what is it—what's happened to her?"

"I don't know," he replied, "I didn't have a chance to ask her. I'm going for a doctor."

"Leave her to me, and call Miss Hay." Mrs. Maturin was instantly competent. . . . And when Insall came back from the drug-store where he had telephoned she met him at the head of the stairs. "We've done everything we can. Edith Hay has given her brandy, and gone off for dry clothes, and we've taken all the children's things out of the drawers and laid her on the floor, but she hasn't come to. Poor child, she's in a frightful condition! What can have happened to her! Is the doctor coming?"

"Right away," said Insall, and Mrs. Maturin went back into the store-room. Miss Hay brought the dry clothes before the physician arrived.

"It's probably pneumonia," he explained to Insall a little later. "She must go to the hospital—but the trouble is all our hospitals are pretty full, owing to the sickness caused by the strike." He hesitated. "It's a queer case; I imagine there must have been some mental crisis. Of course, if she has friends, she could have better care in a private institution just now."

"Oh, she has friends," said Mrs. Maturin. "Couldn't we take her to our little hospital at Silliston, doctor? It's only four miles—that isn't much in an automobile, and the roads are good now."

"Well, the risk isn't much greater, if you have a closed car, and she would, of course be better looked after," the physician consented.

"I'll see to it at once," said Insall. . . .

THE Martha Wootton Memorial Hospital was the hobby of an angel alumnus of Silliston. It was situated in Hovey's Lane, but from the window of the white-enameled room in which she lay Janet could see the bare branches of the Common elms quivering to the spring gusts, could watch, day by day, the grass changing from yellow-brown to vivid green in the white sunlight. In the morning, when the nurse opened the blinds, that sunlight swept radiantly into the room, lavish with its caresses—always spending, always giving, the symbol of a loving care that had been poured out on her, unasked and unsought. It was sweet to rest, to sleep. And instead of the strident, monster-cry of the siren, of the discordant clamor of the mill bells, it was sweet yet strange to be awakened by silver-toned chimes proclaiming peaceful hours. At first she surrendered to the spell, and had no thought of the future. For a little while every day Mrs. Maturin read aloud, usually from books of poetry. And knowing many of the verses by heart, she would watch Janet's face, framed in the soft dark hair that fell in two long plaits over her shoulders. For Janet little guessed the thought that went into the choosing of those books, nor could she know of the hours spent by this lady pondering over library shelves or consulting eagerly with Brooks Insall. Sometimes Augusta Maturin thought of Janet as a wild flower—one of the rare, shy ones, hiding under its leaves; sprung up in Hampton, of all places, crushed by a heedless foot, yet miraculously not destroyed, and already pushing forth new and eager tendrils. And she had transplanted it. To find the proper nourishment, to give it a chance to grow in a native, congenial soil—such was her breathless task. And so she had selected "The Child's Garden of Verses."

"I should like to rise and go
Where the golden apples grow. . . ."

When she laid down her book it was to talk, perhaps, of Silliston. Established here before the birth of the Republic, its roots were bedded in the soil of a racial empire, to a larger vision of which Augusta Maturin clung: an empire (*Continued on page 331*)



In the middle of the Stanley Street bridge Janet stopped. Something chill and steely was in the pocket of her coat—it made a heavy splash in the water when she dropped it. She wished she could go down like that into forgetfulness!

My Fifty

By Rear Admiral



© UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

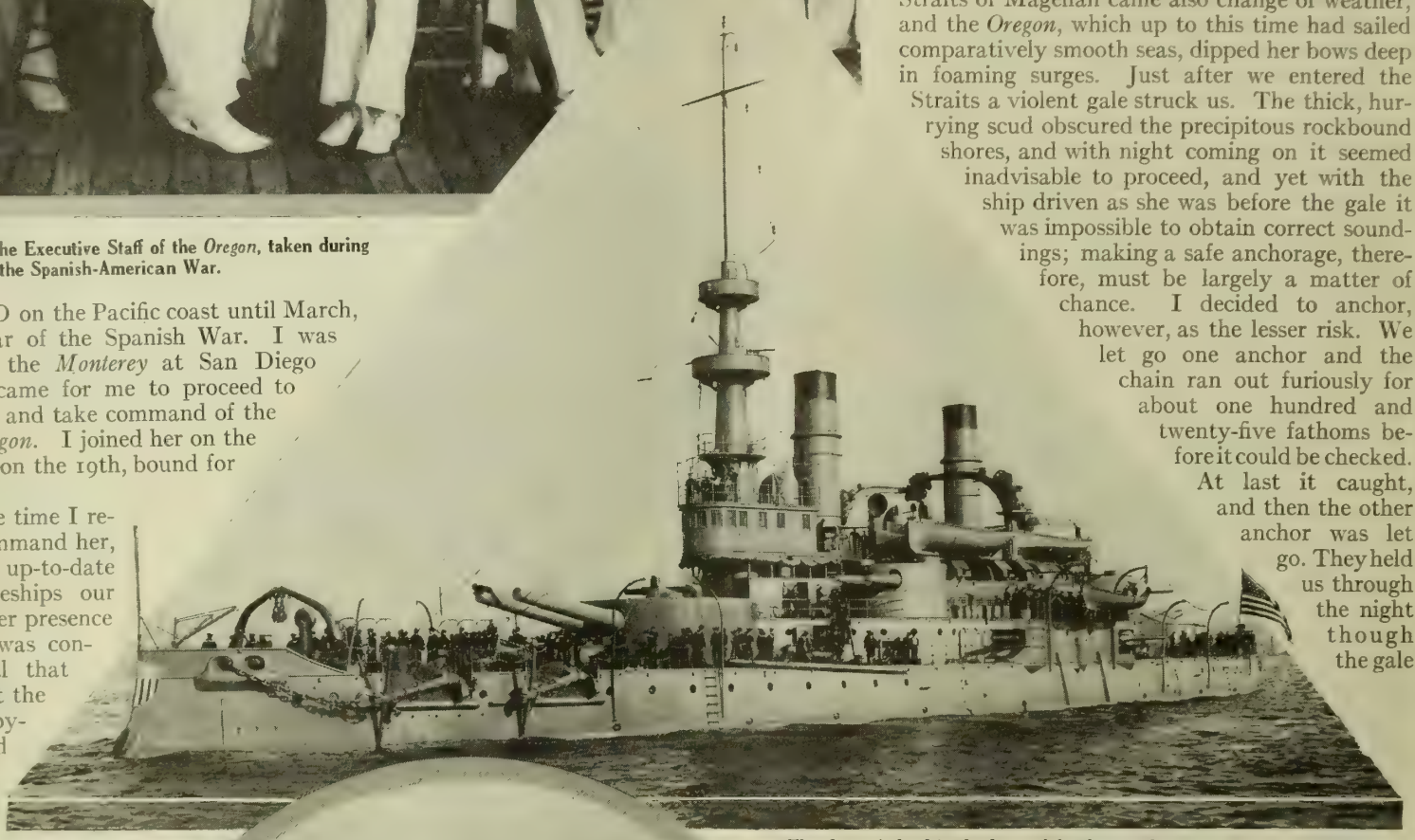
Captain Clark and the Executive Staff of the *Oregon*, taken during the Spanish-American War.

I CONTINUED on the Pacific coast until March, 1898, the year of the Spanish War. I was commanding the *Monterey* at San Diego when orders came for me to proceed to San Francisco and take command of the battleship *Oregon*. I joined her on the 17th and put to sea on the 19th, bound for Callao.

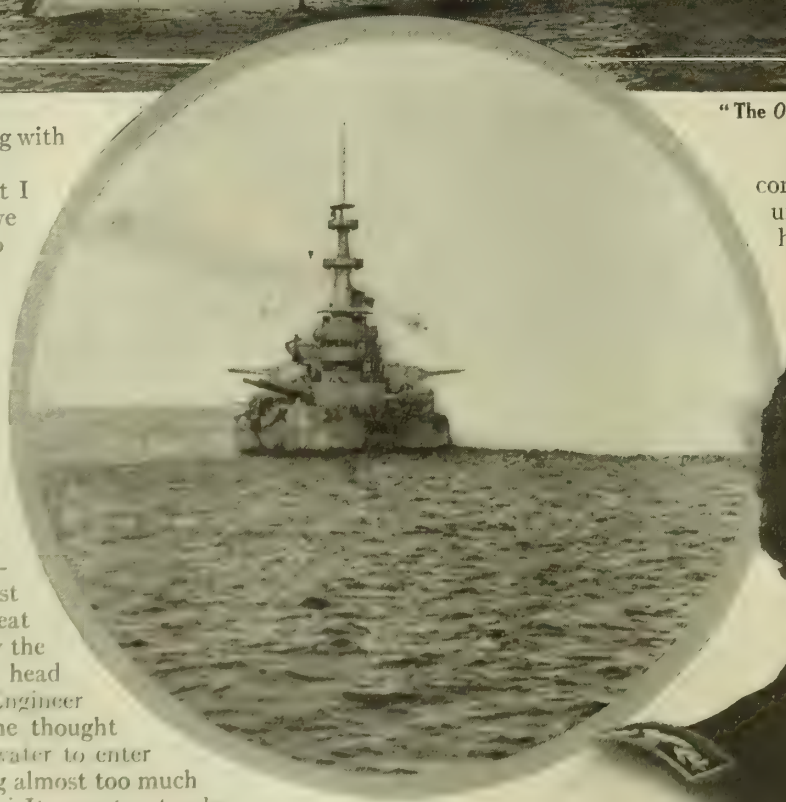
The *Oregon*, at the time I received orders to command her, was one of the most up-to-date and powerful battleships our navy possessed. Her presence on the East Coast was considered so essential that the Government felt the risks of the long voyage, till then untested by a vessel of her class, must be undertaken, even though they included a possibility of meeting with the enemy's fleet.

The forty-eight hours that I was in command before we sailed from San Francisco were confused and hurried. Stores were being rushed aboard, coaling going on, and officers reporting for duty.

Our run from San Francisco to Callao was uneventful except in the opportunities it gave me to become acquainted with the ship and her personnel. As we approached the tropics, life between decks became almost intolerable, for to their heat was added that generated by the ship's boilers, kept at a full head of steam. When Chief-Engineer Milligan informed me that he thought he could not allow salt water to enter the boilers I felt it was asking almost too much of the endurance of the crew. It meant not only reducing their drinking supply, but that the quantity served out would often be so warm as to be quite unpalatable. When I explained to the men, however, that salt water in the boilers meant scale, and that scale would reduce our speed, delay us in getting to the seat of war, and might impair our efficiency in battle, the deprivation was borne without a murmur. The very small quantity of ice that was made on board went to the firemen and coal-passers, and however much the rest of us may have longed for a little to cool the lukewarm drinking-water, I know that it was not only willingly but cheerfully given up.



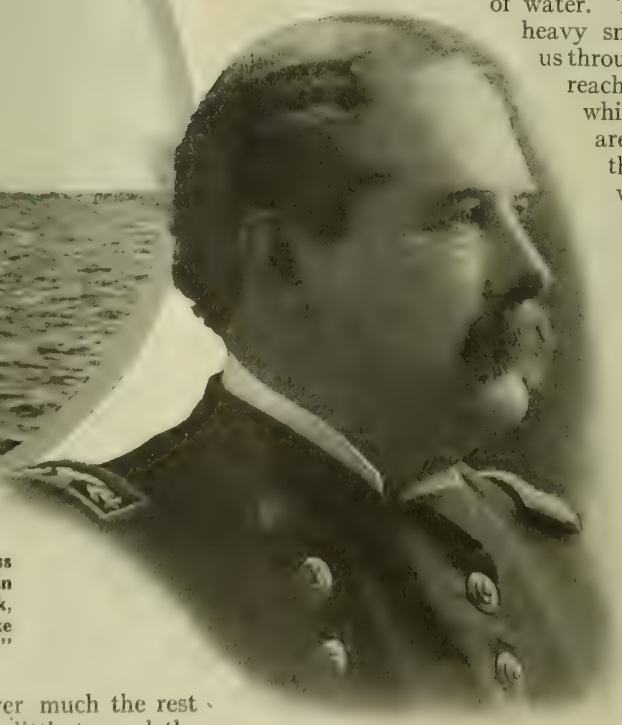
"The *Oregon's* lead in the hour of battle was due to the oneness of feeling in her officers and crew."



"'Here comes the *Oregon!* God bless her!' broke from the *Brooklyn's* bridge, in command of my old roommate, F. A. Cook, as we tore out of the Santiago battle-smoke (when they snapped the photo of us)."

Another of the Chief-Engineer's suggestions was the reservation for emergencies of a part of the Cardiff coal taken on at San Francisco. This arrangement entailed extra work for the men, and that of a most exhausting kind, but their desire to preserve these "dusky diamonds" was as keen as if they had been real jewels. The fact that the *Oregon* never stayed or slackened in her race, and was able to lead in the hour of battle, was undoubtedly due to this oneness of feeling in her officers and crew. Everything must be done and everything borne to get the best out of the ship.

With the change of climate as we neared the Straits of Magellan came also change of weather, and the *Oregon*, which up to this time had sailed comparatively smooth seas, dipped her bows deep in foaming surges. Just after we entered the Straits a violent gale struck us. The thick, hurrying scud obscured the precipitous rockbound shores, and with night coming on it seemed inadvisable to proceed, and yet with the ship driven as she was before the gale it was impossible to obtain correct soundings; making a safe anchorage, therefore, must be largely a matter of chance. I decided to anchor, however, as the lesser risk. We let go one anchor and the chain ran out furiously for about one hundred and twenty-five fathoms before it could be checked. At last it caught, and then the other anchor was let go. They held us through the night though the gale continued to rage. At early daylight we prepared to get under way, and then discovered that our first anchor had been dropped in fifty fathoms or three hundred feet of water. That forenoon a heavy snowstorm chased us through the narrowest reaches of the Straits, which in some places are scarcely more than a mile in width. With sheer cliffs on either hand and fathomless depths below there could be no pause or hesitation in this exciting race and I think there was no man on board who did not feel the thrill of it. Later in the day it cleared and, the sun's rays striking brilliance and rainbow lights from the masses of ice and snow,

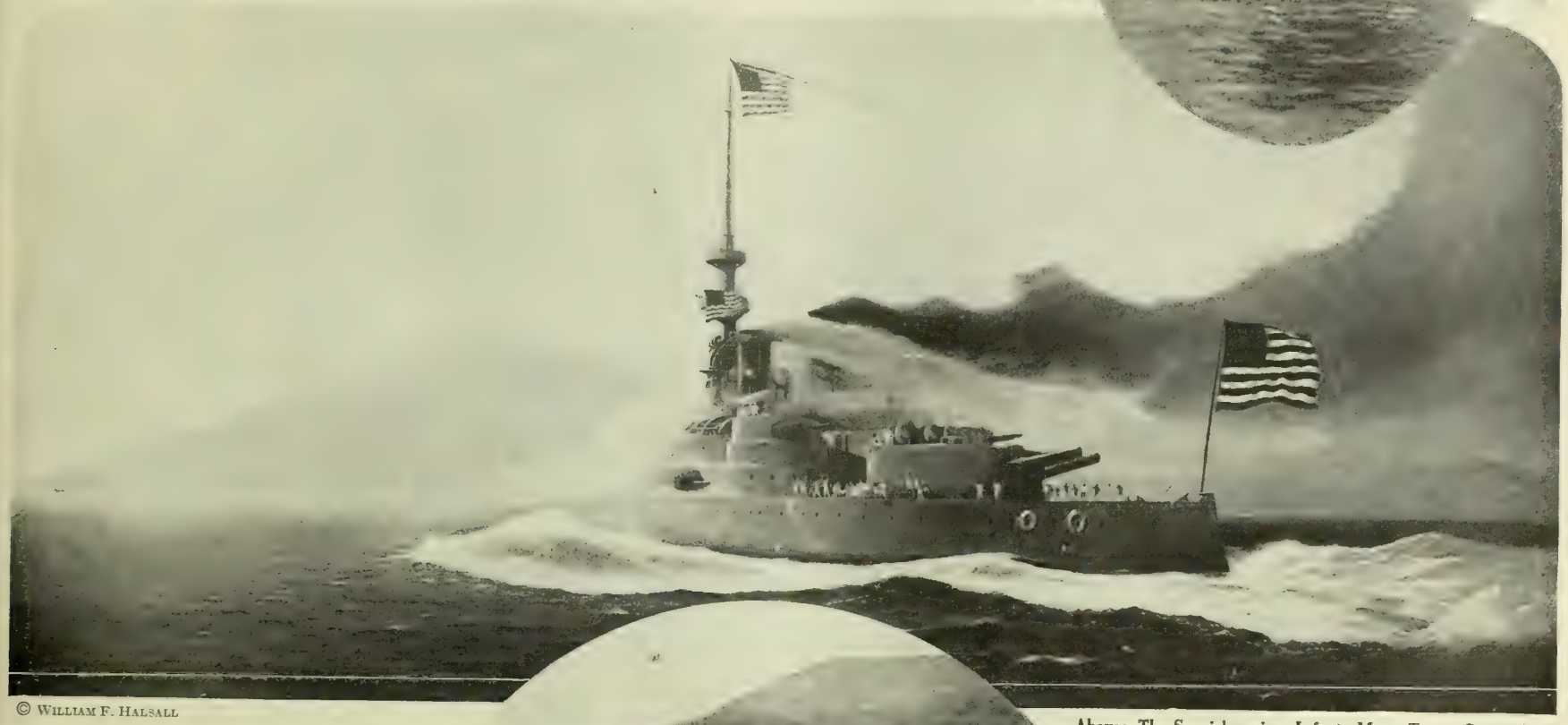


Captain Charles Edgar Clark, U.S.N., commanding the *Oregon*.

Years in the Navy

Charles E. Clark, U.S.N. Retired, Hero of the "Oregon"





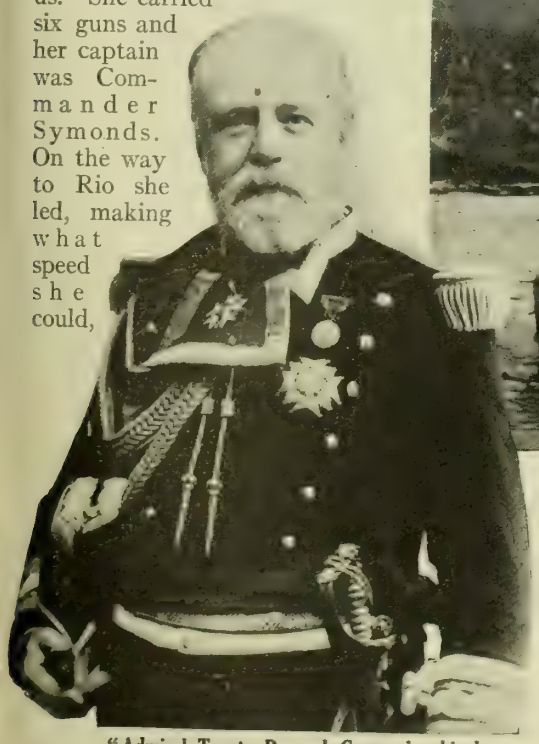
© William F. Halsall

Above: The Spanish cruiser *Infanta Maria Teresa*, Cervera's flagship, ashore and in flames on the coast of Cuba. In center: The *Oregon* firing the last shot which finished the *Colon* at Santiago

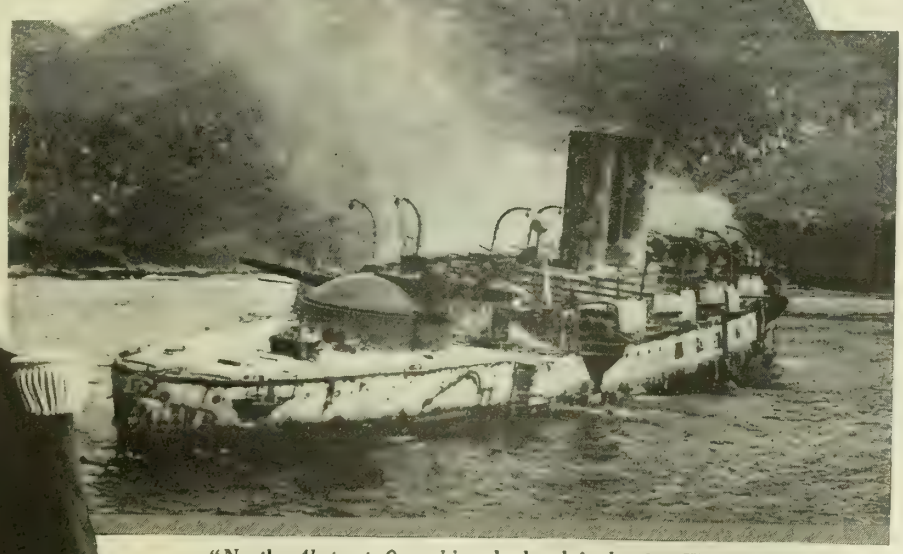
turned the grim landscape into a scene beautiful to remember. In the afternoon we passed the wrecks of two steamers that had left their bones to mark the perils of the passage, and toward evening we sighted Cape Froward, the extreme southern point of the continent. In the night we came to anchor off Sandy Point.

The last time I had seen Sandy Point was thirty-two years before, when I had passed through the Straits on the consort of the *Monadnock*, our first ironclad to round the American continent.

We had been warned while at Callao that the Spaniards had a torpedo-boat in the Rio de la Plata, and as she had had ample time to get down to the Straits we took every precaution against a surprise while lying at Sandy Point. Before we left there the gunboat *Marietta* joined us. She carried six guns and her captain was Commander Symonds. On the way to Rio she led, making what speed she could, and throwing over barrels, which we used for targets. We showed no lights during this run. As we neared Rio we left the *Marietta* and ran ahead, reaching there April 30th and promptly cabling our arrival, for we knew that news of the ship was anxiously awaited.



"Admiral Topete Pascual Cervera's chivalrous idea, I have always thought it must have been, caused him to fall back and cover his retreating ships."



"No, the *Almirante Oquendo's* a dead cock in the pit. We'll push on."

It was at Rio that we first received word that war had been declared. The newspapers were full of rumors of the battle that had been fought at Manila, but I could not rejoice wholeheartedly in our reported victory, for the casualties announced were two hundred and I knew that my son-in-law was in the fleet.

A cablegram from the Department informed us that the Spanish torpedo-boat *Temerario* was reported to have left Montevideo, probably for Rio. This was disturbing information. If the torpedo-boat should arrive and had an ordinarily enterprising commander, I felt he would not hesitate to violate the rights of a neutral port if by so doing he could put one of our four first-class battleships out of action.

Of course my first move was an attempt to communicate with our Minister and the Consul-General, but knowing this might involve some time I did not wait before taking the initiative. I got under way at once, with coal lighters alongside, and steamed up the bay, nearly two miles above the man-of-war anchorage. By leaving this anchorage, ordinarily used by men-of-war, to the *Temerario*, I could assume that any move she made up the bay in my direction might be certainly interpreted as hostile, and would give me the right to turn my guns upon her. If we were lying at the anchorage together any mischief she contemplated might be done before we had a chance to discover her intention. The *Marietta*, too small a pawn in the game of war to form any inducement for an infringement of neutral rights, was to remain at the anchorage. Her commander had instructions to explain matters at once to the Spanish captain should he arrive, and to state that a constant watch would be kept upon him, the *Marietta's* searchlight being used at night for that purpose.

Before starting up the bay I had sent an officer ashore to see the Brazilian Minister of Marine and explain our situation. I was a little afraid I might be advised to settle my perplexities by leaving port, but this would not have suited my plans at all, and fortunately I found the authorities most obligingly disposed. They not only concurred in my arrangements, (*Continued on page 307*)

The Friend of Antonio

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

PHINEAS FLETCHER, at the age of sixty-two, led a life whose regularity can be compared only with the clock-like precision of the solar system. Standards by which the ordinary mortal judges regularity would be considered erratic when viewed from the standpoint of Phineas Fletcher's daily routine.

His thoughts were concerned with but three things, viz. and to wit: The prolongation of his days on earth, the maintenance of his dignity and the care of his real-estate. The steadiness of his habits was due entirely to the first of these passions, for although he was in perfect health, he reasoned that to prolong his life many years it was necessary to avoid all extremes of emotions and sensations and that there was no surer way to accomplish this end than to travel in a well-worn rut. From time to time, to be sure, Passion No. 1 suffered somewhat from his determination to cherish Passion No. 2. A man cannot go through life with the ever-present consciousness of his dignity without receiving occasional bumps. Mr. Fletcher's sensitiveness on this point was probably due to the shortness of his stature. Have you not noticed that small men, very frequently, are very touchy in regard to their dignity? Perhaps it is because—well, it's hardly worth analyzing. The short chaps wouldn't admit it even if you told them the real reason.

Anyhow, Mr. Fletcher, even if he was a little man, possessed a big bank-account and, as Antonio himself would have said, "he should worry" about his size. The only other data concerning him and bearing upon this narrative is (or are, if anyone wants to fuss about it) that he was married to a sweet, silver-haired lady who looked up to him admiringly, that he mingled in the best society—when he mingled at all—and that he never spoke unless it was necessary. His last trait is a splendid one for every person who is concerned about his dignity. The less you say the more, as a rule, you are credited with knowing. Think of the Sphinx chattering!

Mr. Fletcher made the round of his real-estate every morning at the same hour. He left his home at exactly ten o'clock, stopped on the corner to have his shoes cleaned, took the surface-car to Fourth Street and then, for at least a quarter of an hour, he walked to and fro, gazing thoughtfully at the tenement-houses that he owned. After that he went to the office of the agent who looked after these houses and listened to his report. Mr. Fletcher had never entered one of his tenements himself.

Upon a certain morning that was destined to mark an epoch in Mr. Fletcher's life he had seated himself in his customary chair at the bootblack's stand when, by sheerest accident, he became aware that his shoes were being polished by a bootblack whom he had never seen before. The accident lay in his taking the trouble to look at the chap. Being a firm believer in class distinctions, Mr. Fletcher made it a rule never to notice the serving class unless the serving class obtruded itself upon his consciousness. Without ever having looked at his regular bootblack Mr. Fletcher had acquired the impression that he was swarthy, gray-mustached and pockmarked. Here, however, was a fresh, animated face of a man between twenty-five and thirty, with sparkling black eyes and a smile that simply refused to be ignored. And to make matters worse, the fellow was actually looking at Mr. Fletcher as though he were trying to attract his attention. The moment he met Mr. Fletcher's eyes, he showed a set of flashing, white teeth.



The girl was a Neapolitan, and possessed all the faults of Neapolitans, but she was good to look at and cooked well—a most important point. As soon as he owned his own barber-shop Antonio intended to get married.

"De old-a man keeck-a da bucket," he said. "I now got-a da stand. My name Antonio Alessandro."

Mr. Fletcher immediately took a newspaper from his pocket and began to read. But Antonio had made a beginning and, being a conversational soul, was not to be defrauded of his opportunity. In his mellifluous dialect, which rippled as merrily as a brook among his own Sicilian hills, Antonio unfolded the history of his life. He was really a barber by profession, but he refused to work at that trade for anyone but himself and, just now, he lacked the capital to set up a barber-shop. He had purchased the bootblack stand at a great bargain, but as soon as he had accumulated enough money it was his intention to sell it and return to his true vocation. He hoped that, some day, he would have the honor of shaving Mr. Fletcher. Incidentally, he believed he had seen Mr. Fletcher before. He lived on Fourth Street. If he was not mistaken he had seen Mr. Fletcher in that very street several times.

When Mr. Fletcher descended from the chair Antonio doffed his cap and bowed. A dancing-master could have done no better.

"Good-a luck, boss!" he cried, as Mr. Fletcher walked off. Despite all his instincts and his habits Mr. Fletcher could not refuse to nod his head in response to this friendly wish. But he did not open his mouth. The incident passed entirely from his mind during the day but, on the following morning, he remembered Antonio. His first impulse was to walk in an opposite direction and find another bootblack. This, however, would have involved a change of routine.



"Hey!" cried Antonio seizing the detective's arm, "Dassa Meestra Fletch'! I know heem. He no gamble!" The policeman looked from Antonio to his prisoner. "D'ye know this guy, Tony?" "Sure! I shine-a da shoes every day. He leev in da fine big house!"

Mr. Fletcher returned to Antonio. It was impossible to ignore Antonio's greeting. An emperor would have acknowledged it. That morning Antonio told Mr. Fletcher that as soon as he owned his own barber-shop he intended to get married. He had a girl in mind but he had not broached the subject to her as yet. She was a Neapolitan and possessed all the faults of Neapolitans. But she was good to look at and cooked well. That was the most important point. The old man of whom Antonio had bought the stand had died of dropsy. He, too, was Neapolitan. Antonio liked New York better than Italy. Antonio had a fine collection of razors. "Good-a luck!" he cried, as Mr. Fletcher walked off.

dress and promised to consider the matter. And he also determined to admonish his agent not to indulge in any kind of "row" that could possibly lead people to broach business topics to his employer.

The great god Chance, however, seemed suddenly to have taken an interest in Mr. Fletcher's existence and evidently disapproved of his routine. Mr. Fletcher found that his real-estate agent was ill and would not be at the office for a week. Mr. Fletcher was annoyed. People who lead a systematic life have but little patience with those who become ill. He went to look at Cromwell's house for himself. It was a very ordinary-looking tenement—exactly like all the others on the block. The only way to ascertain how many families it housed was to ask the janitor. Mr.



He insisted on shaking hands, much to the butler's disgust. "Eef you say all-a right I go ahead," Berterelli, fat and smelling of pomade, had assured Mr. Fletcher. "Your partner in da barber-shop he wanna give a note for two months."

In the course of a few weeks his daily encounter with Antonio had become part of the routine of Mr. Fletcher's daily life—a somewhat annoying part, to be sure, yet seemingly inevitable. During these weeks Mr. Fletcher became rather intimately acquainted with all the details of Antonio's life, past and present, and most of his hopes for the future. Antonio guarded against the possibility of his customer ignoring the facts that he desired to set forth by repeating them, day after day. In some unaccountable way he also learned Mr. Fletcher's name—"Meestra Fletch'!" he called him. And thus matters might have continued indefinitely had not Mr. Fletcher's routine received a painful, unexpected and never-to-be-forgotten jolt.

On his way home every afternoon Mr. Fletcher stopped for a few minutes at his club. As he did not drink and was not of a convivial nature there was really nothing for him to do at the club but to see who was there, be seen himself, bestow a few nods and depart. It chanced one day that one of the members—a Mr. Cromwell, who had a routine of life all his own—had been waiting for him.

"I say, Fletcher," said Cromwell, "my man tells me you've got a row of houses down in Fourth Street. I wish you'd take a look at one that I've got down there. I'd like to get rid of it. I wouldn't bore you about the matter only my man tells me he isn't on speaking terms with your man. Some sort of row, I guess."

Mr. Fletcher nodded, made a note of the address and promised to consider the matter. And he also determined to admonish his agent not to indulge in any kind of "row" that could possibly lead people to broach business topics to his employer.

The great god Chance, however, seemed suddenly to have taken an interest in Mr. Fletcher's existence and evidently disapproved of his routine. Mr. Fletcher found that his real-estate agent was ill and would not be at the office for a week. Mr. Fletcher was annoyed. People who lead a systematic life have but little patience with those who become ill. He went to look at Cromwell's house for himself. It was a very ordinary-looking tenement—exactly like all the others on the block. The only way to ascertain how many families it housed was to ask the janitor. Mr. Fletcher entered the house, walked down an evil-smelling hall which became darker with every step, and tapped, somewhat timidly, upon the first door that he found. There was something uncanny in the celerity with which the door was opened. It was almost as if he had been expected. The room upon which it opened was as dark as the hall itself, but before Mr. Fletcher's eyes could pierce the gloom a hand seized him firmly by the arm and jerked him precipitately into the room. He heard the door close gently behind him.

"Got him?" asked a gruff voice.

"You bet!" said Mr. Fletcher's captor. "Open that door and we'll take him inside and have a look at him. It's dark as blazes in here. You stay here and grab any others that come."

Mr. Fletcher, his brain in a panic, felt himself pushed across the darkened room. The next moment a door opened and he found himself in a big room so brilliantly illuminated that his eyes blinked many times before they became accustomed to the light. He then beheld half-a-dozen men sitting and standing in impassive attitudes about the place, all looking at him curiously. Then his gaze fell upon a long table covered with a green cloth upon which stretched rows of numbers in black and red, and at the end of which was a large wheel divided into compartments similarly numbered and colored. There had been nothing in Mr. Fletcher's experience to enable him to identify this paraphernalia as a roulette table.

"Turn around there and let's have a look at you!" said a voice behind him. Mr. Fletcher turned, quaking, and confronted a square-jawed, somewhat tough-looking personage who, with his hat pulled over one eye, was seated on a chair, leaning against the wall.

"Wh-what is the meaning of this?" he asked, feebly. Someone in the room laughed.

"You're a fine-looking stool-pigeon," said the square-jawed one. "The meaning of this is you're pinched in a gambling raid. What's your connection with them fellows over there?" Mr. Fletcher, trembling in every limb, looked over the inmates of the room. They all looked rather disreputable and he could not tell whether they were gamblers or policemen. None was in uniform.

"This is a dreadful mistake," he began to explain. "I just came into the house to look for the janitor and——"

"Shut up!" commanded the square-jawed one in a voice of authority. "I guess you don't intend to squeal. Go over there and sit down." Mr. Fletcher obeyed. For nearly five minutes he heard no sound in that room save the beating of his own heart. Then the chap who seemed to be in command of the situation looked at his watch.

"That patrol-wagon is taking its time," he said. "Go out and telephone Headquarters again, Bill." Bill rose and went out. Mr. Fletcher, in his furtive, half-dazed survey of the room, had sized up Bill as one of the gamblers. His heart now sank in his bosom and beads of perspiration stood upon his (*Concluded on page 300*)

His Daughter

By

Gouverneur Morris

Illustrated by

Howard Chandler Christy

SYNOPSIS—The author presents four vividly contrasted vivacious feminine types, each throbbing with life and personality. First there is Dorothy Grandison, a charming American ingenue who, because of her unsullied youth, is both pure and piquant. Then we have the swarthy Arab dancing-girl, full of the passionate wiles of her sex-ancestry, and as sophisticated as Dorothy is innocent. Next there appears Claire D'Avril, a pretty Parisian midinette, sweet and devoted. And last but not least comes Lady Muriel Strange, by some described as "the wickedest woman in London." These, each in her way, leave their marks on the character and the artistic career of the impressionable Frederick Dayton. The story opens in the railway station at Alexandria, where Mrs. Grandison and her fifteen-year-old daughter Dorothy meet young Dayton, all three being bound for Cairo. Dayton is twenty-four, and admits that if the girl had only been a couple of years older he would have fallen in love on the spot—which is exactly what Dorothy does. They are together day after day; the girl does not attempt to hide her heart, and so it happens on the eve of Frederick's departure for Paris they become tacitly engaged. After Dorothy has gone home he meets Claire D'Avril—and straightway Dorothy is forgotten. Being summoned home by his mother's illness he perforce leaves Claire behind to face motherhood alone and practically without money; so she sublets the studio. On the train between Paris and Cherbourg the young artist meets Lady Muriel Strange. Arriving in New York, Dayton renews his affection for Dorothy Grandison, and almost at his mother's deathbed they are married. Meantime to Claire D'Avril, left alone in Paris, a daughter is born, and the girl accepts the friendship of Arnold Charnowski, a Polish painter and musician, for whom she poses. Through him she learns of Dayton's marriage. The years pass; Ellen Dayton grows up, and then she, with her parents, Frederick and Dorothy, revisit Paris. There Dayton learns the truth about Claire D'Avril. Then Ellen dies and Dayton longs for his other daughter by Claire D'Avril. He finds them both.



"Well, Adèle," said the chief surgeon, "is it for this morning, the story of your life?" "I am actually going to tell you something," said Adèle Soubisse. "But first, Monsieur, I wish you to find someone to take my place." "Impossible! I can't spare you!" was the curt reply.

ABOVE the forest floated a great Red Cross flag. Its flagpole, however, was not attached to a hospital, but to a tree, and served as a sort of rallying point for the furthest-flung German shells.

The hospital itself, a coquettish Louis XVIth château, carried no dangerous distinguishing marks. Its roof indeed was graveled and painted to represent paths and flower-beds; so that to the passing air-pirate, on murder bent, the building resembled a part of the large garden in which it stood.

Only very sick men were taken to that hospital; men too sick to be carried by train to the more luxurious and better-equipped base-hospitals. It was a life-or-death sort of place. In the old gardens, since they had been cultivated and loved for generations, the digging was good, and there were almost as many white wooden crosses as rose-trees.

The garden was enclosed by a tall wall of stone, plastered over. Fruit-trees trained against the wall resembled a charming collection of ladies' fans. At each corner of the garden was a round tower with a candle-snuffer top.

Dorothy had fallen in love with the place, and she hoped that when the war was over she might be able to buy it. Under the graveled and painted roof war had lost its horror for her, and she had known peace. The sufferings patiently borne, and the deaths gallantly encountered, had immensely broadened her grasp of life—its meanings, its splendors, and its futilities.

"But for this war," she sometimes thought, "humanity might have rotted away, and left no record to prove that at heart it is noble."

The garrison, if I may so call them, of that hospital were picked men and women. They had been graduated, so to speak, from the base-hospitals because of their peculiar fitness, their strength, skill and courage.

The chief surgeon was only twenty-seven years old. He had the same sort of character that men should have who command armies or dreadnoughts. Short of equipment and supplies, he performed miracles in the improvised and not well-lighted operating theater.

The nurses represented various classes of society. The middle-class, if I must not say the aristocratic class, was represented by Dorothy herself and the young Duchess of Tours. There was the wife of a clerk in the Government service; two deep-chested indomitable peasant women from the neighborhood, and among others a woman who, in spite of a certain gentleness and sweetness of manner, looked as if she had suffered almost as much as she had lived.

Even in her red-cross costume, Adèle Soubisse looked as if she was playing a part. Her face was thin and deeply lined; she had the kind of skin that women who paint their faces develop during an illness when they no longer care how they look. Her hair had once been bleached or dyed a bright yellow; but since the last application of the dye the hair had grown nearly three inches, and these three inches were a deep red splashed with gray.

But the only questions asked in that hospital concerning a nurse were these: "Is she strong?" "Can she bandage?" "In short, does she know her business?"

Among all the nurses no one was more skilful than Adèle Soubisse. Therefore her somewhat obvious past was very properly ignored, and even that highborn and fastidious lady, the Duchess of Tours, treated her as an equal.

The little Ford ambulance hurried up the drive, past the pond with the swans, and through the plantation of lilacs, as fast as its faithful little engine could carry it.

The driver and his stretcher-bearer extracted from the back, not without difficulty because of the weight, a stretcher on which lay a very big man covered to the eyes with a blanket.

The driver and the stretcher-bearer carried him into the receiving-room of the hospital, and a few moments later emerged with the empty stretcher, slipped it back into its rack, and drove recklessly away.

The orderlies undressed the wounded man in a very swift and businesslike way. They simply cut his clothes off with scissors. They washed him all over with soap and water, dried him, lifted him to a sterile stretcher, and carried him at once to the operating-room. The chief surgeon was waiting. And so the wounded man was lifted at once from the stretcher to the operating-table.

Dorothy Dayton happened to be on duty. When the surgeon started to pull down the sheet, and she saw the face of the wounded man, she screamed and for the first time in her life fainted dead away. The surgeon did not turn his head.

"Take Miss Dayton away, and send the Soubisse to take her place."

When Adèle Soubisse saw the face of the wounded man she too had the impulse to scream; but she managed to control herself. The hand with which she picked up the chloroform cone trembled, however, and the surgeon exclaimed:

"What's the matter with the women to-day?"

So saying he dipped a great sponge in iodine and slathered it widely over the wounded man's chest.

"He has been burned, too," he said, "but not badly."

While the wounded man inhaled the chloroform he grew icy cold, and they wrapped his legs and abdomen in hot blankets. And the surgeon consulted a ticket which had come with the wounded man, like an invoice with a consignment of goods: "½ grain morphine—anti-tetanus serum—landed with great violence—may have inhaled flames—I think not—possible internal injuries."

He laid the ticket down, washed and scrubbed

Copyright 1917, by International Magazine Co. (Hearst's). Copyrighted in Great Britain



"It is because of Madame Dayton and her husband," urged Adèle Soubisse. "You have often asked me for the story of my life. Very well, I will tell you the beginning. The beginning was Monsieur Dayton!"

his hands and forearms for the last time, selected a pair of curved scissors from a sterilizing tray, and attacked the gorgeous form of youth and genius.

The scissors clicked and rasped savagely, and the round hole in the wounded man's breast began to open like some horrible dark-crimson flower.

At that moment Dorothy Dayton returned to the post of duty. She reached out her hand to take the chloroform cone from Adèle Soubisse, but the woman with the unsavory past shook her head.

"He's my husband," protested Mrs. Dayton.

"All the more reason why a—a comparative stranger, whose nerves will not give way, should be in attendance," said Adèle Soubisse.

"Stop quarreling, ladies," exclaimed the surgeon, "or else I shall execute the judgment of Solomon. I shall cut this poor fellow in two and give you each half!"

DAYTON presently, his wound draining and bandaged, his burns paraffined, was carried to a bed in the main ward. But both Dorothy and Adèle Soubisse remained in the operating-room. Another case had arrived and was ready to go on the table, and the ordinary routine nursing in the wards had to be left in less-skilful hands.

It speaks well for the discipline that comes from continued self-sacrifice that Dorothy Dayton made no plea to be allowed to nurse her husband. Her duty, and she knew it well, was to the amputation case that was being laid on the operating-table, one foot dangling and the other blown clean off. If Dayton was going to die, even, it was her duty not to be with him during his last minutes, if during those minutes some other badly wounded man had need of her skill.

All day badly hurt men came dribbling into the hospital, for there had been a battle, but toward dusk the last one had been bandaged and put to bed, and Dorothy Dayton and Adèle Soubisse had their first opportunity to visit the main ward to which Dayton had been taken.

But there was nothing that they could do. He was either asleep or unconscious. It was difficult to detect any rise and fall of the broad, deep chest.

They turned away presently and had a look at all the others who had "passed over the table" that day, and then, by common accord, they slipped bareheaded into the garden and strolled side by side breathing long breaths of the sweet air, and ridding their lungs and clothes of the aftermath of chloroform.

"You are very brave," said Adèle Soubisse presently. "For I can see that you love him very much."

"He is all that I have in the world," said Dorothy simply. "We lost our little girl."

"That is hard. I also lost my little girl. But not in the same way. I gave her up so that she might never be ashamed of me. Yes, life is very hard."

"I used to think so," said Dorothy. "But you and I have both seen misfortunes by the side of which our own seemed of little account. When everyone is so brave it is not easy to be a coward."

"Monsieur Dayton was in the aviation?"

"At first he was with an ambulance; but men do not like to be regarded as non-combatants."

"This pesky hair of mine!" exclaimed Adèle Soubisse. A loop had come loose and fallen forward over one eye. "It's a wonder people don't laugh whenever they see me. But at one time yellow was all the fashion. . . ." She patted the loop back into place and fastened it with a pin. "It was very foolish of me, for the original color was not really half bad."

"What made you change?" Dorothy asked.

"Oh, Madame, people like me—we have our popularity to think of. One feels that one is getting old—the hair-dresser guarantees a certain effect—and behold we are disfigured beyond repair. . . . Dinner ought to be ready. . . . Shall we see how your husband is getting on? . . . I too feel a great interest in him. . . . A thousand years ago I thought that I was going to be married to a man who resembled him."

"And what happened, Adèle?"

"He left me, Madame."

They walked in silence through the darkening garden.

"What did you say, Adèle?"

"Did I say something? I must have been thinking aloud. After him, I was thinking, the deluge! But everyone is kind here. People now are only interested in what a woman can do—not in what she has done."

Once more they stood beside Dayton.

"All right?" Dorothy asked the nurse who had charge of him.

"He wakened two hours ago and asked for a little water. He is stronger, I think. It is good for him to sleep."

The occupant of the corner bed was hidden from view by a common Japanese paper screen. As they passed out on the way to the dining-room, Dorothy Dayton bowed her head and Adèle Soubisse crossed herself. For that paper screen, with its flight of white herons against a background of snow-capped Fuji, meant that a man's work in this world was over, and that a soul was passing on.

"It is the amputation case," said Adèle when they were outside. "He had lost too much blood."

During the night Dayton waked again and asked for water. After that he was fretful and restless. Dorothy had asked to be called, and presently she was bending over him

His mouth quivered.

"Is it so bad?" he whispered.

"It isn't bad at all," said Dorothy decidedly. "It's just an accident that I happen to be here. I'm on duty in this hospital."

The wounded man nodded a number of times.

"I remember now," he said. "I asked to be brought here. This is Deux Fontaines. But I had forgotten."

"Are you comfy?"

"Now I've got you."

She got a basin of water, and from a sponge squeezed cool water repeatedly over his wrists and hands.

"That's *good*," he said several times. "That's good!"

There was a long silence. She hoped that he would fall sleep. But there was something on his mind.

"I found her, Dorothy," he said.

"The little girl? I'm glad. But we'll not talk about things until you are stronger."

"I am not to see her any more," he said. A few tears oozed out of his eyes and ran down his cheeks. Then he said: "It doesn't matter. I have you."

Holding her hand with a surprising show of strength, he abandoned himself to sleep.



"Claire, is there nothing I can do?" queried Dayton. "You can answer one question: if you had known there was going to be a child——?" "I would have married you!" She drew a long breath of relief. "I have always thought that," she said.

When she returned to her dormitory which she shared with Adèle Soubisse, and which during the daytime was occupied by two of the night nurses, she found Adèle sitting up in bed and eager for the news.

"All right?" she asked.

"Yes," said Dorothy gently, "he's reached the little-child stage."

"They all do when the shock begins to affect them."

"It's good of you to take so much interest, Adèle. It makes everything so much easier for me."

She slipped into bed, and after a little tossing slept.

Not so Adèle Soubisse; for she had that within her heart which defied sleep and solace. She lay flat upon her back staring into the dark; one hand clutched at the region above her heart, the other was clenched so that the short nails made deep dents in the palm. "O God," she thought, "have a little pity; for I feel toward him just as I used to feel when I was Claire D'Avril!"

NO new cases came in, and the chief-surgeon was having late breakfast and cigarets in the garden. It was here that Adèle Soubisse found him. She sat down on the bench beside him and he made her accept a cup of coffee. He had a special coffee for himself; it was very bad, but he was very proud of it.

"Well, Adèle," he said, with a laugh, "is it for this morning, the story of your life? You know you promised for that important book which I am to write some day."

"I am actually going to tell you something," said Adèle. "But first, Monsieur, I wish you to find some one to take my place."

"Impossible. You are too familiar with my [illegible]

"It is because of Madame Dayton and her husband," said Adèle. "You have often asked me for the story of my life. Very well, I will tell you the beginning. The beginning was Monsieur Dayton."

"You do not wish him to recognize you?"

"It isn't that. She—she has been very good to me. We have shared the same room, the same hours. Never by word or sign has she made me feel that there is any difference between us. She is an angel!"

"And you? You are not an angel?"

Adèle Soubisse couldn't help laughing at that. The surgeon smote the arm of the bench with his fist.

"And I say you are," he exclaimed. "I say there is no better woman in France, and when I say that I am speaking in terms of angels."

"I could not bear to be the cause of hurting her."

"Seriously," said the surgeon, "it seems to me that you have only to keep away from him. That, if that isn't satisfactory—well, you deserve something, and I will see what can be done."

"I thank you with all my heart," she said. Adèle Soubisse finished her coffee.

"Sometimes," she said, "I think the war was sent so that whole peoples might redeem their sins. Surely the pasts of those who have served, fought and died will be forgiven."

"I am told," said the surgeon, "that you may leave your money on a bench in Montmartre and find it there when you return."

"And after the war," said Adèle, "it will not be necessary to go back to the old way of making a living."

"There will be plenty of honest work for everyone."

"Hitherto it has never been like that."

"What shall you do when the war is over?"

"I shall continue to be a nurse, if I may."

Secretly Adèle Soubisse believed that after many years of redemption she might be considered fit to associate with her daughter.

Two days later the surgeon told her that he had found a place for her and someone to take her place. "To-morrow morning," he said, "the Inspector General will bring the new nurse, and will take you to the hospital with which the exchange has been arranged."

Late that night, while Dorothy Dayton slept soundly, Adèle Soubisse rose stealthily, dressed in the dark, and went down to the main ward to see Dayton for the last time.

She stood for a while looking at him, and thinking of old times. Then she bent swiftly and touched his hand with her lips. But he was not, as she had supposed, asleep. He opened his eyes on the instant.

In the dim light his pupils were widely extended so that in the white face the eyes looked like two pools of ink. She could not withhold an exclamation of love and pity commingled, and she was turning to make her escape when he caught her hand.

"I'm not dreaming?" he whispered; "it is you?"

The wounded men in the adjoining beds slept soundly. Having assured herself of this, Adèle Soubisse knelt by Dayton's bed and whispered:

"Yes. It's I."

Their conversation was all in whispers.

"I have hurt you terribly," he said; "but Claire, when I went away I left a letter for you and money."

"I never received it."

"You never looked for it. It was under the tile in the hearth. Only the other day I visited the studio, and looked, and there it was. But I wrote many letters."

"I never received them."

"But you believe that I wrote them?"

"Yes."

"You have had a hard life?"

"Yes."

"Listen, Claire; I have seen our daughter. They told me of your sacrifice, and the Curé insisted that I should make the same sacrifice. In addition he told me that I must find you, and provide for you."

She shook her head.

"I am well provided for," she said. "I have work to do."

"You are one of the staff in this hospital?"

"I go to-morrow to another."

"Why?"

"Does it matter?"

"Is it because of me?"

"It is because of your wife."

"But I have told her about you."

"I do not wish to be identified. We have shared and shared alike—the same room—the same hours. I love her very much."

"But I wish to do something for you."

"If I am ever in trouble I will write to you. I have an address which will always reach Madame Dayton. We have promised to correspond."

She laughed softly.

"I couldn't go without seeing you once more," she said, "but I did not mean to wake you. You are better? Everything is all right?"

"I am going to get well, but it will be slow."

"You will not fly any more?"

"As soon as they will let me. . . . How else could I get my sins forgiven?"

"There are sins?"

"I have not been a faithful husband. I have made a great deal of

(*Concluded on page 327*)

The Stars of America

By Jules Bois

Decoration by Baron Gayne de Meyer

AS night fell on quivering fields,
My father at times took me by the hand.
I was but a child and a candid soul;
But he, the pensive man, showed me, beneath the cloud,
The star that shone like a human eye.

While we walked slowly along the road
And the darkness made timid my steps,
His words explained the enigma that one dreads
And, banishing from my brow ignorance and doubt,
He revealed the sky to me unknown.

"Those gleams," he said, "are distant worlds;
There one suffers, struggles, lives and dies!
But the law of love triumphs over hate;
The stars, despite the darkness that enchains them,
Palpitate with brightness, hope and bliss."

I have not forgotten the lesson of the stars.
Later on, when I became a man, lonely, troubled,
When the cruel wind, which chills to the bone,
Overturned my skiff and rent my sails,
I raised my brow to the starry azure.

At length, when messenger of sublime France,
I was forced to leave Paris and all my dear tombs,
The stars, eternal symbols of hope,
I saw again—more beautiful for being the deliverance—
America, even in thy radiant flag. . .

America, who bearest to all a proud message,
Thy noble blood, since the days of Washington,
Thou hadst not shed save against slavery;
To-day, to avenge injustice and outrage,
The spirit of Lafayette has counseled Wilson!

So, hail to you, *Stars!* All incline
Before this pure flag which a corner of the sky makes blue.
America, pride may swell thy bosom;
Thou hast just proclaimed Humanity Divine;
Thy sword has lights by which all are dazzled!

And we, the Allies of the immense Crusade,
We say, on seeing thy stars rise
Above combats where thunders dementia:
"Victory is ours, Justice begins,
We shall have that Peace which must not end!"



"So hail to you, Stars! All incline before this pure flag which a corner of the sky makes blue."

LORSQUE la nuit tombait sur la campagne émue,
Mon père quelquefois me prenait par la main.
Je n'étais qu'un enfant et qu'une âme ingénue;
Mais lui, l'homme pensif, me montrait, sous la nue,
L'étoile qui brillait comme un regard humain.

Tandis que nous marchions lentement sur les routes
Et que l'obscurité faisait craintifs mes pas,
Sa parole expliquait l'énigme qu'on redoute,
Et, chassant de mon front l'ignorance et les doutes,
Il révélait le ciel que je ne savais pas.

"Ces lueurs, disait-il, sont des terres lointaines,
On y souffre, on y lutte, on y vit, on y meurt. . .
Mais la loi de l'amour triomphe de la haine.
Les étoiles, malgré l'ombre qui les enchaîne,
Palpitent de clarté, d'espoir et de bonheur."

LES ÉTOILES D'AMERIQUE

EDITOR'S NOTE—For the pleasure and convenience of our readers we print here the original French version of this patriotic poem by M. Jules Bois, the eminent writer, lecturer, and publicist. Above is the English translation.

Je n'ai pas oublié la leçon des étoiles.
Plus tard, quand je devins un homme, seul, troublé,
Si le souffle mauvais, qui glace jusqu'aux moelles,
Chavirait mon esquif et déchirait mes voiles,
J'ai relevé le front vers l'azur constellé!

Enfin, quand, messager de la sublime France,
J'ai dû quitter Paris et tous nos chers tombeaux,
Les astres, éternels symboles d'espérance,
Je les revis, plus beaux d'être la délivrance,
Amérique, jusqu'en ton radieux drapeau!

Amérique, qui porte à tous un fier message,
Ton sang noble, depuis les temps de Washington,
Tu ne l'avais versé que contre l'esclavage;
Aujourd'hui, pour venger l'injustice et l'outrage,
L'ombre de Lafayette a conseillé Wilson!

Aussi, salut à vous, Étoiles! Tous s'inclinent
Devant ce pur drapeau qu'un coin de ciel bleuit.
Amérique, l'orgueil peut gonfler ta poitrine:
Tu viens de proclamer l'Humanité Divine;
Ton glaive a des reflets dont tous sont éblouis!

Et nous, les Alliés de la Croisade immense,
Nous disons, en voyant tes étoiles surgir
Au-dessus des combats, où tonne la démence;
"La Victoire est à nous, la Justice commence,
Nous aurons cette paix qui ne doit pas finir!"

Lilac Time
The Play of the Month



Jeannine, as she waves good-by from window: "Au revoir, my Phileep! Oh, mon Dieu! Help me to pack up my troubles and smile—smile—smile!"

THE title of this picturesque play—"a play of love and springtime"—does not perhaps suggest war, yet it is a very exciting and dramatic presentation of stirring events at the Front "somewhere in France," showing incidentally how sheer heroism and devotion to duty ultimately vindicate a man who has been under a cloud, and that the call of country may restore a "down-and-out" to the honor-roll. The book is by Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin, the former playing the part of the heroine.

Plot and action begin in the garden of *Mme. Berthelot's* (Michelette Burain) cottage in a village of northern France, [illegible]. Here are billeted a number of English officers commanded by *Major Halloway* (Henry Stephenson), including *Lieut. Philip Blythe* (Orme Caldara), *Capt. Standing* (Lawrence Grant), *Lieut. Smylie* (W. Mayne Lynton), and *Capt. Paget* (Felix Krembs). To these should be added *Capt. Rawling* (Cecil Owen), belonging to another detachment.

Four of these brave and dashing young fellows are in love with *Jeannine* (Jane Cowl), but *Philip Blythe* is eventually the favored suitor. After some pretty love [illegible] the [illegible] they become engaged:

Blythe—Where are you going, Jeannine?
Jeannine—My work—he ees yet to do.
Blythe—No, Jeannine, stay and talk with me a little while—the twilight is so lovely.
Jeannine—Yes, [illegible]
Blythe—Like the [illegible]

Jeannine—Oh, yes, eet ees beautiful now. See you those lilacs? 'Ow you say with you? Those lilacs—what sweet parfume comes from them!

Blythe—I shall never smell their perfume again without thinking of this place.

Jeannine—So! dey are mine—dose lilacs. No one picks but me. All the night long, in by the window of my little chambre—w'en I lie in bed—dere comes to me dat parfume. Eet geeves me 'appy dreams.

Blythe—We've got lilacs too where I used to live—in England.

Jeannine—Your 'ome?

Blythe—Yes, my home.

Jeannine—W'y are you sad?

Blythe—No reason, I suppose. Just thoughts!

Jeannine—Was dey un'appy?

Blythe—Yes, a little.

Jeannine—Pauvre soldat! You are so far from 'ome!

Blythe—Further than anyone knows.

Jeannine—W'y ees dat?

Blythe—It's something I couldn't tell you, Jeannine.

Jeannine—Oh! W'y? I would not tell anybodee!

Blythe—I know, but it is not nice to hear!

Jeannine—You are un'appy for somebodee?

Blythe—No, not exactly——

Jeannine—W'at you say? 'Omeseek for your people? Dey mus' miss you.

Blythe—I haven't anybody to miss me, Jeannine.

Jeannine—No? Well, den, we mus' not 'ave like dat! I shall miss you! W'en you are gone.

Blythe—Will you?

Jeannine—But yes! I want not you should be lonelee in your 'eart.

Jeannine: My Cross of War! My Lilac Time of Youth!"



Mme Riffard (Louise Coleman), the milk-woman, and her dog-drawn milk cart.

By permission of Selwyn & Company, Producers, and Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin, Authors.

Jeannine, while serving the officers, is embarrassed by the ogling of *Lieut. Smylie* (W. Mayne Lynton).

Blythe—Jeannine, I am like a child in the dark, so awfully alone! If I should die to-morrow nobody would care! It's a dreadful feeling to carry with you all the time! I don't suppose there are many of us like that. Every fellow has somebody to care!

Jeannine—You mus' not feel like dat!

Blythe—(*Bending closer to her*) Why?

Jeannine—Because I care! For—for anyone w'at's lonelee.

Blythe—Not just "anyone"! Let me feel it's just for me! I shall never forget you.

Jeannine—No?

Blythe—No! Never! As long as I live! Will you remember me?

Jeannine—Oh, yes.

Blythe—You've been like a dream of gentleness to me! I need it so. There's so much suffering around us—it seems as if we two were all that's left of Youth in all the world.

Jeannine—Oh!

Blythe—Jeannine, how do you say in French what I have in my heart to say to you—— "Je t'aime"?

Philip Blythe (Orme Caldara), having picked up *Smylie's* serviette, returns it to him with elaborate courtesy to relieve *Jeannine*.



Julien (Cecil Yapp): "The war is finish'. Paris is save'!" *The Curé* (Emile Detramont): "Oui Julien, Paris is save'! Vive l'armée!" *Captain Standing* (Lawrence Grant): "Thank you, Father!"

Miss Jane Cowl as *Jeannine* in "Lilac Time." "Give once, for always, all your heart!"

Jeannine—Oh! Non!

Blythe—(*Trying to take her hand*) "Je t'aime! Je t'aime!" I love you!

Jeannine—You mus' not! (*Drawing away*)

Blythe—Oh, why? Why?

Jeannine—Pleas' excuse if I 'urt your—your—w'at ees dat w'at 'urts w'en somebodee mus' be unkind?

Blythe—My feelings.

Jeannine—Oui, oui! Dat ees eet! I don't want to——me! But I know 'ow ees eet w'en soldats are away far off in foreign countrees like dis! They see a girl—she ees pretty, maybe—I am not so oglee, non? And they think some thoughts of love. That little thing "Je t'aime"—eet ees so easy said! But w'en they go away—w'at comes then to 'er? She ees lef' to emptiness of 'eart! Perhaps they mean not to forget 'er, but they go home, and absent ones are not easy to remember. Perhaps you are like dat.

Blythe—You don't understand!

Jeannine—No? I think maybe it is you who do not understand. You know something my father use to say? "Jeannine," 'e say, "dere is nothing—*rien*—in all the world *si beaux, si*. Eet ees the Sunshine Road of Life—before the darkness come. Look that you guard eet like a sacred thing—scatter not your blossom for each passing wind. Don' throw away—for so comes bitterness and tears! Give once—for always—all your 'eart." (*Pauses, deep thought, breaks, smiles*) You see, 'e was—w'at you say? Scholar—*mon pere!*

Blythe—(*Takes her hand fiercely*)—Jeannine! He was right, your father! "Give once, for always, all your heart!" As I have given you all of mine! Oh, believe me, Jeannine, I love you so! It isn't just the fancy of a day, a week, it's all my life! Don't you believe me?

Jeannine—'Ow can that be?

Blythe—It's something I haven't words enough to say! It's come to stay.



Major Halloway (Henry Stephenson) wants to borrow a filler for his fountain-pen, and they all try to make *Jeannine* understand, but she brings—a common funnel!

And I knew it from the very first time I saw you. That first day! Do you remember! You gave me a drink of water. I was so tired and dusty——

Jeannine—I remember.

Blythe—And all the time I've been here it has grown—and grown! Don't you believe me? Look into my eyes!

Jeannine—(*Trying to resist*) Non!

Blythe—(*Turning her to face himself*) Look into my eyes!

Jeannine—(*Raises eyes to him timidly*)

Blythe—What do you see?

Jeannine—Something—that makes me—afraid.

Blythe—Afraid! Of me?

Jeannine—Non! Of me!

Blythe—(*Arms about her*) Jeannine!

Jeannine—No, please!

Blythe—I love you!

Jeannine—I cannot! Please——!

Blythe—The "Lilac Time of Youth!" (*Draws her to him. They embrace and kiss.*)

Jeannine—(*Lies passive in his arms, buries her face on his breast*) You are not going away—jus' yet?

Blythe—Never, if I had my way! My little Jeannine!

Jeannine—(*Spasm of fear at sound of guns*) Mon Dieu! I had forgot! Dat war!

Blythe—Well, forget just a little longer—I love you!

Jeannine—(*Clinging to him*) My "Lilac Time of Youth"—Don' go away!

Blythe—No dear!

Jeannine—I give you all my 'eart—Je t'aime—Je t'aime—(*They cling to one another*)

Blythe—I love you, my Jeannine!

Mme. B.—(*in French*) Jeannine—where are you—

Jeannine—(*in French*) I'm coming—just a little minute—— (*She breaks from Blythe, takes up her little dish and starts for the house. as she gets to the steps she turns toward Blythe, lamplight flooding over her*)

Blythe—Jeannine! Jeannine!

Jeannine—We are Allies—you and me!

But *Philip Blythe* is under a cloud—a false charge of cowardice is lodged against him by *Capt. Watling*, which the accused does not or cannot resent because the honor of a lady is involved—no less than Watling's wife. Utterly reckless, although his commanding officer and his regimental chum never lose faith, *Blythe* exposes himself needlessly in the trenches and in action, his crowning act of gallantry being to crawl out into "No Man's Land" under a withering fire and drag in his enemy, *Watling*, desperately wounded. For this *Blythe* gets the Victoria Cross. The incident is thus told in Act II:

Standing—Wonder what it would be like to walk along Piccadilly—drop into the Criterion for a cocktail—dine at the Savoy—and have two front stalls for a good old Gayety show. Gad!

Smylie—Oh, shut up! (*Throws magazine at Standing*)

Paget—That isn't what I'd like! I'd just like to walk—walk along the London pavement on a night in June—sniff the smell of wet asphalt—turn into Trafalgar Square and look up at old Nelson with the moon behind him—and then, down past Westminster and Parliament—and hear Big Ben striking the hour. Gad, what wouldn't I give for a look at it!

Smylie—You know one thing I can't get out of my head? Clieveden Reach on a summer day—teatime in a punt—sleeves rolled up and a dripping punt-pole in my hand—a big-brimmed lace hat and parasol at the other end of the punt, and a little foot stretched forward with a white slipper on it!

Standing—Wouldn't a gray one do as well?

Smylie—Say, whose punt is this, yours or mine?



Jane Cowl, one of the authors of "Lilac Time" in which she plays the heroine, *Jeannine*.

Standing—Well, I'd better be getting back to my "little bassinet!" Wish I was billeted here with you fellows again. The Widow Bernet is no picture postcard!

Paget—She may not be beautiful, but she makes good pork pies!

Standing—Yes, if you like pork pies! By-the-by, where's Phil?

Major—Divisional Headquarters—getting a Cross. We expect him back to-night.

Standing—No! You don't tell me, sir! By Jove! that's splendid!

Paget—Didn't you know? He was recommended after Neuve Chapelle, a while ago.

Standing—I'm glad! We heard he gave a fine account of himself.

Smylie—Fine account? It was magnificent! He gave 'em a steady tussle for thirty-eight hours! Got us through to our objective and helped keep us there in the face of hell fire and brimstone! Gad! What (*Continued on page 334*)

Jeannine: "See you dose Bride Flowers an' dat voile? Dey was belong to ma mere when she got married wiz mon père."



"What's wrong, Toosey?" I asked over my shoulder. "Oh, that nut gives me a pain in the neck!" she exploded.

The Bug in the Rug

By Arthur Stringer

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

SLOWLY Toosey Attrill moved along the street until she came to the Ritz corner. Then she turned about, and just as slowly and just as decorously moved in the opposite direction.

She seemed a subdued Toosey, a tamed and softened Toosey, and at the same time a very captivating Toosey. She made me think of peaches and cream. The peaches-and-cream effect may have come out of a box, but not one man in a hundred would have known it. She was dressed in chamoisette gloves, and an English-looking blue cape, and a coy-looking nurse's bonnet with white strings. And, to cap the climax, she was solemnly wheeling a French wicker baby-carriage adorned with a pink satin carriage-robe.

It set Toosey off, that make-up, in an altogether unexpected way. More observers than one, I noticed, became aware of her demure appeal. For as that melting-eyed stool-pigeon of the Alliance office moved slowly past the carriage entrance of the Ritz, a line of waiting chauffeurs turned and viewed her with open admiration. One of them, I could even see from the distance, went so far as to speak to her. But that blue-caped pilot of French wicker-work went grimly on her way, with her lips set and her lids lowered, looking neither to the right nor the left.

She kept on her way until she caught sight of me crossing the street. Thereupon she pushed her perambulator in before the window of an antique-shop and stooped solicitously over the end of the quilted pink robe, inspecting, to all intents and purposes, a purely imaginary infant beneath several swathings of pink veiling.

I myself at about the same moment stopped to admire a spindly-legged Heppelwhite gate-table in the window of the antique-shop.

"What's wrong, Toosey?" I asked over my shoulder without so much as a direct look at her. For I knew by the black cloud of discontent on that customarily pert young face that all was not well with this uniformed guardian of infancy.

"Oh, that nut gives me a pain in the neck!" she said with explosive and passionate disgust. Her tender little finger-dabs as she tucked in the pale silk coverlet only seemed to make her anger the more virulent.

"What nut?" I promptly demanded.

"That wall-eyed Inspector who's makin' a monkey o' me in open daylight," was Toosey's response. "That office wop who's hangin' the Indian sign on me for life, instead o' givin' me the decent sloothin' work he's always promised!"

"But you've got to watch that house," I reminded her, with a discreet look up and down the Avenue.

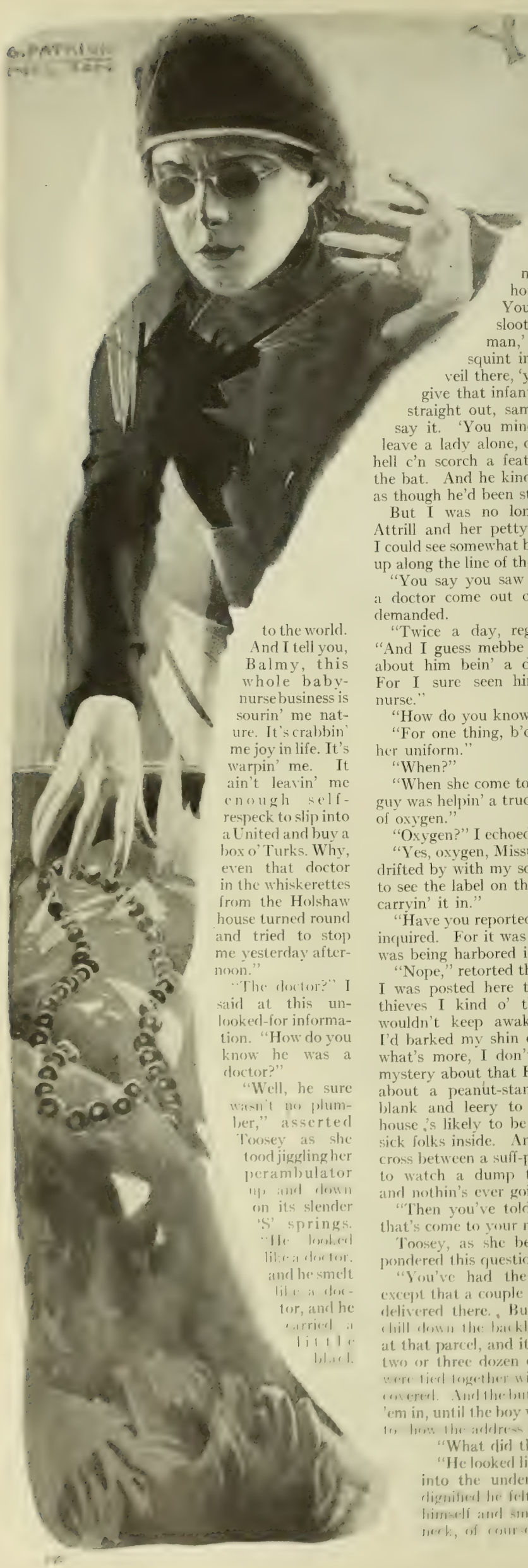
"Oh, I'm watchin' that house all right," she retorted as she adjusted the hood of her perambulator. "But what's the good o' puttin' me in this Kensington Garden get-up and wishin' a matrimonial fruit-basket like this on a girl who's never even nibbled the edge of a marriage-license?"

"The people in that house," I patiently explained to her, "must never suspect that we are watching them."

"Then why didn't your bonehead friend down to the office get a hand-organ and put me on a chain? Why didn't he gimme a red cap and a tin cup and say right out that I was one o' the anthropoids? For I'm sure weary o' this park-fountain governess business. Every he-thing that happens along b'tween the Avenue and the Grand Central seems to think this is the open season for nursemaids and tries to get busy gunnin' for my life hist'ry. And if they happen to be over fifty they fall in line behind me and this basket-work Lizzie and start handin' the mush. Why, one old walkin' graveyard of about eighty, who was so wheezy with the asthma you could hear him comin' like a fire-wagon, tried to get me into a pearl-colored sedan to go joy-ridin' up to the Claremont. The only way I could shake 'im was to explain that the traffic-cop on the next corner was my husband. And another old-lace inspector of about four hundred pounds tried to chuck me under the chin and call me Pinky-Winky. He explained that his health was failin' rapid and he wanted a practical-lookin' girl like me to kind o' look after him down to Palm Beach. He said my eyes told him I was consid'rate and kind-hearted. So I swung round and let 'im read 'em again. And in case he wasn't gettin' it straight I handed it to him also by word o' mouth. 'No South for me, grandpaw, wit' any quarter-ton o' tallow that ain't had the yellow streak melted out of it yet!' And I left him leanin' against the Biltmore stonework gurglin' for a doctor quick!"

I did my best not to smile. For Toosey's face was still serious.

"Say, Balmy, what is it about these pink-and-white pusherettes that kind o' gives the old Willies a flare-back o' wasted affection? For there's been a spavined old Brummell in a top-hat edgin' up to me for the last two days. He's been hangin' round here by the hour at a time, and I'll bet a nickel he'll bob back ten minutes after I'm on my way again. He started to coo about the *beyewteeful* cheeild I had in under that laprobe and I had to bump him into a water-hydrant or he'd 'a' had my plant uncovered



There was a crash and shatter of glass, a chorus of startled shouts behind me, and a bleat like a banshee wail from the shopkeeper himself as I leaned in through the broken window and snatched up his string of dusky globes on their wire of platinum.

to the world. And I tell you, Balmy, this whole baby-nurse business is sourin' me nature. It's crabbin' me joy in life. It's warpin' me. It ain't leavin' me enough self-respeck to slip into a United and buy a box o' Turks. Why, even that doctor in the whiskerettes from the Holshaw house turned round and tried to stop me yesterday afternoon."

"The doctor?" I said at this unlooked-for information. "How do you know he was a doctor?"

"Well, he sure wasn't no plumber," asserted Toosey as she tood jiggling her perambulator up and down on its slender 'S' springs. "He looked like a doctor, and he smelt like a doctor, and he carried a little black bag like a doctor. But o' course he may have been a steam-fitter, or a mattress-maker with an hour off fr'm the factory. You never can tell in the sloothin' business! 'Young woman,' he says to me as he tries to squint in under that double-folded veil there, 'young woman, you oughtta give that infant more air!' Just like that, straight out, same as Sloan himself would say it. 'You mind your own business, and leave a lady alone, or I'll call a cop quicker 'n hell c'n scorch a feather,' I told him, right off the bat. And he kind o' backed away sideways as though he'd been stung by a rattlesnake."

But I was no longer interested in Toosey Attrill and her petty little sidewalk romances. I could see somewhat bigger issues looming faintly up along the line of the horizon.

"You say you saw this man who looked like a doctor come out of the Holshaw house?" I demanded.

"Twice a day, reg'ler," announced Toosey. "And I guess mebbe that one best bet o' mine about him bein' a doctor ain't so far wrong. For I sure seen him leadin' back a trained nurse."

"How do you know she was a trained nurse?"

"For one thing, b'cause I lamped her wearin' her uniform."

"When?"

"When she come to the door while that doctor guy was helpin' a truck-driver carry in two tanks of oxygen."

"Oxygen?" I echoed.

"Yes, oxygen, Missus District-Attorney. For I drifted by with my squeal-cart just close enough to see the label on the second tank as they were carryin' it in."

"Have you reported this to Sloan?" I promptly inquired. For it was plain that a very ill person was being harbored in that house of mystery.

"Nope," retorted the diffident Toosey. "Seein' I was posted here to locate a couple o' gem-thieves I kind o' thought the Alliance office wouldn't keep awake all night over knowin' I'd barked my shin on a pneumonia-case. And what's more, I don't believe there's any more mystery about that Holshaw house than there is about a peanut-stand. It may look kind o' blank and leery to the street front, but any house is likely to be blank lookin' when there's sick folks inside. And Sloan's turned me into a cross between a suff-picket and a merry-go-round to watch a dump that nothin's happenin' in and nothin's ever goin' to happen!"

"Then you've told me practically everything that's come to your notice?"

Toosey, as she bent over her perambulator, pondered this question.

"You've had the whole program, I guess, except that a couple o' mornin's ago a parcel was delivered there. But that needn't give you no chill down the backbone, for I had a good look at that parcel, and it wasn't anything more than two or three dozen ord'nary hemp bags. They were tied together without bein' wrapped up and covered. And the butler was even set on not lettin' 'em in, until the boy who brought 'em seemed able to show the address was right."

"What did that butler look like?"

"He looked like a Jesse Willard who'd gone into the undertakin' business and got so dignified he felt his face 'd crack if he forgot himself and smiled. He was so stiff in the neck, of course, he'd never in the world lamp himself in them kneepants o' his, or he'd sure have laffed himself to death!"

"Was that the only time you ever saw him?"

"I saw him speak to the nurse before she left the door last night. And the night before, too. At exactly five she melts off the map for an hour or two. She beats it down to the Forty-second Street subway station."

"You're sure of this?"

"Dead sure. I even lamped her as she loped back last night."

"Did she ring?" I asked, remembering that Toosey's information had to be picked out of her, like bones out of a shad. "I mean, how did she get into the house?"

"She had her own key," Toosey replied after a moment or two of thought. "I remember her stoopin' down, as though she was studyin' out the lock."

"And that's everything?" I persisted, after a moment or two of thought on my own part.

Toosey replied that it was everything.

"And me leggin' it up and down this dead-eyed slice o' the island until I've got writer's cramp in the kneecaps and not enough happenin' to keep a traffic-cop from fallin' asleep on fixed post! What I like to see, now and then, is a little excitement. Somethin' doin'. But this quietude sure takes me back to the old days on the Schuylkill. It makes me think o' Brooklyn on a rainy Sunday. I tell you, Balmy, if this go-go wagon-plant ain't took away from me inside another six hours I'm goin' stark starin' mad and bite the corners off'n that grand new grocery o' Charles's!"

"Sloan, of course, gave you his instructions?"

It was said more as a reminder than as an interrogation.

"He gimme instructions, all right. But what I want is a little seasonin' of explanation. Why doesn't he tell me why I'm watchin' that house? Why is he leavin' me to amble up and down here without even knowin' what I'm perambulatin' for? Why is he so scared o' his operatives that he can't take 'em into his confidence for five minutes and show 'em what they're likely to run up against?"

"Sloan, of course, has his own way of carrying on his own business," I said with a quietness which was intended to carry its note of reproof.

"Well, he's goin' to carry me on to something more strenuous 'n this here bla-bla wagon, or you'll see me beatin' it away from your high-toned hotel section straight back to little old Chatham Square, where there's more doin' and less zooin'!"

"Then what am I to report to him when I see him?"

"How soon is that goin' to happen?"

"Right away."

Toosey gave her French wicker perambulator a vicious swing about into the channel of traffic.

"Then tell him for me that he's barkin' up the wrong tree. And the sooner he incorporates that pearl o' wisdom into his system the better. And I would also add that the next old [illegible] who rumbles up and tries handin' me the [illegible] line is goin' to get a pavin'-stone bent over his coco!"

INSPECTOR Sloan's estimate of the Holshaw house, I soon found, differed materially from Toosey's. It was plain to see that he was puzzled by what I had to tell him. It was equally evident that he intended to keep his teeth shut on the bone of that mystery.

"We'll just let Toosey grouch along there for a day or two," he quietly announced. "But with you, Balmy, I think I'll swing over to another plan."



The man did not speak, but his hands shot out as I raised the pick-handle above my head!

It was easy enough to say. But to carry it out was a much more complicated matter than one might imagine.

It began with the trained nurse who, at five o'clock every afternoon, was supposed to go to the Forty-second Street subway station. And it began that same afternoon. For as this same nurse pushed her preoccupied way in toward the crowded kiosk, she collided violently, and apparently by accident, with an unknown man.

This man the next moment raised his voice in loud lamentation, ran indignantly after the nurse and caught her by the arm. He then announced to the assembling crowd that his pocket had been picked. The nurse naturally denied any interest in this event. But during their altercation a pocketbook fell to the ground, and the man pounced on it with a cry of triumph. It was his, of course. She had tried, he protested, to get rid of it. This she denied.

Their dispute was ended by the appearance of an officer in plain clothes who, after showing his shield, asked the man if he was ready to lay a charge. The man was most decidedly ready. So the indignant young Florence Nightingale was haled to the nearest precinct station, was re-examined, and was searched by the matron who there awaited her. The raglan coat which she wore was taken from her. The Holshaw house passkey was also slipped quietly and unostentatiously off her ring.

Sloan, in the meantime, had me waiting in the next room, in a nurse's uniform, an exact duplicate of the prisoner's. He helped me into the raglan, saw that it fitted to a turn, and sighed with relief.

"Now, Balmy, here's the passkey to that house. The windows are wired, but the front door isn't. Get inside that door as quietly as you can, and find out as much as you can. We'll hold this woman till morning. We may be able to hold her longer, but we mustn't count on much more than one night. You're taking a chance, of course, but I know you're not a squealer. And remember that Wilkins will be waiting in a taxi about twenty yards from the Madison Avenue corner. If he hears or sees anything suspicious he'll be ready to break in with a couple of flatties. But that, of course, is what we want to avoid. So have your look through and get away if you can, without any noise."

"And if I don't come out?" I mildly inquired. For I knew it was no ordinary house he was so nonchalantly asking me to invade.

"If you're not out by midnight, I'll be inside there myself," he said, squaring that heavy mouth of his in a way that made him look like a museum bust of one of the Cæsars. And, nervous as I was beneath all my pose of indifference, I found something reassuring in remembering I had this man of power behind me, and that he, in turn, had the even more ponderous machinery of the law behind him.

Twenty minutes later I emerged from the Grand Central subway station, walked north a few blocks along Madison, and then turned west.

My heart was beating a little faster, in spite of myself, as I went up the wide brownstone steps of the Holshaw house. But it relieved me to see that the street in that neighborhood was almost empty. I found something fortifying, too, in the decorous appearance of that part of the city, in the nearness of Fifth Avenue with its evening up-surge of multitudinous life, in the highly respectable shop-fronts which here and there freckled the canyon walls of closely serried homes. But from the front of the older brownstone house before which I stood not a light or sign of life showed itself.

I fitted the key to the Yale lock, took a deep breath, and silently swung back the door. I just as silently stepped inside. Then I swung the door shut again, without making a sound, and stood there, with my back to it. I stood there inspecting what lay before me and waiting for my pulse to settle down to normal again.

It took some time. But I found no one there to challenge my entrance, and as no sound or sign of life came to me from the heavy-shadowed hallway, I felt that I had at least begun by having luck with me. So I advanced slowly into that unknown house of unknown possibilities, thinking, for some undecipherable reason, of Eleakim Grossett as I did so.

The first thing that struck me was the bareness of the place. It seemed almost empty of furniture. The second thing that impressed me was the heaviness of the air. It smelt like a cellar. It carried a taint of must and confinement and was by no means the atmosphere any decent doctor would want about his patient. I couldn't help feeling that if the trained nurse whose coat I was wearing had been worth her salt she would have made a pilgrimage through that abode of mustiness, opening windows and letting in a little sunshine. But I wasn't a health-officer, I reminded myself as I moved forward into the shadows, and I had come there to investigate more substantial things than house-odors.

My investigations, however, weren't destined to be made quite as easily as I had hoped.

I had reached the foot of the stairway, and even had one hand on a newel-post, when I distinctly heard the sound of footsteps on the uncarpeted floor above me.

I promptly shrank back and sidled about the newel-post at that, edging cautiously backward along the shadows of the inner hall. For those steps, I could hear, were turning about the stairhead and descending to the same floor on which I stood. So I continued my retreat, step by stealthy step, until a half-opened door on my left showed me a second stairway, leading to what must have been a basement. Rather than run the risk of being confronted by that unknown newcomer, I slipped through this partly opened door, closed it behind me, and ran lightly down the carpeted treads.

I hesitated, for one brief moment, at the bottom of the stairway. But a quick glance about showed me no sign of life below stairs, so I scurried noiselessly along a darkened hallway for some twenty steps. This brought me to what was plainly a kitchen, an extremely disordered kitchen, that held a littered gas-range, a table piled high with used dishes, and the remains of a hurried meal. One burner of the range, I noticed, was alight. This persuaded me that *(Continued on page 314)*



Group of men, chiefly Americans, "Hoover's Helpers," with whom Mr. Hoover surrounded himself in London. Front row, from left to right: Willard K. Shaler, Hon. Sec. of the Commission in London; Edgar Rickard, Asst. Director; Wm. L. Hannold, now Director in America; H. C. Hoover; John Deaver White, now in Washington; Wm. B. Poland, now Director in London; Hugh Gibson, American Secretary, "beloved by all except the Germans."



Herbert C. Hoover, Director-in-Chief of the Belgian Relief Commission.

The Wounded Country that Will Not Die

Second of the Series of Articles by Hoover Aides on the Sufferings of Belgium

By John A. Gade

OF ALL the outrages committed in Belgium, none can compare in illegality and criminal cruelty with the deportations. They are as numerous to-day as they were last fall and this spring. They have desolated morally and materially every family on which their pitiless decree has fallen, and the terror of them haunts the homes of rich and poor alike. Throughout the winter of 1916-17 I was kept rushing back and forth to whatever place in my province a deportation was to take place, in order to protect and intercede as far as possible for my own men, namely, the Belgian employees and office-force of the Relief Commission.

It struck home when the turn finally came to Mons, the capital of the province, where I lived and had my office. A week previous to the fateful day, placards had been posted in the squares and principal places of the city, and ever-swelling, anxious groups were sullenly reading the order for all men of the city between the ages of eighteen and fifty-five, excepting priests, doctors and magistrates, to present themselves upon the eighteenth of November in the Grande Place of the Faubourg of Nimy. This being without the city proper, the mob could easily be kept away and there would be no danger of a riot. Men read the French and German versions on the huge placards as if they were reading their own death-warrant. They matched the Jacobin lists on the walls of the Conciergerie in the Reign of Terror.

Then the city waited in dull, lethargic suspense. It was the longest week it had ever lived through. Even the Children of Israel led into Babylonian captivity were allowed to take with them their [illegible] and cattle.

In the gray dawn of the morning the men marched out. They came from hovel and workshop and mansion. They were as alike before the Kreischef, Von Quast, as they will be on the Day of Judgment before Almighty God. Strong and weak, the hardest workers of the province as well as the idle—prince and pauper—this was the day of reckoning for having picked up the gauntlet thrown down by Prussian autocracy.



Emblematic Token worn by "the Busy Bees," engaged in saving Belgian children for the future.

Down the many cobbled lanes of the city built upon the hill flowed endless arteries of men — the students under their professors, clerks behind their chiefs, and workmen behind their superintendents.

As the first of them passed the barriers, a gaunt old figure, tall and erect, with bristling mustaches, stepped out to march in the van. It was Lescarts, the burgomaster, who seemed to be excepted by virtue of his office. His step had been just as firm and his head was held as high when the Germans in August, 1914, had pushed him

SAVE THE CHILDREN IN BELGIUM!



The famous "Appeal Map," showing devastated territory in Belgium and Northern France covered by the Belgian Relief Commission, with transportation routes by canal, rail and road. The area affected is nearly half as large as Pennsylvania, with a combined population of 9,588,207.

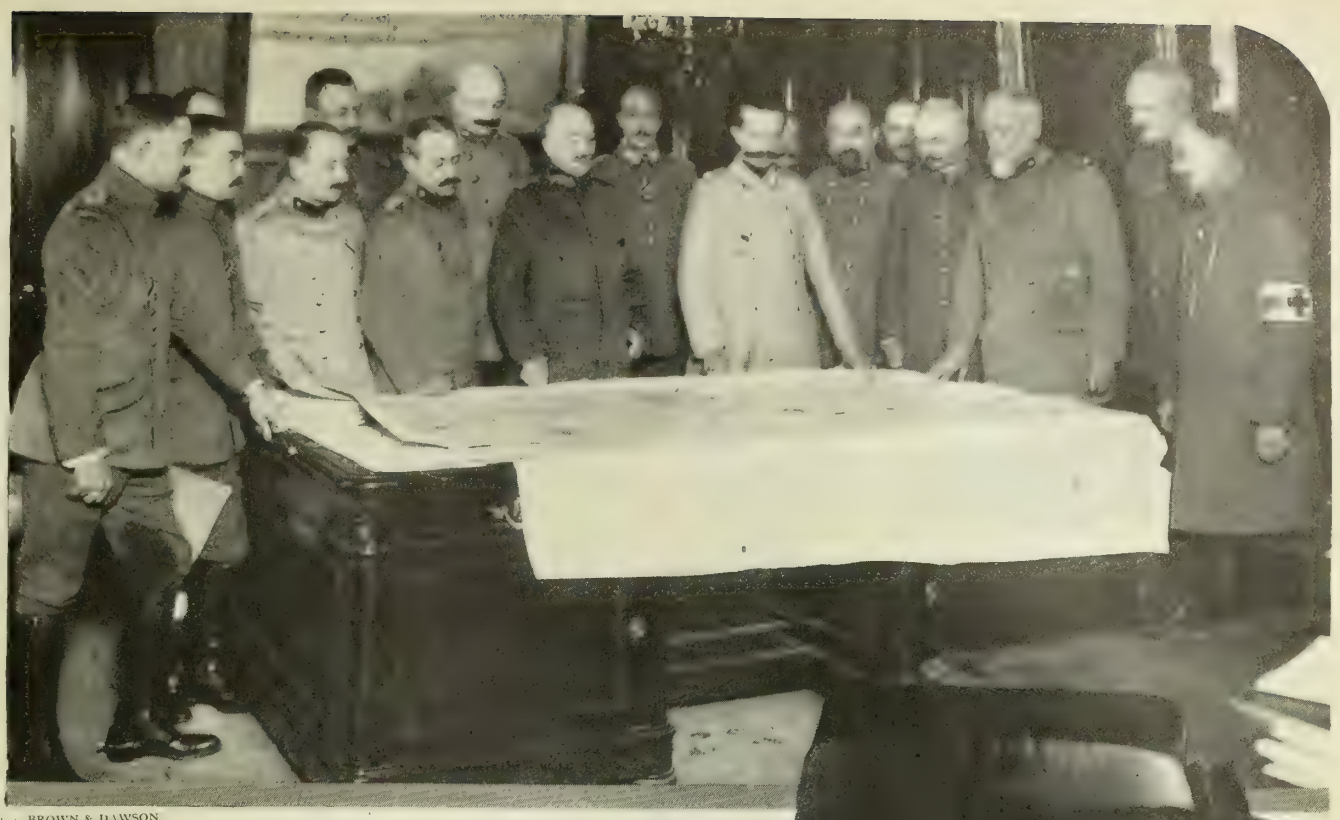
ahead of them on their march toward the handful of Gordon Highlanders standing firm at the city gates.

Endless rows of gray, with glistening bayonets, lined the roads and barred all approaches. Here and there a mitrailleuse had been set up. Distracted, desperate women, followed by howling children, ran up and down the fields beyond, pleading —aye, praying on their knees— to be permitted to give their men the bundles of clothing just purchased by the sale of the last household articles. But they might as well have prayed to images of stone.

In the market-place of Nimy, the "Seventh Solingen" guarded the pens newly erected for the human cattle. In front stood the German civil and military authorities, laughing, swearing and cursing betimes when the cattle were slow to comprehend which way they were to be driven; what undying hatred was kindled that day!

"To the right!" rang out the commands, "to the left," "to the right," and every man strong of limb, broad of chest and clear of eye was hustled off to the trains, standing ready with their steam up. A hasty embrace, and a father was torn from the arms of his son, or brother from brother. A last appeal for mercy would only result in a kick and a curse. What cared the Herr Rittmeister for a wife and five children who would starve to death when the wage-earner was taken from them and sent into slavery? What were the shouts in the distance that seemed to amuse these lords in green-and-gold braid? Merely the curses and imprecations of frantic women claiming their men—the tiger was coming to the surface; 6,200 men had marched down from Mons; the flower of them, almost seven hundred, started packed and standing in open cars, in an icy wind, on the long, slow road toward German workshops and fields. Each one was to release a German and send another soldier to the front.

That night there was not a street in the capital of the old duchy which did not ring with the wails of women and children. From city to village and village to hamlet the sentence was carried out until a hundred and twenty thousand of the strongest and best had been taken. And then, to the meek protest of the United States, the German Government replied that the "German Government had in its great mercy and out of consideration for the sufferings of Belgium, decided to offer work to a portion of the many unemployed



© BROWN & DAWSON

General von Bissing, the hated Military Governor of Belgium, and his staff.



Brand Whitlock, as United States Minister to Belgium, ran right into the German invasion.



One of the food units distributed to families or groups in Belgium and France by the Relief Commission.

The ever-faithful Cardinal Desiré Mercier, Archbishop of Malines.

in order that they might thus be able to send back to their starving families sufficient for their sustenance!" During my entire stay in Belgium I never saw or heard of a single franc that was ever returned to the stricken families.

I did investigate what became of the men. A portion of those from Tournai, in my own province, were sent south of Valenciennes to dig in the trenches. When they refused, a dozen were selected and, with their hands tied behind them to posts, were informed that thus they would stand there without food, until willing to sign the voluntary contracts. And there they were standing, or rather hanging unconscious, thirty hours later when my informant, one of the citizens of Valenciennes, brought me the news.

Thus it continues. A second, a third, drawing is made; Once in a while a carload of human freight slowly finds its way back—to unload into hospitals and graveyards.

Of the best and most-needed workers in the employ of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, 1,052 were taken before New Year's, 1917. All in all, some 100,000 men have been led into slavery.

The case of the so-called Belgian "chomeurs"[1] *vs.* Germany will stand as one of the foulest stains in modern history.

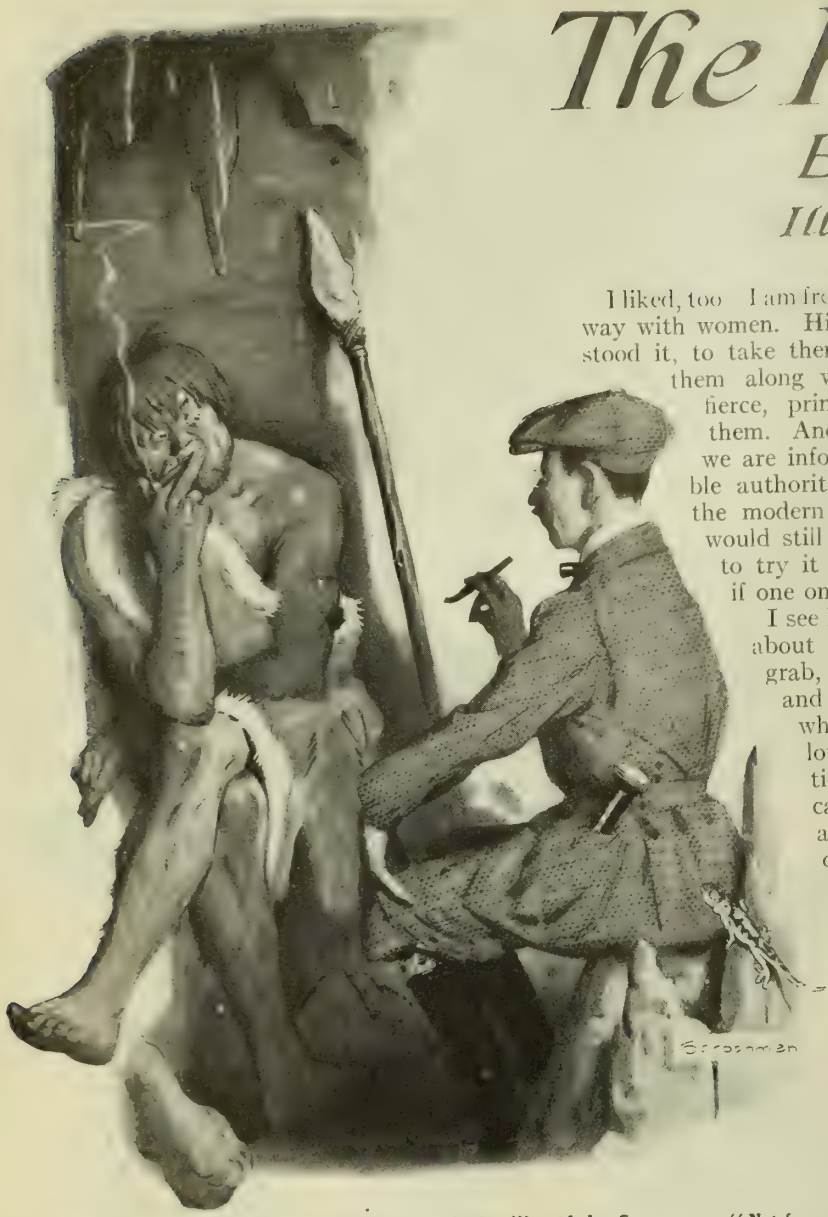
Time upon time, in entering a village, I would have to alight from my motor, the narrow streets would be so crowded with the splendid horses belonging to the farmers. These were the huge Brabançonnes with broad and shaggy hoofs and the deep-chested Ardennais, excellent for pulling loads up the mountains, (*Continued on page 328*)

1 Chomeur: An unemployed mechanic.

The Real Cave-Man

By Stephen Leacock

Illustrated by F. Strothmann



"Have you never been outside?" I asked. "No fear!" said the Cave-man. "Not for mine—not safe!"

I THINK it likely that few people besides myself have ever actually seen and spoken with a "cave-man."

Yet everybody nowadays knows all about the cave-man. The fifteen-cent magazines and the new fiction have made him a familiar figure. A few years ago, it is true, nobody had ever heard of him. But lately, for some reason or other, there has been a run on the cave-man. No up-to-date story is complete without one or two references to him. The hero, when the heroine slights him, is said to "feel for a moment the wild, primordial desire of the cave-man, the longing to seize her, to drag her with him, to carry her away, to make her his." When he takes her in his arms it is recorded that "all the elemental passion of the cave-man surges through him." When he fights, on her behalf, against a dray-man or a gun-man or an ice-man or any other compound that makes up a modern villain, he is said to "feel all the fierce fighting joy of the cave-man." If they kick him in the ribs, he likes it. If they beat him over the head he never feels it; because he is, for the moment, a cave-man. And the cave-man is, and is [illegible] above sensation.

The heroine, too, shares the same point of view. "Take me," she murmurs as she falls into the hero's embrace, "be my cave-man." As she says it there is, so the writer assures us, something of the fierce light of the cave-woman in her eyes, the primordial woman to be wooed [illegible] by force.

So, like everybody else, I had, till I saw him, a great [illegible] the cave-man. I had a clear mental picture of him huge, brawny, muscular, a wolf-skin thrown about him and a great war-club in his hand. I knew him as without fear, with nerves untouched by our effete civiliza[illegible] to the death. Killing without pity and suffering without a [illegible]

It was a picture that I would not [illegible] admire.

I liked, too I am free to confess it his peculiar way with women. His system was, as I understood it, to take them by the neck and bring them along with him. That was his fierce, primordial way of "wooing" them. And they liked it. So at least we are informed by a thousand credible authorities. They liked it. And the modern women, so we are told, would still like it if only one dared to try it on. There's the trouble; if one only *dared!*

I see lots of them—I'll be frank about it—that I should like to grab, to sling over my shoulder and carry away with me; or, what is the same thing, allowing for modern conditions, have an expressman carry them. I notice them at Atlantic City, I see them on Fifth Avenue — yes, everywhere.

But would they come? That's the *deuce* of it. Would they come right along, like the cave-woman, merely biting off my ear as they came, or are they degenerate enough to bring an action-at-law against me, indicting the express company as a party of the second part?

Doubts such as these prevent me from taking active measures. But they leave me, as they leave many another man, preoccupied and fascinated with the cave-man.

One may imagine, then, my extraordinary interest in him when I actually met him in the flesh. Yet the thing came about quite simply, indeed more by accident than by design, an adventure open to all.

It so happened that I spent my vacation in Kentucky—the region, as everybody knows, of the great caves. They extend, it is a matter of common knowledge, for hundreds of miles; in some places dark and sunless tunnels, the black silence broken only by the dripping of the water from the roof; in other places great vaults like subterranean temples, with vast stone arches sweeping to the dome, and with deep, still water of unfathomed depth as the floor; and here and there again they are lighted from above through rifts in the surface of the earth, and are dry and sand strewn—fit for human habitation.

In such caves as these, so has the obstinate legend run for centuries, there still dwell cave-men, the dwindled remnant of their race. And here it was that I came across him.

I had penetrated into the caves far beyond my guides. I carried a revolver and had with me an electric lantern, but the increasing sunlight in the cave as I went on had rendered the latter needless.

There he sat, a huge figure, clad in a great wolfskin. Beside him lay a great club. Across his knee was a spear round which he was binding sinews that tightened under his muscular hand. His head was bent over his task. His matted hair had fallen over his eyes. He did not see me till I was close beside him on the sanded floor of the cave.

I gave a slight cough. "Excuse me!" I said. The Cave-man gave a startled jump. "My goodness," he said, "you startled me!"

I could see that he was quite trembling.

"You came along so suddenly," he said, "it gave me the jumps." Then he muttered, more to himself than to me, "too much of this darned cave-water! I must quit drinking it."

I sat down near to the Cave-man on a stone, taking care to place my revolver carefully behind it. I don't mind admitting that a loaded revolver, especially as I get older, makes me nervous. I was afraid that he might start fooling with it. One can't be too careful.

As a way of opening conversation I picked up the Cave-man's club. "Say," I said, "that's a great club you have, eh? By gee! it's heavy!"

"Look out!" said the Cave-man with a certain agitation in his voice as he reached out and took the club from me; "don't fool with that club! It's loaded! You know you could easily drop that club on your toes, or on mine. A man can't be too careful with a loaded club."

He rose as he said this and carried the club to the other side of the cave where he leant it against the wall. Now that he stood up and I could examine him he no longer looked so big. In fact he was not big at all. The effect of size must have come, I think, from the great wolf-skin that he wore. I have noticed the same thing in Grand Opera. I noticed, too, for the first time that the cave we were in seemed fitted up, in a rude sort of way, like a dwelling-room.

"This is a nice place you've got," I said.

"Dandy, isn't it?" he said, as he cast his eyes around. "*She* fixed it up. She's got great taste. See that mud sideboard? That's the real thing, A-one mud! None of your cheap rock about that. We fetched that mud for two miles to make that. And look at that wicker bucket. Isn't it great? Hardly leaks at all except through the sides, and perhaps a little through the bottom. *She* wove that. She's a humdinger at weaving."

He was moving about as he spoke, showing me all his little belongings. He reminded me for all the world of a man in a Harlem flat, showing a visitor how convenient it all is. Somehow, too, the Cave-man had lost all appearance of size. He looked, in fact, quite little, and when he had pushed his long hair back from his forehead he seemed to wear that same, worried, apologetic look that we all have. To a higher being, if there is such, our little faces one and all appear, no doubt, pathetic.

I knew that he must be speaking about his wife.

"Where is she?" I asked.

"My wife?" he said. "Oh, she's gone out somewhere through the caves with the kid. You didn't meet our kid as you came along, did you? No? Well, he's the greatest boy you ever saw. He was only two this nineteenth of August. And you should hear him say "Pop" and "Mom," just as if he was grown up. He is really, I think, about the brightest boy I've ever known—I mean quite apart from being his father, and speaking of him as if he were anyone else's boy. You didn't meet them?"

"No," I said, "I didn't."

"Oh, well," the Cave-man went on; "there are lots of ways and passages throug[illegible] went in another direction. The wife generally likes to take a stroll round in the morning and see some of the neighbors. But, say," he interrupted, "I guess I'm forgetting manners. Let me get you a drink of cave-water. Here, take it in this stone mug! There you are, say when! Where do we get it? Oh, we find it in parts of the cave where it filters through the soil above. Alcoholic? Oh yes, about fifteen per cent., I think. Some say it soaks all through the soil of this State. Sit down and be comfortable, and, say, if you hear the woman coming just slip your mug behind that stone out of sight. Do you mind? Now, try one of these elm-

root cigars. Oh, pick a good one—there are lots of them!"

We seated ourselves in some comfort on the soft sand, our backs against the boulders, sipping cave-water and smoking elm-root cigars. It seemed altogether as if one were back in civilization, talking to a genial host.

"Yes," said the Cave-man, and he spoke as it were in a large and patronizing way. "I generally let my wife trot about as she likes in the daytime. She and the other women nowadays are getting up all these different movements, and the way I look at it is that if it amuses her to run round and talk and attend meetings, why let her do it. Of course," he continued, assuming a look of great firmness, "if I liked to put my foot down——"

"Exactly, exactly," I said; "it's the same way with us!"

"Is it now?" he questioned with interest. "I had imagined that it was all different Outside. You're from the Outside, aren't you? I guessed you must be from the skins you wear."

"Have you never been Outside?" I asked.

"No fear!" said the Cave-man. "Not for mine! Down in here in the caves, clean underground and mostly in the dark, it's all right. It's nice and safe." He gave a sort of shudder. "Gee! You fellows out there must have your nerve to go walking around like that on the outside rim of everything, where the stars might fall on you or a thousand things happen to you. But then you Outside Men have got a natural elemental fearlessness about you that we Cave-men have lost. I tell you, I was pretty scared when I looked up and saw you standing there."

"Had you never seen any Outside Men?" I asked.

"Why, yes," he answered, "but never close. The most I've done is to go out to the edges of the cave sometimes and look out and see them, Outside Men and Women, in the distance. But of course, in one way and another, we Cave-men know all about them. And the thing we envy most in you Outside Men is the way you treat your women! By gee! You take no nonsense from them—you fellows are the real primordial, primitive men. We've lost it somehow."

"Why, my dear fellow——" I began.

But the Cave-man, who had sat suddenly upright, interrupted.

"Quick! quick!" he said. "Hide that infernal mug! She's coming. Don't you hear!"

As he spoke I caught the sound of a woman's voice somewhere in the outer passages of the cave.

"Now, Willie," she was saying, speaking evidently to the Cave-child, "you come right along back with me, and if I ever catch you getting in such a mess as that again I'll never take you anywhere, so there!"

Her voice had grown louder. She entered the cave as she spoke—a big-boned woman in a suit of skins leading by the hand a pathetic little mite in a rabbit-skin, with blue eyes and a slobbered face.

But as I was sitting the Cave-woman evidently couldn't see me; for she turned at once to speak to her husband, unconscious of my presence.

"Well, of all the idle creatures!" she exclaimed, "loafing here in the sand!" she gave a sniff, "and smoking——!"

"My dear," began the Cave-man.

"Don't you my-dear me!" she answered. "Look at this place! Nothing tidied up yet and the day half through! Did you put the alligator on to boil?"

"I was just going to say——" began the Cave-man.

"*Going* to say! Yes, I don't doubt you were going to say. You'd go on saying all day if I'd let you. What I'm asking you is, Is the alligator on to boil for dinner or is it not—— My gracious!" She broke off all of a sudden, as she caught sight of me. "Why didn't you say there was company? Land sakes! And you sit there and never say there was a gentleman here!"

She had hustled across the cave and was busily arranging her hair with a pool of water as a mirror.

"Gracious!" she said, "I'm a perfect fright! You must excuse me," she added, looking round toward me, "for being in this state. I'd just slipped on this old fur blouse and run round to a neighbor's and I'd no idea that he was going to bring in company. Just like him! I'm afraid we've nothing but a plain alligator stoo to offer you, but I'm sure if you'll stay to dinner—"

She was hustling about already, good primitive housewife that she was, making the stone-plates rattle on the mud table.

"Why, really——" I began. But I was interrupted by a sudden exclamation from both the Cave-man and the Cave-woman together. "Willie! where's Willie!"

"Gracious!" cried the woman. "He's wandered out alone—oh, hurry, look for him! Something might get him! He may have fallen in the water! Oh, hurry!"

They were off in a moment, shouting into the dark passages of the outer cave: "Willie! Willie!" There was agonized anxiety in their voices.

And then in a moment as it seemed they were back again, with Willie in their arms, blubbering, his rabbit-skin all wet.

"Goodness gracious!" said the Cave-woman. "He'd fallen right in, the poor little man. Hurry, dear, and get something dry to wrap him in! Goodness, what a fright! Quick, darling, give me something to rub him with."

Anxiously the Cave-parents moved about beside the child, all quarrel vanished.

"But surely," I said, as they calmed down a little, "just there, where Willie fell in, beside the passage that I came through, there is only three inches of water."

"So there is," they said, both together, "but just suppose it had been three feet!"

Later on, when Willie was restored, they both renewed their invitation to me to stay to dinner.

"Didn't you say," said the Cave-man, "that you wanted to make some notes on the difference between Cave-people and the people of your world of to-day?"

"I thank you," I answered, "I have already all the notes I want!"



"Well, of all the idle creatures," exclaimed the Cave-woman, "loafing here in the sand! Did you put the alligator on to boil for dinner? Why didn't you start the fire?"



"Liège was in the hands of the Germans"—two picture postcards made by the invaders.



"We left our garrison town on August first."

"Who was to be our enemy we did not know."



"Some days hence you will be able to send postcards from Paris too," said our Captain.

What the German Soldier thinks of War

An Extraordinary Book by a Man in the Ranks

Reprinted by Courtesy of B. W. Huebsch

"THE JUNKERS are all of a kidney. If only the people were to get rid of the whole pack they wouldn't then have to tear each other to pieces any longer like wild beasts." This statement quoted as that of a German comrade-in-arms becomes the initial idea as one takes up J. Koettgen's translation of "A German Deserter's War Experience," a valuable book published by B. W. Huebsch. The "Deserter," a young miner who found himself plunged into the war as a "sapper, the maids-of-all-work in war time," illustrates the feeling toward the Junker by the following story of another common soldier:

"He was on his way with bread for a hungry Belgian family, and had in his arms six of those little army loaves which he had begged from the soldiers. He was met by Lieutenant Spahn who was in company of some sergeants. When Spahn asked him where he was taking the bread, the sapper replied that he was on his way to a poor family that was really starving. The lieutenant then ordered him to take the bread immediately to the company. Thereupon he overwhelmed the soldier with all the 'military' expressions he could think of, like, 'Are you mad?' 'Donkey!' 'Silly ass!' 'Duffer!' 'Idiot!' etc. Then he concluded literally with great emphasis, 'In war everybody is his own nearest neighbor, even if all around us die in a ditch.' When the soldier showed nevertheless no sign of confusion, but started to proceed on his way, the lieutenant roared out the order again, whereupon the soldier turned round, threw the bread before the feet of Lieutenant Spahn, and said quietly: 'The duffers and idiots have to shed their blood to preserve also your junker family from the misery that has been brought upon this poor population.'

"The resentment continued to grow and, in consequence of the many severe punishments that were inflicted, had reached such a height that most soldiers refused to fetter their comrades.

"When the men conversed it was always the army leaders, the Crown Prince and Lieutenant-General Von Mudra, the general in command of the 16th Army Corps, that were most criticized. Neither the Crown Prince nor Von Mudra, have I ever seen in the trenches. The staff of the Crown Prince had among its members the old General-Fieldmarshal Count von Haeseler, the former commander of the 16th Army Corps, a man who in times of peace was already known as a relentless slave-driver. The 'triplets,' as we called the trio, the Crown Prince, Von Mudra, and Count [illegible] were more hated by most of the soldiers than the Frenchman who was out with his gun to take our miserable life.

[illegible] the front the scion of the Hohenzollerns found no difficulty to spout his 'knock them hard!' and, at the price of thousands of human lives, to make himself popular with the patriots at home who were [illegible] the propaganda-orgy at the beer table com[illegible] that we in the field are [illegible] enough. Von Mudra [illegible] the order 'Pour le merite'; they did not think of his [illegible] who had not seen a bed, nor taken off their trousers [illegible] for months; these were provided with food and [illegible] eaten up by vermin."

[illegible] same attitude we get more in the author's story of [illegible] from the West. "The streets became ever more crowded with retreating troops and trains; from all [illegible] they came and wanted to use the main road. We [illegible] and gazed at the column [illegible] trains, field post wagon[illegible]

"[illegible] motor car came [illegible] at the strange elegant [illegible] the General [illegible] Mudra. Attentively and faithful[illegible] We [illegible] Every one felt wild, and it rained curses. One man said, 'After having [illegible] off in [illegible] felt all [illegible]

"Punishments for self mutilation are the order of the day, and innumerable men are being severely punished. Now and then the verdicts are made known to the soldiers at the front to serve as a deterrent. The people at home, however, will get to hear very little of them:

" 'Where is your equipment? Lost?' Our Captain was reviewing the tattered remnant of us remaining after our retreat. 'Lost? That's a fine story. You rag-tag miserable vagabonds. If they were all like you—' For a while he went on in that style. That pretty fellow himself had suffered the 'miserable vagabonds' to go forward while he himself had been defending his 'Fatherland' at Vitry, three or four miles behind the front. 'Somewhere,' a soldier observed, 'somewhere in a bomb-proof shelter.'

"We picked out the best from among the rifles that were lying about, and soon we were again 'ready for battle.'

"We were standing half-asleep, leaning on the barrels of our rifles and waiting to be led forth again to slaughter, when a shot was fired right in our midst. The bullet had shattered the entire right hand of a 'spoiled ensign,' as the officers express themselves. His hand was bandaged. 'How did that happen?' asked the officers. An eyewitness related the incident saying: 'Like all of us he put his hand on the mouth of the barrel when it happened; I did not see any more.' 'Had he secured the gun? Don't you know that it is forbidden to lean with your hand on the mouth of your rifle and that you have been ordered to secure your rifle when it is loaded?' Then turning to the 'spoiled ensign,' who was writhing with pain, he bawled at him: 'I shall report you for punishment on account of gross negligence and self-mutilation on the battlefield!'

"We all knew what was the matter. The ensign was a sergeant, but a poor devil. He was fully aware that he had no career before him. We soldiers liked him because we knew that military life disgusted him.

"The captain passed on the command to an officer's representative, and then disappeared again in the direction of Vitry. He spurred on his steed, and away he flew. One of the soldiers thought that the captain's horse was a thousand times better off than we were. We knew it. We knew that we were far below the beast and were being treated accordingly.

"Joyfully we always greeted new arrivals. There were, as was always the case, men of very different ages; a young boyish volunteer of 17 years would march next to an old man of the landsturm who had likewise volunteered. All of them, without any exception, have bitterly repented of their 'free choice' and made no secret of it. 'It's a shame,' a comrade told me, 'that those seventeen-year-old children should be led to the slaughter, and that their young life is being poisoned, as it needs must be in these surroundings; scarcely out of boyhood, they are being shot down like mad dogs.'

"It took but a few days for the volunteers—all of them without an exception—to repent bitterly of their resolve, and every soldier who had been in the war for any length of time would reproach them when they gave expression to their great disappointment. 'But you have come voluntarily,' they were told; 'we had to go, else we should have been off long ago.' Yet we knew that all those young people had been under some influence and had been given a wrong picture of the war."

Another of these later comers opened his heart when he said one day: " 'I belong to the second muster of the landwehr, and thought that at my age of 37 it would take a long time before my turn came. But we old ones were no better off than you of the active army divisions—sometimes even worse. Just like you we were sent into action right from the beginning, and the heavy equipment, the long marches in the scorching sun, meant much hardship to our worn-out proletarian bodies so that many amongst us thought they would not be able to live through it all.

" 'How often have I not wished that at least one of my children were a boy! But to-day I am glad and happy that they are girls; for, if they were boys, they would have to shed their blood one day or spill that of others, only because our rulers demand it.' We now became well acquainted with each other. Conversing with him I got to know that dissatisfaction was still more general in his company than in mine and that it was only the ruthless infliction of punishment, the iron discipline, that kept the men of the landwehr, who had to think of wife and children, from committing acts of insubordination. Just as we were treated they treated those older men for the slightest breach of discipline; they were tied with ropes to trees and telegraph poles.

"We were forbidden to use objects captured from the French, and we were especially forbidden to make use of woolen blankets, because the French were infected with scabies. Scabies is an itching skin disease, which it takes at least a week to cure. But the order had a contrary effect. If one was the owner of such an 'itch-blanket' one had a chance of getting into the hospital for some days.

"In the evening we took some of the forbidden blankets, hundreds of which we had captured that day. Ten of us were lying in a shelter, all provided with blankets. Everybody wanted to get the 'itch,' however strange that may sound. We undressed and rolled ourselves in those blankets. Twenty-four hours later little red pimples showed themselves all over the body, and twelve men reported sick. The blankets were used in the whole company, but all of them had not the desired effect. The doctor sent nine of us to the hospital at Montmédy, and that very evening we left the camp in high glee. At Montmédy one met people from all parts of the front, and all of them had only known the same misery; there was not one among them who did not curse this war.

"At Boucoville we received the first letters from home by the field-post. They had been on their journey [illegible] long, long time, and arrived irregularly and in sh[illegible] But many were returned, marke[illegible] 'Addressee missing,' 'Wounded.' However, many had to be marked, 'Addressee no longer with the army detachment.' They could not quite make out the disappearance of many 'addressees,' but many of us had just suspicions about them, and we wished good luck to those 'missing men' in crossing some neutral frontier."

One of the missing did turn up later. "The section he belonged to had its retreat across the Marne cut off; nearly all had been made prisoners already and the French were about to disarm them when he fled and was lucky enough to reach the other side of the Marne by swimming across the river. He, too, could not or did not want to find our company, and joined the artillery so as not to be forced to walk, so he explained. Our opinion was that he would have done better by remaining a prisoner, for in that case the murdering business would have (*Concluded on page 326*)

Must the People Train Themselves to Help the Country Win the War only to See things Muddled by The Government?

By B.C. Forbes

THE United States Government has it in its power to decree depression or prosperity. Shall it be guided by broad-gauge, far-seeing business wisdom, or by pin-headed politicians?

Good times industrially are necessary to win wars.

My belief is that America can enter a period of greater activity than it has yet witnessed if the Government handles matters properly. The financial and business world, naturally, was somewhat unsettled by the nation's entrance into the war, but the relapse which then set in should be followed by a tremendous rebound.

The whole outlook, however, can be queered if the Government does not exercise common sense in the realm of price-fixing.

President Wilson has never posed or been accepted as an economist. No economist would have committed the mistake of attempting to fix the prices of all the principal merchandise used by over 100,000,000 people.

It simply can't be done.

There are economic laws beyond control of legislators, no matter how autocratic the powers granted them may be. There are certain financial and industrial functionings and processes which cannot be swayed by statute. To attempt to override these fundamentals were as futile as to try to sweep water uphill.

War justifies drastic actions. Could the United States be enabled the better to wage war-successfully by ordaining by statute the price to be paid by each one of the hundred million people of this country for everything bought, from a pin to a railroad locomotive, it might be advisable to do so. But price-fixing, if carried beyond a certain point, can only bedevil everything.

There is justification for naming prices which the United States Government shall pay for war supplies, and perhaps, also, for insisting that our Allies receive materials at the same figure.

Beyond that we cannot safely go. Except in conspicuous cases, where producers attempt to rob the public, the law of supply and demand and the law of free trading must prevail.

Some capitalistic groups have been guilty of such flagrant fleecing of the public that it is not astonishing there has been widespread agitation for almost general price-fixing. Soft-coal producers throughout the Middle West more than doubled their prices to consumers, with the consequence that there has been an uprising against them. Food speculators in the East have plundered the public unconscionably. New York's traction overlords sought to get aboard the price-inflation balloon, but their attempt to boost the five-cent fare very properly met with indignation.

The Federal Government authorities have kept the whole business community in a state of depressing uncertainty by their haphazard, irresponsible, uncharted floundering. There has been no general policy formed and orders given to follow it throughout every department of the Government's activities. Take taxation: Neither President Wilson nor Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo, neither the House nor the Senate, neither the Democrats nor the Republicans in authority, were apparently guided by any fixed principle in formulating taxes for war purposes; the original revenue measure was a mongrel which even its parents refused to sponsor. The same unbusinesslike, happy-go-lucky methods were evidenced when the taxing of individual incomes and war profits came up. Finally, how to tackle the price-fixing problem proved beyond the Washington authorities, week after week, while industry waited in suspense.

Let us assume, however, that the period of groping in the dark is nearing an end and that the authorities will name acceptable prices for all supplies for all Allied Governments; let us assume also that the impossible task of regulating the price to be paid by individuals for every article under the sun is abandoned; let us assume, moreover, that the burden of raising the sinews of war is equitably divided between taxation and bond issues—let us assume, in short, that Washington handles the whole situation with normal efficiency—then the prospects are that we shall enjoy an even greater boom than has been experienced during the last two years.

Once the Government begins paying out freely the billions raised for war purposes the hesitancy of the last few months should disappear. This hesitancy was aggravated by the temporary withdrawal from the market of European Governments, who were stalling until they could arrange definitely to obtain the same prices as quoted to their ally, the American Government. Fears that war operations on a large scale by the United States will bring upon the country hard times should be abandoned. Experience has demonstrated that, after each belligerent got into its war stride, industry began to boom amazingly. There is even more reason here than there was abroad for expecting such developments in this country during coming months—provided, of course, the war does not end suddenly, which, in my opinion, is a distinct possibility.

Just what is war likely to do to business in the United States?

First—The withdrawal of hundreds of thousands of young men creates a demand for labor, and notwithstanding that many women will enter the ranks of wage-earners, the inevitable effect is to send up wages.

Second—Greater purchasing power on the part of the working classes means increased buying of almost every class of goods.

Third—Urgent demands for war materials speed up production in a widely diversified number of industries and entail a great deal of overtime work.

Fourth—If the prices paid by the Government are reasonably remunerative the profits earned by day-and-night production naturally are quite generous and more money than usual is distributed to stockholders in the form of dividends.

Fifth—The issuance of billions of dollars of Government bonds supplies additional means of obtaining credits, and bank loans are apt to increase radically.

All this combines to bring about abnormal business animation.

Of course, we must be prepared to witness more readjustment of business activities than we have yet experienced. The probabilities are that the importation of sheer luxuries will be discouraged if not actually forbidden by-and-by. The production of luxuries at home will also, in all probability, be curtailed. The campaign for thrift waged from one end of the land to the other will induce perhaps every second family in America to invest to some extent in war bonds, and in order to do this the buyers in most cases will curtail avoidable expenditures. The onerous income-tax will induce the wealthy to cut down their scale of spending, particularly on luxuries and on servants, including chauffeurs, gardeners, stablemen and domestics.

An excellent illustration of what will become the general trend is furnished by an announcement handed all diners at one of the largest and most exclusive hotels in New Nork. Neatly printed under the Stars and Stripes is this notice:

WAR AND SERVICE

LABOR IS SCARCE—OUR MEN ARE BEING CALLED TO SERVE THEIR COUNTRY—WE WILL NOT REPLACE THOSE THAT LEAVE BUT WILL ASK THOSE WHO ARE LEFT TO WORK HARDER AND SO DO THEIR SHARE.

WILL YOU, THE GUEST, BE CONSIDERATE—IT IS ONE WAY IN WHICH YOU CAN HELP.

This suggests how the United States is to adjust itself to war conditions. We will be asked to get along without many little accustomed conveniences, luxuries and extravagances. We will be coaxed or forced to eat less meat and less wheat. The railroads will effectively chill our desire to travel by cutting down the supply of trains and in other ways.

Now, while our sense of patriotism will cause us to accept war conditions without complaint, while we will consent to work harder, forego many little comforts, and save money to buy war bonds, are we not entitled to ask and insist that the Government likewise adopt a comprehensive policy of economy?

In the August issue of this magazine Mr. Hearst said with undoubted truth:

"For some years, however, there has been in this nation of ours no sustained attempt to maintain economical administration in municipal affairs, in state affairs or in national affairs.

"The idea has prevailed that any amount of money can be recklessly spent, and that all that is neces-

(Concluded on page 323)

IT is as impossible to wage war without money as without men. If you and I cannot dedicate our lives to the service of our country in this her hour of need, we can dedicate dollars, either few or many.

The basic truth is that victory for all the Allies, for Democracy itself, depends upon the response of you and me, the men and women of the United States, to the call made upon us to support the cause by our money.

Upon whom do all the Allies—England, as well as torn and tottering Russia—rely for the turning of indecision and doubt into victory? The United States.

Our own colossal military and maritime preparations are consuming billions with a rapidity which would be alarming were this country less rich and strong and resourceful—and patriotic. All these billions must be supplied. They cannot be plucked from the air. They could not be furnished—not one tithe of them—by even the emptying of the vaults of every bank in the land.

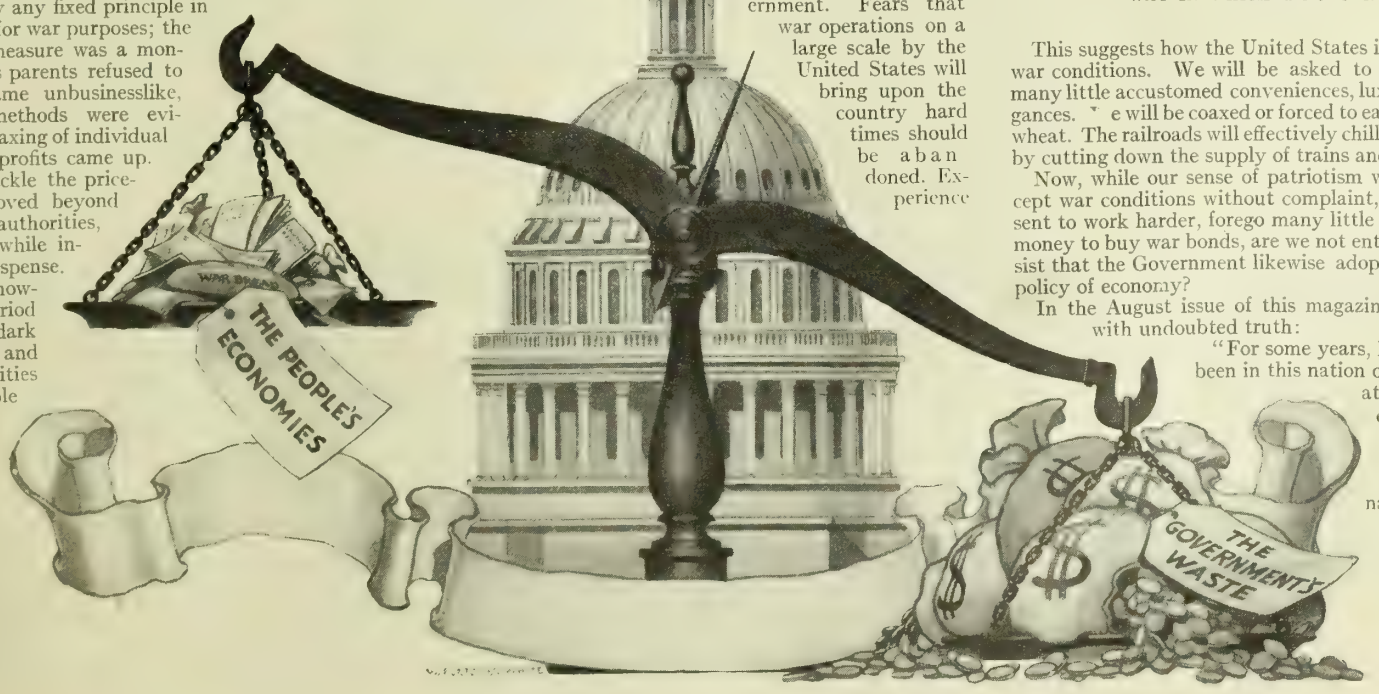
Only through the savings and the subscriptions of you and me can funds be furnished—yes, just plain you and me.

The people of England, the people of Germany, the people of France have poured forth their treasure as freely as their blood. The manhood of America is not funking or failing.

Shall it be said that, while we are willing to sacrifice the very flower of our manhood in the furnace of war, we are so grasping, so miserly, so unpatriotic, so money-mad that we refused, not to sacrifice our money—that we are not asked to do—but merely to lend our money even at remunerative rates of interest to insure that the fires in the furnace of war shall be extinguished without lamentable delay?

If there be any unmoved by patriotic motives let them be moved by material motives, for this is patriotism that pays, patriotism that pays a more certain return than even the safest of savings-banks.

Only four persons in every hundred subscribed for the first issue of Liberty Bonds. If all who can will subscribe to the second issue, the total number of bond-buyers will far exceed 10,000,000. Every buyer of a bond becomes a standard-bearer in the battle for the preservation of Democracy.—B. C. FORBES.



Pompeian
MASSAGE
Cream



"Don't envy a good complexion"

Tone up flabby muscles; stimulate a sallow skin, get the good, red blood coursing through your cheeks by the Pompeian method. A pinch of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream rubbed in, then out again—that's all. But what a difference it makes! Youth stays in your face. "Don't envy a good complexion: use Pompeian and have one."

Jars, 50c, 75c, and $1, at the stores

For Dandruff, use Pompeian HAIR Massage (A clear amber liquid, not a cream.) 50c and $1 bottles, at the stores.

Mary Pickford Art Panel

For a limited time, a tube of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream and two beautiful colored new art Panels of lovely Mary Pickford, suitable for framing, value 50c, send only 10c

(Stamps accepted, dime preferred)

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 2211 Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

I enclose 10c (dime preferred) for which please send me a tube of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream and the Mary Pickford Art Panel.

Name

Address

City State

THE PAWNS COUNT

(Concluded from page 271)

Graham paused to think. His eyes were still troubled and uncertain.

"It's coming back to me," he muttered. "I remember that beastly barn of a chapel. There were Jules, and that musician fellow, and the big American. He emptied my pockets . . . why, of course, I remember how angry he was . . . my pocket-book was gone! They left me alone to write out the formula again, and then you came . . . . How on earth did you tumble on to my being there, Lutchester?"

"It is Miss Pamela van Teyl whom you must thank," Lutchester told him, "not me. It seems she knew more about Henry's than any of us. She'd come up against some of the crew in Berlin, and she guessed they were holding you for that formula. She got the key out of one of those men, and then telephoned to me for help."

"And I never even thanked her," Graham murmured weakly.

There was a moment's silence. The recovering man's consciousness of his position and of events was evidently as yet incomplete. He sat up suddenly in his chair, gripping the sides of it. His eyes were large with reminiscent trouble.

"My pocket-book had gone when they searched me," he muttered.

"Are you sure that you had it with you when you came into Henry's?" Lutchester inquired.

"Absolutely certain."

"Do you think you can remember now what happened when you went upstairs?"

"I reached the lavatory all right—you were with me then, weren't you?" Graham said reflectively. "I hung up my coat while I washed but there was no one else in the room. Then you went downstairs and I brushed my hair and just stopped to light a cigaret. You know that on the right-hand side of the landing, there is a room where the musicians change. Joseph, that black devil, was standing in the doorway. He grinned as I came into sight. 'Lady wants to speak to you for a moment, Captain Graham,' he said. Well, you know how harmless the fellow looks—just a good-natured, smiling nigger. I never dreamed of anything wrong. As a matter of fact, I thought that Peggy Vincent—that's a young lady I often go to Henry's with—wanted to have a word with me before I joined our party. I stepped inside the room, and that's just about all I can remember. It must have been jolly quick. His arm shot round my neck, the door was closed, and that other brute—Hassan, I think it was—held something over my face."

"But that room was searched," Lutchester reminded him.

"When I came to just a little," Graham explained, "I found that I was in a sort of cupboard place, behind the lockers these fellows have for their clothes. It opens with a spring lock, and you'd never notice it, searching the room."

"Who was the first person you saw when you recovered consciousness?"

Graham's forehead was wrinkled in the effort to remember.

"I can't quite get hold of it," he confessed, "but I have a sort of fancy I can't altogether get rid of, that there was a woman about."

Lutchester looked at the end of the cigaret he had just lit.

"A woman?" he repeated. "That's queer."

"I can't remember anything definitely until I woke up in that chapel," Graham continued, "but when they searched me and found that the pocketbook had gone, Fischer, the big American, muttered some woman's name. I was queer just at the moment, but it sounded very much to me like Miss van Teyl. He rang her up on the telephone."

"Did they suspect Miss van Teyl, then, of having taken your pocketbook?"

Graham shook his head.

"I lost the drift of things just then," he admitted. "She couldn't have done, in any case. Forgive me, but aren't we wasting time, Mr. Lutchester? We must do something. Couldn't you ring up Scotland Yard?"

"I certainly could," Lutchester assented, "but, as I told you just now, I don't think that I will."

Graham stared at him.

"But why not?"

"For certain very definite reasons with which you needn't trouble yourself just now," Lutchester pronounced. "The formula has gone, without a doubt, but it certainly isn't in the hands of any of the people at Henry's."

"But there's that American fellow-Fischer!" Graham exclaimed. "He was the ringleader!"

"Just so," Lutchester murmured thoughtfully. "However, he hasn't got the formula."

"But he planned the attack upon me," Graham protested. "He is an enemy—a German—sheltering himself under his American naturalization. Surely we're going for him?"

"He's a wrong 'un, of course," Lutchester admitted, "but he hasn't got the formula."

"But we must do something!" Graham continued, his anger rising as his strength returned. "Why, the place is a perfect den of conspirators! I expect Ferrani himself is in it, and there's that other *maître d'hôtel*, Jules, and those black beasts, Joseph and Hassan, besides Fischer. My hat! They shall pay for this!"

Lutchester nodded.

"I dare say they will," he admitted, "but not quite in the way you are thinking of."

Graham half rose to his feet.

"Look here," he said, "I'm sane enough now, ain't I, and in my proper senses? You are not going to suggest that we don't turn the police on to that darned place?"

"I certainly am," was the brief reply.

Graham was aghast.

"What do you mean to do, then?"

"Leave them alone for the present. Not one of them has the formula. Not one of them even knows where it is."

"But the attack upon me?"

"You asked for all you got," Lutchester told him curtly, "and perhaps a little more."

The first tinge of color came back to Graham's cheeks. His eyes flashed with anger.

"Perhaps I did," he admitted, "but that doesn't alter the fact that I'm going to have back some of my own out of them."

Lutchester crossed his legs and turned round in his chair. For the first time he directly faced his visitor. His tone, though not unkindly, was imperative.

"Young fellow," he said, "you'll have to listen to me about this."

A smouldering sense of revolt suddenly found words.

"Listen to you? What the devil have you got to do with it?" Graham demanded.

"I hate to remind any one of an obligation," Lutchester answered, "but I am under the impression that, together with Miss van Teyl, of course, I rescued you from an exceedingly inconvenient situation."

"I haven't had time yet to tell you how grateful I am," Graham said awkwardly. "You were a brick, and how you and Miss van Teyl tumbled on to the whole thing I can't imagine. But I don't understand what you're getting at now. You can't suggest that I am to leave these fellows alone and not give information to the police?"

"The character of the place," Lutchester assured him, "is already perfectly well known to the heads of the police. The matter will be dealt with, but not in the way you suggest. And so far as regards Fischer, I do not wish him interfered with for the present."

"You do not wish him interfered with?" Graham repeated. "Where the dickens do you come in at all?"

"You can leave me out of the matter for the present. You want the formula back, don't you?"

"My word, yes!" Graham muttered fervently. "It's all very well to give one a pencil and a piece of paper and say 'Write it out,' but there are calculations and proportions——"

"Precisely," Lutchester interrupted. "You want it back again. Why not let Fischer do the business? He has an idea where it's gone. The thing to do seems to me to follow him."

"To follow Fischer?" Graham repeated vaguely.

"Precisely. If he thinks the formula is in England, Fischer will stay in England. If he thinks that it has gone abroad, he will go abroad. If we leave him free, we can watch which he does."

Graham swallowed half a wineglassful of the brandy by his side. Then he leaned forward.

"Look here," he said, "you'll forgive me if I repeat myself and ask you once more—what has all this got to do with you?"

"Just this much," Lutchester replied, "that I insist upon your taking the course of action in this matter which I propose."

"You mean," Graham protested, working himself gradually into a state of wrath, "that I am to go back to my rooms as though nothing had happened, see Holderness and the others to-morrow and not have a word of explanation to offer? That I am to leave those blackguards at Henry's to try their dirty games on some one else, and let Fischer, the man who was fully inclined to become my murderer, go away unharmed? . . . I think not, Mr. Lutchester. I am obliged for your help, but you are talking piffle."

"What do you propose to do, then?"

"I am going round to Scotland Yard myself." Lutchester rose to his feet.

"Stay where you are for a minute, please." He passed into a smaller room, and Graham could hear faintly the sound of the telephone. In a minute or two his host returned.

"Go in there and speak, Graham," he invited. "You will find some one you know at the other end."

Graham did as he was bidden, and Lutchester closed the door after him. For a few moments the latter sat in his chair, smoking quietly, his eyes fixed upon the fire. Then his unwilling guest reappeared.

"I don't understand all this," he muttered. "Who are you, any way, Lutchester?"

"A very ordinary person, I can assure you," was the quiet reply. "However, you are satisfied, I suppose, that my advice is good?"

"Yes, I am satisfied," Graham answered nervously. "You know that—that I'm under arrest?" Lutchester nodded. "Well, you're not asking for my sympathy, I suppose?" he observed drily. The young man flushed. "I know that I behaved like a fool," he admitted. "All the same, I've been working night and day for weeks on this problem. I haven't even been up to town once. I must say I think they seem inclined to be a little hard on me."

"No one is going to be in the least hard on you," Lutchester assured him. "You have committed a frightful indiscretion, and all that is asked of you now is to keep your mouth shut. If you do that, I think a way will be found out of your troubles."

"But what is to become of me?" Graham demanded.

"I understand that you are to be taken to Northumberland to-morrow," Lutchester informed him. "There you will be allowed every facility for fresh experiments. In the meantime, I have promised to give you a shake-down here for the night. You will find a soldier on guard outside your door, but you can treat him as your servant."

"You are very kind," Graham faltered. "If only I could understand——"

Lutchester rose to his feet. His manner became more serious, his tone had in it a note of finality.

"Captain Graham," he interrupted, "don't try to understand. I will tell you as much as this, if it helps you: Henry's restaurant will be placed under the closest surveillance, but we wish nothing disturbed there at the moment until we have discovered the future plans of Mr. Oscar Fischer."

Graham put his hand to his forehead.

"I feel as though this were some sort of nightmare," he muttered. "I [illegible] you for several months, Mr. Lutche[illegible] and I have never heard you say a serious word. You dance at Henry's; you made a good soldier, they said, but you'd had enough of it in twelve months; you play auction bridge in the afternoons; and you talk about the war as though it were simply an irritating circumstance. And to-night . . ."

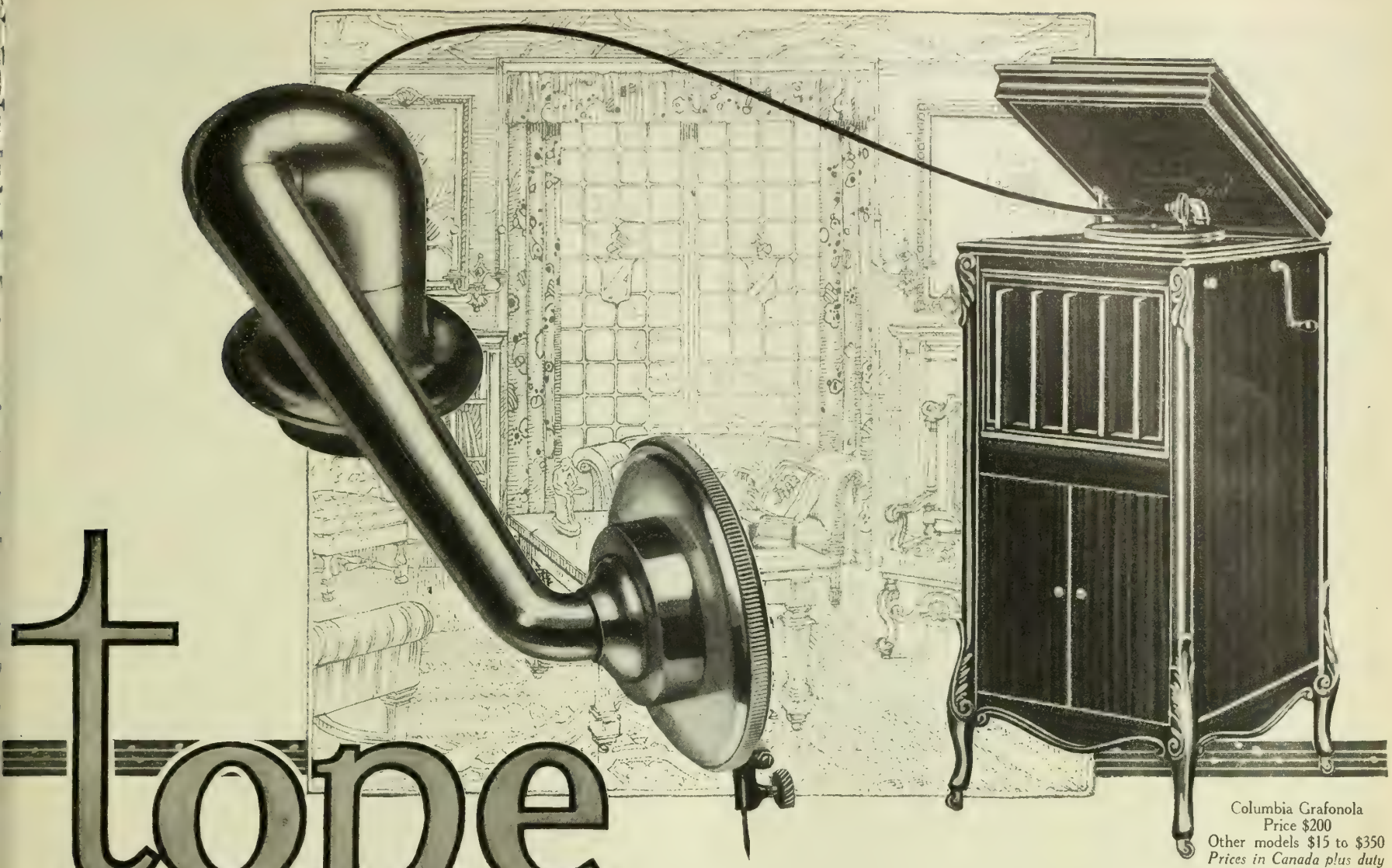
Lutchester threw open the door of his own bedroom and pointed to the bathroom beyond.

"My man has put out everything he thinks you may want," he said. "Try and get a good night's sleep. And, Graham . . ."

"Yes?"

"Don't bother your head about me, and don't ask any more questions."

(To be continued)



Columbia Grafonola
Price $200
Other models $15 to $350
Prices in Canada plus duty

Columbia Superiority is measured by Columbia Tone

THE COLUMBIA tone-arm plays a vital part in the perfection of Columbia TONE. If the reproducer may be compared to the pulsing heart of a human being, the tone-arm would represent the artery through which the life-blood ebbs and flows.

So smooth and perfect are its walls of seamless drawn tapered tubing that the flow of sound-waves is unobstructed until the tone-chamber outlet is reached. There is no abrupt angle—not so much as a screw to interrupt or deflect the sound-waves set in motion by the vibrating needle-arm; every curve is scientifically designed to make the path of these waves to the tone-chamber as *direct* as it can be made.

Even the *taper* is calculated in less then ten-thousandth parts of an inch to provide a *perfect* expanding passage for the sound-waves to the tone-chamber. The connection with the tone-chamber is made by the exclusive Columbia "bayonet-joint" that not only eliminates all rattle and vibration, but prevents an abrupt turn even here, so that no part of the waves is deflected *anywhere*.

Every part of the Columbia Grafonola contributes with scientific, marvelous precision to the *tone-effect* that is part of the Grafonola—the tone-effect of *life*.

Look for the "music-note" trade-mark—the mark of a genuine Columbia Grafonola

Columbia Grafonola

Columbia Records TRADE MARK Grafonola

THE FRIEND OF ANTONIO

(Concluded from page 281)

forehead. The patrol-wagon! He, Phineas Fletcher, riding through the streets in a patrol-wagon filled with common gamblers and criminals! A low moan of despair came from his lips. The thought of declaring his identity and indignantly demanding his instant release never entered his mind. His mental faculties were benumbed. In a sort of painful daze he felt that he was already riding in the patrol-wagon.

"She's outside!" cried Bill, poking his head into the doorway.

It now became easy to distinguish between the police and the gamblers. There seemed to be half a dozen of the former, who promptly seized the others by the arms and led them out of the room. The man with the square jaw took personal charge of Mr. Fletcher. Had he not held him firmly by the arm Mr. Fletcher would have collapsed. His knees were trembling and he could not bring himself to speak. Mechanically he moved out into the hall, his captor at his side. Just as the policeman and his prisoner who were directly ahead had stepped out upon the sidewalk, a man, walking rapidly, entered the hallway and almost collided with the square-jawed individual.

"Hello, Cap!" he cried. "Whassa da mat?"

"Hello, Tony!" said Mr. Fletcher's captor, good-naturedly. "We just raided a gambling joint. I'll bet you didn't know there was one in your house, did you?"

After careful meditation I have abandoned the task of finding a simile that would adequately picture the joy with which Mr. Fletcher recognized the voice of Antonio. A man suffering from thirst in a desert who suddenly beheld an archangel approaching with a glass of ice-cream soda would not experience sufficient delight to come within range of comparison. A pain in the stomach is never as bad as a pain in a man's dignity.

"O-oh! Da gamble?" exclaimed Antonio. "Dassa bad!" And then his gaze fell upon Mr. Fletcher and his eyes opened in astonishment.

"Hey!" he cried, seizing the policeman's arm, "dassa Meestra Fletch'! Whassa da mat'? I know heem. He no gamble!"

The policeman looked from Antonio to his prisoner.

"D'ye know this guy, Tony?" he asked, relaxing his hold upon Mr. Fletcher's arm.

"Sure! I shine-a da shoes every day. He leev' in da big, fine house." There came an expression of something like consternation into the policeman's face.

"I'm awfully sorry, boss," he said. "You should-a told us who you were. We had an awful time getting the goods on these gamblers and we wanted to ketch everybody who came into the place to get evidence. Y'see this joint has been running very quiet an'—" But Mr. Fletcher did not wait to hear any explanation. His lips moved as if he were saying something, but no one heard it. He walked out of the hall, shuddered as he beheld the crowd that had gathered upon the sidewalk, felt his head whirling as he saw the patrol-wagon drawn up against the curb with his erstwhile companions sitting stolidly inside, and walked as swiftly as he could down the street. From force of habit he went to his club, but he never could remember whom he saw there. Then he went home, locked himself in his room and tried to think it all [illegible] He sent word to his wife [illegible] and would not be down for dinner. He went to bed and lay awake all night revolving all the horrible possibilities of the affair in his mind like an endless [illegible] that always came back to the same point and started all over [illegible] to the morning he sat for every newspaper and quickly read every headline. When he came to the fateful paragraph his heart sank. It was very brief.

"GAMBLING RAID IN TENEMENT [illegible] Police Make Numerous Arrests. Those followed a [illegible] and contained names that he had never heard before and [illegible]

"One of the patrons of the place who was caught in the police net was a well-known financier. As there was no evidence against him he was allowed to go."

The identical paragraph appeared in each [illegible] Mr. Fletcher wiped the perspiration from his forehead and breathed [illegible]

spotted; his dignity, like a battle line, had been pushed back but remained unbroken. And now, to forget it all. Mr. Fletcher slept late that morning and then, with head erect, went forth into the world and resumed his routine. It was not until he was in sight of the bootblack's stand that he remembered Antonio. He turned pale. His first impulse was to approach the bootblack boldly and offer him money to remain silent. Upon the heels of this, however, came the quick reflection that he might have to continue paying money for the rest of his life. Then he thought he would appeal to Antonio's generosity to keep his secret. Here his dignity rebelled. No, there was nothing to do but to face Antonio as if nothing had happened and then let matters take their course. And this Mr. Fletcher, with a fast-beating heart, proceeded to do. But he did not know Antonio.

"Dassa too bad!" began Antonio, the moment Mr. Fletcher was seated in his chair. "I geev-a da captain hell 'cause I tell-a heem you good-a man. 'You no tell-a me,' I say, 'dat Meestra Fletch' a-gamble!' Ees-a all right now. He no say-a nothing. Me no say-a nothing. You no say-a nothing. Ees-a all forget!" And he smiled cheerfully and nodded his head, and Mr. Fletcher, for the life of him, could not refrain from smiling. And now——

What was he—Antonio—doing home at that hour? The most wonderful luck in the world. His friend Rafaelo wanted to sell his little barber-shop for one hundred and fifty dollars cash and a mortgage on the fixtures, and Antonio, as soon as he heard of it, had hurried to see Rafaelo and had agreed to buy the place. It was on Bleecker Street, right next to Pietro's restaurant, and Pietro was an old friend of Antonio and would surely send all his customers to him to be shaved and have their hair cut. And Antonio had gone to the bank and had drawn out all his money, but it amounted to only a hundred and twenty dollars and he needed thirty dollars more. Did Meestra Fletch' know any financier who might be willing to advance Antonio thirty dollars upon the security of Antonio's word of honor to pay in two months, his note of the same period and a second mortgage on the fixtures? He did not like to bother Meestra Fletch' about such a matter but this was the supreme opportunity of his life. Antonio gazed anxiously at his customer.

Mr. Fletcher drew a long breath of relief. Had he obeyed his first impulse to offer Antonio money to remain silent regarding the incident of the preceding day he would have given him a hundred dollars at the very least. Mr. Fletcher was in complete ignorance of the standards of hush-money and in even greater ignorance of the standards of Antonio. Without a word he took thirty dollars from his pocket and handed them to the delighted bootblack. Antonio insisted upon shaking hands. Mr. Fletcher's shoes will never be polished as carefully as they were that day.

That evening the Fletchers were giving a very correct and stylish and stupid dinner-party when Mr. Fletcher observed that his butler, with a rather apoplectic expression, was trying to attract his attention. Mr. Fletcher was in the midst of what he thought was a humorous story and the interruption annoyed him.

"Well? What is it?" he asked, frowning.

"There's a—a gentleman to see you, sir. I told him you were engaged but he says it is very important. His name is Antonio, sir. He says he is a friend of yours." Mr. Fletcher gazed at his butler in dismay. In a flash the entire incident of the gambling raid flashed, in every detail, vivid as a panorama, through his mind. He apologized to his guests and left the room. Antonio, unimpressed by his luxurious surroundings, stood, smiling, in the reception-room. He shook hands with Mr. Fletcher. He handed him a [illegible] folded piece of paper.

"Dees-a da note for thirty dol'!" he said. He explained that his friend Ricordelli, who was a lawyer, was very busy with a divorce case but that, as soon as he had time, he would draw up the second mortgage on the fixtures. Mr. Fletcher frowned.

"Don't bother about those things," he said. "You needn't pay me back. I meant it as a present for you." And he made a gesture as if to tear up the paper in his hand, but Antonio held up a warning hand and, with an air of great dignity, said:

"My name Antonio Alessandro. You my fr'and! Alessandro may be gotta hard-a luck and borrow da mon' but—" he smiled proudly—"no Alessandro take-a da mon' for nothing!" Mr. Fletcher hastened to apologize, whereupon Antonio insisted upon shaking hands. He then told Mr. Fletcher that he considered him a partner in his new venture until such time as he was able to pay back the money. Then, twirling his hat awkwardly, and gazing shamefacedly around the room, he confessed that the Neapolitan girl about whom he had already spoken to Mr. Fletcher was employed in the barber-shop as manicure girl. Antonio had not yet spoken to her about his future intentions but —he smiled at Mr. Fletcher—there was no telling when he might do so. Business was very dull sometimes. One thing, however, Mr. Fletcher must not forget: He was welcome to visit the barber-shop at any hour and there would be no charge for hair-cut, shave or manicure. And he would never be kept waiting. He would always be "next." In fact, if he should be in a hurry, Antonio would not hesitate to make any customer who happened to be getting shaved step out of the chair to make place for Mr. Fletcher. He then shook hands again and departed. For the rest of the evening the guests wondered what had happened to make Mr. Fletcher so absent-minded.

A few days later Mr. Fletcher's butler handed him a card bearing the inscription "Scavalli & Vanuzzi, Dealers in Barbers' Supplies. J. Malatesta, Representative." Mr. Fletcher was at breakfast at the time. The butler gazed curiously at his employer as he read the card. Mr. Fletcher, groaning inwardly, rose from the table and went down to see his visitor. Mr. Malatesta was seated upon a tapestried sofa idly rubbing a grimy hand across the texture of the covering.

"I represent Scavalli & Vanuzzi," he said, briskly. "Your friend, Mr. A. Alessandro, wants to open an account with us and gave you as reference. All you got to say is whether he's all right. I can easy tell you ain't the kind of guy to stand for a dead one." Mr. Fletcher clung to a chair for support. His lips were firmly pressed together. Again he felt himself being pushed into the brilliantly-lighted gambling-room and he shuddered. He nodded slowly.

"Yes. He's all right," he murmured. Mr. Malatesta held out his hand and Mr. Fletcher shook it. After Mr. Malatesta had gone Mr. Fletcher washed his hands before resuming his breakfast.

"Why are those queer people calling to see you?" asked his wife. "I notice you look worried after you have talked with them. Is it about the real-estate?" Mr. Fletcher gazed at her blankly. And then:

"The real-estate?" he repeated. "Oh, yes. It's the real-estate."

During the week that followed Mr. Fletcher received a visit from Giuseppe Berterelli, dealer in tiles and mosaics. Mr. Berterelli was fat and smelled of hair pomade.

"Your partner," he began, "wanna put in a fine enamel tile floor, da best-a quality—number Six-a B, and wanna geev a note for two month. Eef you say all-a right I go ahead."

Mr. Fletcher looked gravely at his visitor for a moment. Then he nodded. Yes. It would be all right. Mr. Berterelli insisted upon shaking hands and offered Mr. Fletcher a cigar. Mr. Fletcher did not smoke. Mr. Berterelli wanted him to put it in his pocket and give it to a friend. Mr. Fletcher took it.

Every Sunday afternoon it was his custom to take a ride with his wife through the Park and up Riverside Drive in an open or a closed car, according to the weather. The Sunday following Mr. Berterelli's visit was a particularly balmy, sunny day, and it seemed as if every motor vehicle in town had made for the Drive. On the homeward trip Mr. Fletcher's car, caught in a tangle of traffic, came to a stop close to the Park curb.

"O oh! Da Meestra Fletch'!" With that sinking feeling to which he was almost growing accustomed, Mr. Fletcher turned and beheld Antonio hurrying toward the car, pulling a young woman after him by the hand. Mr. Fletcher had an impression, afterward, that the young woman was rather pretty and that she wore red, blue, green, yellow, purple and a few other colors. For the moment, however, he saw nothing but the back of his chauffeur's head. He then became aware that Antonio was holding out his hand and mechanically, he took it.

"Deesa da young lady I tol' about," said Antonio. "Shake-a hand weet' Mees Galvalazzi." Mr. Fletcher, with a sigh, and his gaze still riveted upon his chauffeur's head, extended a limp hand over the side of the car and felt it clasped eagerly in a soft, warm one.

"Antonio always talk about you," said Miss Galvalazzi, laughing. "All day long he talk Meestra Fletch'. He theenk you a grand-a man!"

"Dees-a my manicure!" said Antonio, proudly. The chauffeur happened to turn his head and caught Mr. Fletcher's despairing eye. The next moment the car moved ahead, with Antonio and Miss Galvalazzi crying cheerful farewells after him.

"What queer people!" said his wife. "What did they want?" Mr. Fletcher had not the courage to meet her gaze. He cleared his throat once or twice. Then:

"Tenants," said he. He soon forgot the incident, however, and it looked, after a few days and a few more visits from tradesmen to whom Antonio had given his name as reference, as if his relations with the barber might possibly become an accepted infliction in the routine of his life. But there came a last straw.

"I say, Fletcher," said Cromwell, as the former entered his club, "what's this I hear about your going into the barber business?"

"What's that?" snapped Mr. Fletcher.

"My man down in Fourth Street tells me he saw a sign on a barber shop—some Italian name or other & Fletcher. And when he went in to get shaved the chap told him you were in business with him."

"Must be some mistake," said Mr. Fletcher, indignantly. "Some outrageous mistake. I'll look into it."

This was too much. Without a moment's hesitation Mr. Fletcher sought his lawyer. After several feeble and ineffectual beginnings:

"The long and short of it, Wilbur, is that I was caught in a gambling raid," he blurted out. And then, with many a groan and a constant wiping of his forehead, he unfolded the entire tale. The lawyer listened with an impassive countenance. When Mr. Fletcher had finished, he smiled.

"I don't think you need worry about anything," he said quietly. "I'll see to it that your name is taken off the sign, and I don't think that chap will bother you again."

"But it must be done immediately," cried Mr. Fletcher. "Just think of it! Me the partner of an Italian barber!"

"You might do worse," said Wilbur, drily. "Nevertheless, don't worry. I'll be around to your house before dinner and let you know how it came out."

When the lawyer called upon his client that afternoon he gazed at him long and curiously. Then he drew three ten-dollar bills from his pocket and handed them to Mr. Fletcher.

"Your name is off the sign," he said. "In fact, Antonio pulled down the sign in my presence and threw it into an ash-barrel. He insists upon your taking back the money. He wanted to pay interest but I wouldn't take it. He's somewhat disappointed in you."

Mr. Fletcher snorted.

"I suppose he'll go around telling everybody everything that happened," he exclaimed.

"You mean about the gambling raid?" asked Wilbur, moving toward the door. "I don't think so. I'm afraid you've been dreaming, Fletcher. Anto[illegible] know anything abou[illegible] the whole story poin[illegible]

Mr. Fletcher stared, open mouthed, at the lawyer. Wilbur had opened the door and stood with his hand on the knob as if he were in a hurry to be gone and yet felt that he ought to remain longer.

"Denied it?" repeated Mr. Fletcher, blankly. The lawyer nodded.

"Quite chivalrously. I guess he comes of very fine people." A moment's pause. "Well, I must be going. Antonio is taking me to some Italian restaurant for dinner." Another pause. "By-by, Fletcher!"

Mr. Fletcher, the three ten-dollar bills still in his hand, sat for a long time staring at the door.

For some unaccountable reason he felt suddenly depressed.



Perfect Feet—Free From Corns

Dancers Can't Have Corns
Many Use Blue-jay

Blue-jay

Stops Pain — Ends Corns

IMMEDIATE relief—then the corn comes out in 48 hours. That has been the experience of millions of users of Blue-jay. This gentle, easy way removes the dangers of paring or harsh liquids. Prove it yourself—suffer no longer. Free yourself tonight. Blue-jay is for sale at all druggists, 25c the package.

BAUER & BLACK, *Makers of Surgical Dressings,* **CHICAGO and NEW YORK**





Do You Need More Money?

To help your husband to help your children —to help yourself? We can show you an easy way that is dignified, honorable and profitable.

The happy, contented women shown above are all *free from worry and with money coming in.* Each of them has founded, with our help, a growing and prosperous business and every year sees each of them making more money. And these cases are by no means exceptional, for

In More Than 13,000 Cases We Have Helped

ambitious, deserving women. You can do the same as they have done. Sell World's Star Hosiery and Klean-Knit Underwear in your home town. No previous experience is necessary—we show you how to make money in an easy, congenial and profitable way. We sell direct from the mill to the home through our local representatives, and our lines of hosiery and underwear for men, women and children are famous the world over.

Write today for our free catalog
It tells the whole story

WORLD'S STAR KNITTING CO
DEPT. 298 BAY CITY, MICH.
We have been in business here for more than 22 years



WHY NOT WIN!

A strong man, strong in mind and strong in body, can make more money in a single year than a weakling in a lifetime. You can acquire perfect physical and mental development easily, quickly and surely. No fads to follow, no medicines to buy, no worthless apparatus required. Let Permanent Health banish doctor bills.

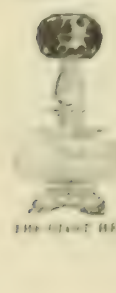
America Needs Men

Big business demands men whose healthy bodies and keen minds will stand the strain of the strenuous life. Build up your body through natural methods. Make work a pleasure. Command your business and conquer its problems. Get that stability, nervous strength and energy that will enable you to lead, not follow.

It CAN Be Done: It's Not Hard

Strongfortism will help you as it has helped thousands of others. True physical and Health Culture is systematic. It gets results. Intensive and easy. Send for my free book "Intelligence in Physical and Health Culture" written by the strongest and most successful physical culturist in the world. It's free to you for mailing.

LIONEL STRONGFORT
245 Park Building, Newark, N. J.



THE GIANT HEATER

WILL HEAT ANY ORDINARY ROOM IN ZERO WEATHER AT ALMOST NO COST

HEAT AND LIGHT AT ONE COST

of coal a year, besides its

BEST NICKEL PLATED BRASS BURNER $1.00
BRASS BURNER NICKEL PLATED $2.00

THE GIANT HEATER CO., 100 Main Street, Springfield, Mass.

HER COUNTENANCE

(*Continued from page 274*)

his voyages. No wonder 'e's never married again. No wonder 'e's kep' to hisself. Ain't she still living as far as 'e's concerned?"

The mate sniffed and leaned over the rail to see who was coming up the gangplank from the dock to the shelter-deck below.

"Give me your hand, boy," the Captain's voice boomed. "You understand my words to you. We shall not steal, lie—you nor I—come fair weather or foul."

"He's going to keep the little beggar," said the mate. "The Captain is laying hisself out for the stowaway. He's going to make a cabin and deck boy of him like as not. An' the officers of the *Klossen* ain't been consulted, eh?"

Full enough was the immediate answer to his question. The door of the Captain's cabin had opened and had spread a light on the deck like a strip of Chinese matting, and it went searching out and uncovered a bulky figure of one who had never before been seen on board the *Larribeu*.

This stranger was coming up the deck toward the master's quarters, and it could be seen at one look that he was a tall, big-framed brute of man in a ship's uniform. He had big bones in his face—jaw, chin, cheeks and forehead; his cap was in his hand and the hair on his head was cropped short and the skin on which it grew appeared to be stretched too tight over his low dome.

As was found out soon enough, he was the chief officer of the *Klossen*. Some wharf Spiggotty had carried the news of our stowaway to him and it had been the interned ship's launch that had been seen coming across the oily waters of Calagosta harbor.

"Report to the mate," said the voice of old Bellows in the cabin, and it was just as the boy was stepping out onto the deck that the German met him.

"So! So!" the officer let out with a hissing between his lips, and he pointed his finger at Pix and blew at him a hurricane of blasphemy.

The boy shut his eyes, but he stood up straight there in the doorway. The fist of the *Klossen's* mate swung back, for the man had lost all control of himself, and he struck the boy squarely between his closed eyes, knocking him out of the night and sprawling backward to the far end of the Captain's cabin, where, with his head against the chest-of-drawers beneath the master's bunk, he lay unconscious.

For a minute, while the German stood in the cabin doorway, all was still up there. Below there was a sound of a stream running out of the galley sink and dropping from the drain down to the surface of the harbor. The guitar was being fingered again. The air was sick and sweet with the odors of a tropical port.

Man and man the Captain and the officer of the *Klossen* faced each other. One was tall, baboonish, cropped of head, and still in youth, in the doorway; the other with meaty shoulders bulging beneath his undershirt, shaven face twisted by that which was going on within him, a head of white tousled hair, and leaning against the edge of his desk with the countenance of Emily smiling sweetly enough from behind his old thick neck.

The growl that came from the Captain came from somewhere down in the bunkers of him and it went on steadily—the growl of a volcano about to mind other people's business.

"Captain Pellows," said the other, with an oily and insulting manner, "I am Mr. Dobsch off der *Karl von Klossen*. You haf unhid dis deserter. And so—I haf come for him."

"You may have come for him," said Bellows in a deep trembling voice. "And I have two things to say—first, you are unworthy to officer a ship under any flag and your owners should be glad to discharge you. And second—you shall—not—have—this—boy!"

Anyone could see that the master's legs were shaking. His neck grew red and then his face. The old man was having a hard time of it, and he put one of his great hands forward and rested it on the black-leather Bible.

Dobsch spat out a deep ca oath.

"You know the law here," he said, with the veins bulging out on his temples. "Der poy by me got. Leave it to der harbor master, leave it to der government of Peru, leave it to anypody."

"Dogash! I know the law of this port And I know more of it, too. And no man can haff a boy to piece—him!"

"On a German ship," shouted the *Klossen's* mate, "der law does not come on poard der *Karl von* ——"

"But it does on board the *Larribeu*. You assaulted the boy on an American vessel."

"Chust der same I take him!"

"If you do—you're under arrest until I can turn you over to the Calagosta police—you—you—hm."

The Captain might have been recalling the full-mouthed words he knew and liked before Emily died and her picture had gone up in his cabin. It was a mighty effort that stifled them.

"So!" sneered Dobsch with his mocking politeness. "Der American Captain vould like some names to call. He vould not call dem pecause he iss so sweet and chentle, eh? Maype he iss too proud to fight?"

Heeny stepped up behind the visitor.

"No!" roared the Captain, as he saw his officer's face over the shoulder of Dobsch. "Stand away, Heeny! We want no violence and—hm."

He turned around and looked at the gentle face on the wall, which smiled at him.

"We want no violence," said the Captain positively.

The mate of the *Karl von Klossen* misunderstood, perhaps. At any rate he strode across the Captain's cabin and when he came to a stop above the bleeding boy there was a motion of his foot as if he were going to kick the lad's unconscious body. The Captain jumped forward between them, and there he stood with the nostrils of his long nose swelling and shrinking—over and over.

"Vell?" said the other. "Vhy my time take? You are too proud to fight. You vant der law—der law—der law. Ha! ha! Dis is der American chentle chentleman!"

"The Captain is too old, you sculpin!" came the voice of Heeny. "Come out here on the deck!"

"Silence!" roared Bellows.

The two men stared at each other, and from far away, on the Plaza, we could hear the Calagosta municipal band playing for the evening promenade. It came down from the lazy, warm wind which the cool mountains draw back from the surface of the sea across the town and across the inner harbor and across the plantations beyond and up the dried stream-beds.

"The Captain won't let me fight him," whined Heeny. "Did yer hear him—tellin' me to stand away? That's what religion does for a man. That's what a picture does for a man! Scoldin' an' arguin' an' hopin' for the best—like an old lady! And this here Dobsch, who is a disgrace to his own kind, a-baitin' an old white-haired man—beardin' us all in our own den, as the classics say!"

But old Bellows's voice was ringing out again. There was no roar of anger in it. It was clear and loud, but it was evenly spaced, and in the middle the Captain stopped as deliberately as he would pull the bells to shut down the engines, and looked over his shoulder.

"I wouldn't fight without a good cause," he said. "It wouldn't be approved. Some say there's never a cause to fight, Mr. Dobsch, but I believe there must be a mistake somewheres. I don't say I would fight for myself, but I see it clear enough that the law wouldn't serve this case, so you can rest assured I'll fight for this boy. He never had a chance—at home or at sea. He's going along of me—and I'll make a man of him!"

It was here he turned around and gave a quick glance between the barometer and the clock.

"Yes, I guess that's right. So I make you the proposition fair and square. Sit down there at the desk and write out a release for the lad. Then walk around that table, and after that it will be between us. If you can go back and get your release—tear it up and take the boy and your victory along with you."

The mate of the *Klossen* glared at the *Larribeu's* master for a moment. The veins stood out on his forehead and the skin on that low dome of cropped hair appeared tighter than ever. He sputtered, but there was a rising lust for violence in him and he would have signed a paper selling himself to the devil in order to have a smash at the Captain with nobody interfering and law-free.

He leaned over the master's desk and wrote, and then with a snort he went around the center table and around the black-leather Bible, and as he endeavored to return for the paper he had signed old white-haired Bellows met him. The Captain had a smile on his weathered face and his back was turned toward the picture on the wall.

Into the Captain's smile the mate of the *Klossen* drove a sledge-hammer of a fist. It struck full and fair and the old man staggered back. He staggered back, but he opened his mouth and roared with laughter.

The other man was astonished at this bellow of mirth. Indeed, he stepped back of the table and looked behind him, suspecting some trick.

"You needn't fear. It is between us alone," said the Captain, with a trickle of blood running down his neck and blotting up into his undershirt. "I laugh because it is wicked to contend in ill-will. I pity you, sir. Dogash your skin! I mustn't hate you, come what will."

A hoarse yell of rage burst out from Dobsch. He sprang at the old man again, pasting blows upon the giant chest which sounded like the impacts of wedge mallets on a hollow tree-trunk; he delivered smashing drives upon the old neck and upon the tousled white head and about the ears. One of the Captain's bare feet slipped back against a chair and overturned it. But above all the noises the Captain's laugh roared on—interrupted by a blow on the mouth—rising again. Old Bellows was getting the worst of it.

Heeny's anxious face, staring through the doorway into the cabin where the two fought under the glare of the two-hundred-and-fifty-watt ceiling-lamp, was twisted by the agonies of his anxiety and helpless rage. Old Bellows was being pounded down. But still he laughed—loud—an uproar of laughter! It was terrible to hear.

The younger, active brute of a mate from the *Klossen* was beating the Captain back. Between the center table, which was screwed to the floor, and the window-seat, which ran along the cabin on the deck-side, the mate had not found room to pass the old man in his struggle to floor him, knock him over backward or slip around him to the desk where he could reach the paper he had signed. He began to make rushes at Bellows, raining blows upward at the latter's jaws and face. But he did not stop the laughter.

The Captain was set forward on his short legs and his bare feet planted wide apart; his shoulders were down. He was using his weight and his breadth to obstruct his opponent. It seemed useless—a one-sided affair. Sometimes he threw out one great fist, blindly hitting nothing and almost throwing himself off his balance; sometimes he reached forward, groping with his great thick fingers in the air for something to seize and tear. They had found nothing, but he laughed on and on and on.

Dark spots came out on his red flesh where the bruises began to show and dark stains were on his undershirt where the trickles from knuckle wounds had run into the cloth wet with sweat.

At last, with a gasp, his eyes rolled up, he tried to struggle forward, he tried to laugh. The laugh was a cackle. The great arms, large as a man's leg, fell dangling from the meaty shoulders. He dropped back against his desk and found a prop there beneath the gentle smiling delineaments, as he called them, of his wife.

And then Dobsch with a yell reached forward for the paper, behind old Bellows, on the desk.

The movement seemed to bring the Captain to life. One of his great hands reached forward and seized the coat o[illegible] the meat upon the Captain's shoulders suddenly leaped into sinewed and knotted power. No man could have held back. The mate tried; it was too late. The arms of the *Larribeu's* master were about his waist—tightening—tighter, tighter! The mate was being bent backward. He beat at the tousled white head of his adversary which was pressing into his neck; his fists rained blows upon the back which under the cream-colored balbriggan of the undershirt looked like the back of a Holstein bull

It was in vain.

And now the Captain's feet found firm grip upon the hard-surfaced carpet. He pushed the mate toward the center table; he bent him backward. Dobsch's eyes, wide, bloodshot, terror-stricken, stared up into the glare



Oh-Thomas

"Take these shoes over to the repair man. Tell him to put on a pair of



CAT'S PAW
CUSHION RUBBER HEELS

"Don't forget that name. It's the kind with the Foster Friction Plug that prevents slipping. No, no other heel will do.

"You see there are no holes to track mud and dirt into the house. Fine heels for you, too, Thomas, less noise around the office, and you'd feel safer on the street.

"The repair man will put them on while you wait."



50c. attached, black, white or tan. For men, women and children, all dealers

FOSTER RUBBER COMPANY

105 Federal Street - - Boston, Mass.

Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which Prevents Slipping

of the ceiling light as he struggled and squirmed. The great hands of old Bellows locked, one over the other in the small of the other's back, held fast; the great, thick wrists turned white under the pressure. As the Captain's head pushed its way up under the mate's jaw the cords on the heavy old neck stood out as thick as a woman's fingers, and the meaty shoulders swelled and rolled as the body of the mate was crushed and twisted.

"Judas! I heard his bones go!" yelled Heeny.

Another laugh exploded from the Captain. The *Klossen's* mate thrust out a hand and made a try at catching the edge of the cabin door. It was hung inside, and not outside as is usual, a fact that anyone can notice when a chance is presented to go on board the *Larribeu*. His grip was torn loose. There was a moment left to look. The door was swinging. Yes, yes! The Captain was bending the mate back, over the table—back, back, back! The wife in the picture was watching them with her calm, sweet smile. . . . The door slammed shut.

From within there came the groans—low groans—and the laughter of the Captain had begun again. It ceased.

The door opened; the shaft of light was flung rolling out on the deck like a strip of Chinese matting.

The Captain almost filled the doorway, but behind him could be seen Pix. He had found his senses, and with his great blue eyes staring in wonderment he watched Bellows raise the burden which hung limp and dead weight in his arms and fling it sprawling out onto the deck.

"Throw some water on that unfortunate, misguided man and bring him to and show him the gangway," commanded Captain Bellows.

"Get him on shore before I lose my temper and my morals."

"Yes, sir," said Heeny, with his mouth open.

"And then take this lad below and use anything except lye and steam to give him a thorough cleaning."

"THE Captain took a risk—at his age," Heeny said to the engineer. "All for a stowaway—a little beggar who wouldn't ever appreciate what the old man done for him."

The *Larribeu* had cleared from Calagosta and was poking her fat nose in the oily swells below and, above, into the greasy fog which had rolled in from the sea in the late afternoon. On the deck below Pix was on his hands and knees with a bucket and a steel brush and the back and forth swish of it was like the sound of breaking and receding water on a pebbly beach. Forrard, there was no sign of life but one, and that the figure of the Captain on the bridge with his hands resting on the fog-wet rail, peering, peering into the thick of it ahead.

"I don't nowise agree," argued the engineer. "Wot test 'as the boy been put to, I asks. There is relationships wot spring up suddint and for which there is no explanation is wot I sye. Ain't the Captain an old, lonely man, I asks. And ain't Pix a young, lonely boy, I asks. You is always tootin' yer whistle at them two. 'Aven't you plenty of sea-room of your own, eh? Wot I wants to know is w'y the Captain is 'uggin' the shore like this. If this goes on, a nice Christmas we'll be having to-morrow—me eye, we will!"

"Don't you *sabe* the reason?" asked Heeny.

"No."

"I worked it out fer myself, I did. Do you think the Captain wants this fog to lift? No. If it was as thick as cheese he'd be better pleased."

"'Ow are you figuring?"

Heeny dropped his voice. He was of the confidential type of man. He said: "Why do you think the Captain is huggin' the shore?"

"Eh?"

"Come on, come on," exclaimed Heeny, exasperated. "What's ailing you? He wants to keep out of the way of her."

"What 'er?"

"The *Exploiter*. She's patrollin' this here coast. The wireless in Calagosta picked up one of her codes and she's layin' off here—waitin' for what she can see."

"The *Exploiter*—the British cruiser? Wot worries the Captain about 'er? I asks. Suppose she sent a hossifer aboard—wot of it? We ain't carrying contraband, I 'ope. Only nitrate."

Heeny made a wry face and dropped his hands in despair.

"Pea-brain!" he exclaimed. "They'd take Pix, of course. He's military age. Prisoner of war, you booby. That's what's eatin' the Old Man. I got Pix down on the registry as Number 32. Pixagorus Jones, which sounds Greekish or Californian or anythink. But if he opened his mouth to say a word the cat would jump out. Listen!"

Sneaking along the water's surface under the swaying fog came the sound of a steam-whistle—from how far away no one could tell.

"See if the Captain answers her," said the mate. "He has the bridge. See if he answers her."

The minutes passed.

"Huh!" the engineer grunted. "If the wind sprung a little they'd hear the sound of our engines."

"It has sprung," said the mate. "Look up forrard the way the mist is blowing acrost our decks. The fog will be gone in no time."

"Rotten luck, I sye."

The mate was right. The *Larribeu* suddenly thrust her nose out into the glare of the slanting tropical sunlight; she came out of the fog like a seed squeezed out of a grape. She was mercilessly exposed to view and there could be no doubt that the officers on the bridge of the *Exploiter*, a gray, lean craft, lolling on the swells three miles away, had seen her.

"Look there!" said Heeny. "The Captain has ported his wheel. He's going to try to run back shoreward inside the three-mile neutral limit."

The tail-wake of the *Larribeu* began to curl. Out of the door of the wireless house came the operator without his coat or hat, ran forward along the deck and pattered up the rubber-stepped ladder to the bridge.

"She's asked us to lay to," Heeny said.

The wireless man had gone back; and now came the click and burr and spit of the transmission.

"The Old Man is claimin' he's inside the three-mile water when with half an eye anybody could tell they'd caught him good and fair on the high seas," the mate whined.

"You oughter be on the bridge," snapped the engineer.

"When it's not my watch I'll go when I'm called. Hear the jangle of bells? There's trouble brewin'. Look at the bloomin' cruiser!"

The *Exploiter* too was on the move. She had swung her nose out of the trough of the long lazy swell, pointed it across the *Larribeu's* track, and a long tail of black smoke began to spout out of her funnels. Her bow cut into the seas and left a jagged edge of white; there was froth going astern of her, for she was running full steam ahead.

The wireless man, a little white in the face, ran out of his deck-room again, pattered up the ladder and entered the pilot-house.

"They're talkin' of a shot acrost our bows," said Heeny.

"Peace on earth, good will to men," the engineer replied, thinking of the season.

Down the steps came the wireless man; when he had reached the deck, the head of Captain Bellows was thrust out of one of the pilot-house windows.

"You needn't answer 'em, dogash 'em!" he shouted. "I'll take my chances till they fire on me."

The *Larribeu's* engines were pounding now as the heart of one unused to running and out of breath. Her nose was pointed toward the shore-blowing fog and the lowering sun was on her stern.

The engineer was the first to see the little white flash from the *Exploiter*. The shot struck the surface a few hundred yards beyond the freighter's nose and spaded up a plume of water. The sound of the shot was lazy; it came drifting along as if it were of no consequence when it arrived.

The jangle of the bells in the engine-room came up the ventilators, the *Larribeu's* screw stopped, the pulsing ceased—began again. The water at her stern boiled up into a froth. The birds swung back and forth over it in figure eights.

The sea appeared quiet and lazy. The *Larribeu* settled into the rolls, but the *Exploiter* still had some steerage-way left when the sound of her davit-blocks spoke of a lowered boat and a boarding crew.

"The Captain shouldn't have gone so far for no boy like Pix," complained the mate, but he was interrupted by the Captain's voice. "Mr. Heeny!" Old Bellows's face was drawn and weary.

"Yes, sir?"

"Come up here and take the bridge, sir. I'm going to my quarters to make ready to receive callers."

He came down to his cabin shaking his head from side to side. From the closet with the door of white and gilt he took out his new uniform with a sigh, he brushed it carefully, laid out a fresh shirt with stiff cuffs and gold



In Every Home

the provision of a daily ration of Grape-Nuts food adds to the family's health and happiness.

Grape-Nuts

contains the entire nutriment of wheat and barley, including the vital mineral salts which play an important role in tissue building and development of sturdy strength. The children, especially, need these mineral elements so often lacking in the usual dietary.

This splendid food digests quickly, hence is excellent for weak stomachs. Nevertheless it is a "man's-size" food, filled with nourishment—a builder of brain and brawn.

Ready to Serve, Crisp, Delicious, Economical

Every table should have its daily ration of Grape-Nuts

One of the

57

Has that tear off cap which makes it so easy to open.





HEINZ

India Relish

The Heinz ideal is to raise all fruits and vegetables under Heinz supervision, to raise them where they grow best, and gather them while fresh. Then expeditious methods, toothsome recipes and scrupulous cleanliness unite to make the Heinz label a guarantee of quality.

Heinz India Relish is a splendid result of these thorough-going methods. It is a sweet pickle relish made from delicately seasoned chopped vegetables. Its appetizing flavor, its real piquant pickle taste add zest to nearly every kind of food. If people only knew how good it is, it would be used on every dinner table in the land, as it is right now on thousands of them.



links. It was his hair which gave him the most trouble; it was all tousley and he wet it again and again and dragged the brush through it. Only when he had finished his dressing and appeared somewhat starched and pink and new did he go over to his desk and lean forward there with his back to the open port, looking into the quiet expression of his wife's eyes.

At last he spoke. He said:

"Emily! Don't you let 'em take the boy from me!"

He sat down at his desk, faced the door, and when the second mate came there and mumbled a name by way of introduction of the British officer the master arose with great dignity.

The man from the cruiser could not have been over thirty. Patrol service on the West Coast had laid on coat after coat of tan, and this gave his eyes, which were blue, great prominence and emphasized their quality of twinkle.

"Captain Bellows?"

"Yes, sir."

"I wish you a Merry Christmas!"

"Thank you, sir! I wish you the same."

"Cargo papers, if you don't mind."

"They are here."

"Thank you. Nitrate, I see. San Francisco. Thank you, sir. We regret having to put a shot across your bows, sir."

The Captain was silent.

"Is that your daughter, sir, if you will pardon my asking."

"That is the countenance of my wife."

"I wish to see your crew, Captain Bellows."

The master of the *Larribeu* stiffened.

"Mr. Heeny, my chief officer, has the roll. It will be a pleasure to me to show you over the ship."

"Thank you, no sir."

He was a graceful, springy person, this Britisher, and he stepped over the raised sill onto the deck without turning his back on the older man.

But when he returned he had Pix.

He pushed the boy through the door and the Captain grabbed at his own knees and leaned his meaty shoulders forward in a position stiff and awkward.

The British officer had a paper list in his hand and he ran his finger down to the bottom and said:

"Pixagorus Jones."

The Captain's eyes stared at him—on and on in a pained, reproachful stare.

"Well, sir?"

"Well, what?" asked the Captain.

"Where did you get this boy—who is he?"

The Captain wet his lips with his tongue, he coughed, he ran his finger around the wet, starched collar.

"He came to me from another ship," he said. "He appears to me to be young. Well, sir, they had abused that boy——"

"No doubt that is why I cannot get a word out of him."

The Captain looked quickly toward Pix, and he saw that the lad was the color of a hatch canvas, was standing with his back to the wall, his hands clenched and his lips shut tight. His blue eyes were wide with awe but they talked, and they asked the Captain for help.

"Well, sir, they abused that boy," old Bellows went on in a manner meant to suggest a casual narrative. "He came to me for a job—all torn and baffed in the face, sir. But there was promise in the boy, as one can see by looking him in the eyes. I suppose I've always wanted a son and it gives a man a different feeling. At any rate, I went to some trouble and I had some differences and some unpleasantness to get the boy. And I intended to see he had a chance at last—a little kindness and a little looking-after. I intended to keep him with me on board the *Larribeu* and maybe later attend to his education and such matters."

"Why do you say 'intended,' as if it were a thing of the past," asked the navy man severely.

"Well, as I was saying, I meant to do for the boy—he came to me ducking and cringing and I was going to build up his honor and his self-respect."

There was a long silence.

"Well, Captain Bellows, I suppose you know why I brought this boy up here. It is because when I saw him I suspected he might be a German boy. If he were a German boy he would be of military age according to this entry, which makes him out a citizen of the United States, and I would have to take him. There are German interned ships along this coast and the *Von Klaxon* is at Calagosta where you just cleared."

The Captain swallowed an imaginary obstruction in his throat. Drops of perspiration were rolling down his temples.

The British officer looked straight into the old man's eye.

"I know the type of master you are, sir. I shall not bother you more in the matter. I confess to the suspicion that this boy is a German boy, but if you will say that, so far as you know, he is not, I will accept your word for it, sir, as final."

The clock ticked on. The sunlight slanted into the cabin through the open port and fell upon the walls of white and gilt.

To tell a lie!

Pix stared at the Captain—the Captain, his only friend! The friend who had risked his body for him—for Pix! He would now risk his soul?

To tell a lie! One lost self-respect and manhood. The Captain had said it. And then *She*—that woman in the picture—she was against a lie! And purgatory—if there was a purgatory! All this for his friend the Captain!

Pix must have thought of the cost of it all. He must have thought that he would never see the Captain again. The light which had come was to be blown out in one puff. And to be a prisoner of war! Pix had heard wild tales of the English. Death would be better. Pix must have seen all that.

"Well, sir, what do you say?" asked the British officer.

Captain Bellows turned around once and looked behind him and then he wet his lips. He thrust his legs forward as if to brace himself.

"So far as I know——"

"Oh!" The cry came from Pix.

Out tumbled the words with tongue-thrusts and breath-gasps.

"Stop—please! Not for me—Captain—please, please!"

With one of his young paws he clutched the British officer's sleeve.

"I am a Cherman!" he shouted. "Don't you let der Captain lie. He nefer lies. I am a Cherman!"

He stood there panting and trembling. The *Larribeu* rocked lazily in the gullies of the swells.

"Well," began the British officer, but there he stopped. He looked at Pix, at the Captain, at the faint smile upon the lips of the photograph between the barometer and the clock.

He saw and suddenly he smiled.

"So that's the way the land lies," he roared at Pix. "You're a blooming little rascal, you are! Shame on you! You've heard how topping we treat our prisoners. You want to get out of working for Captain Bellows, eh? You want to have it soft, eh? You want me to take you away from this ship where you've been treated fair and decent, eh? You ungrateful puppy! Well, you shan't—do you hear? You shan't!"

Pix's eyes were as large as butter-plates; it was beyond his comprehension.

But the Captain understood.

"Good-by, sir," said the Britisher, holding out his hand. "Mighty sorry to have troubled you."

"Good-by, sir," the Captain said.

Only when the boat's crew of the *Exploiter* was rowing back toward their ship did the Captain think of something he had omitted.

Then he leaned out over the end of the bridge and bellowed over the water: "Wish you a Merry Christmas, sir!"

AT six bells the *Larribeu* was out of sight of land, her engines pulsing like a good sound heart in a human body, and her nose pointed to the flush whi[illegible] where the sun had dro[illegible] sea.

Mr. Heeny was pacing back and forth on the bridge, but Captain Bellows was in his cabin with the desk light lit, his feet in slippers on the center table, his white hair all tousled, his meaty shoulders resting against the back of the desk-chair.

Once he looked a long time at the picture above him.

"She was here!" he said.

And then he picked up the book called "Investments and How to Make Them Without Loss" and fell to reading. . . .

Pix was at the galley door below. The chow-boy gave him a piece of cake, and Pix took it away with him, whistling until he took the first bite.



L. Fabie

ICE MINT

The Modern Way to Foot Comfort

Now that tender, aching, swollen, corn-pestered feet are turning gratefully to Ice-Mint, every drug store is a Mecca of the foot-sore.

Since the discovery of this Good Samaritan, thousands have enjoyed the cooling, soothing comfort that Ice-Mint brings. In this creamy, snow-white, harmless, easy-to-apply preparation, you too may find just the foot comfort that you have been longing for. Try it.

MAKE THIS TEST

From your druggist get a small jar of Ice-Mint. Rub a little on any tender, aching corn or callus. Instantly it will relieve the pain and soreness and make the feet feel cool, comfortable and rested. Soon, under its pleasant influence, hard corns, soft corns, corns between the toes and painful calluses will gradually loosen and can be lifted out easily with the fingers—root and all, leaving the surrounding skin in normal, healthy condition.

Ice-Mint is so pure and harmless that a child could even eat it. Therefore, it can never inflame or irritate even the most tender skin. Its refreshing perfume, born in the dewy mint-beds of old Japan, quickly banishes all foot-odors. Ice-Mint's active ingredients are all imported from Japan, home of the healthiest, best-cared-for little feet on earth. The principle behind Ice-Mint embodies the oldest and soundest practise of the proper care of the feet.

Wise Ancients anointed their feet with oil
Wise Moderns rub their feet with Ice-Mint

Those who have experimented in vain with sticky plasters and harsh liquids will find a delightful contrast in the cooling, soothing comfort that Ice-Mint brings. Hot days, modern footwear or long hours of standing have no terrors for the friends of Ice-Mint. Therefore, if you have tender, tired, aching feet, painful, stinging corns or calluses, by all means get acquainted with Ice-Mint. It is waiting eagerly to help you—meet it half-way at your drug store. You will enjoy the cooling, restful comfort that it brings.

UNITED SALES & MFG. CO. :: Elmira, New York



PAINTED FOR LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

TODAY, "big" men—young as well as old—know that it is worth while to give some thought even to what they smoke.

Of course, Fatima is not the only cigarette chosen by these men; but it perhaps comes nearer to it than any other.

This is doubtless because men find that, even though they may smoke more often than usual, Fatimas still leave them feeling keen and alert. Fatimas are rightly called "sensible."

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

FATIMA

A Sensible Cigarette



MY FIFTY YEARS IN THE NAVY

(*Continued from page 279*)

but even suggested ordering one of their own cruisers to watch for the Spaniard, escort him to the remotest part of the bay; and see that, if he moved at all, it would be merely to leave the harbor. Indeed, before the hurried return of our Minister, Mr. Bryan, from the summer capital at Petropolis, everything was satisfactorily adjusted. Our Government was reaping the reward of having taken measures to secure the friendship and goodwill of the Brazilians. They were sorely in need of money at the time and we had offered them one million dollars for the almost worthless *Nictheroy*. She was still undergoing repairs when she was turned over to me and placed under my orders.

Having settled this first difficulty I found myself confronted by an even more vital question in the next few hours. I think I can give no better idea of the situation than by quoting the dispatches received from the Department from April 30, the time of our arrival, up to May 4, when we sailed. These, of course, were in code and were deciphered by Ensign Johnston, my clerk. There was so much anxiety evidenced in them that I felt they were not calculated to put confidence into the ship's company, so I kept all but portions of them to myself.

That of April 30 instructed me to "await orders."

The one of May first said: "Four Spanish cruisers heavy and fast, three torpedo-boats deep-sea class, sailed April 29 from Cape Verde Islands to the west. Destination unknown. Must be left to your discretion entirely to avoid this fleet and to reach the United States or the West Indies. You can go where you desire, or if it be considered as last resort and can rely upon Brazilian protection, may remain there under plea of repairs. *Nictheroy* and *Marietta* subject to orders of yourself."

Cablegram of May 2: "Do not sail from Rio Janeiro, Brazil, until further orders."

Same date: "My telegram May 2 countermanded. Carry out instructions in my telegram May 1 to proceed with *Oregon*, *Marietta* and *Nictheroy*."

May 3: "Inform Department of your plans. Spanish fleet in Philippines annihilated by our naval force on the Asiatic Station."

The general trend of these telegrams made it plain that the Department felt our position was critical and that it did not wish at such a distance from the scene of action to take the responsibility of forcing one ship, however great the need for her, to face the chances of so unequal a contest. Therefore it left the decision to me. I appreciated the consideration, but at the same time it was a case where one would have much preferred to be backed by positive orders. In entering upon a course which involved the possible loss of a ship so valuable to the nation, the feeling that you were simply carrying out the wishes of that nation would have been a strong moral support. As I was denied this, I thought the situation over with the utmost care and came to these conclusions: First and foremost, if this Spanish squadron was headed for the West Indies, as I was inclined to believe, the necessity for the *Oregon's* presence with our fleet there was all the more urgent. If, on the contrary, it was making for Rio with the idea of intercepting the *Oregon* it could undoubtedly, by maintaining a certain speed, arrive in that vicinity before we could get away, but it did not seem likely to me that the Spaniards would make this attempt to cut off a single ship, especially as there was a possibility of missing her altogether. And if they did come upon us we would give them a good fight. I made up my mind to take the chance.

The decision reached, I called all the commissioned officers together for a conference, and told them of the contents of the cablegrams, except of the permission to remain in Rio for repairs. Their loyal support and enthusiasm were most encouraging. I then laid before them my plan for the conduct of a fight in case we met the Spaniards. It was my intention to make it a running fight if possible, as we could use six turret and two six-inch guns right astern, and I hoped that by running at our full speed we might be able to string out the pursuers and cope with them singly, as did the survivor of the Horatii when flying from his three weakened enemies.

I sailed from Rio on May 4, and finding a few hours afterward that I was greatly hampered by the *Marietta* and *Nictheroy*, and knowing that they would be rather a source of anxiety than help in battle, I left them off Cape Frio and pushed on.

The morning after our departure, at the suggestion of R. F. Nicholson, the navigator, I called the crew aft and read them the dispatches concerning the strength of the Spanish squadron and the uncertainty of its movements. I added that I was sure, should we meet, that we would at least lower Spain's fighting efficiency upon the seas, and that her fleet would not be worth much after the encounter. The men cheered and rejoiced as though the fleet had been already sighted and a victory assured.

Four days later we ran into the port of Bahia and I despatched the following cablegram, which would of course allow the Department control of the situation again:

"Much delayed by the *Marietta* and *Nictheroy*. Left them near Cape Frio, with orders to come here or to beach if necessity compels it to avoid capture. The *Oregon* could steam fourteen knots for hours and in a running fight could beat off and even cripple Spanish fleet. With present amount of coal on board will be in good fighting trim and could reach West Indies. If more should be taken here I could reach Key West, but in that case belt armor, cellulose belt and protective deck would be below waterline. Whereabouts of Spanish fleet requested."

The Department answered: "Proceed at once to West Indies without further stop Brazil. No authentic news Spanish fleet. Avoid if possible. We believe you will defeat it if met."

On receipt of this dispatch we left Bahia at once and two days later, having turned Cape San Roque, the *Oregon* could at last lay a course for home waters.

On May 18, about 2 A.M., we entered Carlisle Roads, Barbadoes, and anchored. The Governor immediately sent word that we must leave within twenty-four hours, but added that we could reckon the twenty-four from daylight the next morning, which would give us a little additional time. With the object of making our action as misleading as possible to those who might be supplying information to the enemy, we announced that we would take on coal as late as 2 A.M., while actually planning to leave much earlier. Indeed, before ten that evening the lighters were cast off, and the *Oregon* was steaming out of the roadstead. With lights showing we ran for a few miles toward the passage between Martinique and Santa Lucia, then extinguishing them, we turned southward and ran back past Barbadoes. After getting well outside we shaped our course clear of the Virgin Islands, then of the Bahamas, and made for the coast of Florida, the last stage of our long journey.

The latest news that had reached us of our own fleet was that a part of it was concentrated near the Dry Tortugas and a part at Hampton Roads. By touching at Jupiter Inlet and telegraphing the Department from there it could send us orders to reënforce either of these squadrons. So it was that, on the night of May 24, the rays of Jupiter Light streamed out to the *Oregon* like the fingers of some friendly hand extended to welcome her home. One of our boats, in charge of Ensign Johnston, was hurried ashore with the following telegram to the Secretary of the Navy:

"*Oregon* arrived. Have coal enough to reach Dry Tortugas in 33 hours. Hampton Roads in 52 hours. Boat landed through surf awaits answer."

The reply came: "If ship is in good condition go to Key West. Otherwise to Hampton Roads. The Department congratulates you on your safe arrival, which has been reported to the President."

The *Oregon* on receipt of this telegram started for Key West, arriving there May 26. We began coaling at once from lighters we found waiting for us outside the reef. Admiral Sampson's flagship, the *New York*, came in for coal the next morning, and it was while making my official call on the Admiral that he told me of the plan for blocking the harbor entrance at Santiago, where Cervera's squadron had just been located, by sinking a steamer in the channel. This idea seemed to me an excellent one, as I think it would have to any one at that time, for the Spanish cruisers were then regarded as much speedier than our battleships, and the only two of our vessels we imagined could bring them to



A Birthday Breakfast

For any gala-day breakfast, in most up-to-date homes, the dominant dish would be Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

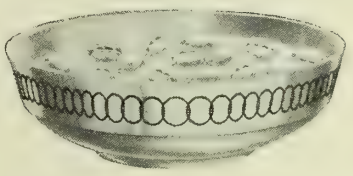
This is the company dish—the extra-fine dish—the dish for rare occasions. But a better understanding, we believe, will make Puffed Grains your standby.

These bubbles of grain are not mere food confections. They are whole grains—minerals, vitamines and all—with every food cell exploded.

They are scientific food creations, invented by Prof. Anderson. With every granule blasted, every atom feeds. No other process so fits whole grains for food.

According to all authorities, everybody needs some whole-grain diet. Here is that diet in a perfect form.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**
and Corn Puffs
Each 15c Except in Far West



Serve in Every Bowl of Milk

Puffed Grains seem like titbits—airy, flaky, eight times normal size. But they are clear nutrition, fitted for complete digestion. And not an element which Nature stores in wheat or rice is lacking.

At every meal there is a place for these delightful morsels. Serve with cream and sugar. Mix with any fruit. For luncheons or suppers float in bowls of milk.

Use them in candy-making, or as garnish for ice cream. Scatter them in soups. Salt like peanuts for children after school.

When whole-grain bubbles are made so inviting, why not serve them in every way you can?



Mix in Every Dish of Fruit

The Quaker Oats Company
SOLE MAKERS

(1683)

Insurance Economy

Non-Agency Savings
Health-Conservation

PLACING LIFE INSURANCE *without agents* has been the method followed by three leading English companies for many years.

THE POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY was chartered in this country twelve years ago, and since that time, anyone desiring *sound insurance-protection at low net cost* has been able to secure it by applying *in person* at the Home Office of the Company or *through correspondence*, thus dealing direct and getting the benefit of the savings thereby effected the *first* year and *every other*.

9½%
Dividends *guaranteed* in your Policy and the Usual Contingent Dividends Paid Besides

Besides this savings effected, the Company's Health Bureau arranges one free medical examination each year, if desired, so that the policy-holder may detect disease in time to check or cure it. THE POSTAL LIFE, indeed, is the Company of *safety*, *saving* and *service*.

Find Out What *You* Can Save

Simply write and say: "*Mail insurance particulars as mentioned in Hearst's for October.*"

In your letter be sure to give:

1. **Your full name**
2. **Your occupation**
3. **The exact date of your birth**

No agent will be sent to visit you. The Postal Life employs no agents; resultant commission savings go to *you* because you deal *direct*. That is *real* insurance-economy.

Postal Life Insurance Company
WM. R. MALONE, President
511 Fifth Avenue NEW YORK

Partial Payment Investments

We have prepared a list of high grade issues suitable for investment either on a cash basis or on the Partial Payment Plan.

Many of these stocks if bought on the Partial Payment Plan will net you as high a return, on the money involved, during the period of payment as their cash yield. Some of the issues listed return more than you are paying for them.

Send for List No. 15 and Full Partial Payment Information

John Muir & Co.
SPECIALISTS IN
Odd Lots
Members N. Y. Stock Exchange
Main Office, 61 Broadway, N. Y.

New York, N. Y. Brooklyn, N. Y. Newark, N. J.
Rockefeller Center New Haven, Conn.

PATENTS

Write for How to Obtain a Patent, List of Patents Wanted and $1,000 Prize offered for Inventions. Send Sketch and Description of Invention for Free Report as to Patentability. Our Four Books Patents, Trade-Marks, Copyrights, Unfair Competition sent free.

FREE

VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., 761 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

action, the *New York* and *Brooklyn*, would, with their comparatively light armor, have suffered heavily in such an event, if they had not been altogether destroyed. The later annihilation of the Spanish fleet no more disproves the wisdom of this plan, as we saw matters then, than the failure of the heroic Hobson and his brave companions to effect what they intended disproves their heroism.

On the morning of the 28th of May we fell in with Admiral Watson's fleet. It was Sunday morning and all hands in the fleet were dressed for inspection. Our decks were still piled with coal and everybody black with its dust. I was not permitted to report on board the flagship, however, before we had passed the length of the entire line, the crews cheering themselves hoarse as we went by, and the *Indiana's* band playing "The New Bully." Truly, we felt as some one aptly described the Highlanders—"Proud and dirty."

Watson's fleet was practically marking time north of Cuba and near the western entrance of the Bahama Channel, in order to intercept Cervera's squadron should it leave Santiago and attempt to reach Havana that way. There were two or three monitors in this fleet and our arrival enabled the battleship *Indiana* to leave for coal. The next morning Admiral Sampson arrived. He was much disturbed by the report that our fleet under Commodore Schley, which was blockading Santiago, had retired to the westward. He at once telegraphed the Department that, having the support of the *Oregon*, he would start for Santiago at once and blockade for an indefinite time if necessary. So the *Oregon's* worn-out engine-room force must prepare for a dash of seven hundred miles at speed again. All felt that we had come at a supreme moment, however, and gladly made ready to do their utmost.

We were asked what was the best speed we could make without undue strain on our machinery, and answered "fourteen knots." Twice, in the early part of the run, the *Oregon* came racing up almost abeam of the *New York*, and was checked by the signal "Keep your station better." These checks in full career meant an unnecessary waste of steam and effort on the part of the men, so when another signal came: "Can you maintain speed without too much strain on machinery?" I answered: "Yes, if we are not required to keep our station."

This must have occasioned some explanations on the flagship, for it was some minutes before the reply came back: "The Admiral does not wish you to keep your station."

After that the *Oregon* tore along like a thoroughbred, passing the *New York*, or dropping astern as her firemen and coalheavers flagged or roused themselves anew.

Two more days, doubt and excitement were ended, for in the haze off Santiago our ships were sighted, Commodore Schley having returned and renewed the blockade. Their appearance and, later, their signals proved them to be the *Brooklyn*, *Massachusetts*, *Iowa*, *Texas*, *Marblehead* and *New Orleans*, with several smaller consorts. We took up our station some distance east of the entrance to the harbor and began our part in the blockade which was to last until July third. The night of our arrival Hobson made the attempt to carry out the plan of blocking the narrow channel. The nature of the enterprise—which seemed to the full as desperate as that in which Somers, Israel, Dorsey and Wadsworth lost their lives in Tripoli—was no check upon the eagerness of our officers and men to share in it. Of the many that volunteered for the expedition only a few could be taken, however. When morning dawned it was thought at first that Hobson's object had been achieved, for the sunken *Merrimac*, with her smokestack, spars and upper works showing, seemed to us to be lying directly in the channel. In fact, the *Oregon* and *Texas* were ordered to take positions close enough in-shore to prevent the enemy from boarding or moving her. It soon developed, however, that she had drifted too far over to the eastern side of the channel to block it effectively. Speculation as to the fate of Hobson and his brave crew was relieved by an announcement of their safety from the magnanimous Cervera, who strangely enough had been the one to rescue them.

On June 3, Commodore Schley and the captains were called on board the flagship for a conference. An attack upon the Spanish batteries had been planned for the next day, and the Admiral wished to assign us our stations. Captain Philip suggested that as the date set was Sunday, there be a delay of twenty-four hours, and to this Sampson agreed. As suggestions seemed to be in order, I brought forward one that appeared to me most essential. It was in relation to our defense against attacks by torpedo-boats, of which we knew at least a couple had entered the harbor with the Spanish cruisers. Up to this time the only watch that had been maintained against what should have been a most effective weapon of the enemy was that kept by our gunboats, which naturally could not get very close to the harbor entrance without being observed and fired upon. My proposal that launches or pulling boats should also be used for this picket duty roused some debate, for our ships, stripped for war service, had only two or three boats apiece, and in addition to this scarcity of numbers there was the anxiety about their crews to be considered. Should rough weather occur, with a rising sea, there would certainly be great difficulty in picking them up. It was finally decided that the *Massachusetts*, *New York* and *Oregon* should furnish these picket-boats.

It may not be out of place here to try to give some idea of the peculiarities of Santiago harbor and the position of its fortifications. There are hills on either side of its narrow entrance, on the one side precipitous, and on the other sloping. The picturesque mass of the Morro crowns the abrupt eastern shore, while on the western slope lay the Socapa batteries. Directly at the entrance the channel makes a sharp turn to the right, seeming to hide itself behind the craggy headland of the Morro. It becomes visible again as it curves to the left to round Socapa Point; then, with another bend to the right, vanishes behind the high land of Punta Gorda, which to the eye of the observer from outside would almost appear to close the passage. The city of Santiago lies four miles above this tortuous entrance, so it will be seen if we had been obliged to force our way in to fight the Spanish fleet, we would have been exposed to the fire from the Morro and Socapa batteries, then to the mines in the channel and to the batteries on Punta Gorda before we were able to reach the squadron which was anchored near the city. The batteries would have given us little concern; since experience had taught us how inefficiently they were served; but the mines were a real menace, for if our leading ship were sunk by one it would block the way for all the others. I learned afterward from Admiral Sampson that if circumstances had compelled him to force an entrance he had intended to have the *Oregon* lead in, so I might have been vitally interested in the position of these mines.

On June 6 our fleet moved forward in two columns to begin the first bombardment. The *New York* and *Brooklyn* led, followed by the battleships and the *New Orleans*, *Marblehead* and *Yankee*. The columns opened to right and left as they drew within range and brought their broadsides to bear. This bombardment—as well as the others following it—was a very one-sided affair. The Spaniards never fired a shot while we were taking position, and if they replied at all during the attack it was so seldom as to be scarcely noticeable. As we drew out they manned their batteries and fired a few scattering shots after us. Even the most conspicuous target did not seem to rouse them to activity, for in a later bombardment the *Oregon* was ordered to steam in, in advance of the line, and silence or destroy a rifled-gun battery on the Punta Gorda, which as will be remembered was some distance inside the entrance. After the *Oregon* had taken her position and begun firing, the *Massachusetts* and *Indiana* joined her and the battery was very quickly disposed of, without damage resulting on any of the three ships.

On June 10 the *Oregon's* marine guard under Captain Randolph Dickens and Lieutenant Davis, in company with marines from the *Marblehead*, had landed on the eastern head of Guantanamo Bay, the first armed force to set foot on Cuban soil. Later in the afternoon the *Panther* arrived with the marine battalion, and despite several annoying attacks the position was held during the rest of the war.

THE latter part of June the entrance of our army into Cuba brought complications in its train. If it had landed beyond the Morro to the eastward and, moving along the crest of the high plateau on which it stands, had made it and the Socapa batteries objects of attack, we could have protected one flank during this proceeding, and if it were successful could then have gone into the channel with our small boats and picked up the mines. This would have left the way open for us to enter the harbor and tackle the Spanish fleet. But the army, instead of adopting this cooperative course, had marched inland toward the city of Santiago, where it had fought bravely, but had met with such heavy losses that



On Gas Ranges

Wise women don't use stove polish—nothing but 3-in-One Oil. It keeps the black iron parts free from rust caused by steam, moisture and gases. Keeps the nickeled and enameled parts clean, bright, untarnished. Put a little

3-in-One Oil

on a soft cloth and give your range a good going-over today. Also oil the action parts of the burners with 3-in-One—makes them work freely.

See Dictionary of Uses (wrapped around each bottle) for many other valuable household uses.

3-in-One Oil is sold at all good stores in 50c, 25c and 15c bottles; also in 25c Handy Oil Cans.

FREE Generous sample of 3 in One Oil and *Dictionary of Uses*. Send Postal.

Three-in-One Oil Co.. 165CDH. B'way, N.Y



LET HIM GIVE YOU A

Real Command of English

It will take only some of your spare moments at home; no repellent grammar-study; each lesson as clear as day-light, and inspiring to the highest degree. Commence now—let Grenville Kleiser teach you through his mail Course in practical English, how to

Enlarge Your Stock of Words—
Use the Right Word in the Right Place—
Write Tactful, Forceful Letters, Advertisements, Stories, Sermons, etc.

Become an Engaging Conversationalist—
Enter Good Society—
Be a Man of Culture, Power and Influence in Your Community.

Good English is absolutely necessary to the highest success in life. What material benefit is it to have good ideas if you can not express them adequately—if you can not make others see them as you do!

We will send by mail full particulars of this famous Course. No cost, no obligation to you—but ask for them to-day, on a post-card.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Dept. 67 NEW YORK

You Have Natural Ability

THERE is one kind of work that you can do better than any other. Your **natural ability** fits you for it. And too, you will make **more money** in this job than in any other. To fit yourself into the right job that utilizes your natural ability is a difficult task. Some men never find the right jobs. But you can get help.

Analysis Free We have helped thousands—and will give you the same analysis free. Will tell you how to line up your natural talents with your practical experience. The analysis is free.

Write today for the personal examination blank. Just send name and address. You'll be under no obligations.

American School of Correspondence
Dept. G-1287 Chicago, U. S. A.



Take a KODAK with you.

Wherever you go, there you will find Kodak film to fit your Kodak.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.



Des nuées de duvet ne sont pas plus douces; les aîles de la mouette agile ne sont pas plus blanches; le contour des fées n'est pas plus fin que ne l'est mon charmant talc Djer-Kiss. —*Kerkoff, Paris.*

Translation:—Feathery clouds are not more soft, wing swift gulls are not more white, fairy forms are not more dainty, than is my fascinating Djer-Kiss Talc.

Le Talc de Distinction

Madame, Mademoiselle: If only you could see with what infinite care, with what pride and distinction, we here in Paris soften and fragrance Djer-Kiss Talc, you would prefer it instantly for *your* talcum powder. Captivating is its exquisiteness, captivating its *charme Parisien.*

C'est vrai. I would like well to have you try it. Please do so. You may find it in any good shop—yes, today. —*Kerkoff, Paris.*

ALFRED H. SMITH CO.
Sole Importers, NEW YORK CITY

Djer-Kiss
Made in France only
TALC

EXTRAIT SACHET | TOILET WATER FACE POWDER | SOAP VEGETALE

General Shafter wanted Admiral Sampson to force the harbor entrance and come to his aid. This did not seem good strategy to those who knew that the capture or destruction of Cervera's squadron was the real object of the Cuban campaign, but it was obvious that something would have to be done, and done quickly, for the yellow-fever season was approaching and that scourge would have mowed down our forces more relentlessly than any human enemy. So it was that, early in the morning of July 3, Admiral Sampson on the *New York* steamed eastward to Siboney for a conference with General Shafter. The *Massachusetts* was away at Guantanamo coaling. Owing to the absence of these two vessels, the other ships had slightly changed their usual positions in the semi-circle fronting the harbor. The *Brooklyn* was at the end of the line to the westward, then came the battleships *Texas*, *Iowa*, *Oregon* and *Indiana*, in the order named. Also there were the two small gunboats *Gloucester* and *Vixen*, stationed at the eastern and western ends of the circle.

It was Sunday morning, and a beautiful, clear day. I was in my cabin and had just buckled on my sword and taken up my cap to go on deck, for the first call for inspection had sounded, when suddenly the brassy clang of the alarm-gongs echoed through the ship, and the orderly burst through the cabin door exclaiming: "The Spanish fleet, sir! It's coming out!"

I hurried on deck, thinking it must be a false alarm, but as I hastened forward man after man greeted me with: "You'll see her in a minute, Captain! She's behind the Morro now!"

Just then I saw clearly enough the military top, and then the bow and smokestack of a man-of-war sliding rapidly past the second point in the harbor, and as she disappeared behind the Morro the leading ship rushed out from the entrance with a speed that seemed inspired by the assurance of victory, firing her guns as she came.

One rapid glance around showed me that everything, under the energetic supervision of Lieutenant-Commander Cogswell, was being done in preparation for battle. The *Oregon* was thrilling with life, men hurrying to their stations at the guns, engines throbbing, screws beginning to revolve. For the moment I interested myself in the firing of a six-pounder near the bridge with the idea of spreading the alarm to our other ships. There has been much said about who fired the first shot at Santiago. It is but reasonable to suppose it was either the *Iowa* or the *Oregon*, for they were the only vessels which, from their stations, had a clear view of the Santiago channel and consequently of the ship passing Socapa Point.

We had a general order from the Admiral, if the enemy should come out, to close in on him at once, but I am sure every commander was obeying his natural impulse rather than any order when the forward movement began. Before the leading Spanish ship, the *Maria Teresa*, was obscured by the smoke of the cannonading which started immediately, I had seen that she was heading to the westward and as it was almost certain the others would follow her, and it was equally plain they would all be out of the harbor before I could reach its entrance, I too turned west. Suddenly, from behind the curtain of dense smoke, the *Iowa* emerged, close on our starboard side. I gave the order "Hard a-starboard!" for it was evident that we were drawing ahead of her slowly and ought to go clear. Just then some one near me shouted "Look out for the *Texas!*" and I turned to see her looming through the smoke-clouds on our port bow. For one intense moment it seemed as if three of our ships might be put out of action then and there, leaving only the *Indiana* and the lightly armored *Brooklyn* to cope with the foe. The only thing to be done was to put our helm hard a-port with the hope that we might clear the *Texas* and that the *Iowa*, seeing that we must either cross her bows or run her down, would sheer sharply to starboard. Captains Philip and Evans, both fine seamen, must have instantly grasped the situation and acted on it, for we did pass between them, but by so narrow a margin that I felt that coming to close quarters with the Spaniards would be infinitely preferable to repeating that experience.

A little afterward the smoke lifted, and somewhat ahead of us and on our starboard bow we saw all four Spanish ships, and realized that at last our meeting with the long looked-for fleet was actually to take place. They showed no signs of the severe punishment they had received at the entrance, and as we did not know then how much their machinery had deteriorated, I noticed with surprise that the *Oregon* was not only keeping pace with them but was even gaining a little. Indeed, seeing nothing between them and us for our less-speedy companions were considerably in the rear, I said to the navigator "Well, Nicholson, it seems we have them on our hands after all."

At that moment, some distance outside, and therefore on our port bow, I saw the *Brooklyn*, Commodore Schley's flagship and commanded by my old friend, F. A. Cook. She was a little ahead of us and her guns were doing good work. Although we knew that with her light armor and less-powerful battery she could not give us the aid one of the battleships would have afforded, yet the feeling of having a comrade in arms near us was much, and I remember saying with some emotion to one of those standing beside me: "My old roommate is in command of that ship."

At almost the same moment, as we afterward learned, when we tore out of the smoke-clouds and were sighted by the little group upon the *Brooklyn's* bridge, the relief at our approach broke out in exclamations of "Here comes the *Oregon!* It's the *Oregon*, God bless her!" Ensign Johnston, who was close at my side all that day, reported that the *Brooklyn* had a signal flying which read "Follow the flag," and I immediately ordered it to be repeated on the *Oregon*, so that the vessels further astern might see it. This signal was kept flying till nearly noon when, realizing that our other ships had dropped so far astern that it could not be read, I ordered it hauled down.

About this time we noticed signs of distress on the sternmost Spaniard. This was the *Maria Teresa*, Cervera's flagship. As she had come out of the harbor first and then fallen back to the rear, I have always thought it must have been Cervera's chivalrous idea—he came of one of the old Castilian families to whom such ideas are natural—to cover the retreat of his flying ships and to bear the brunt of the combat. Smoke was seen presently, rolling up from the doomed vessel, and making a sharp turn she headed for the beach. As her colors were still flying, we raked her as we went past—I remember it went to my heart to do it—and pushed on for the next ahead, the *Oquendo*. We closed in on her to a distance of about 800 yards, the nearest that vessels approached that day. She could not stand the punishment long. Fires broke out all over her, and she too ran for the shore. Nicholson said: "Captain, that vessel could be destroyed now," but I answered: "No, that's a dead cock in the pit. The others can attend to her. We'll push on for the two ahead."

It took us a little time to come abreast of the *Vizcaya*. We kept up a continuous fire upon her, but it was nearly eleven o'clock before she turned for the beach, in flames. As this last battle-torn wreck of what had once been a proud and splendid ship fled to the shore like some sick and wounded thing, seeking a place to die, I could feel none of that exultation that is supposed to come with victory. If I had seen my own decks covered with blood, and my officers and men dying around me, perhaps resentment would have supplied the necessary ingredient, but as it was the faces of the women and children in far-away Spain, the widows and orphans of this July third, rose before me so vividly that I had to draw comfort from the thought that a decisive victory is after all more merciful than a prolonged struggle, and that every life lost to-day might mean a hundred saved hereafter.

The *Colon*, the only remaining ship, had drawn several miles ahead and as she kept on with undiminished speed I thought a shell or two falling near her might give her a hint that it would be well to surrender. So a little after twelve o'clock, when she was still at a distance from us, I consulted Nicholson and Ackerman—both of them ordnance experts—and Eberle, who had been doing fine work in our forward turret, as to whether the great elevation required at so long a range would be too much of a strain upon guns and mounts. We decided to fire once with range set for nine thousand five hundred yards. The shot fell short, and we were preparing to increase the range, when the Chief-Engineer, who had just come up on deck, said: "Captain, I was thankful when I heard that gun. I was meaning to ask you if one could be fired. Our men down below are nearly played out, but if they can only hear the guns they will brace up again."

At 1.10 P.M. one of our shots fell close alongside the *Colon* and she headed for the beach, her colors coming down, and with them the last vestige of Spain's power in that New World which had once known her as its ruler.

THE END

THE MOBILIZING OF JOHANNA

(*Continued from page 264*)

Leroy rode up to the Major-General's tent. General McRoberts was feeling better now that the court-martial was under way. He greeted Leroy with a witticism.

"Well, Colonel, are you looking for a horse razor? I see you've got your nag covered with shaving-soap."

Leroy laughed with proper subordination, dismounted and panted:

"I've come to see about that charge I preferred, sir."

"I suppose so," said McRoberts. "Well, Colonel, I may not be able to get shoes and socks and undershirts for the men, for they come from on high, but by George, I can get 'em justice, for that comes from here. The court-martial meets to-morrow morning at ten. Everything's coming along nicely."

"Thank you, General, but I'd like to withdraw the charge, if you don't mind."

"Withdraw the charge! You're still delirious! It's the surgeon you want to see, not me."

"But, General, if you'll pardon me, I've changed my mind."

"You have, have you? Well, you can keep the change. I've given my orders."

"Yes, but I really, General——"

"The charges are very serious, sir. Your mood is frivolous. You have been struck in the face and you want to let it drop. Great Scott, Colonel, you disappoint me!"

"But, General, you don't understand."

"Oh, yes, I do. I've read the charge and the specifications. There are three witnesses to the blow, two enlisted men and a girl."

"It's on her account that I want to reconsider. It will be a terrible thing for her."

"Bosh, Colonel. Bosh! I've seen her. In fact, I have drunk some of her dish-water lemonade and even eaten one of her glucose ice-cream cones. Once I bought one of her unsmokable cigars."

"But she's a nice little thing, General. She's young, she's——"

"And for the ignorant daughter of a poor farmer, you ask me to overturn the discipline of my division?"

"There'll be a scandal, General."

"What scandal could equal the idea that an enlisted man in my division can hand a Lieutenant-Colonel a crack in the jaw and get away with it? The suggestion amazes me. If we overlook this, every soldier in the army who gets a command he doesn't like will go to the mat with his officer. Russia has just been trying that experiment, and the result was discouraging. No, sir! No, sir! This is an army, not a boxing-class."

"But, good Lord, General, Johanna——"

"General Jehosaphat!"

"Will you permit me to withdraw the charge?"

"I will not. I am the convening authority. I have ordered the trial. It goes on, and you go on with it. And I warn you to make out a good case, or you'll hear from me, sir."

"But, General!"

"Are you going to hit me in the jaw according to the new standard of discipline? Orderly, my compliments to the Division Surgeon, and ask him to come here with a thermometer. Now, Colonel, sit down and have a drink of vichy, or I'll ship you to the base hospital. In fact, you'd better stay to dinner and talk things over quietly."

ADJUTANT Van Rensellaer had paid no further visits to Johanna after that first one in which he learned that her family was older than his. That excitement having passed, he had thought of her and her people as illiterate, infinitely remote relations who reflected no honor on the name, and had not even remembered how to spell it.

He was trying manfully to live down the joke that he was a kinsman of the lemonade and buttermilk stand, when he was appointed Judge-Advocate. His duties would be mainly those of prosecuting attorney, though he would have a certain quasi-judicial function and an obligation to protect the witnesses and the defendant from illegal treatment.

He called Isher and Pettingill before him and learned their version. Then he visited the guard-tent and heard Vibbard's case, informing him of his privileges and warning him of his dangers. He asked Vibbard if he cared to be represented by counsel, but Vibbard, whether fearing all officers or none, decided to entrust his rights to the Advocate-General. Then he talked. He was still the zealot and he made Leroy out to be the sort of *roué* one meets oftener in books than in life.

Vibbard's picture of Johanna was contradictory. One moment she was an innocent child; the next a sly wanton; the next the pitiful victim of Leroy's wiles; the next a born trouble-maker, reveling in luring good men to desperation.

The Adjutant left him with a complicated interest in Johanna. When he met her he was astounded. In the brief while of the regiment's visit to her neighborhood she had undergone an absolute metamorphosis. She was like a plant that had enjoyed the advantages of all the methods of forced cultivation. She was a student of life who had had hundreds of tutors. She had been schooled all day long in every variety of conversation with every variety of character. She had lived years in weeks.

The Judge-Advocate, not having watched the swift graduality of her improvement, could hardly believe the testimony of his eyes and ears. She knew how to talk and sit and dress and smile. She talked at least two years better than before, and she talked her best to him.

She was exalted to her highest degree, too, by the fact that she had learned her fearsome power. The army that had floated in across her dismal horizon like a fleet of angels had turned out to be a mob of homesick, girl-sick, jealous schoolboys who looked up to her as their teacher, their mother, their sweetheart, their tormentor, saint, woman, devil. She had enjoyed the ecstatic privilege of seeing two men at the extremes of rank fight a pitched battle for her. The downtrodden, neglected waif she had been was the downtreading, celebrated siren. No wonder she had self-confidence and could be at ease. The Lieutenant-Colonel had taken a blow for her; why should she fear a captain-adjutant whose upstart family came over as immigrants when her people were old settlers?

The Adjutant was amazed, amused, fascinated. He found Johanna's new mind as becoming as her new dress. She had got them both ready-made with a few alterations, and they sat on her with equally excellent fit.

And Johanna, feeling that it was a sort of family talk, and finding the Adjutant manifestly yielding to her charms, deployed them, tried her arts upon a new victim, spread out all her eyes like a peacock's and made herself gorgeous.

The lonely Adjutant was soon proffering her the gallantry of his protection. People were always trying to "protect" Johanna from other people, when they couldn't protect themselves from her. She noted that. She began to ridicule Leroy and Vibbard a little and the Adjutant enjoyed it immensely. She noted that.

He reminded her that he and she were distant cousins, and yet a while later when she spoke of him as a cousin, he hastened to protest.

"But of course we are not really related."

It had suddenly swept over him that if she were a blood-relative of his he must not flirt with her, but only love her thus and so.

So he disowned her very flatteringly. He betrayed his emotion by the double-time cadence of his breath. And Johanna noted that. Johanna had become an accurate noter.

The more the Adjutant talked the more it became a matter of indifference to him what happened to Leroy and Vibbard, provided Johanna did not suffer. He must shield her from the clumsy follies of both men.

Besides, when Leroy's illness had threatened to remove him from the regiment, if not from the earth altogether, the Colonel had hinted that the Adjutant was his choice for the lieutenant-colonelcy over any of the majors. And the Adjutant thought—well, ambition is not insubordination, and he felt that his best way to serve his ambition was to prepare and conduct this trial in the most impeccable manner.

He repeated to Johanna that he would protect her and avoid dragging her through the trial. Johanna was avid enough of experience to regret the scheme to keep her from the thrill of it.

"Will you hold it at a court-martial house?" she asked.



The $200,000,000 business riddle

Every year $200,000,000 worth of something burns up. It isn't wood, it isn't cloth, it isn't coal. Most men think it can't burn. What is it?

Suppose you go down to business tomorrow morning and find your fireproof building a smoke-blackened and fire-swept shell with the contents well burned out and your employees standing around, wondering what's going to happen to them.

Insurance money will replace the physical property loss.

But something else burned up. What was it?

Answer: The six precious Intangibles of Business.

A—Part of your Good-Will has burned up, since some customers who have to turn to your competitors will never come back.

B—A large block of expected annual profits has burned up, for this will go down into history as "the year of the fire."

C—Part of your prospective business has burned up, because certain outlay and work on new prospects is wasted; you couldn't serve them now, even if you got their orders.

D—Part of your credit has burned up; you can't get insulted now if people doubt whether you will be able to pay for those big hurry-up purchases promptly or not.

E—Part of your organization of workers has burned up because, in times like these, many experienced and valuable workers will drift away; they can't afford to wait for you to get going again.

F—And an asset known to bankers as "a going business" has partially burned up.

Yes, Intangibles burn up—they are as combustible as gasoline. The only way to insure against their loss is to put in a system of automatic sprinklers and *prevent* their burning up.

Secures lowest rate

Sprinkler-protection saves so much in insurance premiums each year that it usually pays for itself in a few years. It cuts your insurance rate 40 to 90 per cent. It diverts a large part of your annual outgo for insurance into the asset column (building equipment).

Any real master of industry nowadays will tell you: "Sprinklers are famous for saving their cost by insurance reductions; but I would have sprinkler-protection even if it *cost* money instead of *saving* money. I can't allow my business to be interrupted by fire."

Thus far, we haven't said anything about Grinnells. When you reach the question of what sprinkler system to buy you will not be able to escape the fact that the Grinnell System is the standard, backed by the largest company and the longest record. It's more than a coincidence that it protects more property than all other kinds put together.

Easy way to find out

We can tell you quickly how profitable a Grinnell system will be for you if you will give us certain data. May we send you the set of questions known as the Grinnell Exemption Blank?

Don't theorize—get the figures! Address the General Fire Extinguisher Company, 286 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.

GRINNELL
AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER SYSTEM
The Factory-Assembled System

FOR THE MAN F WHO CARES

The Florsheim SHOE

THE increased cost of high-grade materials makes it more important than ever that you rely on a quality trade-mark for the satisfaction you have a right to expect.

Eight to Ten dollars; reasonably priced, value considered.

There's a Florsheim dealer in every city showing the season's correct styles. His name and booklet on request.

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.

The Gothic—
Today's most popular model—
Look for name in shoe



DIAMONDS —ON— CREDIT



Eight Months to Pay

Beautiful Diamond Sent to You on Approval

NO MONEY DOWN

No obligation. pay as you can. Order any [illegible] from our catalogue, when received, if not absolutely satisfactory, return it. Other wise keep it and pay one-fifth of the price, and balance in small monthly payments thereafter. Ten per cent discount for all cash. A binding quality guarantee with each diamond. Any diamond purchased from us may be exchanged at a yearly increased value of 6 2/3 per cent on a larger purchase.



SEND TODAY FOR FREE CATALOGUE DELUXE. No. 15A Over 1000 photo [illegible] and bargains—rings, pins, etc., diamonds, and other precious stones.

L. W. SWEET & CO., Inc.
2-4 Maiden Lane, Dept. 15A New York



10 Cents a Day Pays for This Symphonola

Beautifully Illustrated Symphonola Book FREE

Larkin Co. Desk 9H-1911, Buffalo, N. Y.

"No, in a tent," said the Adjutant. "It's no place for a charming girl like you."

"Oh, I don't mind," said Johanna. "I'm used to soldiers."

"I know, but—well, I think I can convict Vibbard without trespassing on your time."

"I got plenty. But say, if you convict Vibby, what does he really get? This death talk is all bunk, o' course."

"I'm afraid not," said the Adjutant solemnly. "Of course he may only get a sentence to the military prison. But the Major-General wants to make an example of him." An example to Johanna had something to do with an arithmetic lesson; it was very terrifying.

"Send my nice Vibby to the eleckric-chair or the jail?" she gasped. "Not much you won't."

"But he struck the Colonel."

"Aw, he didn't hurt him any. I tell you I won't let you do any harm to poor little Vibby. You get him allowed free now, or I'll never speak to you again."

The Adjutant left in a swirl. If he procured the acquittal of Vibbard he would perhaps lose Johanna; if he let the poor fellow go hang, he would certainly lose Johanna.

He studied the Manual for Court-Martial with intense assiduity, reading the instructions again and again and attending to the multitude of chores imposed on him, including the arrangement of the court-martial tent, the tables, chairs, stationery and books, the notification of the members, and the witnesses, and the correctness of the charges. He noted on a paper the maximum punishment imposable upon conviction and it stirred him when he wrote the word "Death."

It sounded a trifle severe, too, considering what provocation poor Vibbard must have received from the maddening eyes of Johanna. The Adjutant thought that a lesser penalty would be better, provided only that it removed Vibbard from the environs of Johanna.

THE court-martial assembled and the officers took their places, with profound attention to rank, alternately to the right and left of the president, Major Wappinger. At the foot of the table sat the Judge-Advocate Van Rensellaer, the reporter, and the accused, and the Lieutenant-Colonel who accused him.

The Judge-Advocate made a record that all the court was present, announced his readiness to proceed, and that the prisoner did not desire counsel; swore in the reporter, read aloud to Vibbard the order appointing the court, and asked him if he challenged any member of the court. Vibbard shook his head. He had challenged one officer and he was plentifully scared. He was thinking of his mother and wishing that he had never left her.

Then Van Rensellaer swore in the members of the court, beginning with the senior and president, Major Wappinger, who vowed that he would "well and truly try and determine according to the evidence the matter now before you, between the United States of America and the person to be tried, and that you will duly adminster justice, without partiality, favor, or affection," and so on down to the "so help you God."

Vibbard began to sweat cold water when he learned that "the United States of America" was against him. When he realized that he was being tried by officers for striking an officer the word "affection" did not promise him much support.

Having sworn the court, the Judge-Advocate was himself sworn by the President. Then he read to the accused the charge and the specifications and asked:

"How do you plead to the first specification?"

"Yes sir," said Vibbard. He was so dazed that he did not know what "specification" meant.

The Judge-Advocate nursed him along to a plea of "Not guilty" to both of the specifications and to the charge.

Van Rensellaer then called for James Isher, who came in and saluted with a hand that shook and shook again as he tremblingly vowed what millions of persons have sworn to tell and no human being has ever yet told, "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." He recounted the story as he remembered it, coloring it as best he could to please the jury of officers who looked as if they would like it exciting. He was dismissed and Pettingill called.

His description of things seen and of words heard varied amazingly from Isher's, of course. His idea was that the officers would like the story to be polite. He dressed down what Isher had dressed up. Such discrepancies always occur and are accepted as proofs of good faith, since two stories that agreed exactly would smack of rehearsal—which is in itself an eloquent comment on the accuracy of human testimony.

Captain Bregan was called in to tell what he had seen and done as Officer of the Day. His version was yet a third variant. Colonel Leroy was the next to appear and he was manifestly nervous. He tried in every way to keep Johanna's name out of his testimony and Van Rensellaer resented this infringement on his own delicacy.

Vibbard had sat in a daze, hearing his deed as it struck these icy-hearted witnesses. They had missed the whole point of his devotion to the highest ideals; they had forgotten or garbled the eloquent things he thought he had said to Johanna. They made him out a common thug, assaulting a perfect gentleman.

He asked to be put on the stand and Van Rensellaer could not restrain him. Vibbard brought Johanna's name to the fore with a vim. He delivered a eulogy upon her that made both the Advocate and the accuser indignant. Vibbard's testimony was an oration on Knighthood in Flower. He described Johanna's innocence and his own efforts to keep it intact; the girl's grateful acceptance of his protection, her girlish trust in him, her love for him, and then the terrible change as the subtle tempter, the wily aristocratic Colonel, began to get her into his power.

Van Rensellaer tried to check him, but was himself checked by the president of the court, an old dragon who usually had a novel in his camp-trunk. There was no question about it, Vibbard interested the court. Those members who had never seen Johanna longed to see her, and those who had seen her wanted to see her again with this new light on her.

Lieutenant-Colonel Leroy was breathing fire as he heard Vibbard's novelization of the drama and the outrageous casting of Vibbard as the hero when in Leroy's version he was the low villain. As soon as Vibbard reached his Finis, Leroy asked to be recalled.

Now he told a story that differed from Vibbard's hardly more than from his own first version. He made Vibbard out to be a vulgar scoundrel whom Johanna had never loved and never had said she loved. Leroy made himself the rescuer of her innocence, the sacred trustee of her young affections.

Vibbard now wanted to come back to the stand and answer Leroy. But by the time Leroy had tired himself out, the court was no longer interested in the unimportant detail of Who got struck, and Why? What the court wanted to know was Which one did Johanna love? and What's Johanna like?

The Judge-Advocate prepared to close the testimony, but Major Wappinger checked him.

"Hold on a minute, Judge-Advocate. Where's the little woman in the case? In these matters I believe as the French say in "*shershaying ler fem.*"

Van Rensellaer protested. "Her testimony is immaterial, sir. That the blow was struck appears to be the crux of the case and to have been not only proved but confessed. There seems to me to be no need of dragging in Miss Rensler."

"Drag her in, sir," said Major Wappinger, with evident popularity among the other twelve.

When Johanna arrived she was regarded with as much attention as if she had been Helen of Troy. She was already literature to the court, and in their celibate lives she rekindled romance. Their famished eyes multiplied what graces she had and the fact that she had involved two soldiers in a mortal affray gave her a mystic authority. The court rose as she entered.

To Vibbard and Leroy she was the very Goddess of Fortune with their fates in her dice-box. The Judge-Advocate called her "Miss Van Rensellaer" and swore her very gently. He apologized for the necessity of troubling her and began to ask her questions as if he were interceding with a queen.

Johanna answered the first queries with meek timidity but she gained confidence from deference and gradually became restive, as hard to lead or check as a heifer on a rope. At length she broke away completely, vexed by the Judge-Advocate's overzeal in keeping her from saying too much.

"Can't you leave me tell it my own way?" she demanded.

"By all means, my dear," said the Major.

"By all means, Miss Van Rensellaer," said the Judge Advocate.

Johanna's agitation was so great that most of her recently accumulated baggage of culture went overboard. She told at length how the Army had came like a surprise-party to her lonely home how nice everybody had been. Vibbard had been very nice when he pasted the face offen Isher for getting fresh, but afterward Isher had been very nice and had apolergized. Everybody had been very nice, especially the poor sick Lieutenant-Colonel, who was awful nice and taught her to pernounce words proper and use grammar correct. She liked to go and walk with Vibbard, or with almost any of the soldiers, because they were all nice boys that wanted to fight for their flag and you had to forgive a fellow a lot for that and you couldn't blame them for getting excited leaving home and all and living out in a pasture all day and night and she felt sorry for them all when she thought that some day they might all be crossing the ocean and getting submarined and drownded in the terrible water or all blowed to pieces in the horble trenches and she didn't think else mattered much.

Since the scrap between the Colonel and Vibby she had been thinking things over and now she seen that everything was all her fault. She's got her head swole from having everybody so nice to her all of a sudden and she'd tried to see just how many beaux she could keep on her string. She'd promised to marry half-a-dozen fellows when they came back from the war and she wasn't worth one husband, let alone six. It was a shame poor Colonel Leroy had to go and get soaked in the jaw on her account. He could have whipped poor Mr. Vibbard maybe if he hadn't have been so sick. And it was a shame poor Mr. Vibbard got so excited about her. She had two nice men trying to proteck her from any harm, but a girl who would set two nice fellows to fighting wasn't worth fighting over and she was terrible ashamed of what she done.

She had heard folks saying that the fight was a mighty serious thing and poor Mr. Vibbard might have to die for it, and it would be a shame, for he only wanted to die for his country.

If anybody was to get shot or hung for this it had ought to be her for she was no count anyway, only a homely old thing not fit for anything but to melk cows and sell lemernade. And if anybody in her darling old army got hurt or killed or anything on her account she would go and jump in the crick and say "Here goes nothin'!"

She had a good cry that distressed the court acutely. Thirteen judges, a judge-advocate, a court reporter, an accuser and an accused felt their hearts going out to her—and if there had been room for them all about her sparse form they would have all embraced her and patted her back and promised her anything she wanted if only she would quit crying.

These poor bachelors of war, immobilized in this vast wilderness, were like castaways on a foreign shore. Johanna's spell was as potent as that of any Hindu half-caste or South Sea Island princess. Her dialect was as quaintly fascinating as that of any *Madame Butterfly*.

Major Wappinger was so touched that he resolved to obtain for her her heart's desire at any cost. He needed only to know what it was. When her tempestuous sobs had been reduced to an almost comfortable sniffling he called the court to order and in a broken voice directed the Judge-Advocate to hurry up and get it over with.

Before Van Rensellaer could crank up again the romantic Vibbard rose to his feet saluting in all directions and mumbled:

"If Your Honors don't mind I'd like to say a word. Miss Rensler is a lady I'm proud to have fought for and if the Court wants me to die, why, I don't mind, seeing it's for her." Johanna rewarded him with a most precious look. Whereupon Colonel Leroy rose and asked permission to be heard.

"As the accuser I wish to say in the presence of Miss Rensler that I tried to withdraw the charges and was prevented. I should like to make another effort."

Johanna was too much excited to remain. She was led to the door of the tent by the entire court. Her last glance rested on Vibbard with pride in his devotion, then on Leroy with delight in his generosity. No one could say which of the two held her higher esteem—the one who could die for her or the one who would save him at the cost of his pride.

When the lantern of her presence had been removed, Colonel Leroy spoke as in a gloaming with rich feeling:

"Private Vibbard's testimony has convinced me that while he labored under a

cruel delusion as to my motives, his behavior according to his lights was very manly. I should grieve to be the cause of administering a rebuke of any sort to the very soldierly ideal for the protection of womanhood for which I stand."

Vibbard rose and saluted and said with immense emotion:

"Colonel, you're a white man, and I'm for you!"

"Thank you, Vibbard," said the Colonel, putting out his hand with splendid democracy. "I'm glad we understand each other. I cherish no ill-will against you, and whatever may be the verdict of the Court, Miss Van Rensellaer and I will always think pleasantly of you."

Vibbard's hand broke free. "Miss Van Rensellaer and you will think pleasantly of me! How about her and I thinking pleasantly of you?"

Leroy looked at him with contempt.

"Why, you—you!" He remembered himself in time and spoke coldly!

"I think the trial had better go on as the Major-General insisted. I should perhaps remind the honorable court that when I urged the General to let me withdraw the charge, he said that the army discipline would be ruined if this scoundrel were permitted to go unrebuked. It is evident that the General was right as usual. I do not wish to incur his displeasure by interfering with his commands."

He sat down and everybody felt a cold chill in the air. General McRoberts was one who believed in exacting subordination from his officers no less than from his men. He had made it plain that he expected the same deference from a Brigadier-General as from a company cook.

Major Wappinger shivered. He was afraid that they would have to go on. He ordered the withdrawal of the prisoner and the plaintiff, then spoke sorrowfully:

"I regret to say that about the only recourse left to us is to proceed in conformity with the evidence which seems to be conclusive, to state our findings and our verdict, and let the prisoner throw himself on the mercy of the convening authority."

Everybody shuddered. Throwing oneself on the mercy of Bulldog McRoberts was like throwing oneself on a bosom of concrete. Everybody thought of Johanna. There was a long silence. How could they dare to file out and face her. How could they ever dare go near her lemonade-stand if they disobeyed her prayer and condemned her Vibby?

The Adjutant who had had her definite behest to prevent harm befalling Vibbard glanced over the charge-sheet nervously. Suddenly a light struck him. He rose, and said:

"If the court please, I find on reconsidering the charge that it contains a fatal, or shall I say a fortunate, flaw. I can absolve myself from blame for it, since it was drawn up by Captain Bregan, signed by Col. Leroy, and endorsed all the way up, and turned over to me by the Commanding General himself.

"Now, the 64th Article of War, as the honorable Court well knows, states, if I may be permitted to read it to this learned body: 'Any person subject to military law who on any pretense whatsoever strikes his superior officer or draws or lifts up any weapon or offers any violence against him being in the execution of his office, or wilfully disobeys any lawful command of his superior officer shall suffer death or such other punishment as a court-martial may direct.'

"I beg to invite your especial attention to the clause 'being in the execution of his office.' Now, is it not evident on the face of the testimony that Colonel Leroy was not in the execution of his office when he ordered Vibbard to return to his quarters? In a sense he had no office, for he was absent from duty on sick leave, under the surgeon's care and, as is well known, not entirely recovered from an illness in which delirium played a large part."

The court restrained itself with difficulty from giving three cheers. It sat up closer to the table as one man. The debate was lively, but none of it concerned the possibility of a flaw in the Judge-Advocate's argument.

They were all afraid of the Major-General, except when they had the sacred text at their backs. Every soldier knows that there are few joys in the military life equal to tripping a superior officer on a technical point. The very rock of refuge is "But the book says," and the mightiest must bow to it.

There was a lively sense of joy and the Adjutant was warmly congratulated on saving the thirteen officers from committing an injudicial and most injudicious murder. The Adjutant was invited to take full credit for the rescue, and quash the charge, but he took refuge in the Book and begged to remind the Court that the Book specifically compelled him to withdraw when the Court made its findings.

He withdrew with a smile that they would have gladly preferred charges against him if they could have found the article.

THE Major-General had only a garbled and shamefaced account of the trial from some of the officers, who were abject with a sense of guilt, without being able to tell just what they had been guilty of.

The Major-General, not having been subjected to the appealing pleas of Johanna, saw in the findings of the court only that ridiculous breakdown of male systems of practice when a woman weeps against them.

He growled "The findings of the court-martial are contemptibly correct. 'Of Specification 1, not guilty; of Specification 2, guilty except as to the words "who was then in the execution of his office;" of the charge, guilty. Sentence, reprimand.' I approve the findings and set aside the punishment."

"But that leaves no punishment at all for Vibbard," said Major Wappinger.

"Let the army stand the gaff. That girl has put it on the blink!"

Major Wappinger walked away with Major Steuben and when they were out of sight of the General they exchanged winks.

"Anyway, we got Johanna her wish," said Steuben.

"There's one thing worries me," said Wappinger. "Which one of those two fellows is she going to favor now?"

To that question they could find no satisfactory answer.

IT was a dim, misty evening that evening and the Rensler porch was veiled in a lilac-drenched gloom. The weary family as usual had gone to bed, though Ma lay sleepless up-stairs, much troubled by the sound of the old rocker, the squeak of the chair and the soft flop of shoes.

By and by Ma heard the gate squeal as a shadow passed through; there were hesitant steps on the walk; they paused at the porch. There was a low murmur of affectionate inquiry in a soft male voice which Ma could not identify. Then Johanna's voice, quick with welcome.

"Oh, it's you. I was afraid it was well, come and set in—sit down."

There was a sound of a chair being picked up and set down. The rocker stopped, then moved again. Ma strained her ear to catch a distinguishing tone in the man's voice. But he merely mumbled.

She heard Johanna say: "So that's how it came about? Well, it was mighty nice of you to say that and I can't tell you how I 'preciate it. You're the grandest man! I don't feel like I was worth it!"

More mumbling. "Aw, go on. I don't believe it. You couldn't never really love me. Of course I've thought you was wonderful from the first minute I really talked to you. All right, I don't mind. It's cosier in the hammick."

Ma heard four feet move softly across the porch; she heard the doubly-laden hammock sway and squeal. She was almost frantic to know what man it was that made it groan.

At length Johanna saved her from madness to mere astonishment, when she mumbled:

"Well, since we ain't really blood-relations, I s'pose it would be all right. I'd kind of like to change plain old Rensler to Mrs. Van Rensellaer."

Ma had leaned over so far that she fell out of bed. The Adjutant gasped. "What's that?"

Johanna gasped: "Don't worry, it's only Ma."

Ma rose and went to the upper window. She could hear the hammock but she could not see it. She could see the camp in its drowsihood, the sentinels loafing along their posts.

She saw two men arrive at the gate from opposite directions, pause, glare. One of them saluted, the other saluted. They both listened. The hammock squealed. Johanna giggled.

"Well, they got nothin' to complain of. You saved Vibby's life and you saved the Colonel from havin' a murder on his hands. So, as the song says, You're here and I'm here, we're both here together, so what do we care?"

The two figures at the gate growled, saluted, and vanished in opposite directions. The squealing of the hammock gradually sang Ma to sleep.

THE END



BUY DIAMONDS DIRECT
From JASON WEILER & SONS BOSTON MASS.
One of America's leading diamond importers

For over 41 years **Jason Weiler, of Boston,** has been engaged in importing diamonds. However, a large business is done **direct by mail** with customers at **prices only Importers of Diamonds can quote! Here are several diamond offers—Direct to you by mail**—which clearly demonstrate our position to name prices on diamonds that should surely interest any present or prospective diamond purchaser.



1 carat, $95.00
This genuine one carat diamond is of fine brilliancy and perfectly cut. Mounted in Tiffany style, 14k. solid gold setting. Money refunded if your jeweler can duplicate it for less than $125. Our price direct to you **$95.**



Ladies' Diamond Ring, $205.00
This ring is made of all platinum, richly carved and pierced in the new lace work effect. Set with perfectly cut, blue-white diamond.



¾ carat, $65.00
This ¾ carat, genuine diamond of great brilliancy and perfectly cut. 14k. solid gold setting. Money refunded if your jeweler can duplicate it for less than $85. Our price. . . **$65.**

A few weights and prices of other diamond rings:—

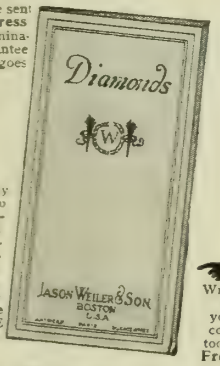
¼ carat . .	$ 19.00
⅜ carat . .	32.00
½ carat . .	43.00
1½ carats .	139.00
2 carats . .	189.00
3 carats . .	512.00

Money refunded if these diamonds can be purchased elsewhere for less than one-third more.

We refer you as to our reliability to any bank or newspaper in Boston.

If desired, rings will be sent to your bank or any Express Co. with privilege of examination. Our diamond guarantee for full value for all time goes with every purchase.

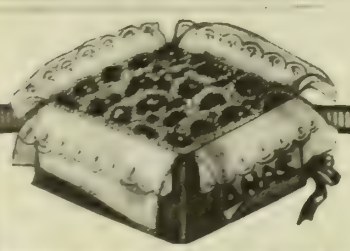
WRITE TODAY FOR THIS VALUABLE CATALOG ON *HOW TO BUY DIAMONDS*



This book is beautifully illustrated. Tells how to judge, select and buy diamonds. Tells how they mine, cut and market diamonds. This book, showing weights, sizes and prices $10 to $10,000) is considered an authority. A copy will be mailed to you FREE on receipt of your name and address.

Write for your copy today Free.

Jason Weiler & Sons
350 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.
Diamond Importers since 1876
Foreign Agencies: Amsterdam and Paris



Any ordinary man may buy candy when he's with a girl. But it takes a superman to buy candy for a girl when he's miles away from her. The second she opens that box of Jonas candy, and sees your card there—well, women are women the world over. Send us her address, your card, and $1, $2, $3, $5 or $6—then it's up to you generously how much candy, and how beautiful the box. But whether you pay $1 or $6, the quality of the candy will be the same—the highest!

In the Heyday—a 30 page booklet of gifts, for men and women will be sent with each order. A sample of Jonas's large size mixture 50c prepaid.

JONAS, 33 S. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Fastest Typist Tells Secret of Speed!



The New Way in Typewriting

THE TAYLOR SCHOOL, 250 College Bldg., Springfield, O.

THE BUG IN THE RUG

(Continued from page 291)

the front of the house would be preferable for strategic purposes, so I stood listening for a moment, and then deliberately retraced my steps, feeling along the wall as I went.

When I came to a door I opened it, without making a sound, and peered into a room lighted by one large electric-bulb. This room, I saw, must have been recently occupied by workmen, for an opening had been cut in the wall opposite the doorway in which I stood. Through this ragged wound of broken plaster and lath and brick-ends ran a black-rubber hose, like a snake twining into a cave. This thought of a snake was further accentuated by a distant hissing sound which stopped suddenly, and for no reason that I could marshal. Yet there was no light beyond that break in the wall, so what it led to I had no way of judging. But I stepped into the room and closed the door behind me.

I stood there, puzzling over what confronted me. I could see a coil of heavily insulated wire, a scattering of tools, a second heavy hose wound with steel wire lying beside a handleless pickaxe, a pair of dust-covered overalls on which were laid out a row of chisels and drill-bits, and an unlighted electric-bulb guarded by a little caging of wire. Over everything in the room was a powdering of dust.

But what most held my attention was an array of hemp bags, several dozens of them, all filled and piled in an orderly row along the side wall of the room. From these my gaze went on to the opening in front of me, and as I studied it I advanced slowly into the room. On the floor across this opening I discovered a metal mat about two feet by three in size. The position of that mat struck me as interesting. So I dropped on one knee and stooped over it. Then I lifted one corner of it, ever so little, to find out whether or not it was wired. I found out, all right. For the moment I lifted that mat-end I was startled to hear the muffled tinkle of a bell somewhere deep beyond the wall opening. It made my blood run cold.

"Get off that mat!" cried an angry voice out of the blackness in front of me. And the next moment I heard the sound of heavy breathing. And my blood ran colder than ever, for I realized that this heavy breathing was advancing upon me out of the darkness.

I had no time to rise to my feet. So, rather than meet that advancing figure face to face, I swung about where I still knelt on the floor and stooped low over two steel drums that lay there close to the wall. I stooped over them in a pretense of examining the labels wired on the pressure-gauges adjusted to their ends. They were very much like the drums used in soda-water fountains, but one, I noticed bore the word "Oxygen" on it, and the other "Acetylene." But I wasn't in the least interested in those drums. I was naturally much more interested in the man who pushed his way crouchingly out of the hole in the wall.

"Why in the name of Mike can't you keep off that mat?" was his peevish demand as he stepped past my still-stooping figure.

I didn't answer him. I didn't even look up at him. But as he stepped across the room and lifted a pail of beer that stood on the disordered window-sill to his dirt-stained mouth, I saw that he wore a suit of dust-covered blue-jeans and a pair of heavy goggles very much like those used by motorists. His face was stubbled with a russet beard, and moist with sweat. I knew that I had never seen him before. And I wished that I wasn't seeing him at that particular moment. For his movements announced that he was both angry and petulant.

"Ain't I got troubles enough without you throwin' a scare into me ev'ry dam' time you get down into this room?" he demanded between drinks. "And it's goin' to take us a good ten hours to get through that blank-blank party-wall and round that elevator-shaft base," he further announced.

Still I kept my silence. Yet I knew, without even looking at him, just when he pulled the sweat-misted goggles from his eyes. He was apparently staring about for something to wipe them on when his roving eye fell on my still-stooping figure. I was thinking hard and fast, but for the life of me I couldn't decide on any move that held out a decent promise of success.

"Where's Bud?" he demanded, taking up the empty pail and peering rather regretfully at its tilted tin bottom.

I was afraid to speak, for I knew that my voice would betray me. My silence, I suppose, must have surprised him a little, for he suddenly turned away from the shaded window and looked at me. I wheeled about, with my back to the wall, at almost the same instant. As I did so I reached forward and caught up the mud-stained handle of a pick. It scarcely occurred to me to make use of this as a weapon of offense. What I really intended was to fling it straight against the big electric-bulb and by smashing it into smithereens leave the room in darkness.

But the man in the blue-jeans must have thought otherwise, as he saw me slowly rise to my feet with that weapon in my hand. He must also have realized that the familiar-looking raglan wasn't covering the woman he had expected it to cover. He didn't cry out. He didn't even speak. But I could see the change that crept over his sweat-stained face as he moved slowly and guardedly toward me. There was a light in his close-set eyes that sent the last shred of hope out of my heart. It told me that mere words would be wasted on him. It forewarned me that he was terribly afraid of what was confronting him through my presence there, so terribly afraid that fear was going to leave him quite without mercy.

It was then that I forlornly and foolishly started to edge along the wall, watching only that stubble-jowled enemy as I raised the pick-handle above my head. But it didn't for a moment keep him back. I could see his small leer of scorn as I brought that club of mine down, with all my force. But he warded off the blow with what seemed to be almost ease, throwing one hand suddenly above his quick-ducked head and receiving the force of it on his well-padded left forearm. Still he did not speak. But his right hand shot out like a flash. I could feel his dust-stained fingers entangling themselves in my clothing, for by this time my one thought was of flight and I was frantically trying to circle out of his reach. He swung me up, short, so that I almost catapulted into the clutch of his arms. But still he never uttered a sound. He lifted me clear of the lime-covered floor, and shook me from side to side, in a silent ecstasy of rage. He shook me the same as a terrier shakes a rat. He shook me until my hair came down and I screamed in terror, without quite knowing I had done so.

At that he jerked me in close to his side again, in a clutch like a grizzly's, and tried to cover my mouth with his great hand. I bit that hand, bit it until the blood oozed warm against my own face. He uttered his first sound at that, and with a spasmodic movement of pain flung me bodily from him. He sent me flat against the solid wall, with an impact that knocked the breath out of my body. And with almost the same movement he stooped and caught up the pick-handle which had fallen from my grasp.

I saw him do so, and I knew what it meant. But I didn't seem to be greatly disturbed by it. My collision with the wall, in fact, must have stunned me a little, for I wasn't at first conscious of a second man entering the room. About all I knew was that the first man was balancing on his toes, with the solid ash-handle club above his head. He would bring it down, I impersonally cogitated, with all the strength and precision of a practised hand, and I—I—was the tentpeg which he intended driving a foot deep into forgetfulness.

"Oh, you bullhead! You bullhead!" shouted the newcomer, from some higher plane of authority which I couldn't understand. "You beer-sodden lowbrow! You bonehead, gumming the whole game at a time like this! Get out o' here! Get out o' my sight! Get out, or by the living God I'll pound you to a pulp!"

The other man, backing away, still tried to argue, brokenly, thickly. But he continued his retreat before the repeated threat of the pick-handle.

"That's what we get for trying to work with rough-necks," announced my deliverer as he kicked the array of drill-bits to one side and with a second kick sent the empty beer-pail into a far corner of the room.

I kept my handkerchief over my face, and viewed him through two straggly strands of fallen hair.

"Did he hurt you much?" he impersonally inquired. There was more annoyance than anything else in his voice.

"I'm all right," I said in a stifled voice. I spoke through the handkerchief, which was slightly stained with red, and spoke in little more than a whisper, for I didn't want that man of authority to hear my voice too well. It would betray me, I knew, while my fallen hair, my gory hankie, and the grave showing of blood which I'd managed to mop pretty well over my face, gave good promise of leaving me masked from his preoccupied eyes.

"It's a clip on the nose, isn't it?" he inquired as he stepped to the door and then moved back into the room again until he came opposite the broken-edged wall opening.

I gurgled and nodded. I was thinking of that door and how I was going to get on the other side of it. I stood watching my chance. For reason was once more on her throne. I even weighed the chances of getting out my automatic, if the worst came to the worst.

"I guess you'd better get upstairs and explain this to Pareto," the newcomer morosely announced.

That newcomer was still the victim of a preoccupation which I couldn't comprehend, otherwise he would have noticed my altogether involuntary start at the sound of that name. It gave me a chilly feeling somewhere close about the heart, that dreaded name of "Pareto," and it gave me a sinking feeling a little higher up to discover that my olive-skinned Sicilian was in that plot, whatever the plot might be. But it disturbed me even more to realize that Pareto was there under the same roof with me. Any house that held Pareto, I very well knew, was not big enough to hold me.

I edged away, and moved toward the door, without waiting for any second bidding. As I did so I held my handkerchief over my face, so that the worried-looking man by the wall-opening couldn't see too much of me.

I got to the door and went through it. At every step I half-expected to be called back. But I reached that unlighted basement hall without interruption. Once there I moved with less deliberation. I first darted toward the front of the house, in the hope that I might find a door leading to the open. But there was none. So I slipped back through the shadows, found the stairway down which I had come, and mounted it with all the speed I could command.

At the top of this stairway I came to a sudden stop and my whole circulatory system did a sort of pirouette, like a circus-horse with the band playing. For in the wide hall that stood between me and freedom I beheld a huge-limbed man slowly denuding himself of a butler's waistcoat and knickerbockers. Then he methodically and gruntingly pulled on a suit of dust-stained dungarees. Below me, at the same time, I could distinctly hear the sound of steps. So I stood there a moment, wondering what to do.

The dismantled butler was just buttoning the faded blue cross-straps over his shoulder when he looked up and saw me. I could hear my own heart beating.

"Hey, Pareto wants you!" he announced as he sat down on the bottom step beside the newel-post and shook off a pair of patent-leather pumps with silver buckles. Then he felt his feet ruefully, as though they had been pinched in sundry tender places by the pumps which had not properly fitted. I could see him reach out for a pair of heavy shoes stained with caked mud and plaster. And I remembered that a man without shoes was not likely to venture far from that house, even in pursuit of a possible enemy.

"All right," I said, with the handkerchief still over my mouth, as I sauntered calmly forward. I even got past him, and half-way to the street-door itself, before he became really conscious of my movement.

"He's up at the 'phone," called out the man sitting on the stair-tread, at last plainly aware that I was moving in the wrong direction.

But I neither turned back nor hesitated.



O-Cedar Mop Polish

"BATTLESHIP MODEL"

DESIGNED for the defense of your home—a powerful destroyer of dust and dirt—the latest model O-CEDAR Polish MOP. Ask your dealer to send you one, on trial. See how easily it gets into every corner, under the furniture and over the floors, leaving behind it everywhere a bright and shining wake!

Notice the improved construction and perfected design. Trim and flexible, built like a battleship, to last for years. Its extra long, non-slip "plume" is already treated with O-CEDAR POLISH, the polish that does not gum or veneer but produces a hard, dry, brilliant and lasting lustre.

Price only One Dollar, which your dealer will refund promptly if the trial fails to please you.

CHANNELL CHEMICAL CO.

CHICAGO TORONTO LONDON

MURAD

THE
TURKISH
CIGARETTE

GREETING—you smokers of MURADS, wherever you are!

In the offices, banks, mills, factories, of the big cities and little towns.

Or doing the work of the world in the big open—

In frozen Alaska, where every ounce counts, where substitution and "half-good" are dangerous.

In tropical jungles.

In navy ward-rooms, on far-off army posts, where a whiff of the right cigarette is a "wireless" from Home.

On ranches, golf links, ocean liners, campuses, in mining camps, clubs, studios, newspaper sanctums, hotels, stock exchanges, legislatures, or wherever the layman or professional man gathers.

Wherever the FLAG flies or American genius has penetrated.

Greeting!

MURADS *are* THE Turkish cigarette, aren't they?

They DO stand the test.

They DO smooth over the rough places and make the smooth ones more delightful.

You have smoked MURADS, and YOU KNOW.

And you have told the man shoulder to shoulder with you, about MURADS.

It is YOU who have made MURADS the greatest selling Turkish cigarette in the world.



Everywhere—Why?

Anargyros

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

PACKAGES OF
TENS AND TWENTIES

I sauntered casually on toward that massive door, reached it, and shot a hand out toward the spring lock that held it shut.

"Don't open that!" commanded the man beside the newel-post. There was anger in his voice, and also a touch of bewilderment. I was clearly breaking some fixed rule of the house. But I disregarded that command. I preferred breaking a rule to having someone between those walls break my head. And when I found that I was able to swing the door back I gave a great gulp of relief.

I closed it after me, quickly, and ran down the broad brown-stone steps, facing the decorous twilight of an orderly and tranquil-noted city. Then I tucked away my blood-stained handkerchief and sauntered hurriedly yet sedately toward Madison Avenue, where I saw a taxicab standing.

Wilkins had the door open even before I reached the side of the car.

"Are you all right?" he asked with unqualified concern, as he threw away the end of his cigar.

"Of course I'm all right," I retorted, mysteriously irritated at the sight of that big hulk of a man peacefully seated in the cushions of a taxi while more than one over-tender portion of my body advertised the fact that it had been none too gently dealt with.

"What did you get?" he anxiously inquired as he swung the cab door shut.

"A biff on the snoot!" I retorted in the Chatham Square lingo of Toosey Attrill, deciding to hold my own counsel.

WHEN I made my report to Inspector Sloan that night he ran true to form by showing neither surprise nor excess of sympathy. But he was plainly just a little bit perplexed.

"I had a feeling, Balmy, that you were going to find a gangster with a gunshot wound up there," he acknowledged. "But it looks to me as though you'd bumped into a bunch of subway workers who're getting ready to tap something in that Avenue cable-gallery."

"But what good would that do 'em?" I asked.

"It would do 'em rafts of good, depending on whether they were out for a poolroom killing, or something bigger in Wall Street, or war data from one of the Government wires. So I'm going to hunt up that superintendent of telegraph over at Police Headquarters and see what help he can give me in raveling out the snarl. And in the meantime I want you and Toosey to keep on at the same line. Have a good night's sleep and then get up somewhere in the neighborhood of that Holshaw house again. Watch it close, and report to me by 'phone every two hours or so."

I got up to go. I had refrained, for certain reasons of my own, from saying anything about Pareto. As I stood looking down at Sloan, with his heavy body leaning forward across his desk, and any thought of me apparently already out of his head, I couldn't help feeling that I was nothing more to him than a meek-eyed beagle is to a mounted huntsman. And I found a femininely wayward solace in remembering that I nursed a fact or two quite unknown to my superior officer.

"By the way, Balmy," said Sloan, arresting me at the door, "two or three of those people up there seem to have had a look at you. So you'll have to can that nurse outfit, of course, and get into something different. You'd better make it a gray wig and tinted specs. And don't be afraid of appearing a little dowdy."

So the next morning, as I made my way up Madison Avenue, I was arrayed in faded poplin, an iron-gray wig, amber spectacles, and a widow's bonnet that looked like a poser in a two hours' catch-as-catch-can. I had laboriously lined my face, tanning it with a carefully blended over-tint that seemed to leave me ten years older and two shades darker.

It was, in fact, a highly satisfactory make-up. It was also a successful one. For as I ambled along the heavy iron railing that abuts the Hotel Manhattan's side walls I came face to face with Winkfred Ealand himself.

He looked at me as he passed, and brought my heart up into my mouth. He looked at me closely, and rather curiously, as though I carried a vague suggestion of someone with whom he must at one time have been familiar. I could feel my pulse quicken as I twisted my face up into a querulous sort of one-sided frown. But my poor lost Winkie never knew me. He neither stopped nor spoke. He never dreamed he had passed within two feet of a heavy-hearted young woman who found her clouded morning just a little darker because of that unlooked-for and quite accidental meeting.

But I hadn't traveled many blocks before the luxury of feeling sorry for myself was swept aside by the sterner issues of the day's work. For on the opposite side of the Avenue I caught sight of Toosey Attrill and her baby-carriage, already out for their matutinal airing. It was a rosy-cheeked and demure-eyed Toosey that I beheld, sedately sauntering along with her sedately gloved fingers on the handle of her French perambulator. But beside her, and just a step or two in the rear, I noticed that she was being followed by a carefully tailored but somewhat doddering old Beau Brummell of at least sixty summers. She was plainly ignoring the advances of this discreetly persistent old *roué* in a top hat with a wide funeral band. So preoccupied was she, in fact, that I had to throw her the high-sign for the second time before she recognized me under my make-up. Then she promptly crossed the street, icily ignored the old Beau Brummell's proffered assistance in lifting the perambulator's wheels up over the curb-edge, and pushed her way leisurely to where I stood waiting for her before the plate-glass window of one of those nifty little jewelry shops which look as though they'd been modeled in the Place Vendôme. They're the kind that usually nest in the shadow of our more palatial hotels, to arrest the itinerant millionaire and his wife before the maw of Fifth Avenue can assimilate them and their pin-money.

But I was more interested in Toosey Attrill, just then, than in the narrow-fronted shop that faced me.

"Look what's still tryin' to freeze onto me!" announced Toosey, *sotto voce*, as she paused in front of the shop-window and indulged in the familiar exercise of jiggling the arrested perambulator. "He wants to buy me the Biltmore this mornin'. And he says he's perfectly serious about legally adoptin' me and makin' all life a bed o' roses, if I'd only be reasonable and listen to argument!"

"Is that old idiot interfering with your work?" I inquired of Toosey, after telling her what I had to tell her, without once glancing directly at her. There was something almost ridiculous, in fact, in the way in which the two of us stood staring into space, without either seeing or being interested in the window-front within two feet of our noses.

"No, he's not interferin' with my sloothin', and he hadn't better. But he kind o' gets on my nerves. The whole bunch o' them get on my nerves. I think they're drivin' me bugs. For ev'ry now and then I kind o' feel that *I'm* bugs, and *he's* bugs, and the whole wide *world* is turnin' bugs!"

Then Toosey stopped speaking. We stood side by side staring silently into the shop-window, for her gaily decrepit old persecutor was sauntering slowly past us, to come to a stop before yet another shop-window some twenty paces up the Avenue.

I stood staring in through the plate glass, and for the first time my inspection became something more than a pretense. I awakened to the fact that this imitation Place Vendôme gemshop was a very finished product. Its predominating notes were compactness and simplicity. Like so many of its Continental forerunners, it was so small that it looked more like a quiet-toned consulting-room than a place of business. One could easily infer that its sales would not be numerous, but that they would involve figures that would never be insignificant. Even the window-dressing itself was the last word in simplicity. Behind the plate glass was a window cabinet which I could recognize as being steel, though it was colored and grained and varnished to look like Circassian walnut, very much after the manner of our newer Pullmans, where they encage you in solid iron while you imagine you're merely encased in inlaid mahogany.

That window cabinet, I remembered, was as strong as a safe. But what caught my eye, as I actually looked into it, was its contents.

It held only one thing on display. This was a string of black pearls, nestling on a pale-toned prayer-rug of the finest silk.

The pearls themselves were magnificent. Half a hundred Old World markets must have been scoured for that little brotherhood of perfectly matched Orientals, so alike in size, so alike in luster, and so alike in color. The mere assembling of such a string, I knew, gave them a vastly added value, even though each stone, by itself, might once have cost as much as a decent motor-car. But displayed as they were against that exotic-looking rug, they took on an atmosphere of mystery. They carried a tang of faraway countries. They seemed crowned with an air of sinister yet lavish splendor.

They looked as though they'd been tossed there, carelessly, and yet they were so placed that, once spotted, it was impossible for the eye not to center on them. The luster of the rug both mingled with and contrasted with the luster of the gems. Yet there seemed something almost malevolent in their very darkness. A black pearl seems so different from the mild and innocent milkiness of its white sister. Black makes you think of the Pit; white, of the angels. And as I stared in at them through the plate-glass window I couldn't help thinking, for the second time, of a lazily coiled cobra, of a somnolent "S" of venom which it would always be best to leave undisturbed.

Toosey, I saw, was quite as impressed by that string as myself. I could even detect a slight frown come into her face as she studied them.

"Some flash junk!" she said with a hungry sigh. Her eyes took on that hard look which invariably and involuntarily overtakes a woman when she studies precious stones belonging to another. "And I heard a gink say the other afternoon that them beads was worth over seventy thousand bones!"

I glanced in at the shop itself. Every night, I knew, that seventy thousand dollars' worth of what Toosey called "flash junk" would repose in a vanadium-steel vault fully protected by electric wiring. And every morning it would be carried to the window-cabinet and would be carefully locked therein, and the day would come when some copper-king's wife, drifting down from the Ritz or up from the Biltmore, would see the bait and be caught on the hook of grandeur.

Then I forgot about the copper-king's wife, and looked sharply at Toosey, who was staring just as sharply at the coil of black pearls.

"My Lord!" she gasped, with widening eyes.

"What is it?" I demanded.

She turned away, and smiled rather sheepishly. Then she moved her head slowly up and down, with conviction.

"I gotta cut 'em out!" she firmly announced.

"Cut what out?" I asked, still bewildered by her antics.

Instead of answering me, she stood staring in at the pearls again.

"We all gotta come to it," she averred, with an odd little shoulder-movement of distress.

"Toosey, what's the matter with you?"

"I guess I've been hittin' the coffin-nails a little too hard," was her altogether unsatisfactory response.

"Why do you say that?"

"Too many cigaroots is makin' me see things."

"See things?" I echoed.

She shrugged a shoulder, almost defiantly. Then the one-sided smile died suddenly from her face and she just as suddenly caught me by the arm.

"My Lord, Balmy, *they're alive!*"

The horror in her tones sent a little thrill up and down my spinal column in spite of myself.

"What's alive?"

"Them poils," cried Toosey who, in her moments of excitement, reverted to the phonetics of the East Side. "I saw 'em move!"

I stared in at the dusky coil. They made me think of a black-snake sunning itself on a sandbank quavering with mottled sun and shadow. But I could detect no sign of movement about them.

"You imagined it," I told the girl beside me.

Toosey finally and reluctantly agreed with me.

"It's a bug, all right," she dolorously acknowledged, "and it's *mine!*"

I was still smiling as I stood there studying the mottled tones of the rug and persuading myself one could easily imagine movement, against such a background, where no movement had occurred and where no movement possibly could occur.

Then it was my turn to gasp a little. And also gape. For distinctly, as I stared at those lustrous spheres of blackness on their slender wire of platinum, one end of the string lifted and moved a little. It lifted and moved exactly as the tail of a sleepy snake might move.

It was my turn to clutch at Toosey's arm under the blue fold of her service-



"Look At Him Today!"

"Six years ago he started in here just as you are doing. Now he's General Manager and makes more in a day than he used to make in a week. The first week he was here he began to train for the job ahead by studying in spare time with the International Correspondence Schools. Inside of six months he got his first promotion. You've got the same chance he had, young man. Follow his example. Take up some I. C. S. course right away. What *you* are six years from now is entirely up to you."

This is the story of thousands of successful men. They did their work well, and in spare time, with I. C. S. help, trained themselves for advancement. That's the thing for *you* to do. Whatever your chosen work may be, there is an I. C. S. Course that will prepare you right at home for a better position with bigger pay.

More than 100,000 men are getting ready for promotion right now in the I. C. S. way. Let us tell you what we are doing for them and what we can do for you. The way to find out is easy. Just mark and mail this coupon.

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 2825, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, *before* which I mark X.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEER	SALESMANSHIP
Electric Lighting	ADVERTISING
Electric Railways	Window Trimmer
Electric Wiring	Show Card Writer
Telegraph Engineer	Sign Painter
Telephone Work	Railroad Trainman
MECHANICAL ENGINEER	ILLUSTRATING
Mechanical Draftsman	Cartooning
Machine Shop Practice	BOOKKEEPER
Gas Engine Operating	Stenographer and Typist
CIVIL ENGINEER	Cert. Pub. Accountant
Surveying and Mapping	TRAFFIC MANAGER
MINE FOREM'N OR ENG'R	Railway Accountant
Metallurgist or Prospector	Commercial Law
STATIONARY ENGINEER	GOOD ENGLISH
Marine Engineer	Teacher
ARCHITECT	Common School Subjects
Contractor and Builder	Mathematics
Architectural Draftsman	CIVIL SERVICE
Concrete Builder	Railway Mail Clerk
Structural Engineer	AUTOMOBILE OPERATING
PLUMBING AND HEATING	Auto Repairing
Sheet Metal Worker	Navigation
Textile Overseer or Supt.	AGRICULTURE
CHEMIST	Poultry Raising

Spanish
German
French
Italian

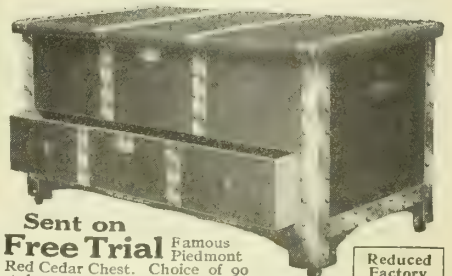
Name _____

Present Occupation _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____

Use This Chest FREE



Sent on Free Trial Famous Piedmont Red Cedar Chest. Choice of 90 styles sent on 15 days' free trial. We pay the freight. *A Piedmont protects furs, woolens and plumes from moths, moths, dust and damp.* Beautiful. Lasts for generations. Finest Xmas, wedding or birthday gift at great saving. *Write today for Xmas catalog and reduced prices—postpaid free to you.*

Reduced Factory Prices. Freight Prepaid

Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co., Dept. D, Statesville, N. C.

Driver Agents Wanted

Drive and demonstrate the Bush Car. Pay for it out of your commissions on sales. My agents are making money. Shipments are prompt. Bush Cars guaranteed or money back. 1918 models ready.



Five-Pass., 34.7 H.P. 32x3½ tires
115-in Wheelbase
Delco Ignition—Elect. Stg. & Ltg.

Write at once for my 48-page catalog and all particulars. Address

J. H. Bush, Pres.
Dept. 1079

BUSH MOTOR COMPANY, Bush Temple, Chicago, Illinois

uniform. My eyes, I suppose, were about the size of saucers. I could hear Toosey's quick snort.

"So it's your bug too!" she triumphed.

"Wait!" I commanded.

"And now you've got 'em!" she exulted. "We've all got 'em!"

But I was paying scant attention to Toosey. I was watching the coil of black pearls, which were once more motionless.

"What does it mean?" I said with a gasp of bewilderment.

"It means we've both got a bug!" was Toosey's grim response.

Again I caught Toosey's arm, for again that negroid coil lifted, moved slightly from side to side with a snaky and undulatory restlessness, and subsided.

Then I straightened up before the commonplace plate-glass window behind which such uncommonplace things were taking place, and compelled myself to smile. It was a smile of gentle contempt for our momentary credulity.

"You are right, Toosey. What you said about it being a bug is doubtlessly quite correct. But the bug doesn't happen to be in our heads. By some means or other the bug has got under the rug. And when it moves or struggles under there it naturally causes the pearls to move a little too!"

Toosey seemed to find much consolation in this. She even came sufficiently back to earth to reach out an arm and start jiggling her empty perambulator. She also cocked an eye momentarily up the Avenue, where her persistent old Beau Brummell was patiently reviewing the contents of a florist's window. Then she stared once more through the plate glass.

"Seems to be some little jumper, doesn't he?" she pensively remarked. "A reg'ler little North American ukelele!"

"Keep still a moment!" I commanded. For I was once more trying to be a sane and reasonable human being, warning myself that getting gooseflesh at ten o'clock in the morning along the sedatest stretch of Madison Avenue wasn't going to solve the problem of even a shopkeeper's trick window.

So I leaned forward and watched the movement beneath that rug of mottled tones, watched it closely. And I saw that the movement was no trick and no illusion. It was actually taking place. I also saw that it was taking place at pretty regularly repeated intervals, so that there was a certain rhythm to the rise and fall of the rug beneath the string of pearls. And there was yet another point which I was able to notice. The movements, although repeated, were not repeated in exactly the same place. In fact, as I watched intently, I was able to determine that the line of their progress was describing the clear-cut arc of a circle. In time, I could see, they would mark a complete circle.

But why?

WHY? I repeated to myself, as I resurveyed the window cabinet, remembered what Toosey had remarked as to the value of the jewels, and again noticed the upward thrust of the rug. This time the movement was more accentuated than usual. And when it was at its highest point, making a little pyramid of the surface of the soft-fibered rug, the apex of that uplifted portion of the fabric suddenly glistened in one bright point of light, as though a diamond had erupted through it only to vanish the next moment as the rug subsided and once more lay motionless along the bottom of the cabinet.

Toosey spoke to me, but I was too preoccupied to hear what she said. Even the phrase that went through my head, "the bottom of the cabinet," brought me up short. Where was that bottom? And what was it? And what was below that again? And why should it jet up through a rug into a twinkling little point of light, as bright almost as a diamond-point, as bright as a bead of cut steel on a shoe-buckle. And I shied and stopped short at still another of my own phrases. This time it was the "cut steel." What was there disturbing about those two words? What did they mean? What did [illegible] What did the whole thing mean? What was some unknown Something, beyond a wall over which I couldn't see, trying to make it mean?

I could feel my distracted brain paw at its floor-boards, like a village firehorse when a stall-gong rings. I could feel an urge [illegible] yet elusive disclosure. I could feel that I was on the brink of a discovery that would make the unreasonable suddenly reasonable, if only the veil of one little mental mist could be ruptured.

Then I saw.

In one sudden flash I saw and understood.

I saw it all, as plain as though a voice had trumpeted it through a megaphone from the topmost roofs of the Grand Central Terminal. At one flash it explained the Holshaw house and its mystery. It explained the tanks and the drills, the picks and the party-walls, the lime and dust, the invalid and the guarded doors, the tunneling and the hemp bags—everything.

It simply meant, I told myself, that Pareto and his gang were ground-hogging for a haul. It meant that my crafty-eyed friend had realized the value of that string of black pearls and had deliberately set out to capture them. He had studied his ground and counted his chances. . . . He had assembled his agents and rented the nearest available house. He had realized it would have to be a daylight job, since the gems were locked by night in a vault where no one dare attack and disturb the burglar-alarm system. So he had submarined for his prey. He had dipped down into the earth, tunneling through cellar-walls and lot-ends and cement. He had carried in the apparatus for an oxy-acetylene torch, to cut through any obstructing steel, and had disguised his gas-tanks as oxygen for a pneumonia patient. He had worked like a mole, with scant fear of interruption, carrying back his dirt and *débris* and bagging it and piling it in orderly rows where it would lie undiscovered until after his *coup* had been effected.

EVEN as I stood there with these sudden deductions flashing like heat-lightning through my mind, I remembered that the movement had already reached its climax. It was no bug that I had seen moving so methodically about under that pale-toned prayer-rug. It was nothing more than the end of a busy workman's brace and bit as he labored unseen and almost noiselessly under the heavy flooring of the window cabinet, boring a circular row of holes so that he could lift out a section of that flooring big enough to let his hand slip through and capture what he was after. And at any time now that hand might appear mysteriously out of space and seize the pearls and quite as mysteriously disappear again.

"What is it?" cried Toosey, rather shrilly. I suppose she must have been watching my face.

"Keep still!" I commanded as quietly as I could. Already I was trying to reason out how we could work at both ends of the line, without giving an alarm to the people it was our duty to round up. But before everything else, I saw, that precious string of pearls had to be saved, and saved at once.

There was no time to summon help. And it would be foolish for either a nursemaid or a dowdy old woman in a faded poplin to wander in before that haughty-eyed gem dealer and try to persuade him of the expediency of taking a rope of pearls out of his show-window in the middle of the morning and locking them up in his vault. He would naturally scent a "plant" in any such procedure.

"Toosey," I said sharply, watching the rug as it once more moved up and down.

"Yes," answered Toosey as she stood there beside me in her foolish-looking make-up, with one hand on her equally foolish-looking perambulator.

"That pompous old chaser of yours! Quick—get him into this shop. He looks the part. Have him ask to see those pearls at once. Have him price them, talk them over, anything, anything, only get them out of that window."

"But what's the game?" demanded the slightly bewildered Toosey.

"The game is that they're going to be stolen inside of five minutes if we don't get them off that rug and out of that window. I can't explain. But do what I've told you to—quick!"

I watched Toosey as she moved casually yet briskly off along the Avenue. I watched her as she drifted closer in to the rubicund old Beau Brummell who was still hovering so providentially about the neighborhood. He had been hovering there in fact, with [illegible] that you see in a robin as it hovers about a threatened nest. I could see Toosey's demure smile as she stopped hesitatingly before him, and the beam of joy on the other's satyr-like old face at a conquest so unexpected and so complete.

What passed between them I had no way of knowing. I was willing to leave that to Toosey. For I was busy, just then, with a movement or two of my own. One was to watch the rug in the show window. The other was to unsnap my waist and reach in to the gunholster laced close under my left breast. It was not as easy to do as it sounds, under the circumstances. But once done, I moved with apparent aimlessness on to the next shop window, slipping the automatic under a fold of my faded poplin.

I had the satisfaction, the next minute, of seeing Toosey's old admirer toddle briskly into the gem shop and the door close behind him. Toosey herself brushed by me, with a look of interrogation on her averted face.

"Quick," I told her, "phone Sloan. Tell him straight to that Holshaw house with at least a dozen reserves! Then send a cop, that traffic cop, any cop, right here to where I'll be waiting. But get Sloan and those reserves first!"

I noticed, in an abstracted sort of way, that Toosey's abandoned and forgotten perambulator was gliding of its own sweet will down the slope of the sidewalk pavement. When it reached the curb it lurched, balanced, and went slowly over on its side, to the accompaniment of a sudden scream of alarm from a stout woman in a passing limousine. But I gave this calamity no further attention, for I was busy watching the gem-dealer's window, waiting impatiently to see the cabinet unlocked and the string of pearls lifted away from their place of peril.

I waited for some time, oppressed by that ominous lull which always seems to precede catastrophic moments. I waited with mounting alarm, wondering as to the reason for such dangerous delay. Then the inner voice of Instinct told me that something was wrong.

A panic of impatience took possession of me, followed by a feeling of helplessness in my isolation. For Toosey was no longer in sight and I could see no sign of the patrolman who was to be sent to my assistance. So, in desperation, I decided to investigate, to take things in my own hand, if need be.

I walked resolutely into that small and sumptuous shop. There I found my rubicund Beau Brummell blandly and leisurely looking over an array of diamond rings set out on a plaque of black velvet. He was attended by a foppish-looking man of about forty-five or fifty, a dandified and rather ladylike figure wearing a Prince Albert, a *pince-nez*, and a fixed expression of patronizing boredom.

His high-arching eyebrows went even higher when he beheld me and my dowdiness invading that scrupulously aristocratic domain of his. He viewed me with silent and hostile interrogation. And everything combined tended to choke the last Chesterfieldian amenity out of life. In other words, I was as hot as a hornet, and I didn't care who knew it.

"*Get your pearls out of that window!*" I called out in a sudden, and angry and, I suppose, altogether ridiculous shout of warning.

The man started at that uncouth and unexpected command, started as though he had been stung by a bee. But, after his one gasp of surprise, he in no way threatened to move.

"I say somebody's stealing your string of black pearls!" I hissed out at him as I leaned in across his glimmering showcase.

BUT movement, when it came, did not come from the owner of the shop. It was the rubicund old Beau Brummell who suddenly jumped to his feet and ran for the door. He was out before the gem-dealer could even get behind his counter, for his first care, I could see, was to audit and replace his scattering of diamond rings. And he lost still more time by reaching for a push-button just behind a wall-case and then by reaching in over his desk-railing and taking up what looked like an English police whistle. But I didn't even wait for him.

By the time I had reached the street again Toosey's immaculate and decrepit old admirer was no longer in the immediate neighborhood of that shop front. He was, in fact, hastening northward along Madison Avenue with a celerity which was rather startling in one of such advanced years. Yet when he beheld Toosey Attrill and a uniformed officer advancing toward him from the opposite direction he came abruptly to a stop, hesitated, and doubled back along the Avenue.

My attention, however, was centered more on the shop window. The prayer-rug was still there, and on it the coil of black pearls still reposed. This much the gem-dealer himself could see at a glance. But what he could not see or understand was that at any moment they might disappear. His stupidity seemed maddening.

"Take those things out of that window!" I once more frantically commanded. For by this time I could see the rug lifting, lifting, ominously, lifting as though a blindly groping hand moved about beneath its silky folds.

THE idiot in the *pince-nez* made no slightest effort to carry out my command. Instead of doing so, in fact, he raised the police whistle to his lips, blew on it, and then promptly stepped backward and locked himself in his own shop, where I could see him vigorously working the contact-switch of his burglar-alarm circuit. A police-car full of bluecoats at the same time clanged across the Avenue. I had only time to wonder if it was Sloan and his men headed for the Holshaw house. For I realized, at last, that I had to face the music alone.

I did the thing that came easiest. I leveled my automatic at the window of that gem-shop and fired. I was standing pretty close to it, and the bullet, at short range, cut through the heavy plate as though it had gone through a sheet of rolled lead. It perforated the glass without a break of its surface, leaving a hole as round and clean-cut as the point of a diamond drill might have made.

So with my next movement I flung the heavy automatic flat against the window, flung it with all my strength. There was a crash and shatter of glass, a chorus of startled shouts from behind me, and a bleat like a banshee-wail from the shopkeeper himself as I leaned in through the broken window and snatched up his string of dusky globes on their wire of platinum.

As I did so I was vaguely conscious of Toosey's perturbed old reprobate in the silk hat running like a pelted hound along the Avenue and turning the first corner toward the west, memory of his misdirected amours apparently lending wings to his flight. But I was intent on a little sprinting of my own. I ran straight toward Toosey and her policeman, with my hands held high above my head, for that officer, I could see, already had his service revolver out. I wasn't anxious for any sudden misunderstandings, in case he still stood in doubt as to which side of the fence I was on.

"Keep those pearls," I gasped as I thrust the dangling rope of midnight duskiness into his huge hand. He blinked down at them with ox-like and puzzled eyes. Then, with his gaze already back on the shattered plate-front, he took possession of me.

"Yuh bruk that window!" he said with damning and phlegmatic conviction as the big hand clamped like a vise on my arm.

I knew that I was under arrest, and I knew there was no use arguing about it. Yet the next moment, through the gathering crowd, I could see Sloan bearing down on us with one of his prisoners.

It surprised me a little to see that this prisoner was Toosey's Chesterfieldian old admirer. But it surprised me still more to see our wrathy Inspector suddenly swat the silk tile from the head of that pompous old rake, who was still apparently resenting his capture. Even Toosey turned to watch the rather breathless Sloan as he pushed and bunted his prisoner unceremoniously to where we stood.

"What's the good o' man-handlin' that harmless old nut?" demanded the romantic-minded and somewhat indignant Toosey.

"Harmless?" echoed the irate Sloan, still a little out of breath as he reached up and jerked a white wig off his captive's pink-fleshed skull. "Harmless? Why, he's Sapphire Sam of the Pareto gang! And he's the stick-up who just tipped off that gang and let two-thirds o' them get away over the roofs!"

Then Sloan's troubled face suddenly relaxed, for he had caught sight of the string of pearls dangling from the pompous young patrolman's right hand. He blinked at them for several seconds. Then he turned to me.

"Balmy, you're *a brick!*" he said with a fervor which, a moment later, he seemed ashamed of.

The Diamond Thieves" is entitled "The Stranger in the House," and will appear in November "Hearst's" on sale everywhere October 29)



The Car With the White Radiator

New Distinction

HERE is distinctiveness in the ownership of a Pan-American. For the Pan-American is unlike any other car in America. As you h the procession, you get the gleam of a ***te radiator***—a little touch that in itself rentiates the Pan-American from all other on the market.

Pick out any assemblage of medium priced Note the close similarity in design and ap- ance. The lack of distinction. Then compare ew Pan-American—the "American Beauty" The modern, low-slung design provides both ntials of beauty and riding comfort; the ' of riding ***in*** the car—not ***on*** it.

Superb Coach Work

THE coach work of the Pan-American is comparable to that of the most expensive cars. A special feature is made of the hand-rubbed coach finish, and the purchaser may have any one of four distinctive body colors.

The Pan-American has style, class, beauty in every line—beauty that blends with the ***personality*** of this car to give it a uniquely pleasing individuality.

Underlying this beauty of appearance will be found sturdiness, endurance and stamina proven under the most trying conditions of cross country travel—and in the most gruelling race track tests.

"Blue Book" of Materials

THERE is not an unknown quantity in the Pan-American — the specifications are a veritable "Blue Book"—the pick of Motordom's best materials:

The famous Reutenber 40 h. p. six-cylinder motor—Timken axles and bearings—Warner transmission—Gray & Davis starting and lighting system—Firestone rims—

ample assurance of the satisfactory performance of the Pan-American—the "American Beauty" car.

With all that the Pan-American offers you, the price is a "happy medium" one. $1500, F. O. B. Decatur. Write today for the beautiful Pan-American Book.

Pan-American

"The American Beauty Car"

HE PAN-AMERICAN MOTORS CORPORATION, DECATUR, ILLINOIS

You dont like raw peanuts You like them roasted

For the delicious toasted flavor

Have you smoked the famous toasted cigarette?

LUCKY STRIKE

The real Burley cigarette

It's toasted

© Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co.

THE YOUNG DIANA

(Continued from page 258

nothing if not respectable. He was a J. P. This, in English suburban places at least, is the hall-mark of an unimpeachable rectitude. Another sign of his good standing and general uprightness was that at stated seasons he always went for a change of air. We all know that the person who remains in one place the whole year round is beyond the pale and cannot be received in the best society. Mr. May had a handsome house and grounds in the close vicinity of Richmond, within easy distance of town, but when the London "season" ended, he and Mrs. May invariably discovered their home to be "stuffy," and sighed for more expansive breathing and purer oxygen than Richmond could supply. They had frequently taken a shooting or fishing in Scotland, but that was in the days when there were still matrimonial hopes for Diana, and when marriageable men could be invited, not only to handle rod and gun, but to inspect their "one ewe-lamb," which they were overanxious to sell to the highest bidder. These happy dreams were at an end. It was no longer worth while to lay in extensive supplies of whisky and cigars by way of impetus to timid or hesitating benedicts when they came back from a day on the moors, tired, sleepy and stupid enough to drift into proposals of marriage almost unconsciously. Mr. May seldom invited young men to stay with him now, for the very reason that he could not get them; they found him a "bore," his wife dull, and his daughter an "old maid," a term of depreciation still freely used by the golden youth of the day, despite the modern and more civil term of "lady bachelor." So he drew in the horns of his past ambition, and consoled himself with the society of two or three portly men of his own age and habits —men who played golf and billiards, and who, if they could do nothing else, smoked continuously. And for the necessary "change of air," the seaside offered itself as a means of health without too-excessive an expenditure, and instead of "chasing the wild deer and following the roe," a simple hammock chair on the sandy beach and a golf course within easy walking distance provided sufficient relaxation. Not that Mr. May was in any sense parsimonious; he did not take a cottage by the sea, or cheap lodgings; on the contrary, he was always prepared to "do the thing handsomely," and to select what the house-agents call an "ideal" residence.

At the particular time I am writing of, he had just settled down for the summer in a very special "ideal" on the coast of Devon. It was a house which had formerly belonged to an artist, but the artist had recently died, and his handsome and not inconsolable widow stated that she found it dull. She was glad to let it for two or three months, in order to get away, with that restless alacrity which distinguishes so many people who find anything better than their own homes, and Mr. and Mrs. Polydore May—though, as they said, it certainly was "a little quiet after London"—were glad to have it at quite a moderate rental for the charming place it really was. The gardens were exquisitely laid out and carefully kept; the smooth, velvety lawns ran down almost to the sea, where a little white gate opened out from the green of the grass to the gold of the sand; the rooms were tastefully furnished, and Diana, when she first saw the place, going some days in advance of her father and mother as was her wont, in order to make things ready and comfortable for them, thought how happy she could be if only such a house and garden were hers to enjoy, independently of others. For a week before her respected and respectable parents came, in the intervals of unpacking and arranging matters so that the domestic staff could assume their ordinary duties with smoothness and regularity, she wandered about alone, exploring the beauties of her surroundings, her thin, flat figure striking a curious note of sadness and solitude as she sometimes stood in the garden among a wealth of flowers, looking out to the tender dove-gray line of the horizon across the sea. The servants, peeping at her from kitchen and pantry window, made their own comments.

"Poor dear!" said the cook, thoughtfully. "She do wear thin."

"Ah, it's a sad lookout for 'er!" sighed the upper housemaid, who was engaged to a pork butcher with an alarmingly red face, whom one could have thought any self respecting young woman would have died rather than wedded. "To be all alone in the world like that, unpertected, as she will be when her pa and ma have gone!"

"Well, they won't go in a hurry!" put in the butler, who was an observing man. "Leastways, Mr. May won't; he'll 'old on to life like a cat to a mouse, *he* will! He's *that* hearty! Why, he thinks he's about thirty instead of sixty. The missis, now, if she goes on eating as she do, she'll drop off sudden like a burstin' bean; but *he!* Ah! I shouldn't wonder if he outlasted us all!"

"Lor, Mr. Jonson!" exclaimed the upper housemaid, "how you do talk!—and you such a young man too!" Jonson smiled, inwardly flattered. He was well over forty, but like his master wished to be considered a kind of youth, fit for dancing, tennis and other such gamesome occupations.

"Miss Diana," he now continued with a judicial air, "has lost her chances. It's a pity, for no one won't marry her now. There's too many young gels about—no man wants the old 'uns. She'll have to take up a 'mission' or something to get noticed at all."

Here a quiet-looking woman named Grace Laurie interposed. She was the ladies' maid, and she was held in great respect, for she was engaged to marry (at some uncertain and distant date) an Australian farmer with considerable means.

"Miss Diana is very clever," she said. "She could do almost anything she cared to. She's got a great deal more in her than people think. And"—here Grace hesitated—"she's prettily made too, though she's over thin; when she comes from her bath with all her hair hanging down she looks sweet!" A gurgle of half-hesitating, half-incredulous laughter greeted this remark.

"Well, it's few ladies as looks 'sweet coming from the bath!" declared the butler with emphasis. "I've had many a peep at the missis——"

Here the laughter broke out loudly, with little cries of "Oh! Oh!" and the kitchen chatter ended.

It had come to the last day of Diana's free and uncontrolled enjoyment of the charming seaside Eden which her parents had selected as a summer retreat; and, regretfully realizing this, she strolled lingeringly about the garden, inhaling the sweet odors of roses and mignonette with the salty breath of the sea. The next morning Mr. and Mrs. Polydore May would arrive in time for luncheon, and once more the old domestic jogtrot routine would commence—the same routine as that which prevailed at Richmond, with no other change save such as was conveyed in the differing scene and surroundings. Breakfast punctually at nine, luncheon at one, tea at four-thirty, dinner at quarter to eight. Dinner at quarter to eight was one of Diana's bugbears—why not have it at eight o'clock, she thought? The "quarter to" was an irritating juggling with time for which there was no necessity. But she had protested in vain; dinner at quarter to eight was one of her mother's many domestic "fads." Between the several meals enumerated there would be nothing doing,—nothing, that is to say, of any consequence or use to anybody. Diana knew the whole weary, stupid round: Mr. May would pass the morning reading the papers either in the garden or on the sandy shore; Mrs. May would give a few muddled and contradictory orders to the servants who never obeyed them literally, but only as far as they could be conveniently carried out, and then would retire to write letters to friends or acquaintances; in the afternoon Mr. May would devote himself to golf, while his wife slept till teatime; then she would take a stroll in the garden, and perhaps—only perhaps—talk over a few household affairs with her daughter. Then came the "quarter-to-eight" dinner, with desultory and somewhat wrangling conversation, after which Mrs. May slept again, and Mr. May played billiards if he could find anyone to play with him; if not, he practised "tricky" things alone with the cue. Neither of them ever thought that this sort of life was not conducive to cheerfulness so far as their daughter Diana was concerned; indeed, they never considered her at all. When she was young—ah yes, of course!—it was necessary to find such entertainment and society for her as might "show her off," but now, when she was no longer marriageable in the conventionally accepted sense of marriage, she was left to bear the brunt of fate as best she might, and learn to be contented with the plain feminine duty of keeping house for her parents. It must be stated that she did this "keeping-house" business to perfection; she controlled expenses without a taint of meanness, managed the servants, and made the whole commonplace affair of ordinary living run smoothly. But, whatever she did, she never had a word of praise from either her father or mother; they took her careful service as their right, and never seemed to realize that most of their comforts and conveniences were the result of her forethought and good sense. Certainly they did not trouble themselves as to whether she was happy or the reverse.

She thought of this—just a little, but not morosely—on the last evening she was to spend alone at "Rose Lea" as the "ideal" summer residence was called, probably on account of its facing west, and gathering on its walls and windows all the brilliant flush of the sunset. She was somewhat weary; she had been occupied for hours in arranging her mother's bedroom and seeing that all the numerous luxuries needed by that placid mass of superfluous flesh were in their place and order; and now that she had finished everything she had to do she was glad to have the remainder of her time to herself in the garden, thinking, and—as usual—wondering. Her wonder was just simply this: How long would she have to go on in the same clockwork mechanism of life as that which now seemed to be her destiny? She had made certain variations in the slow music of her days by study—yes, that was true!—but then no one made use of her studies, no one knew the extent of her attainments, and even in her music she had no encouragement—no one ever asked her to play. All her efforts seemed so much wasted output of energy. She had certain private joys of her own: a great love of Nature, which like an open door of heaven allowed her to enter familiarly into some of the marvels and benedictions of creative intelligence; she loved books, and could read them in French and Italian as well as in her native English, and she had taken to the study of Russian with some success. Greek and Latin she had learned sufficiently well to understand the great authors of the elder world in their own script; but all these intellectual diversions were organized and followed on her own initiative, and, as she sometimes said to herself, a trifle bitterly:

"Nobody knows I can do anything but check the tradesmen's books and order the dinner!"

This was a fact—nobody knew. Ordinary people considered her unattractive; what they saw was a scraggy woman of medium height with a worn face visibly beginning to wrinkle under a profusion of waving brown hair; a woman who "had been" pretty when younger, but who now had a rather restrained and nervous manner and who was seldom inclined to speak; yet who, when spoken to, answered always gently, in a sweet voice with a wonderfully musical accentuation. No one thought for a moment that she might possibly be something of a scholar, and certainly no one imagined that above all things she was a great student of all matters pertaining to science. Every book she could hear of on scientific subjects, whether treating of wireless telegraphy, light-rays, radium, or other marvelous discoveries of the age, she made it her special business to secure and to study patiently and comprehendingly, the result being that her mind was richly stored with material for thought on far higher planes than the majority of reading folk ever attempt to reach. But she never spoke of the things in which she was so deeply interested, and as she was reserved and almost awkwardly shy in company, the occasional callers on her mother scarcely noticed her, except casually and with a careless civility which meant nothing. She was seen to knit and to do Jacobean tapestry work rather well, and people spoke to her of these accomplishments as being what they thought she was most likely to understand; but they looked askance at her dress, which was always a little tasteless and unbecoming, and opined that "poor dear Mrs. May must be dreadfully disappointed in her daughter!"

It never occurred to these easy-tongued folk that Diana was dreadfully disappointed in herself. This was the trouble of it. What good was she in the world? She asked the question daily and could find no answer.

And yet she was useful to her parents surely? Yes, but in her own heart she knew they would have been just as satisfied with a paid "companion housekeeper." They did not really love her now that she had turned out such a failure. Alas, poor Diana! Her hunger for love was her misfortune; it was the one thing in all the world she craved. It had been this desire of love that had charmed her impulsive soul when, in the heyday of her youth and prettiness she had engaged herself to the man for whom she had waited seven years, only to be heartlessly thrown over at last. She had returned all his letters in exchange for her own at the end of the affair—all save two—and these two she read every night before she said her prayers, to keep them well fixed in her memory. One of them contained the following passage:

"How I love you, my own sweet little Diana! You are to me the most adorable girl in the world, and if ever I do an unkind thing to you or wrong you in any way may God punish me for a treacherous brute! My one desire in life is to make you happy."

The other letter, written some years later, was rather differently expressed:

"I am quite sure you will understand that time has naturally worked changes, in you as well as in myself, and I am obliged to confess that the feelings I once had for you no longer exist. But you are a sensible woman, and you are old enough now to realize that we are better apart."

"You are old enough now" was the phrase that jarred upon Diana's inward sense, like the ugly sound of a clanking chain in a convict's cell. "You are old enough now." Well, it was true! She was "old enough," but she had taken this "oldness" upon her while faithfully waiting for her lover. And he had been the first to punish her for her constancy! It was very strange. Indeed, it was one of those many things that had brought her to her chronic state of wonderment. The great writers—more notably great poets, themselves the most fickle of men—eulogized fidelity in love as a heavenly virtue. Why then, when she had practiced it, had she been so sorely rewarded? Yet, since the rupture of her engagement, and the long and bitter pain she had endured over this breaking up of all she had held most dear, her many duties and her careful reading had gradually calmed and strengthened her nature, and she was able to admit to herself that there were possibly worse things than the loss of a heartless lover who might have proved a still more heartless husband. She felt no resentment toward him, and his memory now scarcely moved her to a thrill of sorrow or regret. She only asked herself why it had all happened? Or course there was no answer to such a query—there never is. And she was "old enough"—yes, quite "old enough" to put away all romance and sentimentality. Yet, as she walked slowly in the garden among the roses and watched the sea sparkling in the warm afterglow of what had been an exceptionally fine sunsetting, the old foolish craving stirred in her heart again. The scent of the flowers, the delicate breathings of the summer air, the flash of the seagulls' white wings skimming over the glittering sandpools—all these expressions of natural beauty saddened while they entranced her soul. She longed to be one with them, sharing their life, and imparting to others something of their joy.

"They never grow old!" she said, half aloud. "Or if they do it is not perceived. They seem always the same—always beautiful and vital."

Here she paused. A standard-rose tree weighted with splendid blossoms showed among its flowers one that had been cramped and spoiled by the over-profusion and close pressure of its companions; it was decaying amid the eager crowd of bursting buds that looked almost humanly anxious to be relieved of its presence. With soft, deft fingers Diana broke it away from the stem and let it drop to earth.

"That is me!" she said. "And that's what ought to become of me! Nothing withered or ugly ought to live in such a lovely world. I am a blot on beauty."

She looked out to sea again. The afterglow had almost faded; only one broad line of dull gold showed the parting trail of the sun.

"No, there's no hope!" she murmured, with an expressive gesture of her hands. "I must plod on day after day in the same old rut of things, doing my duty, which is perhaps all I ought to ask to do, trying to make my mother comfortable and to keep my father in decent humor, and then—then—when they go, I shall be alone in the world. No one will care what becomes of me even as it is now no one cares whether I live or die!"

This is the discordant note in many a life's music—"no one cares." When no one cares for us we do not care about ourselves or about anybody else. And in "not caring" we stumble blindly and unconsciously on our only chance of safety and happiness. A heartless truth, but a truth all the same! For when we have become utterly indifferent to Destiny, Destiny like a spoiled child does all she can to attract our notice, and manifests a sudden interest in us of which we had never dreamed. And the less we care the more she clings!

DIANA was "old enough," as her recalcitrant lover had informed her, to value the blessing of a good night's rest. She had a clear conscience; she was indeed that *rara avis* in these days, a perfectly innocent-minded woman, and she slept as calmly and peacefully as a child. When she woke to the light of a radiant morning, with the sunshine making diamonds of the sea, she felt almost young again as she tripped to and fro, putting the final touches of taste to the pretty drawing-room, and giving to every nook and corner that indefinable air of pleasant occupation which can only be bestowed by the hand of a dainty, beauty-loving woman. At the appointed hour the automobile was sent to the station to meet Mr. and Mrs. James Polydore May, and punctual to time the worthy couple arrived, both husband and wife slightly out of humor with the heat of the fine summer's day and the fatigue of the journey from London.

"Well, Diana!" sighed her mother, turning a fat, buff-colored cheek to be kissed, "is the house really decent and comfortable?"

"It's lovely!" declared Diana, cheerfully. "I'm sure you'll be happy here, mother! The garden is perfectly delightful."

"Your mother spoke of the house, not the garden," interposed Mr. May judicially. "You really must be accurate, Diana! Yes—er—yes!—that will do!" thus, as Diana somewhat shrinkingly embraced him. "Your mother is always suspicious—and rightly so—of damp in rented country houses, but I think we made ourselves certain that there was nothing of that kind before we decided to take it. And no poultry clucking? No noises of a farmyard close by? No? That's a comfort! Yes—er—it seems fairly suitable. Is luncheon ready?"

Diana replied that it was, and the family of three were soon seated at table in the dining-room, discussing lobster mayonnaise. As Mrs. May bent her capacious bosom over her plate, her round eyes goggling with sheer greed, and Mr. May rapidly, as was his wont, casting sharp glances about him to see if he could find fault with anything, Diana's heart sank more and more. It was just the same sort of luncheon as at home in Richmond, tainted by the same sordid atmosphere of commonplace. Her parents showed no spark of pleasurable animation or interest in the change of scene or the loveliness of the garden and sea as glimpsed through the open French windows; everything had narrowed into the savory but compressed limit of lobster mayonnaise.

"Too much mustard in this, as usual," said Mr. May, scraping his plate noisily.

"Not at all," retorted his wife, with placid obstinacy. "If there *is* anything Marsh knows *how* to make with absolute perfection, it is mayonnaise."

Marsh was the cook, and the cause of many a matrimonial wrangle.

"Oh, of course, Marsh is faultless!" sneered Mr. May. "This house has been taken solely that Marsh shall have a change of air and extra perquisites!"

Mrs. May's eyes goggled a little more prominently, and protecting her voluminous bust with a dinner-napkin she took a fresh supply of mayonnaise. Diana, who was a small eater and who rather grudged the time her parents spent over their meals, took no part in this sort of sparring which always went on between the progenitors of her being. She was thankful when luncheon was over and she could escape to her own room. There she found the maid, Grace Laurie, with some letters which had just arrived.

"These are for you, Miss," said Grace. "I brought them up out of the hall, as I thought you'd like to be quiet for a bit."

Diana smiled gratefully.

"Thank you, Grace. Mother is coming upstairs directly to lie down. Will you see she has all she wants?"

"Yes, Miss." Then, after a pause: "It's you that should lie down and get a rest, Miss Diana; you've been doing ever such a lot all these days. You should just take it easy now."



A MAN'S GOOD NAME

He had been expelled from West Point for such a small, yet such a vital thing. Proud, mortified, he went to that far off country.

And now, in that tropic wilderness he stood—one against a thousand—one American, disgraced—against a thousand enemies. He must win, yet—how? Could he wipe out the stain and win back all he had lost?

Read this adventure in human nature—see how far a brave man will go to save his good name and what he will dare for a woman. It is told by that man who always stays young—

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

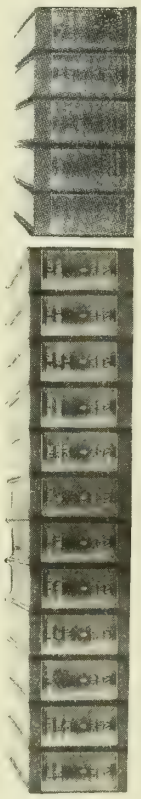
FIRST UNIFORM EDITION

With swift easy sureness he carries you away from yourself—across seas—above mountains—and sets you down face to face with startling adventure.

No man ever saw so many queer sights in so many strange lands. The world for him was a world of romance. He knew the magic of adventure. He was the greatest newspaper reporter that ever lived. He was the greatest war correspondent that ever thrilled a nation.

He was at the Boer war—he was in Cuba. He saw the Russo-Japanese war—he was in Mexico. He was at the front in the first years of this Great War. Today more than ever before, Americans love him. High-hearted, fearless gentleman—his heart flamed against cruelty and injustice. He typifies the very spirit with which America is going into the war. His chivalrous knighthood stood out startlingly in a machine-made age.

"The world knew him as one of the most vivid and versatile and picturesque writers that our country produced in the last half century, but his friends knew him as one of the kindest and most honest of men"—*Irvin S. Cobb.*



FREE Stevenson's Masterpieces **5 Volumes**

To those who send the coupon promptly we will give a set of Stevenson's masterpieces, in 5 volumes.

This is a wonderful combination. Here are the greatest two writers of books of adventure that have ever lived. You can get one at a reduced price and the other *free.*

DAVIS
12 volumes, bound in green basket-weave cloth, gold tops, gold backs, deckled edges, illustrated.

STEVENSON
5 volumes, bound in maroon vellum cloth, gold tops, gold backs, illustrated.

Hearst's 10-17

Send the Coupon without Money

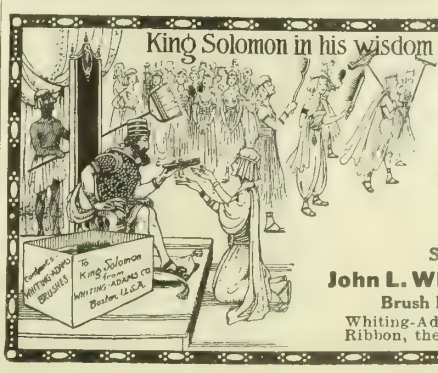
You must act quickly. How long you can have these books at the present low price we do not know. We have enough paper for the present edition. But the cost of paper is going higher every day. The Library which does not include Davis—and the Library which does not include Stevenson, is no library at all. When this edition runs out we will have to add the extra cost of paper to the price. Make sure of your splendid set at the little price. Mail the coupon now for the Davis on approval and the Stevenson free.

Chas. Scribner's Sons
597 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Send me, all charges prepaid, complete set of Richard Harding Davis, in 12 volumes. Also send absolutely free the set of Stevenson, in 5 volumes. If the books are not satisfactory I will return both sets within 10 days, at your expense. Otherwise I will send you 50c at once and $1.00 a month for 16 months.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
Fifth Avenue New York

Name.....
Address.....



King Solomon in his wisdom arranged that his family should have contentment and happiness.
His wives were well supplied with the best brushes obtainable

Every Family, Large or Small, Should Have

Whiting-Adams BRUSHES

GOOD TO LOOK AT AND GOOD TO USE

Quality sticks out all over them

Send for Illustrated Literature. Dept. R.

John L. Whiting-J. J. Adams Co., Boston, U. S. A.

Brush Manufacturers for Over One Hundred Years

Whiting-Adams Brushes Awarded Gold Medal and Official Blue Ribbon, the Highest Award at Panama-Pacific Exposition, 1915



"Just to Show a Proper Glow."

Use

Ingram's Rouge

A safe preparation for delicately heightening the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Delicately perfumed. Solid cake—no porcelain plate. Three shades—light, medium, dark—50c.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

will do most for your skin. It has properties not found in other creams. It improves the skin-health in every way, remedying blemishes, allaying irritation, toning and invigorating. 50c and $1 Jars. **"There is Beauty in Every Jar."**

Send us 6c in stamps for our Guest Room Package containing Ingram's Face Powder and Rouge in novel purse packets, and Milkweed Cream, Zodenta Tooth Powder, and Ingram's Perfume in Guest Room sizes. (40)

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
Established 1885
Windsor, Canada 89 Tenth St., Detroit, U.S.A.

How to Put on Flesh



I can improve your figure—build up your strength—fill out your neck, chest, etc.

I KNOW I can because I have helped over 35,000 women gain 10 to 35 pounds.

"The [illegible] writes: 'One year ago I weighed only 104 pounds—now I weigh 126, and oh, I feel rounded and rested!'"

I can help you attain your proper weight. In your room. Without drugs. By scientific, natural methods such as your physician approves.

If you only realized how surely, how easily, how inexpensively your weight can be increased, I am certain you would write me at once.

Tell me your faults of health or figure.

I respect your confidence and I will send you my booklet, free, showing you how to stand and walk correctly.

Susanna Cocroft
Dept. 94, 624 S. Michigan Blvd., Chicago

High School Course
In Two Years Learn at Home In Spare Time

Here is a thorough, complete, simplified High School Course that you can complete in two years. Meets college entrance requirements. Prepared by leading professors in [illegible]

DON'T STOP GROWING!

[illegible] Train your brain! Become a mental giant. A High School education will [illegible] your [illegible] or business.

[illegible] a correspondence course in [illegible] at [illegible] Sterling [illegible] Write today.

Make up for Lost Time!

Men and women who were denied a high school training can "catch up" by taking this simplified course at home. Hundreds have profited by this remarkable opportunity.

High School Book Free

Send your name and address on a letter or [illegible] It is free. It tells [illegible] Write today.

American School of Correspondence
Dept. H1287 Chicago, Illinois



$2.50 A MONTH Buys a Visible Writing
L. C. SMITH

[illegible] machines only of [illegible] with keyboard [illegible] Tabulator, [illegible] Ribbon [illegible] Five Days' Free Trial. Fully guaranteed. Catalog and special price sent free.

H. A. SMITH, 506-231 N. 5th Ave., Chicago, Ill.

LE PAGE'S CHINA CEMENT
STANDS HOT AND COLD WATER 10c

Diana smiled again. There was something of kindly compassion in the "take it easy" suggestion, but she nodded assentingly and the well-meaning maid left her.

There was a long mirror against the wall, and Diana suddenly saw her own reflection in it. A hot flush of annoyance reddened her face; what a scarecrow she looked to herself! So angular and bony! Her plain navy-linen frock hung as straight as a man's trousers; no gracious curves of body gave prettiness to its uncompromising folds; and as for her poor worn countenance she could have thrown things at it for its doleful pointed chin and sharp nose! She looked steadfastly into her own eyes—they were curious in color, and rather pretty with their melting hues of blue and gray, but oh! those crowsfeet at the corners! oh, the wrinkling of the eyelids! oh, the tiredness and dimness and ache!

Turning abruptly away, she glanced at the small timepiece on her dressing-table. It was three o'clock. Then she took off her navy-linen gown—one of the "serviceable" ugly sort of things her father was never tired of recommending for her wear—and slipped on a plain little white wrapper which she had made for herself out of a cheap length of nun's veiling. She loosened her hair and brushed it out, it fell to her waist in pretty rippling waves, and it was full of golden glints, so much so that spiteful persons of her own sex had ever said: "At her age it can't be natural; it *must* be dyed!" Nevertheless its curling tendency and its brightness were all its own, but Diana took no heed of its beauty, and she would have been more than incredulous had anyone told her that in this array, or rather *dis*-array, she had the appearance of a time-worn picture of some delicate saint in a French mediæval "Book of Hours." But such was her aspect. And with the worn saint look upon her she drew a reclining chair to the window and lay down, stretching herself restfully at full length, and gazing out to sea, her unopened letters on her lap. How beautiful was that seemingly infinite line of shining water, melting into shining sky; how far removed from the little troubles and terrors of the world of mankind!

"I wonder!" she murmured. The old story again! she was always wondering! Then, with eyes growing almost youthful in their intense longing for comprehension, she became absorbed in one of those vague reveries which, like the things of eternity, have no beginning and no end. She "wondered"—yes!—she wondered why, for example, Nature was so grand and reasonable, and Man so mean and petty, when surely he could, if he chose, be master of his own fate—master of all the miracles of air, fire and water, and supreme sovereign of his own soul! A passage in a book she had lately been reading recurred to her memory:

"If any man once mastered the secret of governing the chemical atoms of which he is composed he would discover the fruit of the Tree of Life of which, as his Creator said, he would "take, eat, and live for ever!"

She sighed—a sigh of weariness and momentary depression—then began turning over her letters and glancing indifferently at the handwriting on each envelope, till one, addressed in a remarkably clear, bold calligraphy made her smile in evidently pleasurable anticipation.

"From Sophy Lansing," she said. "Dear little Sophy! She's always amusing, with her Suffragette enthusiasms and her vivacious independent ways! And she's one of those very few clever women who manage to keep womanly and charming in spite of their cleverness. Oh, what a *fat* letter!"

She opened it and read the dashing scrawl, still smiling:

DEAREST DI,

I suppose you are now settling down "by the sad sea-waves" with Pa and Ma! Oh, you poor thing! I can see you hard at it like a donkey at a well, trotting "in the common round, the daily task," of keeping Pa as tolerable in temper as such an old curmudgeon can be, and Ma as reposeful under her burden of superfluous flesh as is at all possible. What a life for you, patient Grizel! Why don't you throw it up? You are really clever, and you could do so much. This is Woman's Day, and you are a woman of exceptional ability. You know I've asked you over and over again to retire from the whole domestic show and leave those most uninteresting and selfish old parents of yours to their own devices with a paid housekeeper to look after their food which is all they really care about. Come and live with me in London. We should be quite happy together, for I'm good natured and sensible and so are you, and we're neither of us contending for a man, so we shouldn't quarrel. And you'd wake up, Diana—you'd wake to find that there are many more precious things in life than Pa and Ma! I could even find you a few men to entertain you, though most of them become bores after about an hour—especially the ones that think themselves vastly amusing. Like your Pa, you know! who, when he tells a very ancient "good story" thinks that God himself ought to give up everything else to listen to him! No, don't be shocked! I'm not really irreverent—but you know it's true. Woe betide the hapless wight, male or female, who dares utter a word while Pa Polydore is on the story trail! How I've longed to throw things at him, and have only refrained for your sake! Well! God a' mercy on us, as Shakespeare's *Ophelia* says, and defend us from the anecdotal men!

You'll perhaps be interested to hear that a proposal of marriage was made to me last night. The bold adventurer is rather like your Pa—well on in years, rich, with a prosperous "tum" and a general aspect of assertive affluence. I said "No" of course, and he asked me if I knew what I was doing? Exactly as if he thought I might be drunk or dreaming! I replied that I was quite aware of myself, of him, and the general locality. "And yet you say No?" he almost whispered in a kind of stupefied amazement. I repeated "No" and "No," and clinched the matter by the additional remark that he was the last sort of man I would ever wish to marry. Then he smiled feebly, and said: "Poor child! You have been sadly led astray! These new ideas——" I cut him short by ringing the bell and ordering tea, and fortunately just at the moment in came Jane Prowser—*you* know her!—the tall, bony woman who goes in for "Eugenics," and she did the scarecrow business quite effectively. As soon as she began to talk in her high, rasping voice he went! Then I had tea alone with the Prowser—rather a trying meal, as she would, she *would* describe in detail all the deformities and miseries of a child, "wot 'adn't no business to be born," as my housemaid once remarked of a certain domestic upset. However, I got rid of her after she had eaten all the cress and tomato sandwiches, and then I started to read a batch of letters from abroad. I'm so thankful for my foreign correspondents! They write and spell so well, and always have something interesting to say. One of my great friends in Paris, Blanche de Rouailles, sent me a most curious advertisement, which she tells me is appearing in all the French papers. I enclose it for you as you are so "scientific" and it may interest you. It is rather curiously worded and sounds uncanny! But it occupies nearly half a column in all the principal Paris papers and is repeated in five different languages—French, Italian, Spanish, Russian and English. I suppose it's a snare or a "do" of some sort. The world is full of scoundrels, even in science! Now remember what I tell you! Come to me at once if Pa and Ma kick over the traces and allow their ingrained selfishness to break out of bounds. There's plenty of room for you in my cosy little flat and we can have a real good time together. Don't bother about money; with your talent and knowledge of languages you can soon earn some, and I'll put you in the way of it. You really must do something for your own advantage; surely you don't mean to waste your whole life in soothing Pa and massaging Ma? It may be dutiful but it must be dull! I don't think all the massaging in the world will ever reduce Ma to normal proportions, and certainly nothing can ever cure Pa of his detestable humors which are always lurking in ambush below his surface manner ready to jump out like black devils on the smallest provocation. We can never be really grateful enough, dear Di, for our single blessedness! Imagine what life would have been for us with husbands like Pa! Absolute misery! for you and I could never have taken refuge in food and fat like Ma! We would have died sooner than concentrate our souls on peas and asparagus! we would have gone to the stake like martyrs rather than allowed our bosoms to swell with the interior joys of roast pork and stuffing! Oh yes! There is much to be thankful for in our spinsterhood; we can go to our little beds in peace, knowing that no pig-like snoring from the "superior" brute will disturb the holy hours of the night! And if we *are* clever enough to make a little money we can spend it as we like without being cross-examined as to why it is that the dress we wore four years ago is worn out, and why we must have another! I could run on for pages and pages concerning the blessings and privileges of unmarried women, but I'll restrain my enthusiasm till we meet. Let that meeting be soon! and remember that I am always at your service as a true friend and that I'll do anything in the world to help you out of your domestic harness. For the old people who drive you can't and won't see what a patient, kind, helpful clever daughter they've got, and they don't deserve to keep you. Let them spend their spare cash on a housekeeper who is sure to cheat them (and a good job too!) and take your freedom. Get away! —never mind how or where or when—but don't spend all your life in drudging. You've done enough of it—get away! This is the best of good advice from your loving friend

SOPHY LANSING.

A slight shadow of meditative gravity clouded Diana's face as she finished reading this letter. She was troubled by her own thoughts; Sophy's lively strictures on her parents were undoubtedly correct and deserved, and yet father and mother were father and mother after all! It is curious how these two words still keep their sentimental significance despite state education! "Mother" in the lower classes is often a drab, and in the higher a frivolous wastrel; "father" in the slums may beat his children black and blue, and in Mayfair neglect them to the point of utmost indifference; but "mother and father," totally undeserving as they often are, still come in for a share of their offspring's vague consideration and lingering respect. Education of the wrong sort, however, is doing its best to deprive them of their regard, and it appears likely that the younger generation will soon be so highly instructed as to be able to ignore "mother and father" as easily as full-fledged cygnets ignore the parent birds who drive them away from their nesting haunts. But Diana was old-fashioned; she had an affectionate nature, and she took pathetic pains to persuade herself that Pa and Ma meant to be kind, and must in their hearts love her, their only child. This was pure fallacy, but it was the only little bit of hope and trust left to her in a hard world, and she was loath to let it go.

At this point in Diana's thoughts she gave a little half-unconscious sigh. Mechanically she folded up Sophy Lansing's letter, and as she did so noticed that a slip of printed paper had fallen out of it and lay on the floor. She turned herself on her reclining-chair and stooped for it; then, as she picked it up, realized that it must be the advertisement in the five different languages which her friend had mentioned. Glancing carelessly over it at first, but afterward more attentively, her interest was aroused by its unusual wording; and then as she read it over and over again she found in it a singular attraction. It ran as follows:

TO ANY WOMAN who is alone in the world WITHOUT CLAIMS on HER TIME or AFFECTIONS.

A SCIENTIST, Engaged in very IMPORTANT and DIFFICULT WORK, requires the ASSISTANCE and coöperation of a Courageous and Determined Woman of mature years. She must have a fair knowledge of modern science, and must not shrink from dangerous experiments or be afraid to take risks in the pursuit of discoveries which may be beneficial to the human race. Every personal care, consideration, and courtesy will be shown toward her and she will be paid a handsome sum for her services and be provided with full board and lodging in an elegant suite of apartments placed freely at her disposal. She must be prepared to devote herself for one or two years entirely to the study of very intricate problems in chemistry, concerning which she will be expected to maintain the strictest confidence. She must be well educated, especially in languages and literature, and she must have no ties of any kind or business which can interrupt or distract her attention from the serious course of training which it will be necessary for her to pursue. This Advertisement can not be answered by letter. Each applicant must present herself personally and alone between the hours of 6 A.M. and 8 A.M. on Tuesdays and Fridays only to

DR. FEODOR DIMITRIUS,
Château Fragonard, Geneva.

The more Diana studied this singular announcement the more remarkable and fascinating did it seem. The very hours named as the only suitable ones for interviewing applicants, between six and eight in the morning, were unusual enough, and the whole wording of the advertisement implied something mysterious and out of the common.

"Though I daresay it is, as Sophy suggests, only a snare of some sort," she thought. "And yet to me it sounds genuine. But I don't think this Dr. Feodor Dimitrius will get the kind of woman he wants easily. A handsome salary with board and lodging are tempting enough, but few women would be inclined to 'take risks' in the inventions and discoveries of modern science. Some of them are altogether too terrible."

(To be Continued)

HURLEY

Concluded from page 272

and yet his simple clean-cut report of financial and trade conditions in South America, where he went as Trade Commissioner in 1913, is now a text-book with political economists and the schools of commerce. He does not allow himself to be called a politician, and yet high political offices continue to fall into his lap with a rapidity that dazzles the astutest politicians of the country. He has been hostler, fireman, engineer, master-mechanic, commercial traveler, inventor, author, manufacturer, bank president, and statesman with a "job" and the choice of many jobs. Roger Sullivan says he is the best salesman in the United States.

After all it is the man's way of doing things. The brains, the energy, the common sense, the shining honesty he puts into his work and the instant confidence he inspires in that work. He was born to succeed and has realized his destiny before he is fifty-one. Whatever the program of the Administration as it relates to ships you may be sure that Hurley will put it through—fairly, fearlessly, as speedily as possible.

There are even higher things that wait for the ex-Burlington engineer.

FINANCE

Concluded from page 297

sary for Government to do is to dip freely into the pockets of the people to meet any extravagant expenditure."

So far the financial and business interests of the country as a whole, as well as labor, have played their part better than the Washington authorities have played theirs. There has been criminal delay at the capital in getting down to the business at hand. There was too much talk and too little action. General Goethals, before he gave up the attempt to carry out the shipbuilding program, complained bitterly to me that nobody at Washington appeared to have any regard whatever for time, but wasted it as if it were the least-important thing in the world, instead of in war times being the most important thing in the world. The internationally-known head of a great business corporation told me that most of the people at Washington were more concerned over getting credit and praise than in getting things done. "The politicians at Washington are more anxious to gain personal victories in the way of popularity than they are to win the war," he declared with bitterness.

The American people will bear every just burden imposed upon them by the insistence of war.

No class has responded more wholeheartedly than our great industrial and financial leaders; they have abandoned their own affairs and willingly gone to live in cramped quarters in Washington, toiling and sweating daily for the national welfare. No unreasoning outcry has been raised against the movement to impose a very stiff tax on all business profits in excess of those earned during normal times, nor have the nation's bankers and brokers balked at devoting their time and talents to the flotation of billions upon billions of war bonds without one cent of commission or remuneration of any kind.

Is Washington alone to escape the demand for economy, conscientious effort and efficiency? Must the people train themselves to help the country to win the war only to see things muddled by the Government?

Every European belligerent found it necessary to replace its peace-time cabinets by ministers of real force, men of aggression, men of the first caliber, men more trained in practical affairs than in politics.

So much depends upon the course followed by Washington at this juncture that the public should be stir themselves and demand efficiency in high places. What our military forces can accomplish in France is largely dependent upon how matters are handled at home. If high government officials display incompetency, if they seriously impair the nation's ability to produce war supplies, if their bungling causes acute industrial and financial uncertainty, our whole war-machine will function poorly.

We need prosperity at home to insure the highest effectiveness at the front.

How a big bank executive won his way to success



John J. Arnold was born and reared on a farm and commenced his business career as bookkeeper and stenographer in the office of a furniture factory. In the years immediately following he filled a clerical position with a firm of attorneys and at the same time pursued the study of law.

Today he is Vice-President of the First National Bank of Chicago, Illinois, one of the largest and strongest banks in America. He holds many distinguished posts in bankers' associations and trade councils. He is a nationally quoted authority on international business problems. He has specialized in international banking, and is at the head of the International Banking Department of his institution.

What lies behind his career

When Mr. Arnold was in his teens a great railroad man said to him, "Never forget that the vital thing in business is fundamentals. Details you must dispose of. Fundamentals you must master." And on that advice he has built his career.

He has succeeded because he was always prepared when his opportunity came. He trained himself in advance for big executive work.

Men who know the big Chicago banker say that his fellow-clerks used to laugh at him for his industry in studying. They could not understand his eagerness to master business principles lying far beyond his immediate work.

The business course he selected

It was this same desire for broad business knowledge that led Mr. Arnold to enrol in the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

"A knowledge of fundamentals in business," Mr. Arnold wrote us recently, "is absolutely necessary to big business achievements. From personal knowledge of the Alexander Hamilton Institute Course, I am certain that every executive conscientiously pursuing it, will acquire important and valuable knowledge. This knowledge has greatly helped a goodly number of young business men, whom I know."

Based upon the actual experience of thousands of successful businessmen

The Institute collects, classifies and transmits thru the Modern Business Course and Service, the best thought and practice in modern business. It gives you a thoro and sound training in the fundamental principles underlying all departments of business.

In our national crisis today the need for this broad executive training is rapidly increasing. Men in all branches of business are being called upon to assume the work of others and to fill more responsible positions. This demand for trained executives will be even greater in the coming struggle for world markets. For men and for women who are prepared there will be more opportunities than ever before to succeed in a big way.

The kind of men enrolled

Presidents of big corporations are often enrolled for the Modern Business Course and Service along with ambitious young men in their employ. Among the 60,000 subscribers are such men as A. T. Hardin, Vice-President of the New York Central Lines; E. R. Behrend, President of the Hammermill Paper Co.; N. A. Hawkins, Manager of Sales, Ford Motor Co.; William C. D'Arcy, President of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World; Melville W. Mix, President of the Dodge Mfg. Co., and scores of others equally prominent.

In the Standard Oil Co., 291 men are enrolled in the Alexander Hamilton Institute; in the U. S. Steel Corporation, 450; in the National Cash Register Co., 194; in the Pennsylvania Railroad, 108; in the General Electric Co., 300—and so on down the list of the biggest concerns in America.

Advisory Council

Business and educational authority of the highest standing is represented in the Advisory Council of the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

This Council includes Frank A. Vanderlip, President of the National City Bank of New York; Judge E. H. Gary, head of the U. S. Steel Corporation; John Hays Hammond, the eminent engineer; Jeremiah W. Jenks, the statistician and economist; and Joseph French Johnson, Dean of the New York University School of Commerce.

"Forging Ahead in Business"

A careful reading of the 135-page book, "Forging Ahead in Business," will show you how to prepare for the increasing number of business opportunities that are bound to come during the next few years. Every man or woman with either a business or a career to guide to bigger, surer success, should read this book. Simply fill out and send the coupon below.

Alexander Hamilton Institute
645 Astor Place New York, N. Y.



Please send me "Forging Ahead in Business" FREE

Name ..... *Print here*

Business Address ..... *City* *State*

Business Position .....

NEW RUSSIA IN THE MAKING

(Continued from page 262)

phantasms, believe me. Sitting in that famous place nothing else in the world seems so comical as the notion of instructing these people.

Take a trip down there with me and see what you think of it. The Cadetsky Corpus —that means the West Point, of Russia: the vast, wandering pile that used to be the officers' training-school for the Russian army. In the great hall of this institution now meets the National Council of Workmen's, Soldiers' and Peasants' Delegates, the only source of government and authority, and so far the only organized expression of the popular will in Russia.

It is, in effect and for the time being, the National Congress. On the basis of population the country was divided into districts, and each district elected a delegate.

The low, plain white building has a street frontage of a quarter of a mile; all public buildings in Russia have spacious ground-plans. They take you through an entrance crowded with working people and with soldiers of the ranks, and then down one long corridor after another by the side of the old parade-ground of the cadets. The first thing you notice is that you are passing an enormous room filled with plain iron cot-beds. What are they? The beds of the delegates to the Council. To save time and money they sleep in the building—on the old beds of the cadets.

Next they take you into the basement and show you crude pine tables, rough benches and men being served thereon with the simplest of food. What is this? It is the delegates' dining-room. To save time again —as well as to save money—they eat in the building.

They mean business; they are not here for amusement. They have need of all the time they can save. Sometimes the sessions begin at 11 o'clock of one morning and last (with brief recesses) until 3 o'clock of the next.

In the language of Baedeker, we now return to the first floor, where we find at twenty stands busy and comely young women selling great piles of books, pamphlets, leaflets, propaganda literature. What is all this? The works of Marx, Engels, Kautsky, Unknown This and Unknown That, an astounding variety of names the most of which you never heard of, but all preaching revolution and radicalism, political, social, industrial.

At the top of the stairs is the long, long hall, one of the longest a man ever spoke in, where the delegates meet. Once these walls were adorned with the portraits of dead Czars and the flags of Imperial Russia. All are vanished now; ripped down with joyous acclaim on the day of the Revolution. In their place appears everywhere the red flag as the only decoration; except on the wall at the entrance end, where you read this motto, done in white upon red banners:

"Workingmen of the World, Unite! You Have Nothing to Lose but Your Chains!"

It seems to me I have heard something like that before, but few American readers of the literature of sociology ever expected to find that quotation emblazoned on the walls of any national legislature of our times.

The rear one-third of the hall is for the public. Delegates occupy the rest, 830 of them, seated at the transported old desks of the recent cadets. On the high, red-flagged platform at the extreme end sit the guests of the Council and its officers, including that redoubtable Tschaidse, the chairman, of whom the world is to hear further. At his left is the rostrum, a plain reading-desk for the speakers. Sit up there and look judiciously over this historic gathering. These men represent all the organized power of Russia; they have its fate in their hands. At their will ministers [illegible] fall, [illegible] the fate of the race is [illegible]

[illegible] body in the world, or that ever was in the world. The National Assembly of Revolutionary France? Nay, that was, after all, a middle-class affair; advocates like Robespierre, journalists like Desmoulins. American Congresses and legislatures are all lawyers; British are chiefly landowners and the [illegible] of the [illegible] is [illegible] of [illegible] with [illegible]

in touch and sympathy with labor that they are a part of it. No lawyers need apply. Also, no business men, employers, captains of industry or members of the better classes.

It is not easy to realize all this, but try—try hard. Strong is the medicine, but in the end it will do you good. It will enable you to understand New Russia, for instance, and to get the hang of this, its colossal drama, which you may be sure is worth your while, if anything is.

"But how about the Duma?" say you. Oh yes; of course—the Duma. The Duma, for some reason, sticks in every American mind as the grand old Russian parliament, admirable, safe, and that sort of thing. Well, there isn't any more Duma.

The grand old Duma of the American newspaper is in the discard forever—for a reason truly beautiful and truly Russian. Soon after the Revolution struck town the Duma ceased to be any good anyway. It never was anything but a body chosen by a few of the more fortunate landowners; better than nothing in an autocracy but never filling the bill for a government by and of the people. So the other day the question came up in the Council whether the Duma ought not formally to be abolished, since it no longer had any function in Russian affairs. But the proposal to abolish was stoutly opposed.

"This is a free country," delegates argued. "Any assembly ought to be allowed to meet as much as it pleases and discuss anything that suits its fancy. But since the Duma is no longer the national legislature we are in favor of cutting off all its salaries and all its expense list." Which is exactly what was done—with the utmost gravity. If the Russians are shy of a sense of humor anywhere it is in regard to their public affairs.

But about our observations from the platform. Three in four of the delegates, you notice, wear the uniform of the Russian soldier, the seemly, well-fitting tunic that makes our army coat look like something cut out with an axe; the belt, the high black boots; even in the breathless hot days of July, the high black boots. Seeing the overplus of these uniforms before us you jump to the conclusion that this is a military body; all first-timers here get that notion. It isn't military. But military service in Russia is universal and compulsory. These uniformed men are not only soldiers; they are farmers, factory workers, day-laborers, carpenters, stonemasons, who had been called to the colors and were wearing the uniform of the service when they were elected to the Council as workers and by workers.

There is another common delusion to the effect that the Council represents only Petrograd and the district thereabout. In truth it represents every part of Russia, even far-away Asiatic Russia. Only thirty of the 830 delegates come from the Petrograd district. Among the rest are fishermen from the Lena River, swarthy cattle-men from the Crimea, and everything between.

Five of the delegates are women. Suffrage is universal in Russia. I mention this fact once more in the hope (probably vain) that I may gain some attention for it. I don't know why the world has elected to dwell forever on Russian anarchy that never existed and calmly ignore the Russian progress that has been so great and so veritable. The moment the wormy old structure of imperialism fell over there was but one thought in the mind of everybody, and that was universal adult suffrage. Nobody opposed it; everybody was for it—instinctively. The worst old troglodyte in all Russia had not a single growl in him about home as the place for women, about the degrading influence of the ballot, or the terrors of the ignorant vote.

Compare, then, our own exalted achievements on these lines. After fifty years of [illegible] campaigning we have won in America full suffrage for women in nine States and part suffrage for women in three or four others. After [illegible] years of argument and five years of what was really civil war the English suffragists have won too a right or a part of the justice they demanded. In Russia, suffrage for women [illegible] in a moment and without discussion. It was taken as a matter of [illegible] To the Russian mind democracy [illegible] democracy [illegible] a fake arrangement under which one-half of the population was denied any share in the government that governed them. Contemplate that little fact for a time, O self-righteous American or Briton, and then see if your divine call to be a tutor in democracy to these lowly ones doesn't need considerable repairing.

Democracy in Russia is neither a dream nor a joke; it is the real thing. Behold, then, Russia as it is. Under the old savage despotism the democratic faith grew in the hearts of the people as a creed of living faith. They mean to have it in all of their affairs—seriously and completely. Here in Petrograd the other day the Petrograd Yacht Club received applications for membership from two women. I hardly need to say that in the old days such a thing, if conceivable at all, would have caused strong hearts to faint and police spies to discover new candidates for Siberia's chilly wilds. But now the point was raised at once that since the Revolution men and women in Russia are upon a level of exact equality, and that automatically women had become eligible for any organization that admitted men. The point was held to be well and truly taken and the women were voted in.

They know what democracy is and they know how to operate it. A few days ago they had an election in Petrograd—an election for the new City Council. There was universal suffrage; about seven hundred thousand people for the first time in their lives used a ballot-box. I went out to see it and had a great show. The whole thing moved like clock-work; you would have thought these people had been voting all their lives.

There was a registration list, a committee composed of soldiers, workingmen and householders to manage the polling-places and scrutinize the voter's right; there was no disorder and no confusion and no discoverable chance for fraud. They did some things better than we ever did them. The polling-place was invariably some public building; no basement poolroom or pickle-shop. Frequently it was on the ground floor of some old Grand Duke's palace, put at last to a reasonable use. There was no electioneering and no crowd of Red Leary's Toughs. Women went in and voted with ease, dignity, and, methought, a quiet but ineffable satisfaction. There were seven different tickets in the field. Each voter was provided at his house with a copy of each ticket, duly certified. The end of the ticket was perforated. At the ballot-box the voter was checked upon the registry list, the perforated end of his folded ticket was torn off, officially stamped and spiked, and he put the rest into the box.

There were cast in the city 722,000 votes; total population a little more than 2,000,000. Of the 722,000 all but about 140,000 were cast for the candidates of parties that propose the most sweeping changes in the whole social structure and the downfall of the last remaining castle of the old order. The *bourgeoisie* had practcially disappeared.

But to come back, once more, to the National Council. It is, as you plainly see, of workingmen and workingwomen. All the spectators are workingmen and workingwomen. You are one of perhaps seven persons in the huge hall that wear starched collars. The other six are among the correspondents and reporters that sit right and left of the platform. Look over these thousands of serious, intent faces gazing hard at the dais, drinking in every word that falls from any speaker. They sit silent; they will not miss anything. Those at a distance make ear-trumpets of rolled-up newspapers; they are intolerant of the least movement or noise that causes them to lose any precious crumb of the proceedings. Well, I told you here is the proletariat of Russia, hands upon the levers. No man can despise them now; with a breath they blow ministers in or out. In the hall where long lines of gorgeous dead Czars used to look down from the walls, and gorgeous living Czars used to watch military training of gracious youth of the governing class, and all things seemed comfortably settled forever, plowmen and teamsters sit and debate whether Nicholas Romanoff, late of the Gorgeous Ones, now a prisoner of state, shall be allowed to vote like other plain, common citizens. Some change, some change, O my brethren! It may be that we are commissioned to teach something to these people. but what do you think it ought to be?

On the floor the delegates are ranged from left to right according to their politics; which means, according to the intensity of their revolutionary fervor. It makes you think of Bitter Creek. All the men on the Left are Up-Rooters and Come-Outers and the further to the Left you go the worse they get. That is to say, the more furiously they believe in Up-Rooting and Come-Outing. The man that sits next to the window on that side is from the headwaters of Up-Rooting and Come-Outing and is so hot that he threatens perennially to break into flames.

But as you move to the Right the temperature falls. On the extreme Right sit what are called the Conservatives. These are men who in the United States would be looked upon as extremely dangerous and incendiary and to be blacklisted by a respectable press. They believe in the Revolution, but think it has already attained to most of the objects it desired.

Between the extreme Left and the extreme Right is the real driving force of the Council, the men who want the Revolution to sweep on and do many more things that ought to be done, but are unwilling to see it miscue and lose what it has already gained. That is, they want all that can be had out of this thing, but they are not plumb dead to reason about it.

Left and Right mean looking from the platform; it is the chairman's left or right.

Those Come-Outing gentlemen on the extreme Left are the famous Bolshevics, once with Lenine for their leader. The Menshevics occupy the Center; next to them come the Trudevics and then come the men on the Right who think the Up-Rooting and Come-Outing already done is a fine job and doesn't need any more than some general tinkering.

I think there is a man in Russia that can name all the Russian political parties and give a succinct account of what each stands for. I know there is a man in Russia that can play ten games of chess blindfolded, and therefore I am prepared to believe in the existence of even a greater intellectual prodigy. But I never saw him nor heard of him nor heard of anybody that had heard of him. If I can find him I am going to bring him home as a successor to Griffith, the mathematical marvel. In a general way the average visitor is able to garner the precious fact that there are a great many parties, and the differences between their principles is often very slight, but beyond that the water begins to shoal rapidly. I know in a general way that among the important parties there is first the Social Democratic Party, then the Social Revolutionist Party, then the People's Socialist Party, then the People's Liberty Party, then the Cadet or Constitutional Democratic Party, and then others that are like the sands of the sea for multitude. The two great parties of the country are the Social Democratic and the Social Revolutionist. So far as the finite mind can learn they have practically identical creeds. I don't know what they can find to fight about, but it doesn't matter, anyway. The real fight is not between them, but within them. Like this:

The Social Democratic Party is split between its Bolshevics and its Menshevics. The Social Revolutionist Party is split between its Maximalists and Minimalists Bolshevics and Maximalists are the same: Menshevics and Minimalists are the same The quarrel is between the Bolshevics-Maximalists on one side and Menshevics-Minimalists on the other, and has more than once threatened to rend the National Council asunder.

What do they quarrel about?

Now here is the biggest fact in all Russia and the thing that makes the play understandable:

The Bolshevics-Maximalists are Syndicalists and want the Government to take over all the factories, banks, land and utilities at once.

The Menshevics-Minimalists want the Government to take over all the factories, banks, land and utilities, but not at once, because they do not believe the present time is propitious. Practically, that is all.

Bolshevics-Maximalists and Menshevics-

Minimalists make up the greater part of the National Council.

A Constituent Assembly will before long be at work to devise and adopt a national constitution for Russia. If it shall be made up like the National Council this world will certainly see some astonishing things in the way of a constitution.

That being the case, the idea of Americans or English coming here to take by the hand these simple children of nature and lead them up to the primary principles of democracy as enunciated by Thomas Jefferson and Lloyd George is the gigantic joke of the ages.

For Bolshevics and Menshevics, Maximalists and Minimalists, are agreed and fully determined upon one thing likely to give all the rest of us a jolt.

Democracy means to them industrial democracy just as much as it means political democracy.

But the rest of the world has progressed only to the point where it glimpses political democracy. How about that?

Doubtless these must be unpalatable facts, since so much effort has been made to conceal them. I do not know how that will help. We have a situation in Russia (our Ally, remember) that may mean a million American lives and fifteen or twenty billion American dollars, and it seems to be common-sense to try to understand it. Well, then, here is the final key to it:

The Revolution in Russia was not primarily political; it was economic. It wasn't so much that the people were sick of a preposterous and moldy despotism. They wanted something to eat.

They wanted bread and they knew why they didn't have it and they knew how to get it.

Exactly. That was the heart of the matter then. It is the heart of the matter now.

About the supplying of daily bread and about other essential features in the life of the toilers and producers of the country, these people in the mass have absorbed radical doctrines in favor of a sytem very different from any system now in use elsewhere in the world. And, as I have before pointed out, it is persons of this conviction that make up practically the whole of the National Council, the ruling power of Russia.

Therefore—a word in your ear. Keep an eye on Russia. There is likely to be something doing.

How comes this dominating force to be saturated with a new social philosophy, not simple, not rudimentary, and not much grasped as yet by the rest of mankind? Here, you may well say, is wonder. That in the old poisonous days of darkness and autocracy, when the gag was on every man's lip, the police-agent listening at every man's door, the Government watching every press, the chill fear of Siberia in every heart, illiteracy a paralyzing cloud over the whole land, and still there should spread widely among the people, by stealth and mostly by word of mouth, such an economic and social creed—can you equal that in your reading?

I say, then, that you can hardly put a limit on the possibilities of such a people. When they get started they will amaze us all.

But—you are to remember two things: This social philosophy unfortunately lays the country wide open to German spies, agents, influence and devilry, and we ourselves have had some cause to know what that means.

Second, having these vast dreams of social betterment filling and absorbing all the active and leading minds, they don't care much for this war. It blocks their way. They can't see their dreams realized so long as this thing is hanging around. So then, shall they brace up and go in to make a swift end by energetic fighting? No, because they construe their altruistic creed to contain an injunction against all war; and again No, because under it the Germans are their brothers; and again No, because Germans assume to be the high-priests and apostles of it—titular.

It suits the German propaganda, most extraordinary achievement of German cunning—this soft and sentimental pliability of the Russian mind. It has not occurred to the typical Russian reformer that if Germany is not defeated all of his dreams will come smashing down in irretrievable defeat. All he can see is Russia, the first country in the world with a chance to establish industrial democracy, and the stupid, senseless war standing in the way.

And it does not the slightest good to appeal to him on the ground that his country has sacred obligations to its Allies. Here is where, with the best of intentions, the British have gone hopelessly to wreck in Russia. They don't understand; perhaps they can't understand. They have invariably assumed that the present Russia ought to feel obliged to carry out the undertakings of Imperial Russia, dead and gone forever. At first this makes a Russian laugh; then, as he thinks of the gulf that separates old Russia from new Russia, it makes him mad.

I don't see how you can blame him.

But while we are discoursing thus the Council is at work. It is very different from the House of Representatives or the House of Commons; therein, likely, is some of its sin in the eyes of the unbending Briton. Taking together the voting and fraternal delegates there are more than a thousand of them. None of them sleeps, talks, reads newspapers or moves wearily about while the proceedings are on. All of them sit and attend upon every word. The speeches are always short; if an alien may assume to judge they are likewise always full of pith and matter. Tschaidse, that extraordinary, hawkeyed, cold-blooded person, of whom I must tell you more hereafter, watches inscrutably from the chairman's desk. He has no gavel; instead as the emblem of authority he uses a rather formidable bell. He can discern in advance when disorder is threatening. At the first sign of it he rings his bell. Then the disorder ceases.

A delegate is at the rostrum making a speech now. He has a round close-cropped head, a sunburned visage, and the big brown veinous hands of labor. He wears the soldier's tunic and high boots and looks as if he might but now have emerged from the trenches. After listening a little my interpreter tells me the man is a peasant, unlettered and probably illiterate. Among the delegates are twenty that cannot read or write. Maybe he is one of these.

Yet he is speaking with an astonishing fluency, never hesitating for a word. He has all the resources most orators obtain by laborious study and effort. He knows how to produce effects. He modulates his voice to suit his thought, he deals in sarcasm, makes his hearers laugh or be serious, builds in his climaxes. Now he starts upon his peroration. Steadily he carries it along, up and up until he bursts over his listeners a magnificent torrent of emotion and they are upon their feet, cheering.

I will add one other fact for your deliberate heeding, if you will be so good.

The police system of Russia, in the old *régime*, was the most elaborate, extensive, complete and perfect police system ever devised. Of a sudden it was abolished utterly, and without a remaining fragment, abolished. Nothing took its place, you might say. A few men in citizen's clothes volunteered as militia, a white band on the left arm as the only insignia of office, often without even a club as a weapon.

But without any police force, Petrograd, having more than 2,000,000 inhabitants, remained and remains one of the most orderly and peaceful of cities, more orderly and peaceful than any great city in America.

With such a capacity for self-discipline, self-restraint and a decent respect for the rights of others, where would you limit the future of these people?

Provided always the German steam-crusher does not hammer them down nor that German intrigue does not produce among them the civil war at which it now aims.

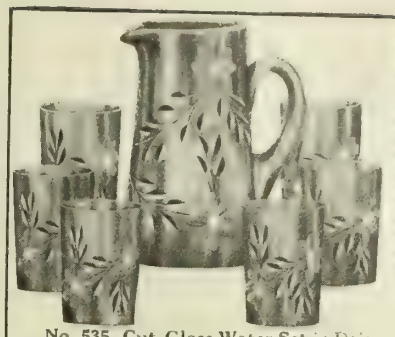
But as to these contingencies, much debated in some quarters, this old world has seen many strange things but nothing so strange as that democracy should be the means of the death of democracy. Nothing, I mean, so strange as tha the downfall of the horrible autocracy of old Russia should be the means of securing the supremacy of the equally abominable autocracy of Germany.

Otherwise, Shrinking Souls everywhere may lay aside their fears about this country and look up with reasonable confidence. Russia will remain free and democratic; there will be no more chance of a backward lapse into the old abysm than there is of a m narchy in America.

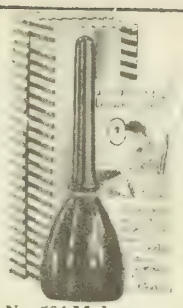
Finally, all the great peoples of the world have soared to their highest achievements from some period of national stress, danger or upheaval. From these dark, straining days free and democratic Russia will rise to dazzling heights to do things beyond the records of any other people whatsoever.

Even now, look at its literature! Think of its music!

(The next article in this series on the New Russia, by Charles Edward Russell, will appear in November "Hearst's.")



No. 535 Cut Glass Water Set in Daisy Pattern. Six beautiful glasses and water pitcher. A wonderful value **$4.50**
No. 536 Pitcher only - - - - **$2.75**
No. 537 Set of six glasses only - **$2.00**



No. 504 Mahogany Darner, 6 in. long with darning needle inside. One end for stockings, the other for gloves **35c**



No. 538 Box of Dainties, containing scented corset sachet, 2 silk corset lacings, 1 roll of assorted colored tape and tape needle, all beautifully boxed - - **$1.50**



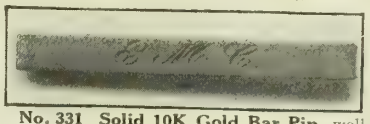
No. 510 Pie Plate in pierced Nickel Holder. Plate is of finest brown Guernsey with white glazed lining. One of our many exceptional offerings - **$2.25**



No.329 Solid 10K Gold Cigar Cutter, to be worn on end of watch chain. A useful article for a gentleman **$2.50**



No. 330 Solid 10K Gold LaValliere, set with genuine cut diamond and baroque pearl. Chain is 15 ins. long **$4.00**



No. 331 Solid 10K Gold Bar Pin, well made and substantial. Three script letters as shown engraved free - **$1.50**

"The Baird-North Way"

Picture yourself sitting at home in the evening with the family, or imagine yourself alone during the dull hours of the day with nothing particular to do. What wonderful occasions to consider the Christmas Gift Problem.

For opportunities such as these why not have the Baird-North catalog when it is impossible to have the stores? With it you can settle your gift problems, economically, speedily and easily.

This is the "Baird-North Way"—shopping along the lines of least bother, with the counsel and advice of the family or the careful thought due to quietness.

The "Baird-North Way", with our particular attention to price and service, has made us the largest Mail Order Jewelry House in the World.

Send today for our 200 page catalog of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Leather Goods, Novelties, Toilet-ware, Tableware, etc.

Every article is guaranteed to satisfy you or we will refund your money. We guarantee free, safe and prompt delivery.

DIRECT FROM WORKSHOP — BAIRD-NORTH CO. — YOU SAVE ONE THIRD

BAIRD-NORTH CO., 123 Broad St., Providence, R. I.

Gentlemen:
Please send me FREE without obligation your 200 page catalogue, containing 10,000 articles of jewelry and gifts.

Name.....

Address.....

DU PONT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES

Refinement in IVORY PY-RA-LIN



There is in Ivory Py-ra-lin ware something more definitive of character than the soft mellow tones of purest ivory. There is a refinement—a richness—a solidity that appeals to the connoisseur.

Our charming Du Barry pattern embraces many pleasing articles de toilette for both lady and gentleman. Each made of this exquisite all-American product and each beautiful in its purity of design.

The better stores show a generous assortment.

Brochure upon request

E. I. Du Pont De Nemours & Company
The Arlington Works
725 Broadway — New York

DUPONT

FASHIONS YOU FIND ONLY IN HARPER'S BAZAR



This is one of those delightfully smart drawings for which Miss Steinmetz is famous. The model is by Henri Bendel. You can find the work of both only in Harper's Bazar.

A DISTINGUISHED group of people in Paris and New York lead the world in the art of creating and portraying fashions. Here is a drawing by one of this group—Miss E. M. A. Steinmetz, the best and best-known fashion artist in America. It is but one of many charming drawings by Miss Steinmetz which will appear **only in Harper's Bazar.**

Miss Steinmetz is distinguished not alone by her skill as an artist, but for a long time she has designed notable costumes for the best-dressed woman of society. Now she is making designs for readers of Harper's Bazar. No other magazine can have her work.

After all, it is natural that Miss Steinmetz should choose the Bazar. She merely followed the rest of the group:

Drian **Lucile**
Soulié **Bendel**
Erté **Hickson**
Tappé

whose authorized work you can see **only in Harper's Bazar.** With these acknowledged leaders as exclusive contributors and with alert representatives scouring all the ateliers of Paris and New York for the very latest modes, you can easily see that solely on its Fashions the Bazar might well stand alone. But there are still more features you can get only in Harper's Bazar. No other Fashion magazine gives you

Fiction and Society, Too

And such Fiction! Novels by Amélie Rives (Princess Troubetzkoy) and Gouverneur Morris. Stories by George A. Birmingham (Canon Hannay), Granville Barker, Fannie Heaslip Lea and others of the few who are doing the best work of today.

Society, recognizing in Harper's Bazar the best magazine of its kind, is giving it exclusive material. In September, for instance, Mrs. Frank A. Vanderlip and Mrs. Jay Gould wrote special articles for the Bazar. In October, we have Mrs. French Vanderbilt, who writes on the Red Cross at Newport. And in the months to come, other prominent people will contribute authoritative Society articles such as you can find **only in Harper's Bazar.**

Big Fall Fashion Numbers

Now, when you are assembling your Autumn wardrobe, is the time of all times to subscribe for the Bazar. The big Fall Fashion Numbers hold scores of inspirations and suggestions for you. Remember **it costs less to dress fashionably** if you plan your shopping with the Bazar. As an introduction to all the good things you can get **only in Harper's Bazar,** we will send you five issues for one dollar, regular price 25 cents a copy. For details see the coupon.

If you send this coupon alone, you will receive the following five issues

October **December**
November **January**
February

But if you enclose a dollar bill with the coupon, you will receive, in addition to the five above, the March issue—making six numbers (cost 35 cents each, or $1.50 worth) for only $1.00.

HARPER'S BAZAR H. Oct.
119 West 40th Street, New York

Please send me the issues of Harper's Bazar, beginning with October. I agree to send you one dollar ($1), on receipt of your bill.

(O) (R) I enclose one dollar ($1). Please send me six issues of Harper's Bazar, beginning with October.

Cross out offer you do not desire.

Name .....
Street .....
City .....
State .....

What the German Soldier Thinks of War

(*Concluded from page 296*)

ended as far as he was concerned. We told him so, when he agreed with us.

"A company of the Hessian landwehr, all of them old soldiers, came marching past with sore feet and drooping heads. They had probably marched for a long while. Officers were attempting to liven them up. They were to sing a song, but the Hessians, fond of singing and good-natured as they certainly are known to be, were by no means in a mood to sing. 'I tell you to sing, you swine!' the officer cried, and the pitifully helpless-looking 'swine' endeavored to obey the command. Here and there a thin voice from the ranks of the overtired men could be heard to sing, 'Deutschland, Deutschland über alles, über alles in der Welt.' With sore feet and broken energy, full of disgust with their 'glorious' trade of warriors, they sang that symphony of super-Germanism that sounded then like blasphemy, nay, like a travesty—'Deutschland, Deutschland über alles, über alles in der Welt.'

"Some of my mates who had watched the procession like myself came up to me saying, 'Come, let's go to the bivouac. Let's sleep, forget, and think no more.' Then we lay down in the open and slept till four o'clock in the morning when we had to be ready to march off. Before starting on the march an army order was read out to us. 'Soldiers,' it said, 'His Majesty, the Emperor, our Supreme War Lord, thanks the soldiers of the Fourth Army, and expresses to all his imperial thankfulness and appreciation. You have protected our dear Germany from the invasion of hostile hordes. . . .'

"Having duly acknowledged receipt of the message by giving three cheers for the 'Supreme War Lord,' which had become almost a matter of daily routine, we started on our march and had plenty of time and opportunity to talk over the imperial 'thankfulness.' We were not quite clear as to the 'Fatherland' we had to 'defend' here in France. One of the soldiers thought the chief thing was that God had blessed our arms, whereupon another one, who had been president of a freethinking religious community in his native city for many a long year, replied that a religious man who babbled such stuff was committing blasphemy if he had ever taken religion seriously.

"Later on we knew what had happened when the Emperor had made one of his 'rousing' speeches somewhere in the west and had found the 'troops' in an 'excellent' mood and 'full of fight.' Among that sort of troops there were besides the transport soldiers numerous cavalry distributed among the various divisions, army corps staffs, and general staffs. The soldiers of the transport trains, above all, are in no direct danger in war. Compared with the soldiers fighting at the front it is easy for them to find food; besides, it is they who transport the provisions of the troops. They know that their lives are not endangered directly and that they have every reason to suppose that they will return unscathed. To them war is a business, because they largely take possession of all that is of any value. We could therefore comprehend that they were enthusiastic patriots and said quite frankly that they hoped the war would continue for years.

"A large proportion, also, of the 'gentlemen,' our officers, regarded war as a pleasant change to their enchanting social life in the garrison towns, and knew exactly (at least as far as the officers of my company were concerned) how to preserve their lives as long as possible 'in the interest of the Fatherland.' When I buried the hatchet, fourteen months after, our company had lost three times its original strength, but no fresh supply of officers had as yet become necessary; we had not lost a single officer. All our officers were still in good physical condition.

Perhaps the following is one reason for this: "The French were trying their utmost to prevent the Germans from bringing in their reserves. It seemed impossible for us to break through that barricade of fire. Hundreds of shells were bursting every minute. We were ordered to pass that hell singly and at a running pace. Who can imagine what we were feeling during those harrowing minutes as we lay crouching on the ground not quite a hundred feet away, seeing everything, and only waiting for our turn to come? Suddenly one of the officers would cry, 'The next one!' That was I! I leap back several times, run forward again, race about wildly to find a gap through which to escape. But—fire and iron everywhere. Like a hunted beast one seeks some opening to save oneself. Hell is in front of me and behind me the officer's revolver, kept ready to shoot.

"Probably the defense of the Fatherland is in their opinion only the duty of the common soldier. Round Sommepy the French rear-guard faced us again. When four batteries of our artillery went into action at that place our company and two companies of infantry with machine-guns were told off to cover the artillery. We sappers were now instructed in what we were to do in case of an attack by cavalry. An old white-haired major of the infantry had taken command. We were distributed among the infantry, but those brave 'gentlemen,' our officers, had suddenly disappeared. As those 'gentlemen' are only there to command and as we had been placed under the orders of infantry officers for that undertaking, they had become superfluous and had taken French leave.

"In this connection I must mention a certain incident which necessitates my jumping a little ahead of events. When on the following day I conversed with a mate from my company and asked him for the loan of his pocket-knife he drew from his pocket three cartridges besides his knife. I was surprised to find him carrying cartridges in his trousers' pockets and asked him whether he had no room for them in his cartridge-case. 'There's room enough,' he replied, 'but those three are meant for a particular purpose; there's a name inscribed on each of them.' Some time after—we had meanwhile become fast friends—I inquired again after the three bullets. He had one of them left. I reflected and remembered two sergeants who had treated us like brutes in times of peace, whom we had hated as one could only hate slave-drivers. They had found their graves in French soil."

And there were others in this latter company. "Under cover of darkness we had succeeded in getting to the enemy's rear. Taken by surprise by the unexpected attack and our warwhoop, most of the Frenchmen lifted their hands and begged for quarter, which was, however, not granted by the infuriated cavalrymen and infantry. When, on our side, now and then the murdering of defenseless men seemed to slacken it was encouraged again by the loud commands of the officers. 'No quarter!' 'Cut them all down!' Such were the orders of those estimable gentlemen, the officers. The officers saw to it, as on many earlier and later occasions, that 'too many prisoners were not made.'

"However, not all the soldiers approved of that senseless, that criminal murdering. Some of the 'gentlemen' who had ordered us to massacre our French comrades were killed 'by mistake' in the darkness of the night, by their own people, of course. Such 'mistakes' repeat themselves almost daily, and if I keep silence with regard to many such mistakes which I could relate, giving the exact name and place, the reader will know why.

"During that night it was a captain and first lieutenant who met this fate. An infantryman who was serving his second year stabbed the captain through the stomach with his bayonet, and almost at the same time the first lieutenant got a stab in the back. Both men were dead in a few minutes. Those that did the deeds showed not the slightest signs of repentance, and not one of us felt inclined to reproach them; on the contrary, every one knew that despicable, brutal murderers had met their doom.

"We were later ordered to see whether all the enemies lying on the ground were really dead or unable to fight. 'Should you find one who pretends to be dead, he must be killed without mercy.' That was the order we received for that tour of inspection. However, the soldiers who had meanwhile quieted down a little, and who had thus regained their senses, took no trouble to execute the shameful command. What the soldiers thought of it is shown by the remark of a man belonging to my company who said: 'Let's rather look if the two officers are quite dead; if not, we shall have to kill them, too, without mercy. An order is an order,' he added."

HIS DAUGHTER

(*Concluded from page 284*)

trouble in the world. But since the war I have no desire except to save France and to redeem myself in my own eyes."

"It is the same with me."

"Claire—is there nothing I can do—nothing that you wish me to do? I have never thought of you with anything but tenderness and compunction."

"You can do one thing. It is only to answer a question."

"I will answer it."

"If you had known that there was going to be a child . . .?"

"I would have married you."

"Truly?"

"Truly."

She drew a long breath of relief. "I have always thought that," she said, "and that thought has kept me going through some hard times."

"I don't think I understand."

"It is very simple. I loved you very much. And the only thing that made life possible was believing that you would have taken good care of me if you had only known."

The wounded man in the next bed thrashed nervously.

"We've disturbed him," she said. "I must go."

She bent very close, and whispered.

"Good-by, and good luck. I have never stopped loving you."

With swift gentleness she freed her hand from his, and stole softly away. They never saw each other again.

"DOROTHY DEAR," wrote Dayton, "the day's news has made us all very happy. Gurton of the escadrille made us all laugh at breakfast. He came up to me and stared at me until I thought he was crazy. I asked him what the matter was, and he said: 'America has declared war, and I'm practising looking people in the face again.' We all feel like that. Things had gotten so shameful that they simply couldn't be explained any more.

"Of course America can't start right in and do things. She is no better prepared to fight than she was the day the Germans fired on Liége. That's a hard thing to believe; but it's a fact, and there's no use crying about it. For the present what counts is the moral effect; and if the Allies can hang on for another twelve months there will be material effects of real importance.

"The situation just now is touch and go. Russia is obviously shot to pieces; France is beginning to fail in man-power, and so far no real retort courteous has been found for the submarine. But I refuse to borrow too much trouble on that score. It will be a tight squeeze, but we're going to win. If we don't—then the quicker the name of America is forgotten the better. Perhaps the *Lusitania* and all the other outrages were not a sufficient cause of war; at least they should have been a sufficient cause to make us prepare for war; and if civilization takes a licking the fault will be with America. When I think that we might so easily have, at this moment, a couple of million men trained and equipped and ready to be shipped over, and that, roughly speaking, we haven't a darn thing, it makes me sick.

"I brought down my fourth German yesterday; and have been mentioned again in the Order of the Day. I didn't see him fall; but when I'd circled to have another go at him he'd disappeared.

"Things are very active up this way. We fly four or five times a day, weather permitting, and the cannon never stop. We live in a dreary barracks, which leaks, and being an airman is not the lordly job it used to be.

"It will be good when this war is over and we can be together again. I think about you almost all the time. I am to have eight days' leave next month, and I will spend them in the nearest village, so that I can see you every day.

"Your loving husband,

"F. D."

About the future Dayton was very sanguine. He had been through the fire, and he felt that he was an instrument which had been tempered and could be counted on. He believed that Dorothy still loved him, and that God would permit him to make her happy. And when in due time he received his eight-day leave, he lashed a couple of bags to his fighting plane and literally flew to her.

There had been a lull in the fighting and her time was pretty much her own. They made a number of excursions on foot to points of historic interest, fished in the canal, and refreshed themselves for the hard work that was still before them.

Sometimes they spoke of Ellen; but tranquilly and not as of a cherished child who was lost to them forever. Death no longer seemed a horror to them, but a natural experience like birth, and one to be neither more dreaded nor less. Also they spoke at times, and with perfect naturalness, of Dayton's other daughter, and on the last day of his leave Dayton spoke of Claire D'Avril herself.

"Do you ever hear from that nurse—what did she call herself—who was here when I was sick?"

"My roommate—Adèle Soubisse?"

He nodded.

"Often," said Dorothy, "and she always asks after you. I think she's about the happiest woman I know. When the war began, she was keeping company with a young doctor, and through him she got a chance to try her hand at hospital work; and because she had the right kind of disposition and was strong as a horse she made good. Every night when we'd had a bad day she used to laugh and say: 'Madame, I am a better woman than I was this morning. How long will it be before I am a good woman like you?' This war proves one thing: that no matter how bad people have been there's hope for them."

"Do you really believe that?"

"Of course I do."

"But there's no undoing what we've done. Take me, for instance."

"We can't undo what we've done, of course," said Dorothy, and she laughed.

"But if you like I will take you—for instance: Compared to what you've done since the war began—everything else seems to me so little and insignificant—that so far as I'm concerned it simply doesn't exist. . . . So far as I'm concerned the past is simply dead and buried; and that is not an act of will-power, it's just a fact. . . . I'm not afraid of the future . . . not one little bit."

He slid an arm around her and laid his cheek against hers.

"There's nothing much that I can say," he said. "I've been bad and I'm trying to be good. . . . Since Ellen died I have done nothing, thought nothing, that could ever hurt you. . . . And so it sort of looks as if there was some good in me. . . . And this time, dear, I won't go weather-vaneing with every pretty breeze that blows. . . . I'll stick. I *know* I'll stick!"

They kissed each other lovingly.

"Promise you'll be very careful and not take unnecessary risks."

"Sure," said Dayton.

The next day there existed for him nothing but the enemy against whose wits he had matched his wits, and against whose life he had staked his own.

"I got him finally," he wrote to his wife, "but he fell inside his own lines and so didn't count."

THE END.

"THE OOMPAH OOMPAH"

is the somewhat puzzling title of a most unusual and highly interesting short story by Rupert Hughes to appear in "Hearst's" for November, on sale everywhere October 29.

Our Obligation to You

The reading public has reached a very high plane in its appreciation of what is best in literature and in art. And the publisher who produces the best magazine in these days of cultivated taste eventually and inevitably receives the widest support and approval.

But we feel that a publisher should go further than this. He should be judicious and active in his protection of the reader in his advertising columns.

One of the avenues through which the public has been considerably deceived in the last few years has been in the jewelry field. This has been due to ignorance of the complicated system of weights and measures in vogue in this particular industry.

With these things in mind we have taken active steps to protect the readers of Hearst's Magazine along these lines and we think that you will be interested in the correspondence which follows:

NATIONAL JEWELERS BOARD OF TRADE
15 Maiden Lane, New York

April 14, 1917.

Mr. Charles S. Hart, Adv. Mgr.
Hearst's Magazine
119 West 40th Street, New York City

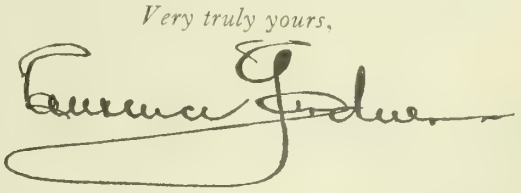
Dear Sir:

It was with a great deal of pleasure that I received your letter of April 13th, containing your statement that Hearst's Magazine in the future will submit all of its jewelry advertising to the National Jewelers Board of Trade for scrutiny, and that you will not accept any copy in the jewelry line which has not been approved by us.

If magazines of your class would follow your example, I believe that they would go far toward raising and maintaining a high standard of advertising in the jewelry trade.

The National Jewelers Board of Trade stands for clean principles affecting the disposition of jewelry. We wish to give all the assistance we can to the promotion of honest practices in our trade, and we are glad to have the opportunity of assisting in protecting the public, the jeweler, and your reputation, by giving earnest consideration to all matters which you submit to us.

Very truly yours,



Secretary

All advertising in Hearst's Magazine is guaranteed by us, with the aim of protecting our readers to the best of our ability. Our Complaint Department is organized to handle these matters with the greatest possible despatch, and communications of this kind receive first call over any other correspondence.

Advertising Dept., Hearst's Magazine
119 West 40th Street, New York City

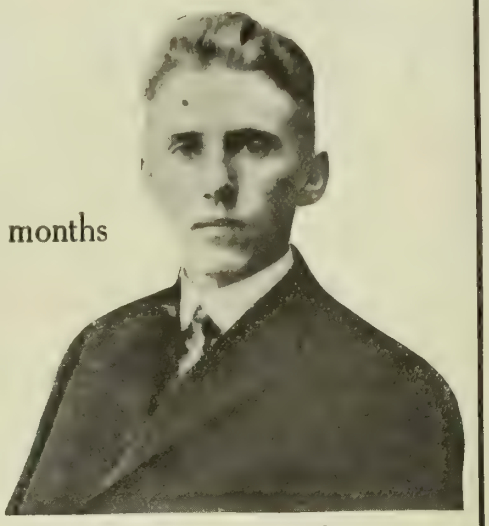
He Made

$1,270.00 in 3 months

with our plan.

This means over

$14.00 a day.



Mr. Arthur White of Mass.

WILL YOU GRASP THE SAME CHANCE? —A REAL BROADENING—HEALTHY AND EXCEPTIONALLY PROFITABLE WAY TO SPEND THE VALUABLE HOURS THAT ARE SOMETIMES WASTED.

$1,270.00 is a neat profit for three months' work —at the same rate it means over $5,000.00 a year, an exceptional salary for any young man in his early twenties. These profits do not grow on trees —we do not say that—but Mr. White simply took advantage of the same offer that we are willing to make to you—worked, planned and used his brain, and is now making a decided success; becoming famous and incidentally making lots of money.

An interesting business of equal proportions, too, or even greater than Mr. White's, will be yours without a five cent investment on your part. We equip you with everything necessary to begin; we teach you how to do it, and we cooperate with you in every way until you become a money-maker for yourself and a producer for us.

The plan has no limits. Practically every day we are advancing our men to positions of management. These men we take from the ranks and promote according to merits.

At first we want only your spare time, or only the time that you can give. If you have other duties, or other plans at present, do not let these interfere with your getting in touch with us to learn the facts of this big opportunity.

No matter what your present income is, it can be doubled or tripled within the next few months. We say this, knowing it and meaning it. The coupon below properly filled in and returned to us will bring the facts promptly to you. Then, if you measure up to our requirements, we will place you on the road to sure success. But you must let us hear from you at once, as the number of appointments we are to make is limited, and we will most probably have our quota filled before the end of the month.

HEARST'S, 119 West 40th St., New York City

↓ CLIP HERE FILL IN WITH INK THEN MAIL

MAIL THIS NOW

TOMORROW MAY BE TOO LATE

I am sure that I can do what Mr. White has done—for I have tact, initiative, and a keen desire to make good. I want the facts and details of your plan and am glad to consider your proposition.

NAME.....

STREET AND NO.....

TOWN OR CITY..... STATE.....

The STORY of BELGIUM

(Continued from page 293)

and thus also for German cannon—all tugging and cavorting amid the cracking of whips and "whoa-hey!" Oh, the farmers' cunning and slyness were all gone, for it was a one-sided bargain this time; well might he state that the stallion cost him 5,000 francs; all he received was 3,000 in the shape of a promissory note, "payable six months after the expiration of the war," the same kind as he received weekly when he boarded the Saxon soldier. To Frankfort and Cologne and Munich went the horses, to be sold to the needy German farmers for 8,000 German marks. Not a bad piece of business even in war times, for a hard-pressed Government exchequer! Thus little by little the fine old Belgian race horses are becoming extinct, and the country will soon be as denuded of horses as of everything else.

Three times a week my chauffeur would toot his horn in the early morning hours to rush me from Mons to Brussels—that is, across the greater part of the country, running north and south. Partial blindness and absolute recklessness were, as far as I could see, the qualifications which had recommended him to his earlier master, and these led us into not-infrequent contact with anything from a pig to a heifer. Relying upon the white "C. R. B." and "Provinz Hennegau" painted all over my motor as well as the little red and white flag in front, the chauffeur's main joy in life was to see how close he could skim by one of the many guards by the cross-roads without actually running over their toes, or how silently and closely he could steal up behind a German officer before sounding the klaxon so that it would be heard across the French border. His failings were many. The German authorities having refused him permission to bring his wife to Mons, he evened the account by stealing the affection of the mistress of one of those instrumental in separating him from his legitimate companion. Among his few virtues was a conjurer's dexterity in concealing about his person anything from potatoes to butter. Sometimes he had butter in his clothes when dry-mouthed, inquisitive sentinels were feeling him all over, and still somehow the precious substance had for the moment vanished from his person, while his features portrayed nothing but outraged innocence.

Some of the guards I came to know quite well. A box of so-called cigars and a package of cigarets judiciously distributed did wonders. Even a red flag might be passed at forty miles an hour, after the proper amount of tobacco, without a telephone message being sent ahead to stop the reckless Hainaut car. Force of circumstances led me to know and gain the confidence of a very few of the soldiers of the line. Their fate seemed almost as pathetic as that of the Belgians. They would implore me to use my influence to get them across the border to Holland; they would ask me if I did not know some way by which they might reach America, where wife and children might in happier times join them. *They* could not, as their officers telephone from the very trenches to wives in any part of Germany. I remember one poor devil who had stood for over two years in the nasty fog, under a damp railroad bridge, ordered to keep the Belgian children from sailing their shavings down the canal. I asked him one day how he liked the job. Something queer came into his face when he told me he had eight children of his own at home, to whom he had tried to give all the toys he could afford. "No, it isn't our war," he answered, like many others, "it is the officers', and we are only treated like cattle!" Like the grasshoppers in Egypt, they seemed to swarm over everything. They would lie on their bellies in the fields, hurling imaginary bombs in the form of turnips, or charge across peaceable heaps of manure in the barnyard. Their quartering upon the population was the greatest of the smaller hardships the peasants and burghers had to endure. They never ate with their landlords unless special arrangements had been made, but had to be given a decent room and clean bed-linen. So that no one could escape his "sale cochon," as they were called, every house-owner was forced to place an easily legible placard by his front door stating the number of adults and children belonging to the house. Its capacity for taking one or several "cochons" would then be determined by the German commissariat. Many of the poor soldiers, peasant lads themselves, were as embarrassed as their hosts were infuriated by the forced lodgement.

A very few of them were so fortunate as to disappear. On the Belgian side of the northern frontier, within ten kilometers from the electric barriers, were numbers of farms where the Belgians kept in hiding those who were attempting to escape. Through careful negotiations with the most approachable of the guards, bargains were concluded, every well-to-do fugitive paying from 750 to 1,250 francs. Then on a dark night a couple of guards with some fifty Belgians would cross the wires and reach the "Grenzezone" and thence on to Holland. The guards would divide their pot, each get his little Dutch girl, bury gun and helmet, and settle down to farming and housekeeping, with a tidy little sum set aside for the future. "But how on earth do they get through?" I asked. "Oh, in different ways; sometimes by forcing a barrel under the lowest wires and crawling through it; sometimes by placing stepladders over and across the upper ones, and again by tunnels debouching inside some farm cellar a quarter of a mile inside the frontier." "But are they not often caught or electrocuted?" I continued. "Only occasionally," was the reply, "more get through than you would think; some who are caught are purposely left hanging on the wires—human scarecrows to act as warnings to those that might think of similar folly."

Every family with a boy approaching seventeen faces the problem: Shall he try and get through the lines in order to join the colors, or shall he remain at home, running the risk of deportation on reaching the lower age limit? Among the better classes I never knew the decision to be in favor of the lad's staying in Belgium. Thus the army, which upon the fall of Antwerp numbered some forty thousand men, now contains over 225,000 of the best-equipped soldiers in Europe.

Among the lower grades of German officers in Belgium there are very few left that originally belonged to the hallowed "caste;" almost every one below a major, or at least in the fighting line, has received his commission from civil life. Of the four I was most intimately connected with, one had been an assistant-curator in the Pinakothek in Munich; one a prosperous Hamburg merchant; another in the London office of the Hamburg-American Line; and another a well-known steel manufacturer. The original "etat" was being filled up from all the ranks of upper civilian life.

The busiest day of the week in the provinces was the day upon which the Provincial Committee met. The Burgomasters of that portion of Northern France which has been joined to the Hainaut arrived about fifteen minutes late, so that we had approved the minutes of the last meeting before the usher announced "La France qui entre!" and we rose to the gentlemen with little red ribbons in their button-holes, headed by Waldron, Burgomaster of valiant Mauberge, veteran of 1870, with his only son fallen on the Somme.

Next to me sat Masson, the President of the Provincial Committee, the famous liberal leader, the Henry Clay of Belgium, whose party knew they could always count upon his oratory in Parliament when an important question had to be fought out. His eloquence went hand in hand with personal charm. As soon as he had spoken five minutes he had, like Coquelin, his audience in the palm of his hand. The workingmen and especially the miners of the Borinage adore him. Then came the noblemen, De Munck and Vilain XIV. and De Lichterwelde. Before the war they probably worried but little about anything outside the limits of their game preserves. And now they literally spend their whole lives in the service of the poor. They tried to conceal their sacrifices and gifts, but I saw them, for they were many and great. Then Huepgen, sensitive and vibrant to every intellectual note, one of the great philosophers of the country and permanent deputy from the Province of Hainaut to the Belgian Parliament. Finally, at the end of the table, breathing threatenings and slaughter at each announcement, sat the Burgomasters of the unruly seething centers of socialism, La Louviere, Les Hayettes and Charleroi. They represented the best glass-blowers, the

finest lens polishers and best miners of the world—at least they did so until their machinery was stolen and the workmen carried off to Germany.

These were the men among whom I worked, the rulers of the province.

Towering above them all stood a solitary figure of sadness and strength—the one great light in the darkness, to which all looked up for courage and hope—Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines. He was not of this world. Its hatred found no place in his heart. He was a witness to the everlasting truth, and the truth had made him free. No threat could still his pen. Irrefutable in his logic, fearless in his scathing denunciation of each new political crime perpetrated by the oppressors, he still walked erect between his palace and the cathedral. His eyes seemed to contain within their sad depths all the misery and suffering and horror of his beloved countrymen. Christ-like in character, he was ever there to console and uplift—the Good Shepherd who knew and was known by his sheep.

All around Mercier's palace were ruins, for Malines had been bombarded three times. The great art-collections had been robbed. I asked one day to be shown the famous one of Mr. S——. In passing through its rooms I remarked how fortunate it was that the cabinets and walls were still filled with their treasures. "Yes," said the owner, "they only took three pieces—an expert came from Berlin and with him, after inspection, went my *sang-de-boeuf* vases and my Rembrandt, and they were worth twice as much as all that remains." There was no longer any doubt in my mind of the efficiency of German methods. In other instances the Belgians had felt less confidence and had taken greater precautions. There were

Champ Clark's Autobiography

Begins in November HEARST'S. Don't miss the first instalment—beginning the record of a long and busy life, "fifty years of unremitting toil" the distinguished author calls it. Also it is a history of these United States for the last half century.

Out October 29th.

empty shelves in the Château de Mariemont, bare walls in the Musée du Cinquantenaire, for the Rembrandts and Rubenses and Gothic tapestries had crossed the Channel betimes to English safety-vaults.

Next to their children, the Belgians love perhaps their forests best. Like a green wreath they encircle their jewel of a capital; their lovely verdure is the glory of the great estates and their endless trunks cover the slopes of the Ardennes. They have been cared for even more carefully than in Pomerania. At whatever angle you looked down through soaring beeches or spreading pines, you saw a perfect alignment of straight trunks. Their slovenly, ragged stumps are what is now left; they have passed through the sawmills and are retaining cement and sand in the trenches of the Eastern and Western fronts.

The game has all but vanished, for every Sunday there are hunting parties and game luncheons; every one of the great preserves, which has not yet been cleaned out, resounds with the crack of German guns, and hampers and carloads of pheasant and deer and wild boar are sent back to officers' messes. It is a thorough job. It will all be cleaned up as completely as a chicken-yard on a moonlit night after Reynard's call. In 1914 you could not walk through Baron de C—'s magnificent preserves around the Château de L—t without seeing fully a hundred deer and constantly hearing the grunt of the wild boar. I met nothing bigger than a scared rabbit during a two days' tramp through its thickets last New Year's.

The contrast is very sharp between the condition of the population in the rich, sparsely populated farming districts and that of the larger cities and the thickly congested industrial centers. In the latter there is real misery. Like a huge black belt, the rich veins of coal stretched east and west across my Province of the Hainaut. The peaks of the slag pyramids pierce the thick smoke shrouding the dark earth. The flicker and glare of the furnaces illuminate from time to time little black human beetles scratching amid the refuse for stray lumps of coal. The pallor of their faces shines through the grime of sweat and dust. Every few weeks I would descend 'way down, 2,500 feet, into the earth. The news that I was coming would have spread. The last precious cake of soap would be unwrapped to wash my miners' clothes. Wine would be uncorked in the Director's office. On the blackboards of each gallery and pit would be legibly chalked, so I could not miss it, "Vive l'Amerique!" Then came the other side of the picture. Wherever I entered, picks would stop ringing, strong muscles and naked, emaciated bodies would relax, eyes would glare strangely through the light of lanterns, and the same appeal would sound up and down the coal chambers: "Can't you give us more bread—just a few more grammes a week, Mr. Commissioner?"

Up to the surface swings truck upon truck of anthracite, to fill the cabs of German engines pulling troops from the east to the west of Europe. "Way down below in the bowels of the Hainaut, slower and slower swing the picks of the starving miners. The same cry would come from the idle glass-factories of the Charleroi district and the silent gun-shops of Liège. "More bread! A few scraps of meat! A cup of milk!" The farmers who still had oxen and plow horses could on the other hand sell their supplies at good prices and, living distant and scattered, had no soldiers quartered on them. They too will, however, soon join the miserable throng, for all cattle and horses will ere long cross the German border.

The invading armies had left tracks like a tornado. Where they passed, fire, pillage, murder and rape. Ash-heaps in Namur, Tamines, Aerschot, Dinant, Termonde, Charleroi, Louvain; crowded cemeteries and empty schoolrooms. Crosses dotting field and forest. Without a single shot having been fired by the civil population, or a shadow of a provocation having been given, Dinant was sacked and pillaged by the 108th German Infantry Regiment. May its name long be remembered! Only 200 out of 1,700 houses were left standing; 708 of its inoffensive citizens were shot. I was told by a witness whose daughter before dying had successively been violated by five soldiers that they shot upon every Belgian in the streets "exactly as they would upon clay pigeons." Several hundred of those alive after the storm were deported to Germany. With these horrors ringing in my ears, I turned to an official placard issued by the German Government and reading thus:

> "The true events of the war prove that no army in the world has shown such an ideal military spirit (*so idealmilitarische Geist*), so lofty a civilization (*so hohe bildung*) and such perfect discipline as that of our army; and that nowhere have the laws of war which forbid theft, murder, pillage and the taking of goods of others been respected with as much sincerity and rigor as in the German army."

A few kilometers to the right or left of the path, everything on the surface looked as peaceable and smiling as before the fury passed. I asked the Germans why human life and property had been so frightfully handled during those first weeks of invasion. "So that the fear of the wrath of the German should be so instilled that a Belgian should never dare raise his head again in the presence of his lord and master," was the reply. In talking with me, no pretense was any longer made that franctireurs shot at the troops from behind cover, necessitating the brutal, inhuman entry.

English, French and German lie side by side where they fell in garden, orchard, beetfield and forest. Only in rare instances have a few thousand Germans been gathered into a neatly walled and parked graveyard, with their officers lying in front. Black and white wooden crosses mark the sites with the simple legends, "Here lies a brave German warrior;" "Here lie sixty brave English warriors." The graves of the English and French are always tended by loving, in-

EVEREADY
DAYLO
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



The light that says
"There it is!"

RUNNING in from an advanced post, at night, Longshaw R. Pointt, of the American Ambulance Field Service, with two wounded men in his car, traveled a road that was less than a kilometer distant and in full view of the enemy lines.

Suddenly the engine stopped dead. To light a match would have revealed his position, with the result that at any instant a shell might sweep across the road and wipe the car and its two wounded occupants off the map!

But he had his Daylo with him and, using his hands as a shade, was able to throw light all over the engine without illuminating the scenery. In half a minute he located the trouble; in three minutes more was on his way to the hospital—SAFE! For every emergency of the night—Daylo is equally dependable.

77 different styles at prices from 75 cents up. (In Canada 85 cents and up.) Sold by the better electrical, hardware, drug, sporting goods, stationery and jewelry stores everywhere.

Don't let your soldier boy go to camp without an Eveready Daylo—"the light that may save his life".

AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS
of National Carbon Co., Inc.
Long Island City, N. Y.
Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco

Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited
Toronto Ontario

—*when* all other lights fail
—*when* the motor stalls and the trouble must be located instantly
—*when* you are looking for something in that dark corner in the attic
—*when* you can't see to read a sign post or house number
—*when* you're searching the dresser drawer
—*whenever* you need *instant*, portable light, indoors or out, you need an Eveready Daylo

Don't ask for a "flashlight"—get an Eveready DAYLO



Typewriter Prices Smashed!

We will sell you Underwoods, Remingtons, Royals, L. C. Smiths, Monarchs, etc., at a saving from 50 to 70 per cent. Your choice of any standard new built machine at a bargain. Every one perfect and guaranteed for five years. Write today for our free circulars and price list.

$12 AND UP

DEARBORN TYPEWRITER CO., Dept. L-2, Chicago

Become a Stenographer

LEARN AT HOME—THE NEW WAY

Earn $25 to $40 a week. Speed of 80 to 100 words a minute in typewriting and 125 to 140 words a minute in shorthand. Entirely new method. Learn at home in spare time.

Write Today for Amazing Offer

Entire Course on Trial. Complete business training included. Send today for new descriptive book and special offer. Address

THE TULLOSS SCHOOL, Dept. 3035, College Hill, Springfield, Ohio

Away with DEADLY POISONS
RAT CORN
KILLS RATS, MICE AND GOPHERS
25¢, 50¢ and $1.00 • • ALL DEALERS

Learn to PAINT SIGNS and SHOW CARDS



I teach you personally, by mail, in a short time. Oldest and largest School. Big field, work interesting. You can

EARN $18 TO $45 A WEEK

Crawford, B. C., "Earned $200.00 while taking course." Get literature, samples, guarantee; all FREE.

DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING
Established 1899. 810 D. S. of L. Bldg. DETROIT, MICH.



Series A

For The Boys In Camp
For The Girls At Home
HARRISON FISHER'S NEW POST CARDS

Send these cards to your friends—they'll like them to cover bare walls; take them with you when you go away to mail to the folk back home.

SERIES A—six cards Single Heads of Girls
Price, 25 Cents the Series postpaid
SERIES B—six cards Two or more figures
Price, 25 Cents the Series postpaid
SERIES C—six cards One or Two figures with background
Price, 25 Cents the Serial postpaid
SOLD IN SERIES ONLY
SPECIAL 3 Series, 60c postpaid

Safe delivery is guaranteed. If you live outside of the United States, please add 10 cents extra for registration.

ORDER BY NUMBER

Catalog on receipt of postage

COSMOPOLITAN PRINT DEPARTMENT 119 West 40th Street NEW YORK

To Every Reader of Hearst's Magazine

we announce

the fulfillment of our promises, in response to numerous requests to shortly publish the cover pictures used on this magazine by the famous artist

PENRHYN STANLAWS

Mr. Stanlaws has painted for our use exclusively a new series

"Girls of the Allied Nations"

which are among the best of his paintings.

The use of this series as covers for Hearst's Magazine begins with the October issue, the first being:

"FRANCE"

and is here shown in miniature.



No. 308. "France"

All desiring copies of this beautiful painting can secure same post paid in full colors without lettering or printing in size 11x14 inches by sending us

20 Cents

FREE [illegible]

Art Quality Guaranteed

If Outside United States Add 10 Cents for Registration

HEARST'S PRINT DEPARTMENT
119 WEST 40th STREET NEW YORK

visible hands, and covered with flowers often bought with the widow's mite. In farmhouse and castle alike are carefully hidden the last relics taken from their bodies, to be given in some happier day to the relatives who will be sought.

One of the many miracles wrought by the war is the feeling of trust and understanding which has developed among the various classes. The social structure of Belgium is rapidly changing. A spirit of tolerance has sprung up which was unknown before her martyrdom. Prior to the war, the two knottiest problems with which the country had to deal were the sharp differences between the Flemish and Walloon provinces and the irreconcilable antagonism between the three political parties of Catholics, Liberals and Socialists. The lion and the lamb now lie down and sleep side by side. Quick to seize upon earlier internal cleavage, the Germans have done everything in their power, unobtrusively, to foster it, and turn brother against brother. They encourage every Flemish aspiration—assist and subsidize each Flemish effort at the expense of the Walloon. The two races within the country are to feel their differences, and the Fleming that Germany is her natural shield. No French is to be taught in the University of Ghent. In the street-cars of Antwerp it is no longer necessary to announce in Flemish and French that spitting is forbidden on the floor; Flemish and German serve their purpose far better.

The "Frankfurter Zeitung" recently published an article, scattered broadcast in Belgium, in which it pictured that there, properly speaking, really were no Belgians—merely Walloons and Flemings. And what has been the result? Fleming and Walloon have fallen into each other's arms and cannot be separated. Catholic, Liberal and Socialist, who could not meet amicably outside the Council Hall are day by day and month after month working intimately together, bearing shoulder to shoulder their country's burden; learning to respect and love each other; paying hand in hand the staggering monthly indemnity of fifty million francs to the conqueror, demanded "in order to defray the expenses of the civil administrations." Out of the womb of war will rise a unified nation.

Prior to the war, few took much interest in the present Royal house; few knew or cared much about the King. Doubtless he was a good man, certainly a modest and able one, but that was all. His uncle, Leopold, had a remarkable capacity for business; had industrially and financially done wonders for the country, but his dirty linen had been washed rather too publicly. Now, under Albert's pictures, I saw written the simple legend "Le roi-heros." In the Catholic schoolrooms, where before the war one would find statues of Christ, pictures of the Holy Virgin or some likeness of Mercier, there now stand busts of the King and Queen. In the soup-kitchens and day-nurseries they hang with fresh wreaths of flowers around them. They have come into their own. It is the Teuton invader who has recrowned them and set them forever in the hearts of their subjects.

Every now and then, the fire of hatred, always smouldering beneath, finds some loophole of escape. Thus one morning, before the guards made their round, one might read, scrawled in chalk upon the calcined walls of the Church of Beyghem:

"En prenant le sang d'Attila
Le cerveau de Tibère
Et le coeur de Caligula
Vous aurez le Kaizer."[1]

[1] "If you take the blood of Attila,
The brains of Tiberius,
And the heart of Caligula,
You will have the Kaiser."

Children still play amid the noise and terror, for the sunshine in their hearts cannot all be extinguished by military laws. One day as I crossed a square at Charleroi I heard the leader of a little band of imaginary soldiers command his squad to march upon Paris. First they made believe they misunderstood; then, when quite certain they had gained the ear of the German officer accompanying me, the order was repeated: "Nach Paris!" and the entire band began deliberately marching—backward. After I had doubled up with laughter, neither the Rittmeister nor I knew quite which way to look, but the week after I bribed the boys to give up playing soldiers by promising soles to their shoes, to be made from my discarded automobile tires.

"To wage war," a German officer informed me, "three things are needed: *du sang, du pain, et de l'or*"—blood, bread and bullion. Of the first, Belgium has given her noblest and best; America has given the second. Last December the American Relief Commission gave as a Christmas present a small bun of *real* white bread to every child in Belgium and Northern France.

The following touching reply was received from Northern France:

"Lille, December 11, 1916.
"WARREN GREGORY, ESQ.,
"Director of the Commission for Relief in Belgium,
"Brussels.

"I feel I must express to you on behalf of the population of the occupied territory (of France) the sincerest thanks for your sympathetic letter of November 22d, addressed to our Brussels office and communicated to me a few days ago.

"We express to you our gratitude, not only for the Christmas cakes, but even more for your hearty good wishes for the holidays.

"In return, we send you with our best wishes the assurance of our everlasting gratitude—to every one of you gentlemen who devote yourselves so wholly to the mission of our assistance and support; we send it to your eminent Chairman, Mr. Hoover, and also to your noble and generous country, which so long in so many ways has endeared itself to us. Our gratitude is yours forever. You will find, gentlemen, the greatest reward for your devotion and sacrifice in the knowledge of the duty you have performed—and performed of your own free will. You can well say to yourselves that you have erected a monument unequaled in history; one of initiative, energy, skilful and practical execution; of solidarity and charitable devotion, the recollection of which will never fade from the memory of nations.

"To have accomplished this miracle is certainly extraordinary; to have been able to carry on the work in the face of every difficulty is still more astonishing.

"Accept, therefore, gentlemen, our praise, our honor, and our thanks, and may God return to you all the good you will have done us. Yours,

"THE PRESIDENT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE."

Of the third thing needed to conduct the war, namely, gold, Germany is slowly draining Belgium dry.

The art and literature of Belgium have long been the admiration of the world. A more beautiful and glorious distinction is now hers. Since August, 1914, the shuddering world has seen an innocent people the victims of every form of outrage and cruelty. As their sufferings have increased in number and intensity, cries of pity and admiration have greeted the steadfast courage and unfaltering heroism of the Belgium of General Leman, Burgomaster Max, Cardinal Mercier, and the millions who have followed their shining example.

"The Story of Belgium"

A vivid human document that will live forever, will be continued in November "Hearst's" by Gardner Richardson, another of Hoover's Helpers, under the title "From Lille to Longwy." Don't miss this vital story of the Belgian deportations—the Crime of the Century.

On all newsstands, October 29.

THE DWELLING-PLACE OF LIGHT

(*Continued from page 277*)

of Anglo-Saxon tradition which, despite disagreements and conflicts—nay, through them — developed imperceptibly toward a sublimer union, founded, not on dominion, but on justice and right. She spoke of the England she had visited on her wedding journey, of the landmarks and literature that also through generations have been American birthrights; and of that which, by protest and even by war, of righteous self-assertion and independence, America had contributed to the democracy of the future. Silliston, indifferent to cults and cataclysms, undisturbed by the dark tides flung westward to gather in deposits in other parts of the land, had held fast to the old tradition, stood ready to do her share to transform it into something even nobler when the time should come. Simplicity and worth and beauty—these elements at least of the older Republic should not perish, but in the end prevail.

She spoke simply of these things, connecting them with a Silliston whose spirit appealed to all that was inherent and abiding in the girl. All was not chaos: here at least a beacon burned with a bright and steady flame. And she spoke of Andrew Silliston, the sturdy colonial prototype of the American culture, who had fought against his king, who had spent his modest fortune to found this seat of learning, believing as he did that education is the corner-stone of republics; divining that lasting unity is possible alone by the transformation of the individual into the citizen through voluntary bestowal of service and the fruits of labor. Samuel Wootton, the Boston merchant who had given the hospital, was Andrew's true descendant, imbued with the same half-conscious intuition that builds even better than it recks. And Andrew, could he have returned to earth in his laced coat and long silk waistcoat, would still recognize his own soul in Silliston Academy, the soul of his creed and race.

"Away down the river
A hundred miles or more
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore. . . ."

Janet drew in a great breath, involuntarily. These were moments when it seemed that she could scarcely contain what she felt of beauty and significance, when the ecstasy and pain were not to be borne. And sometimes, as she listened to Mrs. Maturin's voice, she wept in silence. Again a strange peace descended on her, the peace of an exile come home; if not to remain, at least to know her own land and people before faring forth. She would not think of that faring yet awhile, but strive to live and taste the present—and yet as life flowed back into her veins the past arose to haunt her, she yearned to pour it out to her new friend, to confess all that had happened to her. Why couldn't she? But she was grateful because Mrs. Maturin betrayed no curiosity. Janet often lay watching her, puzzled, under the spell of a frankness, an ingenuousness, a simplicity she had least expected to find in one who belonged to such a learned place as that of Silliston. But even learning, she was discovering, could be amazingly simple. Freely and naturally Mrs. Maturin dwelt on her own past, on the little girl of six taken from her the year after her husband died, on her husband himself, once a professor here, and who, just before his last illness, had published a brilliant book on Russian literature which resulted in his being called to Harvard. They had gone to Switzerland instead, and Augusta Maturin had come back to Silliston. She told Janet of the loon-haunted lake, hemmed in by the Laurentian hills, besieged by forests, where she had spent her girlhood summers with her father, Professor Wishart, of the University of Toronto. There, in search of health, Gifford Maturin had come.

Janet, of course, could not know all of that romance, though she tried to picture it from what her friend told her. Augusta Wishart, at six-and-twenty, had been one of those magnificent Canadian women who are most at home in the open; she could have carried Gifford Maturin out of the wilderness on her back. She was five feet seven, modeled in proportion, endowed by some Celtic ancestor with dark chestnut hair which, because of its abundance, she wore braided and caught up in a heavy knot behind her head. Tanned by the northern sun, kneeling upright in a canoe she might at a little distance have been mistaken for one of the race to which the forests and waters had once belonged. The instinct of mothering was strong in her, and from the beginning she had taken the shy and delicate student under her wing, recognizing in him one of the physically helpless dedicated to a supreme function. He was forever catching colds, his food disagreed with him, and on her own initiative she discharged his *habitant* cook and supplied him with one of her own choosing. When overtaken by one of his indispositions she paddled him about the lake with lusty strokes, first placing a blanket over his knees, and he submitted: he had no pride of that sort, he was utterly indifferent to the figure he cut beside his Amazon. His gentleness of disposition, his brilliant conversations with those whom, like her father, he knew and trusted, captivated Augusta. At this period of her life she was awakening to the glories of literature and taking a special course in that branch. He talked to her of Gogol, Turgeniev and Dostoievsky, and seated on the log piazza read in excellent French "Dead Souls," "Pères et Enfants," and "The Brothers Karamazoff." At the end of August he went homeward almost gaily, quite ignorant of the arrow in his heart, until he began to miss Augusta Wishart's ministrations—and Augusta Wishart herself. . . . Then had followed that too-brief period of intensive happiness.

The idea of remarriage had never occurred to her. At eight-and-thirty, though tragedy had left its mark, it had been powerless to destroy the sweetness of a nature of such vitality as hers. The innate necessity of loving remained, and as time went on had grown more wistful and insistent. Insall and her Silliston neighbors were wont, indeed, gently to rally her on her enthusiasms while understanding and sympathizing with this need in her. A creature of intuition, Janet had appealed to her from the beginning, arousing first her curiosity, and then the maternal instinct that craved a mind to mold, a soul to respond to her touch. . . .

Mrs. Maturin often talked to Janet of Insall, who had in a way long been connected with Silliston. In his early wandering days, when tramping over New England, he used unexpectedly to turn up at Dr. Leonard's, the principal's, remain for several weeks and disappear again. Even then he had been a sort of institution, a professor emeritus in botany, bird lore and woodcraft, taking the boys on long walks through the neighboring hills; and suddenly he had surprised everybody by taking a fancy to the tumble-down farmhouse in Judith's Lane, which he had restored with his own hands into the quaintest of old-world dwellings. Behind it he had made a dam in the brook, and put in a water-wheel that ran his workshop. In play hours the place was usually overrun with boys. . . But sometimes the old craving for tramping would overtake him; one day his friends would find the house shut up, and he would be absent for a fortnight, perhaps for a month—one never knew when he was going, or when he would return. He went, like his hero, Silas Simpkins, through the byways of New England, stopping at night at the farmhouses, or often sleeping out under the stars. And then, perhaps, he would write another book. He wrote only when he felt like writing.

It was this book of Insall's, "The Travels of Silas Simpkins," rather than his "Epworth Green" or "The Hermit of Blue Mountain," that Mrs. Maturin chose to read to Janet. Unlike the sage of Walden, than whom he was more gregarious, instead of a log house for his castle Silas Simpkins chose a cart, which he drove in a most leisurely manner from the sea to the mountains, penetrating even to hamlets beside the silent lakes on the Canadian border, and then back to the sea again. Two chunky gray horses with wide foreheads and sagacious eyes propelled him at the rate of three miles an hour; for these, as their master, had learned the lesson that if life is to be fully savored it is not to be bolted. Silas cooked and ate, and sometimes read under the maples beside the stone walls: usually he slept in the cart in the midst of the assortment of goods that proclaimed him, to the astute, an expert in applied psychology. At first you might have thought Silas merely a peddler, but if you knew your Thoreau you would presently begin to perceive that peddling was the paltry price he paid for liberty. Silas was in a way a sage—but such a human sage! He never in-



The Pullman Car
1867 - 1917

FEW were the comforts and conveniences of the Pullman car of half a century ago; slight was its contribution to the safety of travel.

But to the travelers of that day it was a marvel of luxury and elegance.

It was constructed entirely of wood, lighted by oil lamps, and was heated by box stoves which burned cord wood.

It rested on blocks of India rubber instead of springs, platforms were open and four wheel trucks were used with iron wheels.

Nevertheless, the introduction of the Pullman car inaugurated a revolution in railroad transportation.

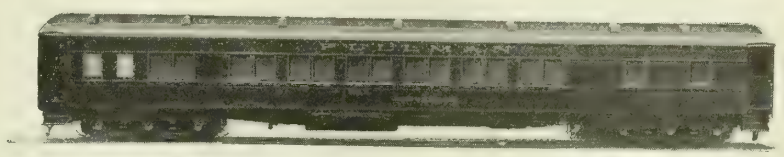
Today 7,400 Pullman cars, built in the shops of the Pullman Company, are operated by its own trained employes.

Today twenty-seven million passengers are afforded assurance of safety, comfort and convenience on 137 railroads embracing 223,489 miles of track.

Staunchly constructed, electrically lighted, sanitary, ventilated and steam heated, they include every feature for the personal convenience and luxury of the passenger.

In addition, the cars of the Pullman Company afford a uniform and continuous service unequalled by that of any like organization in the world.

THE PULLMAN COMPANY
Chicago



Two Immense New Markets for the Retailer

THE war is going to have a tremendous effect on retailing. Many markets are going to be seriously crippled. Many of our customers are going to buy less than they ever bought before. *But* there are two immense new markets that the war is already opening up.

The first retailers to appreciate this fact by going after this trade are going to have a tremendous advantage in the unsettled situation that is confronting all business. Will you be among the first?

The Modern Retailer is devoting particular attention these days to the discussion of the effects of the war on retailing—in pointing out to you where the dangers and opportunities in the new conditions lie.

The MODERN RETAILER

8 Big Important Issues for 25c

You undoubtedly know about the Modern Retailer. You have heard that it is the most progressive and valuable magazine ever printed for the city and suburban merchant. Right now it can be valuable for *you*. Prove this for yourself through our big special offer—8 issues for only 25c. Use the coupon and act now.

THE MODERN RETAILER
Dept. M, 119 W. 40th St., New York City

Name .....
Address .....



5¢ A DAY BUYS A GIBSON

Terms as low as $1.00 down and $1.50 per month. Mandolin or Guitar sent on approval. Liberal allowance on old instruments in exchange for the "Gibson." Get our new *FREE BOOK*—112 pages—111 illustrations. Valuable information for player and teacher. Explains wonderful new violin construction with carved and graduated Top and Back and Stradivarius Arching. Also *free* treatise on "How to Practice."

Teach and Sell the Gibson—Big Money

Become a teacher. Splendid opportunities for mandolin and guitar teachers either sex, in every locality, for private and class instruction and sale of "Gibsons." The "Gibson" has "made" many a teacher professionally and financially. We have permanent teaching and business opportunity now open for either sex. Other positions pending. Write promptly. A. C. Brockmeyer, St. Louis, Mo., Teacher and Director, writes: "Will do $10,000.00 business in 1917; did $7,000.00 in 1916." Wm. Place, Jr., Providence, R. I., star soloist for Victor, unqualifiedly endorses the "Gibson."

DO BUSINESS ON OUR CAPITAL

Become our agent. We help sell. Agents' territory protected. Stock furnished. We pay the advertising. You make the profit. You pay for goods when sold; return goods not sold. Try our "Still Hunt." FREE to those interested, our new $1.00 book, "The Organization, Direction and Maintenance of the Mandolin Orchestra," by America's most successful director, Wm. Place, Jr.

FREE. Write now for Catalog, Treatise, "How You Can Qualify to Teach and Sell," all free. Don't wait; ACT NOW—Fill in the coupon.

GIBSON MANDOLIN-GUITAR CO.
230 Parsons Street,
Kalamazoo, Mich., U.S.A.

Gibson Mandolin-Guitar Co.
230 Parsons Street
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Gentlemen:—Without obligation, send me free book complete Catalog, free treatise, also information about the Wm. Place, Jr., book and instrument checked below.

If teacher, check here ☐

☐ Mandolin ☐ Mando-bass
☐ Mandola ☐ Guitar
☐ Mando-cello ☐ Harp guitar

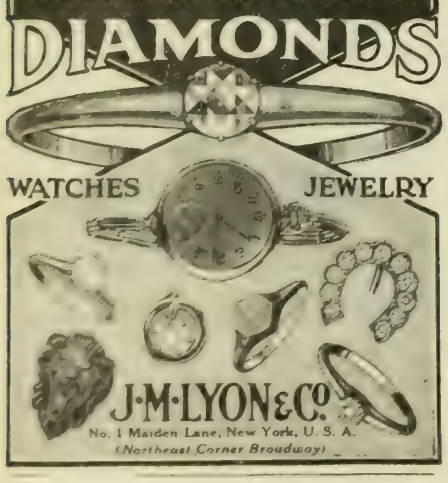
Name.....
Address.....

Be sure you have checked instrument.

Terms as low as $1 a month

Charge accounts opened with any honest person on very liberal terms. No security required. Goods sent prepaid to your bank or express subject to examination and approval. If not perfectly satisfied do not accept them. We have been established since 1843 and have thousands of satisfied customers. Write for our catalog No. 14 showing full line of fine Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry. Sent free.

DIAMONDS



WATCHES JEWELRY

J·M·LYON & Co.
No. 1 Maiden Lane, New York, U. S. A.
(Northeast Corner Broadway)



An Excellent Tonic for Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair

BALDPATE

Registered U. S. and Canada

HAIR TONIC

NEVER FAILS

[illegible] the following [illegible] promotes the growth [illegible] of the scalp of [illegible] and prevents [illegible] gives a highly [illegible] from and [illegible] and falls.

[illegible] Send 10c for Trial Size

BALDPATE CO., NEW YORK
[illegible] Street Dept. X
[illegible]



FREE BOOK

Strong Arms and Military Shoulders

For 10c in stamps or coin

[illegible] develop [illegible] strength in your [illegible]

PROF. ANTHONY BARKER
[illegible] NEW YORK

truded with theories, he never even hinted at the folly of the mortals who bought or despised his goods, or with whom he chatted by the wayside, though he may have had his ideas on the subject; it is certain that presently one began to have one's own; nor did he exclaim with George Sand, *"Il n'y a rien de plus bêtement méchant que l'habitant des petites villes!"* Somehow the meannesses and jealousies were accounted for, if not excused. To understand is to pardon.

It was so like Insall, this book, in its whimsicality, in its feeling of space and freedom, in its hidden wisdom that gradually revealed itself as one thought it over before falling off to sleep! New England in the early summer! Here, beside the tender greens of the Ipswich downs, was the sparkling cobalt of the sea, and she could almost smell its cool salt breath mingling with the warm odors of hay and the pungent scent of roadside flowers. Weathered grey cottages were scattered over the landscape, and dark copses of cedars, while oceanward the eye was caught by the gleam of a lighthouse or a lonely sail.

IT was before Janet's convalescence began that Mrs. Maturin had consulted Insall concerning her proposed experiment in literature. Afterward he had left Silliston for a lumber camp on a remote river in northern Maine, abruptly to reappear, on a mild afternoon late in April, in Augusta Maturin's garden. The crocuses and tulips were in bloom, and his friend, in a gardening apron, was on her knees, trowel in hand, assisting a hired man to set out marigolds and snapdragons.

"Well, it's time you were home again," she exclaimed, as she rose to greet him and led him to a chair on the little flagged terrace beside the windows of her library. "I've got so much to tell you about our invalid."

"Our invalid?" Insall retorted.

"Of course. I expect you to divide the responsibility with me, and you've shirked by running off to Maine. You found her, you know—and she's really remarkable."

"Now see here, Augusta, you can't expect me to share the guardianship of an attractive and—well, a dynamic young woman. If she affects you this way, what will she do to me? I'm much too susceptible."

"Susceptible!" she scoffed. "But you can't get out of it. I need you. I've never been so interested and so perplexed in my life."

"How is she?" Insall asked.

"Frankly, I'm worried," said Mrs. Maturin. "At first she seemed to be getting along beautifully. I read to her a little every day, and it was wonderful how she responded to it. I'll tell you about that—I've got so much to tell you! Young Dr. Trent is puzzled, too; it seems there are symptoms in the case for which he cannot account. Some three weeks ago he asked me what I made out of her, and I can't make anything—that's the trouble, except that she seems pathetically grateful, and that I've grown absurdly fond of her. But she isn't improving as fast as she should, and Dr. Trent doesn't know whether or not to suspect functional complications. Her constitution seems excellent, her vitality unusual. Trent's impressed by her, he inclines to the theory that she has something on her mind, and if this is so, she should get rid of it, tell it to somebody—in short, tell it to me. I know she's fond of me, but she's so maddeningly self-contained, and at moments when I look at her she baffles me, she makes me feel like an atom. Twenty times at least I've almost screwed up my courage to ask her, but when it comes to the point, I simply can't do it."

"You ought to be able to get at it, if anyone can," said Insall.

"I've a notion it may be connected with the strike," Augusta Maturin continued. "I never could account for her being mixed up in that, plunging into Syndicalism. It seemed too foreign to her nature. I wish I'd waited a little longer before telling her about the strike but one day she asked me how it had come out and she seemed to be getting along so nicely. I didn't see any reason for not telling her. I said that the strike was over that the mill owners had accepted the I. W. W. terms, but that Antonelli and Jastro had been sent to jail and were awaiting trial because they had been accused of instigating the murder of a woman who was shot by a striker who aimed at a policeman. It seems that she had seen that. She told me so quite casually. But she was interested, and I went on to mention how greatly the strikers were stirred by the arrests, how they paraded in front of the mill singing and how the feeling was mostly directed against Mr. Ditmar, because he was accused of instigating the placing of dynamite in the tenements."

"And you spoke of Mr. Ditmar's death?" Insall inquired.

"Why, yes, I told her how he had been shot in Dover Street by a demented Italian, and if it hadn't been proved that the Italian was insane and not a mill worker the result of the strike might have been different."

"How did she take it?"

"Well, she was shocked, of course. She sat up in bed, staring at me, and then leaned back on the pillows again. I pretended not to notice it but I was sorry I'd said anything about it."

"She didn't say anything?"

"Not a word."

"Didn't you know that, before the strike, she was Ditmar's private stenographer?"

"No!" Augusta Maturin exclaimed. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"It never occurred to me to tell you," Insall replied.

"That must have something to do with it," said Mrs. Maturin.

Insall got up and walked to the edge of the terrace, gazing at a bluebird on the edge of the lawn.

"Well, not necessarily," he said, after a while, "Did you ever find out anything about her family?"

"Oh, yes, I met the father once; he's been out two or three times on Sunday, and came over here to thank me for what I'd done. The mother doesn't come—she has some trouble, I don't know exactly what. Brooks, I wish you could see the father, he's so typically unique—if one may use the expression. A gatekeeper at the Chippering Mills!"

"A gatekeeper?"

"Yes, and I'm quite sure he doesn't understand to this day how he became one, or why. He's delightfully naïve on the subject of genealogy, and I had the Bumpus Family by heart before he left. That's the form his remnant of intellectual curiosity of his ancestors takes. He was born in Dolton, which was settled by the original Bumpus back in the Plymouth Colony days, and if he were rich he'd have a library stuffed with gritty, yellow-backed books and be a leading light in the Historical Society. He speaks with that nicety of pronunciation of the old New Englander, never slurring his syllables, and he has a really fine face, the kind of face one doesn't often see nowadays. I kept looking at it, wondering what was the matter with it, and at last I realized what it lacked—will, desire, ambition; it was what a second-rate sculptor might have made of Bradford, for instance. But there is a remnant of fire in him. Once, when he spoke of the strike, of the foreigners, he grew quite indignant.

"He didn't tell you why his daughter had joined the strikers?" Insall asked.

"He was just as much at sea about that as you and I are. Of course I didn't ask him—he asked me if I knew. It's only another proof of her amazing reticence. And I can imagine an utter absence of sympathy between them. He accounts for her, of course; he's probably the unconscious transmitter of qualities the Puritans possessed and tried to smother. Certainly the fires are alight in her, and yet it's almost incredible that he should have conveyed them. Of course I haven't seen the mother."

"It's curious he didn't mention her having been Ditmar's stenographer," Insall put in. "Was that reticence?"

"I hardly think so," Augusta Maturin replied. "It may have been, but the impression I got was of an incapacity to feel the present. All his emotions are in the past, most of his conversation was about Bumpuses who are dead and buried, and his pride in Janet—for he has a pride—seems to exist because she is *their* representative. It's extraordinary, but he sees her present situation, her future, with extraordinary optimism; he apparently regards her coming to Silliston, even in the condition in which we found her, as a piece of deserved fortune for which she has to thank some virtue inherited from her ancestors. Well, perhaps he's right. If she were not unique I shouldn't want to keep her here. It's pure selfishness. I told Mr. Bumpus I expected to find work for her."

Mrs. Maturin returned Insall's smile. "I suppose you're too polite to say that I'm carried away by my enthusiasms. But you will at least do me the justice to admit that they are rare and—discriminating, as a connoisseur's should be. I think even you will approve of her."

"Oh, I have approved of her that's the trouble." Mrs. Maturin regarded him for a moment in silence.

"I wish you could have seen her when I began to read those verses of Stevenson's. It was an inspiration, your thinking of them."

"Did I think of them?"

"You know you did. You can't escape your responsibility. Well I felt like like a gambler, as though I were staking everything on a throw. And, after I began, as if I were playing on some rare instrument, she lay there, listening without uttering a word, but somehow she seemed to be interpreting them for me, giving them a meaning and a beauty I hadn't imagined. Another time I told her about Silliston, and how this little community for over a century and a half has tried to keep its standard flying, to carry on the work begun by old Andrew, and suddenly I thought of these lines:

'Other little children
Shall bring my boat a-hore'

"That particular application just suddenly occurred to me, but she inspired it."

"You're a born schoolma'am." Insall laughed.

"I'm much too radical for a schoolma'am," she declared. "No board of trustees would put up with me—not even Silliston's. We've kept the faith, but we do move slowly, Brooks. Even tradition grows, and sometimes our blindness here to changes, to modern, scientific facts, fairly maddens me. I read her that poem of Moody's—you know it:

'Here, where the moors stretch free
In the high blue afternoon,
Are the marching sun and the talking sea.'

"And those last lines:

'But thou, vast outbound ship of souls,
What harbor town for thee?
What shapes, when thy arriving tolls,
Shall crowd the banks to see?
Shall all the happy shipmates then
Stand singing brotherly?
Or shall a haggard, ruthless few
Warp her over and bring her to,
While the many broken souls of men
Foster down in the slaver's pen,
And nothing to say or do.'

"I was sorry afterward; I could see that she was tremendously excited. And she made me feel as if I, too, had been battened down in that hold and bruised and almost strangled. I often wonder whether she *has* got out of it into the light—whether we can rescue her." Mrs. Maturin paused.

"What do you mean?" Insall asked.

"Well, it's difficult to describe what I feel—she's such a perplexing mixture of old New England and modernity, of a fatalism, and an aliveness that fairly vibrates. At first, when she began to recover, I was conscious only of the vitality—but lately I feel the other quality. It isn't exactly the old Puritan fatalism, or even the Greek; it's oddly modern, too, almost agnostic, I should say—a calm acceptance of the hazards of life, of Nature, of sun and rain and storm alike—very different from the cheap optimism one finds everywhere now. She isn't exactly resigned—I don't say that—I know she can be rebellious. And she's grateful for the sun, yet she seems to have a conviction that the clouds will gather again. . . . The doctor says she may leave the hospital on Monday, and I'm going to bring her over here for a while. Then, she added insinuatingly, "we can collaborate."

"I think I'll go back to Maine," Insall exclaimed.

"If you desert me, I shall never speak to you again," said Mrs. Maturin.

"JANET," said Mrs. Maturin the next day, as she laid down the book from which she was reading. "Do you remember that I spoke to you once in Hampton of coming here to Silliston? Well, now we've got you here, we don't want to lose you. I've been making inquiries; quite a number of the professors have typewriting to be done, and they will be glad to give their manuscripts to you instead of sending them to Boston. And there's Brooks Insall, too if he ever takes it into his head to write another book. You wouldn't have any trouble reading his manuscript, it's like script. Of course it has to be copied. You can board with Mrs. Case—I've arranged that, too. But on Monday I'm going to take you to my house, and keep you until you're strong enough to walk."

Janet's eyes were suddenly bright with tears.

"You'll stay?"

"I can't," answered Janet. "I couldn't."

"But why not? Have you any other plans?"

"No, I haven't any plans, but—I haven't the right to stay here." Presently she raised her face to her friend. "Oh, Mrs. Maturin, I'm so sorry. I didn't want to bring any sadness here—it's all so bright and beautiful. And now I've made you sad."

It was a moment before Augusta Maturin could answer her.

"What are friends for, Janet," she asked, "if not to share sorrow with? And do you suppose there's any place however bright, where sorrow has not come? Do you think I've not known it, too? And Janet, I haven't sat here all these days with you without guessing that something worries you. I've been waiting, all this time, for you to tell me, in order that I might help you."

"I wanted to," said Janet, "every day I wanted to, but I couldn't. I couldn't bear to trouble you with it, I didn't mean ever to tell you. And then—it's so terrible, I don't know what you'll think."

"I think I know you, Janet," answered Mrs. Maturin. "Nothing human, nothing natural, is terrible, in the sense you mean. At least I'm one of those who believe so."

Presently Janet said, "I'm going to have a child."

Mrs. Maturin sat very still. Something closed in her throat, preventing her immediate reply.

"I, too, had a child, my dear," she answered. "I lost her." She felt the girl's clasp tighten on her fingers.

"But you—you had a right to it—you were married."

"Children are sacred things," said Augusta Maturin.

Sacred! Could it be that a woman like Mrs. Maturin thought that this child which was coming to her was sacred, too?

"However they come?" asked Janet. "Oh, I tried to believe that, too. At first I didn't want it, and when I knew it was coming I was driven almost crazy. And then, all at once, when I was walking in the rain, I knew I wanted it to have—to keep all to myself. You understand?"

Augusta Maturin inclined her head.

"But the father?" she managed to ask, after a moment. "I don't wish to pry, my dear, but does he—does he realize? Can't he help you?"

"It was Mr. Ditmar."

"Perhaps it will help you to tell me about it, Janet."

"I'd—I'd like to. I've been so unhappy since you told me he was dead—and I felt like a cheat. You see, he promised to marry me, and I know now that he loved me, that he really wanted to marry me, but something happened to make me believe he wasn't going to. I saw—another girl who'd got into trouble, and then I thought he'd only been playing with me, and I couldn't stand it. I joined the strikers—I just had to do something."

Augusta Maturin nodded, and waited.

"I was only a stenographer, and we were very poor, and he was rich and lived in a big house, the most important man in Hampton. It seemed too good to be true—I suppose I never really thought it could happen. Please don't think I'm putting all the blame on him, Mrs. Maturin—it was my fault just as much as his. I ought to have gone away from Hampton, but I didn't have the strength. And I shouldn't have——" Janet stopped.

"But—you loved him?"

"Yes, I did. For a long time, after I left him, I thought I didn't, I thought I hated him, and when I found out what had happened to me—that night I came to you—I got my father's pistol and went to the mill to shoot him. I was going to shoot myself, too."

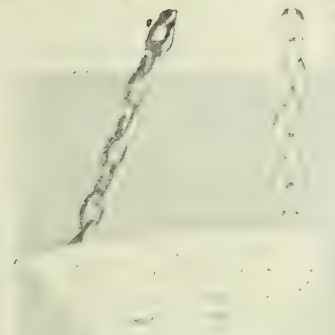
"Oh!" Mrs. Maturin gasped. She gave a quick glance of sheer amazement at Janet, who did not seem to notice it; who was speaking objectively, apparently with no sense of the drama in her announcement.

"But I couldn't," she went on. "At the time I didn't know why I couldn't, but when I went out I understood it was because I wanted the child, because it was his child. And though he was almost out of his head, he seemed so glad because I'd come back to him, and said he'd marry me right away."

"And you refused," exclaimed Mrs Maturin.

"Well, you see, I was out of my head, too; I still thought I hated him—but I'd loved him all the time. It was funny. He had lots of faults, and he didn't seem to understand or care much about how poor people feel, though he was kind to them in the mills He might have come to understand—I don't





HOW do you know Dinner's ready?

By that appealing *fragrance* that comes in to you from food cooked just as you like it!

"Your Nose Knows"



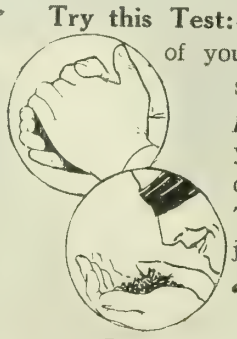
Fragrance is a guarantee of a delight to come. Trust that same sense of fragrance in the selection of a tobacco. Get its flavor! Whiff it close to your nose. If it has a *pure fragrance* it will always *satisfy*—"Your Nose Knows."

Such a tobacco is

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

And the reason is that Tuxedo is made of the most *fragrant* leaves of the tobacco plant, the tender Burley leaves—ripened in the Blue Grass sunshine of Old Kentucky, mellowed and carefully blended. No tobacco has so *pure a fragrance*—"Your Nose Knows."



Try this Test:—Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious *pure fragrance* will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment—

"Your Nose Knows"

Guaranteed by

The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED



5 cent BAGS
10 cent TINS
HALF and FULL POUND GLASS HUMIDORS



"With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come"

The key to a keen and cheerful old age is vigor.

The key to the situation

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S

Malt-Nutrine

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. TRADE MARK

Liquid-Food-Tonic

is a strengthening food-tonic. It does just those things that are of particular benefit to the old and weak—aids digestion and nourishes without over-burdening the system. Is there a birthday in *your* home whose celebration crowds the cake with candles? Malt-Nutrine should be taken at each meal and before retiring.

All Druggists—Most Grocers

Malt-Nutrine declared by U.S. Internal Revenue Department to be a pure malt product—not an alcoholic beverage. Contains 14.50 per cent malt solids—1.9 per cent alcohol.

Interesting booklet on request.

Anheuser-Busch **St. Louis, U. S. A.**

JOFFRE SAVED FRANCE
HOW?

BY ONE OF THE GREATEST STRATEGIC MOVEMENTS IN ALL HISTORY

Every Efficient Army Man Must Know

———why Joffre's retreat from Mons ranks him among the world's greatest generals.

———how Joffre fought and won the *eighth* decisive battle of the world: the "Battle of the Marne."

———how the modern siege-train, aircraft, the petrol-engine and high explosives have absolutely revolutionized warfare.

To know all these things and many more equally pertinent to the job of "making the world safe for democracy"

READ HILAIRE BELLOC'S "ELEMENTS OF THE GREAT WAR"

The 1st Phase, vol. 1, deals with the hidden causes of the war and Joffre's famous [illegible]

The 2nd Phase, vol. 2, covers the Battle of the Marne—the eighth decisive battle of the world.

These books are not emotional, inadequate records of personal experiences, but authoritative surveys of the whole field of war. The world's best critics have pronounced them the greatest books yet written on the GREAT WAR.

"[illegible] understand the war on its military [illegible] a guide.—*Boston Transcript*

THIRD PHASE READY SHORTLY

Price $1.50 a Volume

HEARST'S INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY CO.
119 West 40th Street New York

know—it wasn't because he didn't want to, but because he was so separated from them, I guess, and he was so interested in what he was doing. He had ambition, he thought everything of that mill, he'd made it. I don't know why I loved him; it wasn't because he was fine, like Mr. Insall, but he was strong and brave, and he needed me and just took me."

"One never knows," Augusta Maturin murmured.

"I went back that night to tell him I'd marry him—and he'd gone. Then I came to you, to the soup-kitchen. I didn't mean to bother you, I've never quite understood how I got there. I don't care so much what happens to me, now that I've told you," Janet added. "It was mean, not to tell you, but I'd never had anything like this—what you were giving me—and I wanted all I could get."

"I'm thankful you did come to us," Augusta Maturin managed to reply. And as through a bright mist she saw the girl's widened eyes tear-brimmed—like mountain lakes after a rain.

"You mean——?" Janet exclaimed.

"I mean, that we who have been more—fortunate don't look at these things quite as we used to, that the world is less censorious, is growing to understand situations it formerly condemned. And—I don't know what kind of a monster you supposed me to be, Janet." Mrs. Maturin was smiling strangely.

"Oh Mrs. Maturin!"

"I mean that I'm a woman, too, my dear, although my life has been sheltered. Otherwise, what has happened to you might have happened to me. And besides, I am what is called unconventional. I have little theories of my own about life, and now that you have told me everything I understand you and love you even more than I did before."

Save that her breath came fast, Janet lay still against the cushions of the armchair. She was striving to grasp the momentous and unlooked-for fact of her friend's unchanged attitude. Then she asked:

"Mrs. Maturin, do you believe in God?"

Augusta Maturin was startled by the question. "I like to think of Him as light, and that we are plants seeking to grow toward Him—no matter from what dark crevice we may spring. Even in our mistakes and sins we are seeking Him, for these are ignorances, and as the world learns more, we shall know Him better and better. It is natural to long for happiness, and happiness is self-realization, and self-realization is knowledge and light."

"That is beautiful," said Janet at length.

"It is all we can know about God," said Mrs. Maturin, "but it is enough." She had been thinking rapidly. "And now," she went on, "we shall have to consider what is to be done. I don't pretend that the future will be easy, but it will not be nearly as hard for you as it might have been, since I am your friend, and I do not intend to desert you. I'm sure you will not let it crush you. In the first place, you will have something to go on with—mental resources, I mean, for which you have a natural craving—books and art and nature, the best thoughts and the best interpretations. We can give you these. And you will have your child, and work to do, for I'm sure you're industrious. And of course I'll keep your secret, my dear."

"But how?" Janet exclaimed.

"I've arranged it all. You'll stay here this spring, you'll come to my house on Monday, just as we planned, and later on you may go to Mrs. Case's, if it will make you feel more independent, and do typewriting until the spring term is over. I've told you about my little cottage away up in Canada, in the heart of the wilderness, where I go in summer. We'll stay there until the autumn, until your baby comes, and after that, I know, it won't be difficult to get you a position in the West, where you can gain your living and have your child. I have a good friend in California who I'm sure will help you. And even if your secret should eventually be discovered—which is not probable—you will have earned respect, and society is not as stern as it used to be. And you will always have me for a friend. There, that's the bright side of it. Of course it isn't a bed of roses, but I've lived long enough to observe that the people who lie on roses don't always have the happiest lives. Whenever you want help and advice, I shall always be here, and from time to time I'll be seeing you. Isn't that sensible?"

"Oh Mrs. Maturin—if you really want me—still?"

"I do want you, Janet, even more than I did—before, because you need me more," Mrs. Maturin replied, with a sincerity that could not fail to bring conviction. . . .

(To be Concluded.)

"LILAC TIME"

(Continued from page 288)

a fight it was! Some of the fellows who had taken the second-line trenches found it was too hot for them and started to retreat. But they didn't get by us! "What's the matter with you?" Phil shouted. "You've got bayonets, haven't you? We're leading the army forward, not back! The First Lemstershires were sent out in front because they always get through! They've never failed yet, and, by gad, they won't this time! Turn around and give them fits! Come on!"

Paget—And the First Lemstershires did get through! And stayed there! And when we were relieved the next day—mind you, nobody'd any sleep, nor anything to eat but chocolate and maybe some rum—just as we were leaving to crawl back into our dugouts, one of the men was brought in wounded, and he said Captain Watling was lying out there in the open—dying——

Standing—Watling!

Smylie—Yes, Watling! And we all said: "What a pity!" But Phil—Phil had disappeared, and an hour later he crawled in with Watling on his shoulder. Watling delirious, and trying to sing "Lead Kindly Light!"

Standing—How'd he get him?

Smylie—Lay on his back, put his feet under Watling's armpits and wriggled backward with his elbows!

Standing—By Jove! I'm glad he's getting the ribbon!

Smylie—There's nobody in the whole Allied Armies who deserves it more! I tell you what: I'm proud of him!

Major—You're not alone in that. I have a letter here from his father—I wrote what Philip had done—and the boy is forgiven.

Phil Blythe wants a brief furlough in order to go home and marry *Jeannine*, to whom he is formally betrothed now that his name is cleared. But just when all is arranged the *Major* needs a volunteer for an exceedingly dangerous scouting service into the German lines and then over to Holland. "Send me, sir, if you think I'll do," says *Phil*, and so he is chosen. He has a hard time with *Jeannine* when he tells her of the changed plans:

Jeannine—Phileep! You 'ave bad news! Sometheeng ees not right!

Blythe—No, dear! Everything's all right—but we must have courage.

Jeannine—Courage? Oh! Oui! Of course. Eet tak' courage for you to go out dere tomorrow—to dose tranch! An' eet take courage for me—to wait—for your—return—oui! But dat ees war, *n'est ce pas?*

Blythe—Suppose I were to be gone a long time, Jeannine?

Jeannine—Oh, no—no!

Blythe—You wouldn't forget?

Jeannine—Forget!

Blythe—No, if—I didn't come back to you for weeks, months maybe. You'd remember—and—wait for me?

Jeannine—Wait for you? Of course! Weeks! Months! Did I not geeve "Once-for-always—all my 'eart"? Phileep! You go back 'ome?

Blythe—No. To-morrow at dawn I start on a journey. It's very important! Do you understand? It may keep me away some time.

Jeannine—Go you far away?

Blythe—I go into the enemy's lines.

Jeannine—No! Oh! No!

Blythe—S-s-sh!

Jeannine (Clinging to him)—Oh, oh, mon Dieu! Non! Non! Not dere! You nevaire coom back! You mus' not! Dey cannot send you dere! Dey not ask you to do dat!

Blythe (Clutching her hands)—Listen, Jeannine! Listen to me! Someone must go!

Jeannine—Not you! I cannot let you go!



Dr. Denton *Soft-Knit* Sleeping Garments

protect your little ones at night and give you unbroken sleep.



Dr. Denton Garments **cover body, feet and hands.** Feet are part of the Garment. Hands are covered by cuffs that turn down and close with draw-strings. Made from our **Dr. Denton Hygienic, Double Carded, Elastic, Knit, Mixed Cotton and Wool Fabric,** specially devised to give most healthful sleep. We use only clean, ne , high-grade cotton and wool; **no waste, no dyes and no bleaching chemicals.** Our **Soft-knit** fabric carries off perspiration and **keeps the child warm even if bed covers are thrown off.** Prevent colds that often lead to pneumonia. Eleven sizes for one to ten Years old. Prices, 60c to $1.20 according to size and style.

Soft, Elastic, Durable. Do Not Shrink.

Write for booklet giving Dr. Mary Wood Allen's practical ideas "Healthful Sleep for Children." Be sure you get the **genuine Dr. Denton Garments.** Our trade mark, shown here, is attached to each garment. If you cannot get them of your dealer **write us.**

TRADE MARK

DR. DENTON SLEEPING GARMENT MILLS,
926 Mill Street, Centreville, Michigan.



KRYPTOK GLASSES
THE INVISIBLE BIFOCALS

KRYPTOKS (*pronounced Crip-tocks*) keep your eyes young in usefulness because they combine near and far vision in one pair of glasses. They keep your eyes young in looks because they are free from the age-revealing seam or hump of old-style double-vision (bifocal) glasses.

Ask your oculist, optometrist or optician about KRYPTOK Glasses.

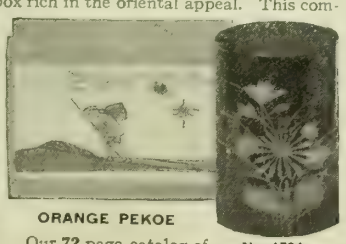
Write for booklet, "Eyesight Efficiency."

KRYPTOK COMPANY, INC.
1074 Old South Building
Boston, Mass.



A Cheery Gift

A charming Yuletide remembrance for one who appreciates fine Orange Pekoe tea. **A quaint Tea Caddy** 3½ inches high; airtight, lacquered metal in a Pohlson box rich in the oriental appeal. This complete personal gift **sent postpaid for only 75c** to introduce the most comprehensive and satisfying collection of thoughtful little gifts ever known. Our **72** page catalog of **1000 illustrations** comes with your purchase or will be sent alone for 6c in stamps. Embrace this opportunity to solve all your gift problems.



ORANGE PEKOE

No. 1734

POHLSON GIFT SHOPS,
11 Bank Building, Pawtucket, R. I.

Blythe—(*Desperately*) They give me the privilege, Jeannine! You see—it's a great honor! You wouldn't want me to shirk! You! A daughter of France!

Jeannine—(*Lifts head proudly, choking back tears, gasping breath*)

Blythe—There! I knew you'd understand!

Jeannine—'E 'ave much trus' in you—your King! 'E know 'ow brave you are!

Blythe—Oh! You women!

Jeannine—W'at—w'at time—you say you go?

Blythe—At dawn.

Jeannine (*Trying to smile*) Dat ees not—very long time—ees eet?

Blythe—(*Suddenly*) Jeannine! I wonder—Jeannine! Where is Monsieur le Curé? Where does he live?

Jeannine—'E live—oh, I don't know. 'Is 'ome eet was destroy!

Blythe—We could find him! He is somewhere in the village. There is time, Jeannine! Marry me to-night!

Jeannine—To-night? Oh, we cannot! Dere ees no marriage widout—Oh—w'at you call—?

Blythe—License! I know!

Jeannine—(*Trying to make light of it, laughs*) Oh, but dere ees no 'urry! To 'ear you, eet soun' like you expec' not to come back soon. W'y—see! You return in a week—per'aps? (*No answer from Blythe*) Well—two weeks? (*No answer from Blythe*) Ah, well—maybe—a month? An' w'en you come back—eef you want me— Eef you steel want me—we——

Blythe—Want you? Gad! I can't leave you like this! I can't, Jeannine! I've never loved any woman before! Never! I've never wanted anyone as I want you! I love you! Nothing matters but you! I forget everything, home, honor, country! I want to be near you! To touch you! To hear you say "Je t'aime!" Say it, my sweet! Tell me you love me—and always will! Jeannine! Say it!

Jeannine—Je t'aime! Je t'aime!

Blythe—You'll wait for me! For I will come back—sure!

Jeannine I wait- always—my Phileep!

Nearly a year goes by and *Philip* does not return, but *Jeannine* is true and faithful; never losing hope. At last a letter comes, written in hospital weeks previously, saying he will be with her on a certain day. The girl is nearly delirious with joy:

Jeannine—Oh, bon Dieu—eet ees from 'im—my Phileep! "My Jeannine—I 'ave not written you—before—because I was wound—ded." Oh, *c'est affreux!* "I am all right now, my deares' and——" (*She glances shyly toward the Curé*) Pleas' excuse me if I read not that small part (*Curé crosses to her and laughs with tears in his eyes—she reads rapidly to herself, turning a page over excitedly. Suddenly she gives a cry of joy*) Oh, *ma foi!* No. Eet cannot be—eet ees too much. 'E ees coming back—ee's coming back! Oh, *bonne fortune!* Oh! W'at day ees this? Ees it—tent' of June? Oui! 'E comes to-day!!!! *Le bon Dieu* be praise! —'Ee's coming back. W'at mus' we do—I mus' 'ave on my other dress! I mus'—*ma foi*—I am so 'appy I know not w'at I mus' do first! Oh, M'sieu le Curé, all my prayers I say—they 'ave not been in vain—'ee's coming back. (*Embracing Curé*)

Curé—Ma petite. (*He kisses her forehead*) God is good, my child—I leave you wit' your 'appiness. (*He gives her a last smile and goes—she dries her eyes and runs to the little mirror on the wall. Jeannine remembers the bride flowers in the box in the next room—she turns quickly to go as Mme. B. and Julien enter hurriedly*)

Julien—I bring 'er, but I not tell 'er—you tell 'er the good news.

Madame B.—(*In French*) What is it?

Jeannine—Ah, eet ees wonderful news—my Phileep he come—to-day! (*Madame B. holds out her arms—Jeannine runs into them*) I know he would come—always I know. See, here is the letter—there eet say the tent' of June—see—oh—but you cannot read the Eenglish—well, dat is w'at eet say—'e comes to-day—so there is much 'urry—I mus' be ready—and so little time—every one mus' be busee—grandpère—you too—the house mus' look like holiday. (*Julien begins to busy himself at perfectly useless tasks—Mme. B. rearranges the furniture, etc.*) I go and get somethin', don't stop a minute—I weel return before I go (*She runs out quickly*) (*To Standing*) 'Ave you 'eard, M'sieu?

Standing—About the regiment?

Jeannine—Oh, yes, they come back to-day.

Standing—Yes, I know, isn't it topping?

Jeannine—Top-peeng?

Standing—Yes, splendid—jolly, I mean.

Jeannine—Oh, yes, eet ees—jolly, m'sieu.

Standing—So you'll see Philip once more! He will stop off for a bit, I suppose. He won't go straight through with the others.

Jeannine—(*Joyously*) Oh yes, 'e will stop to see me, I know, m'sieu.

Standing—I'll be glad to see the old blighter—I've missed him.

Jeannine—And I too, m'sieu—I 'ave mees him. (*Her mood changes swiftly*) I tell you w'at we do—I get some beeg vase for those lilacs of the spring—please pick for me—there by the window—see—they come inside to tell me 'ow 'appy they are for me.

Standing—Right. How many do you want?

Jeannine—All w'at you can carry. (*She takes a big bowl down from the high, old-fashioned cupboard*)

Standing—They're lovelier than ever this year.

Jeannine—Well, w'y not? They bloom for joy! More, please. (*Standing goes up and gets more lilacs. She puts lilacs in vase. Standing has cut off an enormous feathery spray—she puts them with the ones she has brought in when she entered and places them in the bowl*)

Standing—Will those do? (*Coming to table with more lilacs*)

Jeannine—Oh, yes, thank you—you are too kin'.

Standing—I say they look rippin'. (*Voices outside and a knock on the door—Jeannine runs wildly to the door and opens it. Major Halloway stands outside. Jeannine looks past him for Philip, but sees he is alone*)

Major—Jeannine!

Jeannine—(*Recovering herself*) Come in, m'sieu, come in. Eet ees good to see you—you are alone? Yes? You bring no one wit' you? Oh, well—the regiment it follows, *n'est ce pas?*

Major—Yes, Jeannine, it follows. (*He sees Standing*) Ah, Standing, how are all the fellows? (*The Major's brow knits and he puts his finger to his lips. Standing becomes silent*)

Jeannine—(*Happily*) M'sieu le Major, I receive the letter w'at you send me. I thank you. My Phileep did succeed?

Major—(*Unable to tell her*) A soldier cannot leave always when he would like to.

Jeannine—(*Proudly*) Oh, yes, I understan' that, m'sieu. But w'en 'e comes again—'e can stay for a day—maybe?

Major - I- I where is your mother, Jeannine?

Jeannine—She was 'ere just a little while ago.

Major—I'd like to see her—and old Julien. (*Mme. Riffard and Mme. Berthelot enter door, chattering in French*)

Major—(*Seeing Mme. B.*) Ah, Madame Berthelot!

Madame B.—M. le Major!

Major—And Madame,—how is your son Jacques—still playing his fiddle?

Jeannine—Ah, m'sieu—Jacques plays his fiddle no more—six months ago he went away to the Army.

Major—I am sorry, Madame.

Madame B.—It is for France!

Major—By Jove, Standing, that's the real spirit!

Standing—Yes, sir.

Major—You have my sympathy, Madame, and my respect—you are a brave woman.

Jeannine—We do not cry when we give those we love to France, m'sieu—we give gladly so dear a gift, and w'en we lose them we cry only because we cannot give ourselves—is that not so, Marie Riffard?

Madame R.—I no speak Enghlish very well, m'sieu—but it is that—my boy he give the life and die and I give the heart and live.

Major—Theirs is the hardest part.

Madame R.—(*She wipes her eyes with her apron, and recalls herself*) Not always.

Jeannine—M'sieu le Major, and you Capitaine, dine with us.

Madame B.—I make you the favorite dish—the poulet with rice— (*She bustles out*)

Major—(*Motions to Standing, who exits*) I am sorry, Jeannine, but I have only a few minutes. My men march through here at eleven. I must join them.

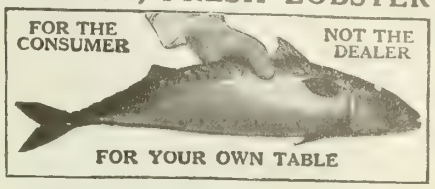
Jeannine—So soon? The regiment will go through Berle-le-Bois so soon? Oh, Mon Dieu! I run to meet them—w'ere—w'ere—which way, m'sieu? (*She goes up to mirror to fix her hair and then back for a piece of lilac. She starts for the door*)

Major—Jeannine, you don't understand. Philip is not with them.

Jeannine—Not—wit' 'em—what you say?

Major—(*Sick at heart*) I came on ahead to tell you. (*He hesitates*) Jeannine—

Salt Mackerel
CODFISH, FRESH LOBSTER



FAMILIES who are fond of **FISH** can be supplied **DIRECT** from **GLOUCESTER, MASS.,** by the **FRANK E. DAVIS COMPANY,** with newly caught, **KEEPABLE OCEAN FISH,** choicer than any inland dealer could possibly furnish.

We sell **ONLY TO THE CONSUMER DIRECT,** sending by **EXPRESS RIGHT TO YOUR HOME. We PREPAY** express on all orders east of Kansas. Our fish are pure, appetizing and economical and we want **YOU** to try some, payment subject to your approval.

SALT MACKEREL, fat, meaty, juicy fish, are delicious for breakfast. They are freshly packed in brine and will not spoil on your hands.

CODFISH, as we salt it, is white, boneless and ready for instant use. It makes a substantial meal, a fine change from meat, at a much lower cost.

FRESH LOBSTER is the best thing known for salads. Right fresh from the water, our lobsters simply are boiled and packed in **PARCHMENT-LINED CANS.** They come to you as the purest and safest lobsters you can buy and the meat is as crisp and natural as if you took it from the shell yourself.

FRIED CLAMS is a relishable, hearty dish, that your whole family will enjoy. No other flavor is just like that of clams, whether fried or in a chowder.

FRESH MACKEREL, perfect for frying, **SHRIMP** to cream on toast, **CRABMEAT** for Newburg or deviled, **SALMON** ready to serve, **SARDINES** of all kinds, **TUNNY** for salad, **SANDWICH FILLINGS** and every good thing packed here or abroad you can get direct from us and keep right on your pantry shelf for regular or emergency use.

With every order we send **BOOK OF RECIPES** for preparing all our products. *Write for it.* Our list tells how each kind of fish is put up, with the delivered price, so you can choose just what you will enjoy most. Send the coupon for it now.

FRANK E. DAVIS CO.
229 Central Wharf
Gloucester
Mass.

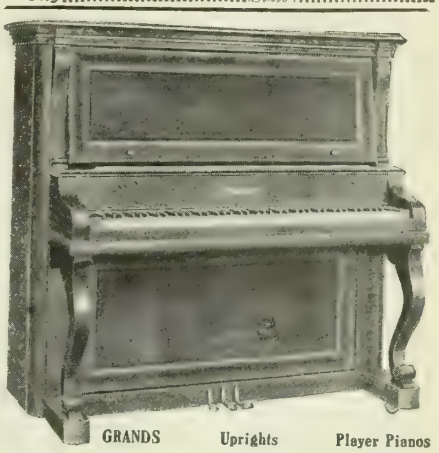
Frank E. Davis Co.
229 Central Wharf
Gloucester, Mass.

Please send me your latest **Fish Price List.**

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....



GRANDS Uprights Player Pianos

$5 Brings This Superb Symphonic Piano

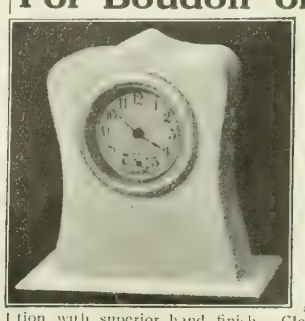
Try it a month in your home. Invite other good musicians of your acquaintance to pass judgment on this instrument. Then if you do not agree that it is by far the best Piano value ever brought to your attention, the trial will be at our expense. Our Factory-to-Family plan saves you much money. It brings you a high quality piano on easy payments which may cover four years.

Ask Today for Your Piano Book

It shows Symphonic Pianos, Symphonic Player Pianos, and GRAND Pianos in actual colors. Tells about our convenient offers. Before you buy any instrument, get this FREE book. Write today and please state instrument interested in.

Larkin Co. **DESK H1017, BUFFALO, N. Y.**

For Boudoir or Desk



To introduce our **new line of beautiful ivory celluloid toilet articles, knitting needles, desk sets and other useful novelties for Christmas,** we shall offer this desk or boudoir clock at a special price and guarantee to delight you. The graceful frame and base are of handsomest grained ivory celluloid of heavy stock and solid construction with superior hand finish. **Clock stands 4-⅞ in. high on a base 5-½ x 2-½ inches; American Movement.** Hour, minute and second hands. Sold by us for **$3 postpaid.** A Christmas gift sure to please. Our catalog is free. Write for it.

J W PICKERING & CO., 60 Water St., Leominster, Mass.

you women of France are brave when misfortune comes——

Jeannine—(*Wide-eyed*) Mis-for-tune?

Major—(*Comes closer to her and speaks tenderly*) You have a brave heart, Jeannine. Pray God to comfort it.

Jeannine—(*In a whisper*) Phileep—m'sieu——

Major He is gone my poor child! (*Jeannine just looks at him*)

Jeannine—Gone? . . . W'at you say?

Major—(*Tenderly*) He is dead, Jeannine. (*Jeannine stands looking at him, her face like a mask—expressionless—she doesn't speak or move—the Major puts his hand on her arm*) Jeannine, my child—(*She passes her hand over her forehead and turns her white face*)

Jeannine—There mus' be some mistake w'at you say?

Major—My poor child, don't look like that!

Jeannine—(*Pitifully*) There mus' be—some—mistake—look—see—he write me this—you see—eet ees 'is writing—'is own. 'E said 'e would come back—to-day!

Major—(*Struggling to speak, without breaking down*) He sent you these keepsakes before he died. His last word was your name. (*She takes the identification disc and the military cross, saying, "My Lilac Time of Youth," stares at him unseeing, for a moment, and then just crumples and falls limply over his outstretched arm. He gently places her in a chair, goes quickly to the table, pours some wine, and brings it to her. The sound of distant singing is heard—an English regiment is marching into the village and singing—"Pack Up Your Troubles in an Old Kit Bag and Smile, Smile, Smile"—the tramp, tramp, of their feet begins to be distinct. Major Halloway looks out of the window hastily. Jeannine opens her eyes*)

Major—(*Coming back to Jeannine*) Jeannine—(*She looks at him, remembering, he speaks very gently*) I must go—they're coming. Are you all right?

Jeannine—(*Getting to her feet and giving him a wan little smile*) Oh, oui—I am—all right! (*Then she cries:*) My cross of War!!!! Vive l'Angleterre! Vive la France!! —Vive l'Armé!!!

But *Philip Blythe* is not dead after all. He had been desperately wounded but finally pulls through:

(*Paget and Smylie rush on. The singing of the soldiers dies away in the distance*)

Smylie—Jeannine! Jeannine! We've got him!—he's not altogether intact, but he's here!

Paget—Has Major Halloway been here, Jeannine? Have you see him yet?

Smylie—Good gad, he told her! Say it isn't so, Paget! Explain to her!

Paget—Jeannine, Ma'or Halloway left last night—this morning Phil joined us as we came through . . . He's been in the hospital there—nobody knew him—Jeannine don't you hear me?

Smylie—He's alive, Jeannine—he's here with us—he's coming now! (*Philip appears in the door*)

Paget—Jeannine, you must understand what we're telling you—see, he's here—(*Jeannine's eyes go to Philip*)

Philip—Jeannine! (*She stands looking at him. Paget motions to Smylie—they go quietly out. Jeannine moves toward Philip, finally touches him—sees that it is really he*)

Jeannine—My Lilac Time—of—Youth—(*Philip puts his one arm about her, as she sobs hysterically*)

(CURTAIN)

NEST-BUILDING

(*Continued from page 266*)

and color. That way was suffering. But was not that way hope? With abysses opening under her feet, she ended:

"These are my woods, my lake, my camp, my fire—I almost said my moonlight! And I am here *alone*—with them."

Philip leaned toward her upon the branches by her side.

"Aren't you afraid?" he said.

"Why should I be afraid?"

Again there was no quaver on her lips, however terribly her heart thrust against her throat. "I love the singing of the trees. It seems to be a sort of silent music. Play it for me, won't you?"

He got his violin from where he had laid it by his canoe, and leaning back against the shack of cedar-wood beside her he began to play. His eyes were on her face. Her eyes stayed steadily on his.

Gently the music began, as she had said, with the murmurs of the tree-tops. But soon it swooped bird-like to earth. No longer did it sing of high and far-off things. It told of love. Plainly though wordlessly it sang of love that conquers, love that consumes, of love that waits until its perfect hour has come—then strikes.

Through the yearning of the music their looks met and mingled. It seemed an eternity he played to her while she listened—and understood. Then suddenly there was the snap of a string—he laid the violin upon the ground.

"Dear girl," he said it as instinctively as if they had sat together many times before, alone beside a fire, "I never dreamed you were like that! This night and all the music of it were made for you and me. For you and me, *alone*"

DAWN was yellow among the tree-tops and birds were rousing their young with chirpings. Anna rose from the gnarled roots of a tree and looked about her. The violin lay upon broken fir-boughs where Philip had dropped it; his canoe showed yellow under the laurel bushes; the fire was gray in the growing light. She raked away the ashes and stood there while the embers leaped to a blaze. Then, for the first time, she went and looked at Philip. He was lying, asleep, upon the fir-boughs. One arm was thrown up over his eyes. His black hair showed thick and soft beneath it, and the line of his clean jaw under the relaxed droop of his strong, fine hand.

Standing there and looking upon him as he slept, Anna was like some half-tamed wood creature. She waited while Philip stirred slowly into waking. He misunderstood the look in her eyes.

"Anna," he said, "Anna! Forgive me!"

"Forgive? I have nothing to forgive." There was an indescribable triumph in her voice. "You came to me like a great joyous ray of light, to complete my perfect day! All day long I had walked through my forests and along my shores, saying 'It is mine! It is mine!' But all day long there was another voice in my ears. It was the voice that had been growing louder every year since I began to see that I might never be married. It was the voice of the baby that longed to come to me—that I longed to hold in my arms. I tell you, no man can conceive what that is! Perhaps even no mother—unless she has had her child and lost it. I think not even *she* can conceive what we—'old maids'—go through.

"You think—you men—that we are bitter because we have no *man* to care for us! You are mistaken. It is because we have no baby. I know there are childless women who seem happy. But as the years close down on them they show their sorrow, sometimes, in spite of their having someone who can share their grief. But we 'old maids'—we suffer alone!"

Philip had listened to her at first with amazement, then with interest. But as she went on he forgot everything else but the power of her. He had been telling the truth when he said he had been in love with her the night before. But it was for him far more genuinely true at this moment. He knew now that she had given him, in the few brief hours of their acquaintance, the kind of revelation which usually comes with time alone; the kind which makes the surest foundation for enduring love or enduring hate.

"I don't deserve to have you marry me," Philip said. "I love you deeply, truly, whether you believe me or not. You have money. You say you don't need that, though I shall work so as to offer you that, too, if ever you need it. But the other sort of suffering—the kind that Society makes you pay!"

"Oh, I have thought of that, Philip!" Anna lifted her head proudly. "I shall never be one of those pitiful creatures who crawl to the feet of Society. Society is a humorous dragon! You can't be humble to it, and you can't always fool it, but you can once in a very great while—bulldoze it!



ON the Battlefield—In the Preservation of Law and Order—The Protection of Home and Country—Whenever and Wherever Armies or Individuals Have Had to Enforce Right with Might—COLT'S FIREARMS have been creating, building and maintaining a reputation for merit, efficiency and reliability that has resulted in a position of unquestioned superiority.

You make no mistake when you follow the Government's example and adopt COLT'S for YOUR Firearm needs

CATALOG NO. 29 MAILED FREE ON REQUEST

COLT'S PATENT FIREARMS MFG. CO.
HARTFORD, CONN.

Know Kalamazoo Quality

Save Money By Buying at Wholesale Price

30 Days Trial



The price is the only difference between Kalamazoos and the best stoves and ranges made. Send for our new catalog—learn what you can save. See newest styles, beautiful mission designs. Cash or easy payments. 30 days' trial. Quick shipment, we pay freight.

Ask for Catalog No. 677

KALAMAZOO STOVE COMPANY, Mfrs.
Kalamazoo, Michigan

A Kalamazoo Direct to You

Short-Story Writing

A COURSE of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the Short Story taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, for years Editor of Lippincott's.



Dr. Esenwein

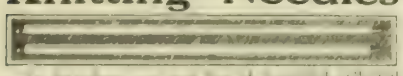
One student writes: — "Before completing the lessons, received over $1,000 for manuscript sold to Woman's Home Companion, Pictorial Review, McCall's and other leading magazines."

Also courses in Photoplay Writing, Versification and Poetics, Journalism. In all over One Hundred Courses, under professors in Harvard, Brown, Cornell, and other leading colleges.

150-Page Catalog Free. *Please Address*

The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 200, Springfield, Mass.

Knitting Needles



KEITH'S $1 Offer

1st A 100 page number of Keith's Magazine a special number devoted to Bungalows



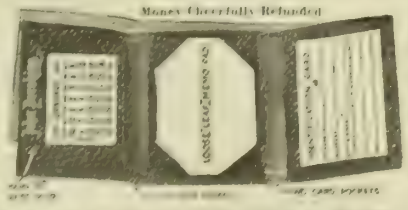
2nd A big book containing up-to-date designs for 100 ARTISTIC HOMES.

3rd A four months' subscription to the well known and leading authority for home builders **Keith's Magazine, $2.50 a year, 25c a copy. Newsstands.**

ALL THE ABOVE, SPECIAL $1.00

KEITH'S, 753 Met. Bank Bldg., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

SPECIALLY PRICED
TO INTRODUCE OUR XMAS GIFT CATALOG



Money Cheerfully Refunded

50c Postpaid

23-kt. Gold

A. LANDA & SONS CO., MFRS., Dept. A-4, Chicago

"You see, I have thought about this for years. I am thoroughly 'respectable and unromantic.' That's what every one at home thinks of me. I'm one of those of whom it would be said 'She's the last person on earth to do a thing like that!' Which is my greatest help. I shall go to France. Not to the out-of-the-way places where middle-class intellectualists like myself go. But to the places of the very rich. I shall write home of my sudden marriage to some awfully good French name and then of my husband's death. . . ."

She stopped speaking and was absorbed a moment in her thoughts. Philip took a step toward her.

"Don't! Don't!" she cried, springing instantly to life.

"Here," he said, holding out to her a little cigaret box cut out of thorn-wood. "Here is a little box. I am putting in it a card with an address which will always reach me. Some day, in spite of your fine plans, you will write on this card, 'I need you,' and wherever I am, I'll come! And when that day comes, don't forget that I love you. I shall love you then as I loved you last night—as I love you now!" Anna hesitated.

"Take it!" he repeated, and held it out to her.

She took it from him. Then she turned and walked rapidly away from him up the pathway into the forest. The sunshine lay dappled over the path and over her radiant hair and the free swing of her walk as she disappeared among the trees.

"THEN *that's* settled!" Colgate threw out his chest, leaned back in his chair, turned his cigar into a chimney up-pointing it . . . his usual way when he rested. He was a man to work and rest in quick alternations. Tremendous bursts of energy. Momentary sudden pauses in which he became completely different—almost womanlike in his calm receptiveness. At such times he invited confidences. His look changed. From keen intentness he was regarding Philip Carr who was seated the other side of his desk with sympathetic inquiry.

"And I never thought you'd do it, either, Phil," he went on. "You always said you preferred an umbrella to a roof and I thought you meant it."

"I did. That, you see," he added after a moment, "was . . . nearly two years ago."

"When you first came back from your long rest-up in the woods."

Colgate was studying Philip's face. Philip knew it.

Not a muscle moved. Yet Philip knew he had these last two years of his at general reporting to thank that he stood the scrutiny. He could feel the blood in his throat, but he wouldn't let it get above his collar lines.

"About the first assignment you gave me," he said, "was to interview the Russian Prince—remember? He had on the finest pair of violet-silk pajamas—never saw anything like them before in my life. I made up my mind right then . . ."

"Then it wasn't my fatherly talk about settling down and accumulating a bank account?" Colgate smiled.

"'Fraid not." Philip lighted a cigaret. Then he threw it suddenly away. Colgate's box of cigars was at his elbow. Philip took up one of them.

"If I am going to be a 'respectable' I'll have to smoke this sort of thing, I suppose!" He turned it delicately in his fingers.

But Colgate's extraordinary instinct for fathoming the very deepest parts of any human with whom he came in contact had fastened upon something in Philip . . . he himself did not know what.

His mind was playing with it even as Philip was playing with the unlit cigar.

"So . . . you'll stick?"

The red blood rose in Philip's neck. He crushed the cigar into bits in his fingers.

"I'll stick!" he said through his teeth. "You're right. It wasn't your fatherly advice. And it wasn't the violet-silk pajamas. . . ."

Colgate was a master of men. He knew his staff to the last cell in them. He waited. Then, as Philip still stood tense, glaring at him, he said:

"It was a woman!"

"Yes. It was," Philip breathed out audibly, "a woman. A real one. When I left her I came back here to Chicago, blind—yes, literally blind. I don't know how I got away from her . . . how I got back here. I don't know how the first weeks went after I left her that she made me find myself. She taught me that I was no good. . . ." Colgate stopped him.

"That's a perennial type," Colgate muttered. . . . There was bitterness in his tone. "I knew her when I was younger . . . the woman who measures a man's whole soul by the length of his bank account. . . ."

"Not this one! You don't know her," Philip cried.

"Of course not. I beg your pardon. . . ." Colgate withdrew with his tongue. His eyes remained fixed. Philip caught his look.

"She *is* different," he said. "This isn't a little matter of bonnets or parties or motors or whatever men get for women. It goes deeper than that. She doesn't want me to *get* anything for her. I tell you, Colgate, if you'd been walking in a thick wood and caught for just a moment a beautiful bird and it had sung for you the most delirious, wonderful song you ever heard, and then you thought 'I'll keep it! I'll make for it a cage too strong for it to escape!' And even as you made that cage your bird burst through it with one triumphant sweep of the wing—you'd be sorry. But suppose when you caught your bird—that moment she laughed at you—humiliated you by showing how you never had a cage at all for her—could never even hope to capture her . . . that all you had was a song no better than her own——" He broke off with a laugh. Then he added:

"It's two years—as you just reminded me, and I'm as angry now as I was that morning. And I began the minute she left me to build that cage. I've got to have it—that's all—to put her in if I can ever capture her!"

He broke off. His tone changed. Evenly, flatly he ended:

"I've saved up nearly a thousand dollars . . . cash. I've invested a very little. I'll sign up this contract to be city editor, and I tell you plainly you needn't worry that I won't stick."

After he had signed, Colgate said:

"You didn't smoke your cigar. Have another?"

Philip looked at him for a moment.

"Thanks—no," he said. "I believe I'll cut that out, too."

All routine was abhorrent to Phil Carr. But his nature was capable of substituting a series of emotional jolts for the steady stress-power of the detail-loving man. He worked like a gasoline engine. His interest might have flagged of itself.

But at those moments there would come to him a vision of Anna as she had walked away from him, up the sunshine-dappled path into the forest. Some day she would need him. He would be ready.

He did not ask himself how much was his old anger, how much was love. He put it all into his work. Or what he did not put into his work he put into his violin.

His music was the last remnant of the Philip Carr of earlier days.

Then, one day, lying upon his desk, he found an invitation to Mrs. Pepperton's coming-out party for her daughter. Pepperton was the owner of the paper. The Peppertons were not only wealthy but really "smart."

Philip now knew himself to be graduated out of the inconsequent reporter class into circles where the owners hob-nob with writers on nearly equal terms. He was going to have shot into his system, apparently, a mixed infection of the rich and the clever. He knew which one he was expected to be. But he smiled to himself and thought: "Some day I'll show them I can be both!" He wondered a little whether that new "Culture" would take.

It was at Elsie Pepperton's coming-out party that he heard of Anna's return to America. Passy Bryant, a very good amateur 'cellist, had relatives in Madison. He was telling Mrs. Pepperton of the amazing change that only a few years of Europe had done for a "girl he used to know" in Madison. He had been up there for a week-end and was quite full of the "wonderful widow" as, he said, everyone called her. Philip was with Mrs. Pepperton and listened to every word. Some instinct told him at once who this might be. But he sat silent—almost physically cold—while he heard Passy Bryant go on:

"Of course it may have been the war. She was keen to go and nurse, but she gave it up on account of her child. Her husband was killed—right at the very beginning of things. But what I started to say was, that a big experience like that makes anyone over. I'd met her before . . . years ago. Quite forgotten her! I can't even remember that she *was* plain or anything like that, you know. But now you positively couldn't forget her . . . if you *never* saw her again!"

How I Raised My Earnings from $30 to $1000 a week

The Story of a Young Man's Remarkable Rise, as Told by Himself.

THREE YEARS AGO I was earning $30 per week. With a wife and two children to support it was a constant struggle to make both ends meet. We saved very little, and that only by sacrificing things we really needed. Today my earnings average a thousand dollars weekly. I own two automobiles. My children go to private schools. I have just purchased, for cash, a $25,000 home. I go hunting, fishing, motoring, traveling, whenever I care to, and I do less work than ever before.

What I have done, anyone can do—for I am only an average man. I have never gone to college, my education is limited, and I am not "brilliant" by any means. I personally know at least a hundred men who are better business men than I, who are better educated, who are better informed on hundreds of subjects, and who have much better ideas than I ever had. Yet not one of them approaches my earnings. I mention this merely to show that earning capacity is not governed by the extent of a man's education, and to convince my readers that there is only *one* reason for my success—a reason I will give herein.

One day, a few years ago, I began to "take stock" of myself. I found that, like most other men, I had energy, ambition, determination. Yet in spite of these assets, for some reason or other I drifted along without getting anywhere. My lack of education bothered me, and I had thought seriously of making further sacrifices in order to better equip myself to earn more. Then I read somewhere that but few *millionaires* ever went to college. Edison, Rockefeller, Hill, Schwab, Carnegie—not one of them had any more schooling than I had.

One day something happened that woke me up to what was wrong with me. It was necessary for me to make a decision on a matter which was of little consequence. I knew in my heart what was the right thing to do, but something held me back. I said one thing, then another. I couldn't for the life of me make the decision I knew was right.

I lay awake most of that night thinking about the matter—not because it was of any great importance in itself, but because I was beginning to *discover* myself. Along towards dawn I resolved to try an experiment. I decided to cultivate my will power, believing that if I did this I would not hesitate about making decisions—that when I had an idea I would have sufficient confidence in my self to put it "over"—that I would not be "afraid" of myself or of things or of others.

With this new purpose in mind I applied myself to finding out something more about the will. I was sure that other men must have studied the subject, and the results of their experience would doubtless be of great value to me in understanding the workings of my own will power. So, with a directness of purpose that I had scarcely known before, I began my search.

The results at first were discouraging. While a good deal had been written about the memory and other faculties of the brain, I could find nothing that offered any help to me in acquiring the new power that I had hoped might be possible.

But a little later in my investigation I encountered the works of Prof. Frank Channing Haddock. To my amazement and delight I discovered that this eminent scientist, whose name ranks with James, Bergson and Royce, had just completed the most thorough and constructive study of will power ever made. I was astonished to read his statement, "The will is just as susceptible of development as the muscles of the body!" My question was answered! Eagerly I read further—how Dr. Haddock had devoted twenty years to this study—how he had so completely mastered it that he was actually able to set down the very exercises by which anyone could develop the will, making it a bigger, stronger force each day, simply through an easy, progressive course of training.

It is almost needless to say that I at once began to practice the simple exercises furmulated by Dr. Haddock. And I need not recount the extraordinary results that I obtained almost from the first day. I have already indicated the success that my developed power of will has made for me.

I understand that Professor Haddock's lessons, rules, and exercises in will training have recently been compiled and published in book form by the Pelton Publishing Co. of Meriden, Conn., and that any reader who cares to examine the book may do so without sending any money in advance. In other words, if after a week's reading you do not feel that this book is worth $3, the sum asked, return it and you will owe nothing. When you receive your copy for examination I suggest that you first read the articles on: the law of great thinking; how to develop analytical power; how to perfectly concentrate on any subject; how to guard against errors in thought; how to develop fearlessness; how to use the mind in sickness; how to acquire a dominating personality.

Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the fountainhead of wealth, position and everything we are striving for, and some may say that no mere book can teach the development of the will. But the great mass of intelligent men and women will at least investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publishers' risk. I am sure that any book that has done for me—and for thousands of others—what "Power of Will" has done—is well worth investigating. It is interesting to note that among the 200,000 owners who have read, used and praised "Power of Will," are such prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut.-Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christeson of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Governor Arthur Capper of Kansas, and thousands of others.

As a first step in will training, I would suggest immediate action in this matter before you. It is not even necessary to write a letter. Use the form below, if you prefer, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Company, 2-S Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This one act may mean the turning point of your life, as it has meant to me and to so many others.

PELTON PUBLISHING COMPANY
2-S Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn.

I will examine a copy of "Power of Will" at your risk. I agree to remit $3 or remail the book in 5 days.

Name. . . . . .

Address. . . . . .

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

Franklin H. Sargent, Pres.

The Standard Institution of Dramatic Education

Connected with Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre and Companies

For catalogue address the Secretary

Room 163 Carnegie Hall, New York

Get a Government Job

Railway Mail Service Pays up to $1800		**Positions for Women** Pay up to $1800	
P. O. Clerk or Carrier Pays up to $1200		**Government Clerk** Pays up to $1800	
Customs or Revenue Service Up to $2190—$2500		**Stenographer or Bookkeeper** Up to $1800—$2500	

TEAR THIS OUT—MARK POSITION (X)

Mail it to me, with your name and address. I'll advise you (free) about Civil Service examination and getting place on eligible list for early appointment. With my coaching I give **guarantee** of position or money back, issued by Washington Civil Service School.

292,296 protected positions under Civil Service; permanent places, sure pay, short hours, regular promotions, annual vacations. It's great to work for Uncle Sam. Learn all about it by **Writing for "Book JG 1067"**.

EARL HOPKINS, Washington, D. C.

Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they peel off



Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the United States or Canada.

The Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, O.

Focus Your Forces

YOU CAN DEVELOP your mental powers to a hitherto undreamed-of effectiveness.

YOU CAN USE the law of attraction to get what you want.

YOU CAN DIRECT your desire energy into productive channels.

YOU CAN USE the law of [illegible] to secure [illegible] and make a better outlook on life.



Elizabeth Towne
Editor of Nautilus

New Thought Methods

By a proper application of New Thought you can accomplish the above. Just how to do it is explained in "Thought Force For Success" by Elizabeth Towne.

For 10 Cts. [illegible] "Thought Force For Success" by Elizabeth Towne and William E. Towne. Dr. Orison Swett Marden, Edward B. Warman, A.M., Horatio W. Dresser, Ph.D., [illegible] will include the booklet, "How to Get What You Want."

The Elizabeth Towne Company, Dept. B-65, Holyoke, Mass.



Save $43

[illegible] Buy [illegible] on the approval plan.

Visible L. C. Smith TYPEWRITERS

[illegible] Get our [illegible] other [illegible] Model 8 [illegible]

Larkin Co. Desk [illegible] Buffalo, N.Y.

Wanted: An Idea

[illegible]

PARKER & CO., Patent Lawyers, Dept. 11, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Pepperton asked everything that Philip wanted to and couldn't. But when Passy called to him to look over a new "suite for strings" in the music-room, the emotion pent within him was too much for his new found character.

He picked up a violin that lay on the grand piano . . . the very feel of the wood beneath his chin opened the doors of memory. Anna had come back! Anna and her child! *Her* child.

Drawing a slow, sure bow he launched into a flowing rhythm. Far places and lonely shores swept by unending seas were in the sound. But soon the shores were peopled. Dancers swept down the beach. Mad with joy they threw the sands aloft and danced among the waves themselves. They wreathed themselves with flowers of foam and kissed each other in the water. One came forward. He held his arms to the sky and cried with yearning. Youth he had and love. He wanted—what? On a high thrilling note of poignant music Philip broke off. Listening in the doorway were half a dozen who had left off dancing—Elsie and her mother were among them.

"Oh, what is that?" Elsie cried. "I never heard it before! Who is it by?"

Philip did not answer. He stood there dumbly, looking past her and said good-by as soon as he could and got out into the night.

It was good to feel the scented warmth shut off behind him, to feel the damp, clean wind from the lake against his face—the ever-renewing mysterious midnight charm of that lamp-starred driveway along the mightiest of lakes—utter artificial to the right of him, untouchable Nature to the left—even in his preoccupation it swept over him. The sound of the great waves made a deep rhythm to his thoughts. It helped him to realize himself.

Anna had come back. She had brought her child. He took the idea in his two hands, now that he was alone—and faced it. She had brought back *his* child. That strange surge of anger, of outraged love, that had beaten in his brain, grew quiet. An inward quiet took its place as palpable as the silence when in a power-house the engines cease their pounding.

He knew himself that moment. Not anger, not any petty emotion, could ever again possess the place where Anna might some day reign, where his child might some day play. It was no cage that he was weaving. He knew now. It was to be a nest.

PHILIP had been city editor nearly a year when one day he stopped at the Peppertons' for a few minutes of music with Elsie. They had become the best of friends and Elsie was just telling him of her engagement to an old playmate, when a pale and gasping manservant ran in and told the news which sent Philip flying down to the office.

There had been a terrible explosion in a State Street department-store. Within a block of his own office women and children were penned in, while the fire slowly roasted them.

His mind was staggered for only a moment by the extent of the tragedy. By the time the Peppertons' motor had got him to the curb at his corner he had matured plans for handling the news. Three men in the business office were corralled on the way up-stairs and sent to get lists of names. Such reporters as were on hand were given their parts instantly. Within fifteen minutes after he had got to his desk, the work of putting complete information into the hands of his readers had begun.

For hours the terrible line of blackened figures was carried out from the wrecked building, while the police fought back the crowds, motors shrieked louder than the cries of the wounded. Hysterical screams, groans, shuffling feet, the chug of the engines, the splash of water against stone, punctuated by crashes as bits of wall fell in, the clang of ambulances coming up, loading, departing for hours it went on within a block of him. When Philip had got every available man at work to collect the facts of the event, he went out for a moment and looked at the scene himself.

"For God's sake get me in there!" A half crazed man grasped him by the arm and pulled him around. "Gimme a badge and let me in—you can do it. My wife's in there! I tell you my wife's *in there*—"

Philip then saw it was an acquaintance of his, a quiet chap named Wells, whom he had met about at various places during the summer. It took a moment to recognize him. He looked as if a bag had been thrown over his face. Philip shook his head.

"I can't." He was deeply moved. "I'd give anything to help you! Come around here with me, Wells, and—let's see—No. Come back to the office with me. We'll be the first to know—where she is!"

Wells went back, silently, with Philip. From that moment he did not speak. He sat down at the edge of the desk while Philip worked. Every list that came in he got up and looked at over Philip's shoulder. Then, still speechless, he sat down when he saw his wife's name was not among them.

At last he saw it. It was under the caption of "Slightly injured; taken to the Passavant Hospital."

With a scream of joy so eerie that it was scarcely human, Wells was up and gone, running, panting, to get to the hospital where his wife lay—alive.

Philip himself wrote the "lead" to the story. All the time he was writing it, it was he who was Wells; it was Anna who was "slightly injured; taken to the hospital."

HE had undoubtedly been in the way of it for some time, but his handling of the Blackburg Explosion settled the matter. When Freddy Case went into magazine work, Philip was made managing editor.

"You'd better take a vacation, too, before you get into harness," Pepperton suggested. Pepperton felt very generous when he said it. He spent so much time at Palm Beach and Coronado that there wasn't much time left for the managing editor to vacate. Naturally they couldn't both be gone at the same time. It was thoughtful of him, therefore, to suggest it.

"Asheville's very nice," Pepperton went on, tentatively, "or Virginia Hot Springs."

He glanced out at the blizzard blowing against the big plate-glass windows at the corner.

Philip waited a moment. He listened to the sound of the wind. What mild voice did he hear? Or had the ear to hear such voices completely deafened? Not quite, perhaps. He heard the wind. But in it he heard the sound of his violin, played as he used to play it, walking through the forest or along the winding country roads. He heard the song of the wind and the song of his fiddle twist their harmonies together; saw red hair against the glass and the wave of outstretched arms.

"Well, what are you hesitating for?" Pepperton was all for execution, no matter what. "If you don't know what to do next, do *something*, anyway. I thought you'd got over that."

"Over what?"

"Your hesitating. You used to be like that, of course, a long time ago."

No, it wasn't a song outside. It was the flap of snow against common glass.

Philip laughed.

"I was just deciding where to go."

"If you go to Palm Beach——" Pepperton began.

"I've decided," said Philip. "I'll go to-night. On the five-o'clock train. I'm going up to Wisconsin. To Madison."

"In the snow? Why you——" Pepperton began. But Philip had stopped dreaming entirely. He had closed the door behind him.

THE news of Anna's return had hardly got about before a line of motors began to draw up at her door and a white storm of cards to descend upon the silver salver in the hands of her severely correct man. She had been in France, actually, "in things," in those days of such poignant interest! She had seen, and suffered! She had brought back her baby to her old home! She was a story in real life!

Anna watched them come. She was calm and sweet and a little pale under her red hair. She had been all three before she had been in France—"nearly at the front"—but no one stopped to remember that.

Her old friends crowded about her. She was glad to see them. But they, as well as she, felt a curious reversal in their mutual attitudes. They always had been her friends, of course. They had been kind and affectionate to her. Now they were no longer "kind." They were admiring. They were often just a little ostentatious in the presence of the larger circle that soon began to gather in her garden by the lake, or, as autumn drew on, about the log fire in her high coiled drawing-room.

She had told Philip on their one morning that she would never crawl to the foot of Society. Nor did she do so. The past two years had been full of new experiences, but throughout them she had not lost sight of her ultimate return to her own home. This was to be her achievement . . . the conquest of an environment for Billy.

She completed her daring plans by bringing back with her a French *bonne*, who walked up and down Langdon Street behind the fat-legged, toddling Billy. This *bonne* wore a cap with wide dark-blue ribbon clear to the bottom of her white dress behind. Which completed Anna's conquest.

No one minded the Governor's calling—though he was a bachelor because in Madison no one ever cares who the Governor calls on. But everyone noticed when James Simms Taylor was seen walking up the brick path to her door.

Taylor was a bit short, a bit bald, a bit near-sighted and a bit stooped. Yet he was a most distinguished person. He had the largest law-practice in Wisconsin—and a practice of the most particularly exclusive kind. He was too well-bred to be a radical, too polite to engage in politics, although it was freely said he could have been Senator for the wave of his hand.

Billy was sleeping, rosy as his rose-colored covers. The nurse sat mending by the low green-shaded light at the other end of the nursery. Anna stood a long moment after Taylor's card was handed to her—looking at the picture they made. She took the card and tucked it into her sash.

"Please say I shall be down directly," she told the maid. Yet, instead of going, she knelt down by the little bed and touched the round arm, lying dimpled on the cover.

A longing which had been steadily growing within her began to take shape. Formless at first, it now became recognizable. It was a desire to share this joy with—with someone—with someone who had, too, the capacity to share it again with her.

Everything was hers; ease and the joy of conquest. Everything she had ever wanted . . . even this supremest joy of all—the joy of motherhood. And yet——

"There is no 'yet' about it!" She shut her teeth upon her lower lip, and she arose to her feet from beside Billy's little bed. "I have you, Billy, beloved! What more can I need—or desire!"

As she went slowly down the curved staircase, her sea-green garment trailing over the shining wood, she tore the little card of Mr. Charles Simms Taylor into tiny bits. But she could not quite tear out of herself that ghost of a question.

Mr. Taylor met her at the foot of the stairs. Devoted admiration was in his eyes and a box in his hands.

"I got them for you," he said, as she opened the box, "because more than any other flowers, they remind me of you!"

"Orchids!" she said. "I ought to feel flattered. Am I—— No, I won't ask you why they remind you of me. It wouldn't be fair, would it?"

"I might give many reasons," he leaned back in his chair to watch her. She gratified every bit of him as she leaned above the mass of delicate lavender, her copper-colored hair glowing, the folds of her sea-green gown shadowing the flowing curves of her figure.

"I could say they are beautiful," he watched her as he spoke.

She accepted that point without comment.

"Exquisite."

That too, she treated with silence.

"But most of all because they are exotic!"

"I!" she cried. "I! Incredible!"

"Not at all. If by exotic you mean that which has grown the furthest possible away from the primitive. It is as far from the primitive woman to you, as it is from a wild hedge-rose to an orchid."

Anna was fascinated by the thought.

"How little you know me! How little you know!" Anna's heart sang within her. She thought of her sleeping baby upstairs; she thought of her own conquests—like the kill of a female tiger who hunts alone. If this man before her, so smugly discussing her with himself, but guessed *how* primitive she was!

"I thought I was a great deal more like the wild flowers," she smiled back at him, "and other simple things. My one passion is my baby! Surely there is nothing exotic about that?"

"So far as that goes, no. But you are only a step, dear lady, in that direction, and not a long one."

"In which direction?" she protested.

"Backward!" They both laughed. "But really, I insist," he went on, "these feminists who see in motherhood itself a complete phenomenon, who think the instinct of motherhood the fundamental instinct—they are only part right. There is another as great—we share it with the birds—nest-building!"

"Perhaps." It was like touching a secret

wound to talk of it. Yet something made her long to pursue the subject. "But why not build the nest without ——"

She broke off. After a moment she said: "You see me here, with my child. We have our—'nest.' I am quite content!"

"That is why I called you exotic, just now," he said, almost too gently. "A case I have been working upon recently sent me into the field of primitive customs. . . . I am more than ever sure that we men are not the 'conspicuous afterthoughts of Nature' that we are sometimes made out to be!'

He launched upon a disquisition of the ways of savage tribes. They sat there and talked of many things until it was far beyond the usual time for conventional good-nights.

"I beg your pardon," he said, when he finally roused himself to a sense of the time, "I have outstayed the limits of propriety and I am afraid of your patience!"

But Anna had been fascinated by the new worlds of thought his conversation had opened up to her. Here was that quality of intellectual companionship which she had so often, in the days of her girlhood in this very town, so ardently desired. She showed her interest in him as she bade him good-night.

She stood in the doorway and listened to his footsteps as they echoed hollowly down the street. Silence. She closed the door at last with a little shiver. How silent the house was!

Anna never went to bed without a last kiss upon her baby's downy cheek. The nursery light invited her. She crossed the long room to the little bed where Billy lay asleep. Her joy in him was as physical as drinking when one is thirsty. She thought of her own room, cool and pearl-colored, of her wide bed—empty and cool, it repelled her.

As she leaned over him, Billy opened a sleepy eye. He threw his arm across his forehead. His lips opened. He slept once more.

But that gesture! The look of that tiny mouth, the sudden briskness of the motion, the lean line of the throat and chin—Philip lay there before her that moment as she had seen him when dawn came up across the lake—lay there in the person of his son, and silently called to her to witness. Anna pressed her hands upon her eyes and went hastily from the room.

DAYS followed in which she scarcely left him. But days brought nights. And nights brought solitude.

At night, when the last toy was laid away and the last prayer said, she could not help it if across the room there flitted a wraith. It crossed to Billy's bed and leaned over it on the other side—as she had leaned—and knelt there as she had knelt, and looked up and smiled at her in utter appreciation of all that tiny sleeping form might mean. For the first time, alone in the old house where she had spent her own girlhood, her own lonely girlhood, for the first time in three years of her New Experience, Anna saw that wraith—the spirit of Billy's father.

Marie was calling her softly. Mr. Taylor was downstairs and wished to see her. She went down at once.

Anna had seen him often since that first night on which he had stayed so late.

It was snowing hard. Against the pane it piled into little Alps. The wind whistling up from the lake whined under the elms outside.

It struck across their talk so that they stopped more than once to notice it.

"I must have wished to see you very much," Taylor observed when a particularly violent gust screeched across the window, "to come out a night like this."

His tone was slightly ironic, almost casual.

"If you had said that to me ten years ago," Anna answered with a smile, "I should have been stabbed to the heart. I was terrified by compliments! But now—I'm afraid I like them!" She laughed lightly.

"You have lived since then. You are deeper now. You know that I mean it."

"Perhaps," Anna said, then in a moment: "Or perhaps I see that you can be objective—amused at yourself—and like to share it with—" she hesitated. Ten years before she would have been afraid. She would have ended: "With someone." Now she ended instead: "With me."

"With you," he repeated, very gravely. Then for fear she might not have caught his meaning he said again, "With *you*."

"I am glad," she answered simply. It has been wonderful for me to know you—to hear you talk—to——"

She paused, to think of the best way in which to describe the curious intellectual stimulus he gave her. One white arm lay upon the back of the big velvet sofa and the lamp shone upon the masses of her copper hair. In a moment Taylor was beside her, pressing kisses upon her hand.

"Thank God, Anna!" he cried with deep emotion. "You have seemed so far away! So unattainable! You have been so absorbed in your boy. It seemed to be impossible that I could ever mean anything to you—but if you will let me——"

"You dare!" she breathed. "You!"

Taylor got unsteadily to his feet. He had a temper of his own, a bitter one. It gleamed in his sardonic eyes and curled upon his lip as he glared back at her.

"Dare!" he repeated. "What do you mean? Why should I not ask you to marry me?"

The blood which had left Anna's face till it looked almost green beneath the red of her hair, surged slowly back. She stood and stared at him speechless.

"So!" he said. "So that is it. *He is not dead then?*"

Anna's eyes were the eyes of the bird who looks down from a branch upon the mystic coilings of a snake.

"Who?" she whispered.

"Your husband."

In spite of herself, she shook her head. Taylor's laugh rang out. It tore the mask of his face across.

"How much of you is a sham? I am no boy, Anna, for you to play at friendship with."

He turned from her a moment while he got himself under control. But she could not regain her poise so quickly. She stood there, trembling, clinging to the edge of the table. She heard Taylor speaking as through a dream.

"You had better go back to your husband," he was saying, "since you are so much in love with him."

His head in air, his stooped shoulders straightened, he glared at her.

A long time she remained there, unsteadily clutching at the side of the table. Then, like a drunken person, she went across the room to the desk in the corner and took out the little thorn-wood box in which lay Philip's card.

"She needn't go back. . . ." The voice came from behind him so suddenly that Taylor started back. Behind him the door was open into the gusty snow-veiled night. The cold wind came blowing against him and, as if blown in by the very wind itself there stood beside him the figure of a man who did not stop to brush the snow from his hair or beat the frost from his fingers. His eyes were a blaze of blue as he leaned over Taylor and repeated:

"She needn't *go back* to her husband, for her husband has come for her!"

Taylor drew himself together. He glanced at Anna, but she was oblivious of him. She was looking past him at Philip, standing like the Erlkönig's self. Neither would know whether he was there or whether he had gone away.

Very politely and very quietly Taylor went. After the door had closed upon him, but not because he knew that the other had gone, Philip said:

"Was he right about it, Anna? I've been waiting for you to send for me. . . . I wanted, at first—I *wanted* you to need me. Now I've grown to see I'm glad you do not need me for anything like this—" he waved his hand to her spacious home, "for things to wear or to own or for what other people may think—I only hope you need me just the same way I need you—because you love me!"

"Oh, Philip," Anna cried, "I didn't know! I thought I was so wise! And I knew so little! Couldn't someone have told me?"

Philip was at her side in a step. He gathered her into his arms. After a long time, she said: "Won't you sit by the fire?"

Melting snow fell from his fur coat upon her satin gown, upon the orchids she wore.

"See how wet your shoes are!" She felt her lips tremble and her hands, as she spoke. "And you haven't a single pair of slippers—in your own home!"

At last they could laugh aloud.

"I ought to protest, but I don't. I like it!" he said.

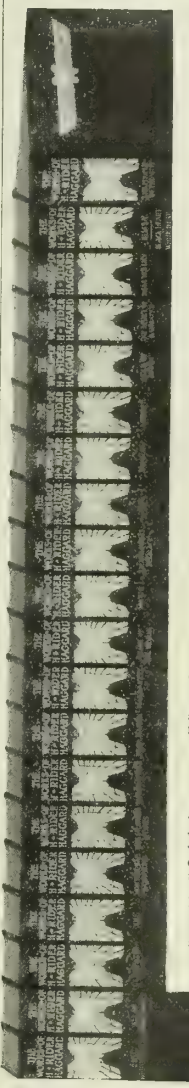
She was trying to pull off his shoes. He leaned over to help her, but he kissed her hair instead.

Behind them, unseen, a little white-clad figure—a sleepy little figure—rosy, dewy with baby dreams—had entered. Billy came pouting to his mother.

"Oh, Billy, my baby!" Anna cried, "see who's here! Your father's come home! *Home!* To us!"



They Called Him Coward!



ARMED only with a spear he went. The men shuddered—the women trembled. There, in among the reeds, came that astounding battle.

To what weird plots—what wild strange adventures did it lead? No one—not even he—could dream of all that was to follow.

Read this exciting story of a man whose heart was brave and of the most beautiful—the most cruel woman in all history by

H. RIDER HAGGARD

Straight into the heart of a breathless story he takes you. From one moment to the next you cannot tell what thrill is coming—you are only sure that it will be a surprise.

Never was there such a writer, perhaps, who filled his books with so many dramatic situations, so many wildly exciting moments and absorbing passages. From China to Peru he takes you—from the Southern Cross to the Northern Star—back through the ages. There are startling descriptions—vivid pictures of weird scenes that astound and delight you.

Rider Haggard is the author to read in war time. He takes you away from the sordid horror of today into the splendid world of romance. He stirs your red blood. He completely holds your attention with his never ending wealth of big situations and vivid imagery. Mincing words, tedious conversations find no place in the crisp bright pages of his works.

Here are the inviting names of the books and the lands into which they take you:

1. Eric Brighteyes—Iceland	11. Marie—South Africa
2. Allan Quartermain—Africa	12. Wanderer's Necklace —Scandinavia —Greece —Constantinople
3. Cleopatra—Egypt	
4. "She"—Africa	
5. Montezuma's Daughter—Mexico —England	13. Jess—Boers
6. King Solomon's Mines—Africa	14. Swallow—Transvaal
7. Morning Star —Egypt of the Pharaohs	15. Lysbeth—Holland
	16. Child of Storm—South Africa
8. The Pearl Maiden—Jerusalem —Rome	17. Spirit of Bambatse—Phoenicia
	18. Nada the Lily—Zululand
9. Margaret—Spain	19. Elissa—South Central Africa
10. Heart of the World—Mexico	20. People of the Mist—Africa

It matters not what book you take up, whether it be a tale of the voluptuous courts of queens or the wild fearful battle of a man against his fate—you can lose yourself in its pages. They literally set fire to your imagination.

Thousands of copies of his books have been sold, tens of thousands of people have read and delighted in them. The business man—the scholar—the clerk—all alike find joy in him for he rests you and takes you out of yourself.

Less Than Half Price

Sets Sent on Approval

Act at once and take advantage of this tempting less than half price offer. This is a quick start to a new big selling campaign. We know that the "good word" and "good will" of discriminating people is the quickest advertising. So we make you this short-time cut price for the 20 beautiful volumes, but don't delay. Cut out the coupon on this page now—while you are looking at it.

Hearst's 10-17

Send the coupon and get the whole 20 volumes, crowded with history—crowded with thrills—crowded with adventure. Get all the 20 volumes on approval. If they don't give you the best reading that you ever had, send them back. But send the coupon today—now.

McKinlay, Stone & MacKenzie
30 Irving Place
New York

McKinlay, Stone & MacKenzie
30 Irving Pl., New York

Please send me H. Rider Haggard's works. I may keep this set for ten days for examination and return it to you, at your expense. If I keep the books I will send you $1.00 at once and $1.00 a month for 14 months. For the beautiful half-leather edition, $1.00 at once, and $1.75 a month for 14 months.

Name .....

Address .....

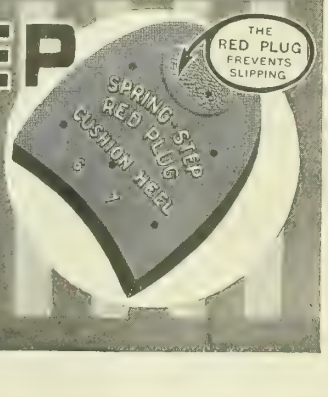
Your Roll of Films Developed and Printed 10c

Special Trial Offer: Any size roll developed 10c; six prints FREE: or six prints from Kodak negatives any size for 10c. 8 x 10 mounted enlargements 35c. **Roanoke Photo Finishing Company,** Formerly Roanoke Cycle Co., 211 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System—written with only nine characters. No "positions"—no "ruled lines"—no "shading"—no "word signs"—no "cold notes." Speedy, practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study, utilizing spare time. For full descriptive matter, free, address CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, 958 Unity Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

SPRING-STEP RUBBER HEELS

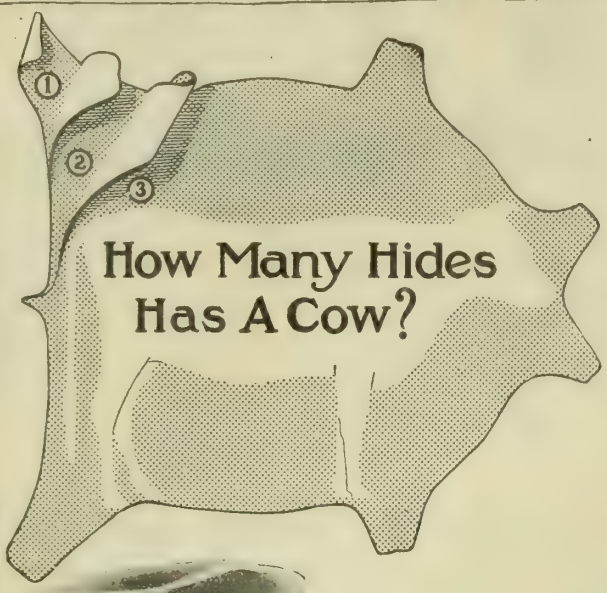


The heel that provides protection, comfort and long wear, but has no holes to track mud and dirt—Ask for the heel with the Red Plug.

Obtainable in all sizes—black, white or tan. 50c. attached—all Dealers

2 Packs Playing Cards Tally-ho quality, sent for 30c (elsewhere 50c) Spring Step, 105 Federal Street, Boston.

DU PONT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES



Uncle Sam Knows the Real Answer:

Not Enough!

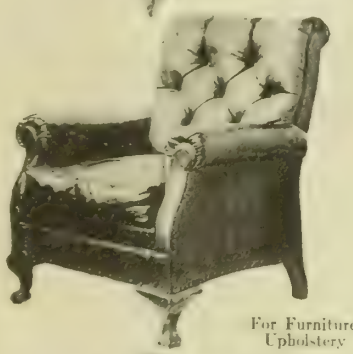
Save Leather for Soldiers



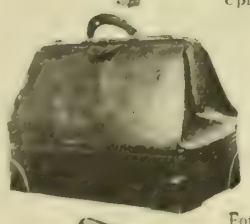
For Automobile Tops and Upholstery



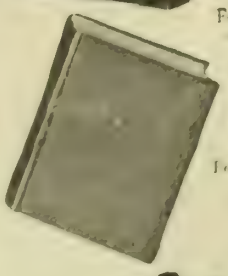
For Boat Cushions and Upholstery



For Furniture Upholstery



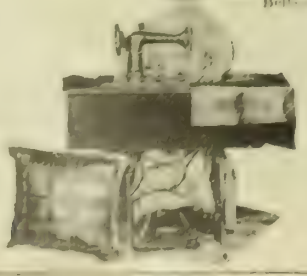
For Bags, Trunks and Suitcases



For Book Binding



For Home Decorations, Novelties, Belts, etc.



To make America's hide supply go as far as possible, hides are being split into five or more thin sheets; but, even this saving scheme fails to meet the requirements for soldiers' shoes, harness, equipment, ship upholstery, factory needs, etc., chiefly because too much hide leather is used by the public in places where high grade leather substitutes will serve as well or better.

For instance, the leather upholstery of one average size automobile would make twenty pairs of soldiers' shoes. For years America's largest producers of automobiles have successfully used Motor Quality Fabrikoid for upholstering their cars. Thousands of owners never even knew their cars were not upholstered in leather, because Fabrikoid looks and feels just like the finest leather and actually wears better than the coated split leather most used for upholstery of automobiles not covered with Fabrikoid.

Again, the furniture you buy with leather upholstery is probably covered with split leather that will not give service equal to

DU PONT FABRIKOID
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Craftsman Quality

That "genuine cowhide leather" suitcase of yours will probably reveal on inspection that its covering is only a pasted-on piece of split leather not much thicker or stronger than this sheet of paper.

It is true that some few high-priced automobiles and pieces of furniture are upholstered in genuine grain leather of good quality, and bags and suitcases are to be had at a price that are made of thick grain cowhide.

But the pride of possession of luxurious, expensive leather should now yield to patriotic preference for satisfactory substitutes that will divert this leather to more necessary uses.

Uncle Sam Has Set the Pace

The new U. S. motor trucks and ambulances will be upholstered in leather substitutes.

For several years the standard for book binding in the Government Printery has been Du Pont Fabrikoid.

The upholstery specifications for the new Merchant Marine call for "Craftsman Quality Fabrikoid."

What Uncle Sam has found by experience and tests good enough for the Government's severe requirements should be good enough for every loyal American.

How You Can Help

If you are a manufacturer using leather probably part or all of your requirements can be met by some grade of Fabrikoid. While not feasible for every use of leather, the illustrations herewith show its wide range of utility.

If you use leather in your home for any purpose, try the proper grade of Fabrikoid instead.

When buying an automobile, boat or piece of furniture prefer Fabrikoid upholstery. Help the manufacturer conserve leather by patronizing those who use good leather substitutes like Fabrikoid.

Every hide displaced by a good substitute helps supply our armies with shoes, our farms with harness and our factories with belting—it helps win the war.

Manufacturers! write us your requirements and let us co-operate with you.

Americans everywhere! write for samples and names of manufacturers of the article you want who use Fabrikoid and of stores near you selling it by the yard.

Du Pont Fabrikoid Company

Wilmington, Delaware.

World's Largest Manufacturers of Leather Substitutes

Factories at Newburgh, N. Y., Elizabeth, N. J., Fairfield, Conn., Toronto, Ont.

DU PONT

Champ Clark's Life Story by Himself

Hearst's

For November
20 Cents



OVER 600,000 OLIVERS SOLD

WAS $100
and a leader
then-famous
internationally



NOW $49
and more popular
than ever – sales
greatly increased

Who Wants to Waste $51.00
Save That by Reading These Facts

You may now be your own typewriter salesman. We give you the $51 that it used to cost us to sell each typewriter.

This makes the price of the famous Oliver Nine $49 instead of $100.

It meets the present-day demands for intelligent economy. The Oliver Typewriter Company has revolutionized its selling plan.

We no longer have 15,000 salesmen and agents. We no longer maintain costly offices in 50 cities. And in a dozen other ways we save for you over 50 per cent in distribution costs. Our new plan has been so successful that we are now building additions to our factory to care for the increased output.

A National Favorite

The only change, mind you, has been to make our selling plan most efficient. Every penny of waste has been eliminated.

The typewriter has not been changed in a single particular. It is our latest model, brand new, the same machine used and preferred by the United States Steel Corporation, The National City Bank of New York, Montgomery Ward & Co., Lord & Thomas, The Pennsylvania R. R., and other leading businesses. Over 600,000 have been sold.

If any typewriter is worth $100, it is this latest Oliver, with its guaranteed service.

We offer a second hand nor rebuilt Oliver model.

The facilities of this company are devoted exclusively to the production and distribution of Oliver typewriters.

You Save Half

This $49 Oliver is the exact machine priced at $100 before March 1st—that is our $2,000,000 guarantee.

The new Model Nine is the finest, the costliest, the most successful model we ever built.

This Oliver Nine has the universal keyboard and all the latest improvements. Any typist may turn to it without the slightest hesitancy and the workmanship will be improved.

In fact, it is so simple that it is recommended to those who have never used a typewriter before.

No Outside Influence

Our plan is extremely simple. In order that you may be your own salesman, we send you an Oliver Nine for free trial.

You do not pay a penny down. You are not under the slightest obligation to buy.

Try this typewriter at your office or at your home for five days. You may own it for $3 per month, which is cheaper than renting.

If you do not wish to keep it, we even refund the transportation charges.

You now deal direct, solely with the manufacturer. You are your own judge. Merit alone decides. Spoken arguments are absent.

An Amazing Book

Or, if you wish further information before the free trial, we will be glad to send our startling book entitled "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy." This tells all the facts. It shows the follies of old selling methods. It shows just how we were able to save $51 for you.

No recent document has created more of a sensation in the business world than this book. It is a lesson in modern efficiency. You should read it, by all means.

Which For You?

On this page we print a coupon which will bring you either the free trial Oliver, or our book. You merely check which one you wish. This replaces the old time salesman.

Don't buy a typewriter or even rent one until you give yourself an opportunity to save $51.

Check the coupon and mail it now. This does not place you under the slightest obligation.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
1208 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.
Canadian Price, $62.65

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
1208 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Send me your typewriter for five days free trial. If I keep it I will pay $49 at the rate of $3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

Or, if you prefer to look further before you decide to buy, send me your book telling all about the Oliver. I will ship it back at your expense.

☐ Do not send a typewriter until I order it. Mail me your book telling all about the Oliver. The Oliver Typewriter Company, 1208 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago, Ill.

Name

Street Address

City

Here Are Some Who Prefer The Oliver:

United States Steel Corporation
Montgomery Ward & Co.
Baldwin Locomotive Works
Pennsylvania Railroad
Lord & Thomas
Columbia Graphophone Co.
Bethlehem Steel Co.
National Cloak & Suit Co.
New York Edison Co.
Cluett Peabody & Co.
National City Bank of N. Y.
Hart, Schaffner & Marx
Encyclopedia Britannica
American Bridge Co.
International Harvester Co.
Diamond Match Co.
Fore River Shipbuilding Corporation
Boy Scouts of America
Corn Products Refining Co.
Boston Elevated Railways

$2,000,000 Guarantee That This $49 Oliver Is Our $100 Model

Rex Beach

Author of "The Spoilers" and "The Barrier," has a new serial beginning in December Hearst's. It's another Big, Vital, Red-blooded story—a story of Alaska. It's called

"The Winds of Chance"



A man of the great out-doors is Rex Beach—strong, virile, full-blooded—a lover of horses, a clever tennis player, an excellent huntsman; in short, an all-around good sportsman. As a writer he is a realist, describing only that which he has seen and knows.

FIFTY years ago this October the Stars and Stripes flung out for the first time over the ice-fields and secret-holding tundras of Alaska. This year, then, is an anniversary; this autumn makes a fine moment for Rex Beach to come back to his Alaska where he found his first fame as a writer while lesser men found yellow gold. Remember "The Spoilers," "The Barrier," and "The Silver Horde."

COME back with the December HEARST'S to Alaska; come back with Rex Beach in his new novel, "The Winds of Chance;" meet again that upstanding character you met in "The Barrier," 'Poleon Doret, in the glamoured land where strong men laugh and weak men quail and every woman is a romance in herself, for to only such as these do the north winds call and get answer. By all the little gods of life, that should be an appeal to you. Beyond the Yukon is the land of that real Democracy for which we fight; there every man stands on his own two feet and lives for what he is worth; there gold braid and diplomacy and highfalutin' policies like *weltmacht* don't count. They can't. Nature, human and primeval, is the only issue.

"FOR which we fight!" Take up the ring of that; weigh it in your hands; Rex Beach in his new serial will help you to know the real values; you, with sons and daughters embattled under the ensign of the nation or the Red Cross, and breathing hard in the test; you, with husbands and sweethearts. There are primal things in life, stark and sinewed to endure. Beach's Alaska will show you the truth about yourself and your civilization; something as vital as sneering Wilhelmstrasse learned of "effete, degenerate" France and the "smug shopkeepers of bartering" England. Civilization is carried like a field-day hero upon the jostling shoulders of the past. Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's lady are sisters under the skin; Kipling said it. Seeing the bright lights of the gay white ways of our land, you shall not forget the stars and the green earth thereunder. Come back to your elemental past. Come back to Alaska where the present *is* the past.

"THE WINDS OF CHANCE" is written by a man's man; you know that. But if there ever was a day for just that sort of a man this is it. That's why we have so much confidence in offering his tale to you. Latterly Mr. Beach has written two interesting novels for HEARST'S: "Rainbow's End" and "Heart of the Sunset." These were good, but after all they were written about *opera-bouffé* wars in Mexico and Cuba. They are not in the same class with this new "Winds of Chance," written now, with the heart of the world throbbing to the drumfire and with the camouflage of civilization dissipating where the sun of Democracy stands still over Armageddon. The test of the real qualities of men. "The Winds of Chance" begins next month; frankly, this is our circulation-maker of the season. Try it on.

Vol. XXXII

CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER

No. 5

THRILLING SERIAL NOVELS

MARIE CORELLI	The Young Diana	ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE	352
WINSTON CHURCHILL	The Dwelling-Place of Light	JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG	374
E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM	The Pawns Count	ARMAND BOTH	367

ILLUSTRATED SPECIALS FOR DISCUSSION

CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL	New Russia in the Making	SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS	348
CHAMP CLARK	Autobiography	HISTORIC PORTRAITS	364
GARDNER RICHARDSON	Yankee "Culture" Makes Good	OFFICIAL PICTURES	383
HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS	Why Die Before Your Time?	PHOTOGRAPHS	373
JOHN BRISBEN WALKER	Sermonette: Three Forces Moving the World	VINCENT ADERENTE	345

BEST SHORT STORIES OF THE MONTH

WALLACE IRWIN	At the Doctor's Door	WALTER TITTLE	355
COSMO HAMILTON	The Life-Saver	ARNOLD GENTHE	357
RUPERT HUGHES	The Oompah Oompah	JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG	361
BRUNO LESSING	The Reformation of Benjamin	M. LEONE BRACKER	381
ARTHUR STRINGER	The Stranger in the House	G. PATRICK NELSON	370

HUMOR, FINANCE, LITERATURE, EDITORIAL

STEPHEN LEACOCK	My Revelations as a Spy	F. STROTHMANN	385
"BOERSIANER"	Blessings that War May Bring	W. FLETCHER WHITE	386
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS	"Laugh and Live"	BOOK OF THE MONTH	387
FRANK CRANE	The Eighth Crusade	EDITORIAL	346

THEATER, ART, VERSE AND DUOTONE FEATURES

HARRY JAMES SMITH	"A Tailor-Made Man"	REPERTOIRE PICTURES	378
ANGELA MORGAN	God Prays	W. T. BENDA	377
BARON GAYNE DE MEYER	My Art	SPECIAL STUDIES	359
COVER IN COLORS	"Under Allied Flags"—II. La Belle Americaine	PENRHYN STANLAWS	

HEARST'S, 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y. George L. Willson, President. S. S. Carvalho, Treasurer; W. G. Langdon, Secretary. Copyright, 1917, by International Magazine Co. Published monthly by International Magazine Co. Trade Mark registered. Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second-class mail matter. Single copy, 20 Cents. Yearly subscription, $1.50. Foreign Postage, $1.00 additional. Canadian Postage, 50 Cents



Examine your skin closely. Find out just what is wrong with it. Then read below how you can correct it.

The girl who sighed for a lovely skin

There once was a girl whose sallow, blemished skin spoiled all her pleasure, until one day she learned how she could give her skin the fresh smoothness, the radiant complexion she had always longed for. The secret she learned is one you, too, can learn and use to make your skin as lovely as you want it.

WHAT is the matter with your skin? Are there little rough places in it that make it look scaly when you powder? Is it sallow, colorless, coarse-textured or oily? Is it marred by blackheads and blemishes, or conspicuous nose pores?

Whatever it is that is keeping your skin from being beautiful, it can be changed.

The skin of your face, like the rest of your body, is continually changing. As the old skin dies, *new* forms. By the proper treatment with the right kind of soap you can make this new skin just as fine, clear and fresh-looking as you have always wanted it.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the result of years of study and experience by a *skin specialist.* For thirty years John H. Woodbury made a constant study of the skin. He treated thousands of obstinate skin troubles; made countless skin tests, until he evolved the formula for Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Find below the treatment just suited to your skin, and begin tonight to get the benefit of it for your skin.



To correct an oily skin and shiny nose

First, cleanse your skin thoroughly by washing it in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now work up a heavy warm water lather of Woodbury's in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly [illegible] you will gain complete relief from the embarrassment of an oily, shiny skin.

Troubled with blackheads?

[illegible] the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough wash cloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold. [illegible] carefully.

[illegible] by using this treatment for a time and then neglecting it. But make it a daily habit, and it will rid your skin of ugly, embarrassing blackheads.



Blackheads come from improper cleansing. This treatment will keep your skin free from this annoying trouble

Is your skin "pimply," blemished?

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy "soap cream." Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten or fifteen minutes. Then rinse very carefully with clear, hot water, then with cold.

Repeat this cleansing, antiseptic treatment every night until the blemishes disappear.

Send 4c for a week's-size cake and this complete treatment booklet

We have been able to give just three treatments on this page, but you can get them all, together with many valuable facts about the skin, in this little booklet, "A skin you love to touch." For 4 cents we will send you this booklet and a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of any Woodbury treatment. Write today. Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., 411 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.**

If you live in Canada, address the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 411 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.



Disfiguring blemishes need the "soap cream" treatment.



For sale wherever toilet goods are sold. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks' use.

Three Forces

Moving the World

By John Brisben Walker
Decoration by V. Aderente

THREE great forces are at work moving the whole world:

Greed;

Idealism;

Education.

The most powerful of these—the one that seems in a control that can never be broken—is Greed. Having no regard for humanity, it takes its toll from the most miserable of the workers of all lands, and piles up its masses of accumulations in fortresses that seemingly are impregnable.

Here and there, over the earth, a woman gives birth to a child having a brave and free mind—an idealist destined for the task of attacking Greed in its strongholds. At one time he is brought into the world on the banks of the Nile, at another under the shadow of the Parthenon; again in the forests of America, or by the Seine or Thames or Tiber.

The thing called Education was a retarded, feeble thing.

Greed feared Idealism but little, but saw in Education a force that, moving upon its fortresses, might capture and destroy them. Recognizing this, it put its servants to work to dwarf and misshape, until it should be sent forth over the earth shorn of its natural powers.

This dwarfed, distorted thing was doing the work of Greed when, in 1792, there was an extraordinary gathering of idealists in France.

The idealists, appearing from time to time, now in this country, now in that, always few in numbers, had made little progress in the battle against Greed. Wherever two or three gathered together and seemed on the point of accomplishing something, Greed would sally from its fortresses and bear down upon the idealists with a force that swept the little band from the face of the earth.

The centuries passed on until, in 1792 A.D., Greed had brought its victims in France to horrors inconceivable. Education stood by, palsied and blithering, muttering its meaningless phrases, and alert only where the interests of Greed were at stake.

But in the last half of the eighteenth century women had given birth to an extraordinary number of idealists. These, attracted by each other, came together in Paris and in that year of 1792 determined to make a concerted assault upon Greed with a new weapon. For this purpose they invented a guillotine which they imagined could cut off the hydra-heads of Greed faster than it could grow new ones.

Rallying the despairing multitudes with which Greed had filled France, they moved *en masse* upon its bastiles and put the knives of their guillotines busily at work. Among the idealists themselves were many theories. Greed, with the cunning of the centuries, sent suspicion among them, so that after a time they began to guillotine each other.

But, before, the one thing they had all seen with clear vision was that the great force which would eventually destroy Greed would be Education, if that could be reshaped and built up into the vigor of truth. Education was to be the hope of humanity. They proposed to raise up the worker and equip him with real knowledge. Education was to be imparted to all generations—continuously. They were to be given that Education which was of most worth!

Before Greed was able to guillotine the idealists, this conception of the elevation of man by education had been wafted across the ocean to America, where it took root and grew sturdily. Idealists of all lands saw clearly that it was the world's best hope.

Meantime, Greed has grown to proportions that seem beyond all hope of attack. Universal education is at work, increasing in force and power with every hour. It is now only a question of time until it shall have undermined all of the fortresses of Greed.



DECORATION BY VINCENT ADERENTE.

This mighty exodus of American manhood to the plains of Europe might be called "The Eighth Crusade."

The Eighth Crusade

By Dr. Frank Crane

THERE is no doubt that we are living in the most tremendously significant epoch in American history. Hundreds of thousands of men, the pick and flower of the nation, have laid aside their personal business and ambitions and are in Spartan training for military life, a life foreign to their traditions, to their customs and to their whole ideal.

It is very necessary that we understand what it all means.

IF we look upon it in a large and heroic way, if we grasp this present issue as a crisis in progress, as a phase of cultural development, that shall result in a more wholesome and humane order of existence; if it shall teach us the true value of an intelligent nationalism in the great program of eventual internationalism and world-consciousness; in fine, if it shall mean to us a better world, pruned of certain noxious growths and better fit to bear the good fruits of civilization, it shall be well with us.

The value of any event to the human soul depends upon how the soul takes it.

And there is every indication, from the press, the senate and the forum, that this country is taking this stupendous crisis, not with a wail of weakness, but with a cry of vital, hopeful, triumphantly prophetic strength.

We feel that this is not a mere contest between two governments, one of the endless wars of time between two rival national egotisms, but it is a struggle between light and darkness, between a benevolent future and a sinister past.

THE conflict therefore takes upon itself the nature of a Crusade. We go forth in much the same spirit in which the knights of old went forth to do battle with the Paynim.

Notwithstanding all the horror and sacrifice incident to war, we shall gain from it a great spiritual prize, a nobler manhood, a deeper significance of America's mission and duty in the world, a profounder conviction of the need of some sort of intelligent World-Government.

This mighty exodus of American manhood to the plains of Europe might be called "The Eighth Crusade." In Stubbs's "Medieval and Modern History" occur these words:

"The Crusades, with all their drawbacks, were the trial feat of a new world, a reconstituted Christen-

dom, striving after a better ideal than that of piracy and fraternal bloodshed."

EVEN so this war is a reaching back of Democracy to try its strength against the reactionary prowess of Absolutism, to demonstrate its power to live, its right to exist.

The young men of America are going, not to rescue the tomb of the Saviour from the Saracen, but to rescue the civilization which was the fruit of the Saviour's teaching.

Thousands of parents are asking: "For what are we giving up our boys?" It is most essential that they see.

We are not giving up our boys to make America greater than her neighbors. We seek no foot of territory, we ask no added domain, no dollar of indemnity. We want no military glory nor to build up an army and a navy that shall threaten the world.

OUR army is our citizenry, drawn by selective draft from a peaceful populace, high and low, rich and poor. They are going to fight for one definite thing, to save Democracy and free government from extinction. When that fight is won, our citizens shall lay down their arms, as they did at the close of our Civil War, and take up again the pursuits of peace.

Until a man has found something worth dying for he has found nothing worth living for. And to the thousands of youth now in camp and battlefield has come the ennobling call of the ideal. They are stepping up into a higher manhood. They are marching on to give America's freedom to the oppressed multitudes of the earth.

And we are paying our debt to France. We have not forgotten how that country came to our aid in our own death-struggle, nor how through all these years she has held fast to her republican ideals against scorn without and treason within. And now that she is invaded, we count it a privilege to send her our money and our best blood.

WE little realize the spiritual potency of this act. By it we are wiping out the stain of the old charge of selfishness against us, we are proving that we are not a horde of mercenary adventurers, of soft and luxurious money-getters. We are showing to our old friend, France, to ourselves and to the whole world, that we are capable, when the call comes, to play the man in the world's arena.

America's help to Russia is no less significant. No such revolution has ever occurred in history as that where the Russian people, amidst the dangers of war, threw off the yoke of despotism and declared for self-government. Their task is enormous. Not only is the foe at her gates, but his emissaries are busy in her midst. They must fight the invader from without and all the forces of confusion and discontent within. No one thing has happened that more encourages her people to struggle onward toward freedom than the generous aid of America.

"AND we are paying our debt to France. We have not forgotten how that country came to our aid in our own death-struggle, nor how through all these years she has held fast to her republican ideals against scorn without and treason within. And now that she is invaded, we count it a privilege to send her our money and our best blood. We little realize the spiritual potency of this act. By it we are wiping out the stain of the old charge of selfishness against us, we are proving that we are not a horde of mercenary adventurers, of soft and luxurious money-getters. We are showing to our old friend, France, to ourselves and to the whole world, that we are capable, when the call comes, to play the man in the world's arena."

From out all this what a Brotherhood will come! What a sense of world-unity, of universal humanity, of supreme law, will arise! "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform." That idea of World-Government, which advanced so slowly by argument and appeal, is striding forward now in seven-league boots to the fearful march-time of war.

Out of this conflict will emerge a new earth, a league of nations that will never again allow a militaristic organization to menace civilization.

From being a war between nations this conflict has changed and become a war against war, for it is a war against that selfish militarism which is the direct cause of war.

A STILL more vital fact is that this has become a war of the Peoples against the Rulers. The representative governments are pitted against the absolute monarchies and oligarchies.

It is the uprising of the world.

It is the revolt of humanity.

It is the effort of the health of civilization to throw off the poison of absolutism that has long lain latent in its veins.

A writhing, assassinated World has called us, and we have answered.

WE need to realize this. Every mother needs to feel that she is sending her boy to fight in the noblest conflict ever in history.

Every preacher needs to believe that he can pray with a full and honest heart for the men who are marching away to save those free institutions that Christianity has made.

The die is cast. We have entered the war. America's destiny is at stake. Democracy is at stake. The People —greater and more majestic name than The King—expect every man to do his duty. And out of it all shall come a better America, a truer and wiser Democracy.

And as for the World, for Humanity,

"Sweeter shall the roses blow
In those far years, those happier years;
And children weep, when we lie low,
Far fewer tears, far softer tears."



Funerals of patriots who fell in the Revolution: "Those green graves in the midst of the Field of Mars are filled with the victims of the police."

New Russia in the Making

Second of a Series of Articles on the Birth of a Democracy

By Charles Edward Russell

Member of the American Commission

THE wonder about Russia is, not that some things do not seem to go well, but that anything goes at all.

It is not that some conditions seem to show chaos, but that any conditions show anything else.

According to all human experience and history the only normal thing to follow the Revolution was maelstrom and smash.

Consider: An enormous hulk, the product of centuries of effort of one kind and in one line, had borne up the whole structure of organized Russian society. The eyes and minds of all men were always upon it; it regulated even the minutiæ of their lives.

In a moment this huge thing turned turtle and went down. Naturally it should have dragged everything loose in its swirl.

Always heretofore the violence of a revolution has been tuned up to the cruelty of the oppression against which it recoiled. It has always been like a tree, bent over and then let go; it has rushed almost as far in the other direction. The oppression in Russia was the most savage, implacable, blood-guilty and maddening that has been known among civilized men, certainly since Caligula. It was of the kind that relishes cruelty for its own sake; that develops an exquisite and dainty taste in cruelty. Thoughtful men, looking upon it, always felt that if it should ever be overturned, blood would surely have blood and anarchy would pay the price of a monstrous wrong built of murder and tears.



"When a black-coated policeman struck a woman for carrying a red flag a Cossack promptly cut him down." Drawn by Ivan Raketsky, the Russian Raemakers, for this article.

Wisdom and prophecy never went further astray. The Russian Revolution, when it came, was not only the least sanguinary of all great revolutions in history; it was, all things considered, remembering its occasion and size, the most moderate, the least impassioned. What happened has no reproach for the Russian people; on the contrary, it ought to be hung up for their everlasting praise.

Whatever jarred as it went along, or still jars, was the logical, natural, inevitable result of the things the Revolution rooted out.

Most Americans have this all wrong because they have been treated in their news columns to a daily diet of gloom about Russia. But take any point most raised against the Russian situation, and on fair scrutiny it will appear that the thing couldn't be otherwise in view of what the Revolution had to operate upon, and that the essence of it, after all, is either good or not very important.

The two favorite themes for minor strains of Americans that sound the harp of foreboding o'er these dark seas have been the revolt at Kronstadt and the horrifying fact that Russian privates ceased to [illegible] their officers. Or some of them did.

Kronstadt is a great Russian naval station and one of the



A member of the hated "Black Hundreds," the Russian City Police, swept away by Revolution.



"It was the police that the crowd beat to death and cast into the canals of Petrograd." One of them under arrest. The men with white badges are two of their civilian successors.

important defenses of Petrograd. The town lives on the arsenal, shops, ships and sailors.

When the Revolution broke the Kronstadt sailors and workers rose, killed some of the naval officers, imprisoned others and in the end declared the place to be an independent republic, not in any way answerable to the Provisional Government at Petrograd.

Until you understand the facts this looks very bad. It looks like mutiny and the counter-revolution, feared of the timid.

But for years Kronstadt had been for the plain sailors of the Russian navy a most notorious hell on earth. In the fortress was a series of dungeon cells, far underground, unlighted, wet and infested with rats—the reproduction of certain horrors of the early Middle Ages. For slight offenses or for none, for the whim, caprice, petty spite, or pure pleasure of an officer, men were thrust into these places. Some of the cells, in frank imitation of a historic torture-chamber, were so built that the prisoner could neither stand in them, nor lie at length. Men condemned to these frightful holes sometimes died or went insane there without even knowing for what they were being punished.

There was no form of court, of trial, of hearing; no sailor had any chance for appeal or redress. It was like a chapter from the history of the Bastile; the first thing the poor wretch knew he was seized, ironed and flung into the dungeon.

Offenders that were not imprisoned might be beaten. Transgressions that in another navy would mean a reprimand were here punished as in the old slave-galleys. The broad theory of the service was that a sailor was a kind of beast without rights, a thing to be trodden upon that he might know well his place.

It was a theory that had warrant: it was the theory also of the Government.

Not all the officers of the Russian navy were brutes; there were thousands of humane and worthy men, some of whom it has been my privilege to know. But the brutes had their way and piled up a terrible account to be settled. It was odd that they seemed to learn nothing from the sobering experiences of the Japanese War. The two Russian ships that in the great battle in the Sea of Japan mutinied and refused to fight, the four other Russian ships that mutinied and ran away, taught them nothing. Even the marvelous and tragic story of the *Potemkin* in 1905, which tutored all the rest of the world, even the gathering clouds of revolutionary storm, had no message for them. The rest of Russian autocracy might seem to be cracking in those months from Bloody Monday to March 12, 1917, but the day of fate came around and found the reeking dungeons of Kronstadt as full as ever.

On the night of that day they were still full, but with other tenants. At the crash of the Revolution the soldiers and workers of Kronstadt arose, killed some of the hated among the officers, and thrust the rest into the prison cells to which they had been so fond of sending other men. What would you expect them to do?

The independent republic of Kronstadt was a bit of serio-comic blundering like the ending of the *Potemkin's* cruise, but even that has its adequate explanation.



General Korniloff, who revolted and defied the Provisional Government, and who was defeated and deposed by his own soldiery.



One of Germany's secret agents, General Soukhomlinoff, who was tried for high treason and recently sentenced to imprisonment for life.





The notorious Justice Hall after the fire, "the hated place whence so many patriots had been sentenced to Siberia." To right, an exterior view. When it was burned to the ground, with all its secret records, "the wolves, ferrets and hyenas breathed freely again."

As soon as the Revolution came most of the existing local governments in Russia went out of business and their places were taken by Provisional Committees, which steered the machine until new city councils could be elected. The world has been made to resound with tales, real and fictional, of things all askew in Russia. Nobody has ever pointed out the fact that most of these committees, although made up of men that about such a business were greener than grass, turned off an exceedingly workmanlike job of municipal management.

Kronstadt, of course, went with the rest, only farther than many. Instead of a Provisional Committee, it put all the local power into the hands of its Council of Sailors' and Workmen's Delegates, which immediately took the wheel and began to run things.

Probably the Council was cocky. Men suddenly swept out of a hideous slavery into great power are not usually noted for a sweet and lamblike disposition. Anyway, the Council sent word to the Provisional Government in Petrograd demanding to be represented in its deliberations. The only notice the Provisional Government took of this was to send a man to represent it in the Kronstadt Council.

[illegible] As one of the Kronstadt men, who had been in America, put it to me, it was as if the Senate at Washington had refused to seat a Senator from New York, but had seen one of its own members [illegible] the free [illegible] Legislature.

[illegible] the independent republic of Kronstadt, and walked their wild and picturesquely lunatic road until they crashed into the Cossack machine guns that July day in front of the old Duma building. After which the [illegible] Kronstadt [illegible]

to have disappeared from these scenes.

But all this sort of thing opened the door wide to that most ingenious of human deviltries, the German propaganda, and after the first few days there was plenty of trouble, all of a familiar brand, being truly made in Germany. German agents were at that time chiefly busy along the whole Russian front telling the soldiers that the Revolution's creed of public ownership meant an immediate division of all the lands, and if they wanted to get in they must be on their way home; but in the intervals of these employments time was found to push along disaffection at Kronstadt or elsewhere. The vast army of German agents that infests Russia found such things all in the day's work.

But about the old *régime:* The brutality was never confined to the navy, believe me; there was plenty of it in the army. When the tension snapped the wonder was not that the soldiers didn't salute their officers, but that any officers were left to be saluted.



Admiral Koltchek, Commander of the Russian North Sea Fleet, whose loyalty to the Revolution is unquestioned.

You must bear in mind that military service in Russia was compulsory, army or navy. A Russian that didn't like to be bullied around had no chance to stay out of it. He was taken by the neck and dragged in and once there he had fewer rights than a dog and a far worse time. He ceased to be anything human or vital and became a doormat upon which the officers wiped their feet when in good humor, and a block upon which they vented their spite when they were grouchy.

It is perfectly well known that cruelty grows by what it feeds upon. Moreover, you are to take note of the highly significant fact that most of the officers of the Russian army were of the aristocracy or the near-aristocracy. For generations that class had understood its security to lie in keeping the masses in a state of subjection, and the best way to do that was every day silently pointed out by the abominable Government.

It was to beat and terrorize them into abject humility.

The result was that if there was anything worse on earth than the Russian naval service it was the Russian army service.

I have a young friend who is a non-commissioned officer now in a Russian regiment. With some reluctance he has furnished me with an exact account of his own experiences, which I will set down here, having learned that they are typical.

His family, although of the lower orders, was fairly well-to-do and he had been well educated. When the time came for his military training he was drafted into the infantry. A scoundrelly drill-sergeant gave to him and other raw recruits about eight weeks of instruction conveyed chiefly through the toe of the sergeant's boot vigorously applied

© INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE.



These magnificent gates stand at the entrance to the Summer Palace of Tsarskoe-Selo. The Red Flag now covers the Russian eagles and other insignia of the Czars.

and liberally assisted with curses. He was then put into a squad and employed to clean the officers' boots, empty their slop-jars and receive their kicks and abuse. He said that by some innocent oversight he incurred the ill-will of one of these officers. The next day at dress parade this officer walked down the line until he came opposite my friend and then deliberately spat in his face—three times. The soldier raised his hand furtively to wipe the spittle out of his eyes.

"What does this beast mean by raising his hand?" said the officer. "Take him to the guard-house!"

So they took him to the guardhouse and kicked and beat him as soon as they got him inside the door. Then they threw him into a cell to stay ten days—the first day without food or drink, the rest on bread and water. On the first day the officer came in, spat in his face, cursed him and kicked him. Two days later this officer brought in other officers to watch and enjoy this noble sport. It seemed to amuse them greatly.

He said that many times he has seen something like this: At inspection or drill an officer would pass down the line and intentionally knock a soldier's cap sidewise.

"You miserable swine!" he would instantly bawl, "what the devil do you mean by standing there with your cap on crooked? Put it on straight instantly, and meantime I will give you a week's imprisonment."

The poor unfortunate wretch would now raise his hand to straighten his cap.

"Dog that you are!" the officer would shout. "What the devil do you mean by getting out of position? I will have you beaten within an inch of your life. Take this pig to the guardhouse."

Against this monstrous system, which had a million ramifications and variations according to the diabolical ingenuity of the torturer, the victim had not a shadow of redress or hope. If he so much as murmured or protested he could be taken out and shot for mutiny.

The men were taught a formula of assent with which they were obliged to respond to every question by an officer, and the slightest variation in the words of the formula or its arrangement meant punishment. For instance:

Officer: "That is a spot of rust on your rifle, is it not?"

Soldier: "It is indeed, sir, as you say, sir."

If, instead of this arrangement, he should say "Yes, sir" or "Indeed, sir, it is as you say, sir," he would be punished.

There might be no rust whatever on the man's rifle and probably was none. He must nevertheless assent to the officer's statement. No matter how false it might be about anything he must still assent to it — in the formula I have mentioned, and none other. Occasionally at some kind of a hearing a private might be called upon to answer some question. No matter what it might be about nor how monstrous the perjury, he must always endorse the officer—in that same formula.

"The typical Russian," said my friend, "is sensitive and rather high-strung. Because he is high-strung a little of this sort of thing will often confuse him, when in spite of himself he will be likely to commit fresh blunders. With the most malicious cunning the officers used to play upon the Russian susceptibilities and drive and nag their men into committing breaches of the rules that would bring down the heaviest punishments.

"The result of all this huge system of evil, the beatings, kickings, imprisonments and terrible injustices, was that millions of men in Russia went through life with an unappeased and almost insane hatred of the military establishment. Salute their officers? They had much rather kill them. What would you expect? The Revolution came and gave to many such men the chance they had dreamed of in long hours of torture and intolerable humiliation. Some of them went out and shot their officers, and about all of them had inexpressible pleasure in abolishing the salute to the brutes.

"Of course all officers were not like this. Very many of them were courteous, decent, and kindly. You will find them still in the service, still obeyed and often still saluted. The brutes are dead or run away or gotten out of range. All in all, what seems to me the most wonderful thing is the small number that were shot. When I think of what I saw in the service we seem either very forgiving or very forgetful."

In the same way and just as inevitably the attempt to manage the army through soldiers' committees, of which so much has been made in this country, was nothing but the logical outcome of the huge evils of the old *régime*. The men had an instinctive feeling that they could not trust officers capable of so misusing their own men, and I have yet to find any (*Continued on page 422*)



The Czar Nicholas II with the Empress Alexandra Alix, their four daughters, and the little Czarevitch, Alexis, whose delicate health enabled the infamous monk, Rasputin, to work on the superstitious fears of the royal parents.



The Last of the Romanofs: Czar Nicholas II in full uniform of state, with his royal regalia. He is now plain Citizen Romanof.



A Fallen Despot: the deposed Czar Nicholas a prisoner under guard in the gardens of the summer palace of Tsarskoe-Selo.



A light-footed figure came to a sudden pause between two rose-bushes. "Diana's in the way," she overheard Mr. May repeat to her mother with emphasis. "Old maids always are, you know."

The Young Diana

An Experiment of the Future

By Marie Corelli

Illustrated by Hadrá Castaigne

NO one should miss this remarkable serial. If you did not read the first instalment in October, begin now. In the first part we learn that Diana May was the rapidly aging spinster daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Polydore May, a well-to-do middle-class English couple—both very selfish and resenting almost as a personal affront the fact that Diana "could not get a man." True, when she was a young and pretty girl she had become engaged to a dashing army officer who was then too poor to marry. For seven long years she wore his ring and was faithful; but by that time he had grown tired of Diana—who was becoming a trifle passée—and threw her over and married a younger and richer woman. So, condemned to be classed as an old maid, Diana devotes herself to looking after the comfort of her selfish parents, with never a word of thanks. Really she was not so bad-looking if only her father would permit her to wear becoming frocks. True, she was tall and thin and flat-chested, with a wealth of hair that she possessed a pair of glorious blue eyes and a wonderfully mellow and beautiful speaking voice. Also she was a fine pianist, a good linguist, and widely read in science and on topics of the day. But all these accomplishments were wasted—she was classed as a hopeless old maid, you see, and even her parents tolerated rather than loved her. A letter from her friend Sophy Lansing, with a remarkable inclosure, sows the seeds of revolt in Diana May. **It is the most unusual of all Miss Corelli's unusual stories.**

DIANA read the advertisement carefully through again, then rose and locked it away in her desk with Sophy Lansing's letter. She glanced through the rest of her correspondence, which was not exciting; one note asking for the character of a servant, another for the pattern of a blouse, and a third enclosing a recipe for a special sort of jam, "with love to your sweet, kind mother!"

She put them all by and, stretching her arms languidly above her head, caught another glimpse of herself in the mirror. This time it was more satisfactory. Her hair, hanging down to her waist, was full of brightness, made brighter just now by the sunlight streaming through the window, and her nun's veiling rest-gown had a picturesque grace in its white fall and flow which softened the tired look of her face and eyes into something like actual prettiness. The fair ghost of her lost youth peeped at her for a moment, awakening a smarting sense of regretful tears. A light tap at the door fortunately turned the current of her thoughts, and the maid Grace Laurie entered, bearing a dainty little tray with a cup of tea invitingly set upon it.

"I've just taken some tea to Mrs. May in her bedroom," she said, "and I thought you'd perhaps like a cup."

"You're a treasure, Grace!" and Diana sat down to the proffered refreshment. "What shall we all do when you go away to be married?"

Grace laughed and tossed her head.

"Well, there's time enough for that, Miss!" she replied. "*He* ain't in no hurry, nor am I! You see, when you're married you're just done for—there's no more fun. It's drudge, wash, cook and sew for the rest of your days, and no way of getting out of it."

Diana, sipping her tea, looked at her, smiling.

"If that's the way you think, you shouldn't marry," she said.

"Oh, yes, I should!" and Grace laughed again. "A woman like me wants a home and a man to work for her. I don't care to be in service all my days. I may as well wash and sew for a man of my own as for anybody else."

"But you love him, don't you?" asked Diana.

"Well, he isn't much to love!" declared Grace, with twinkling eyes. "His looks wouldn't upset anyone's peace! I've never thought of love at all—all I want is to be warm and comfortable in a decent house with plenty to eat, and a good husband is a man who can do that and keep it going. As for loving, that's all stuff and nonsense! As I always say, you should never care more for a man with your 'ed than you can kick off with your 'eels."

This profound utterance had the effect of moving Diana to the most delightful mirth. She laughed and laughed again, and her laughter was so sweet and fresh that it was like a little chime of bells. Her voice, as already hinted, was her great charm, and whether she laughed or spoke her accents broke the air into little bars of music.

"Oh, Grace, Grace!" she said at last. "You are too funny for words! I must learn that wise saying of yours by heart! What is it? 'Never care more for a man with your 'ed than you can kick off with your 'eels?' Splendid! And you mean it?"

Grace nodded emphatically.

"Of course I mean it! It don't do to care too much for a man; he's always a sort o' spoilt babe, and what he gets easy he don't care for, and what he can't have he's always crying after. You'll find that true, Miss Diana!"

The sparkle of laughter quenched itself in Diana's eyes and left her looking weary.

"Yes, I dare say you are right," she said, "quite right, Grace!" And, looking up, she spoke slowly and rather sadly: "Perhaps it's true—some people say it is—that men like bad women better than good, and that if a woman is thoroughly selfish, vain and reckless, treating men with complete indifference and contempt, they admire her much more than if she were loving and faithful."

"Of course!" assented Grace positively. "Look at Mrs. Potter-Barney!—the one the halfpenny newspapers call the beautiful Mrs. Barney! I

Copyright, 1906, by Marie Corelli in the United States. Copyright in Great Britain and the Colonies.

know a maid who was told by another maid that she got five hundred guineas for a kiss! And Lady Wasterwick has had thousands of pounds for——"

Diana held up a hand; she smiled still, but a trifle austerely.

"That will do, Grace!"

Grace coughed discreetly and subsided.

"Is mother still lying down?" then asked Diana.

"Yes, Miss. She'll be on her bed till the dinner dressing-bell rings. And Mr. May's asleep over his newspaper in the garden."

Again Diana laughed her clear, pretty laugh. The somnolent habits of her parents were so enlivening, and made home-life cheerful!

"Well, all right, Grace," she said. "If there's nothing for me to do I shall go for a walk presently. So you'll know what to say if I'm asked for."

Grace assented and then departed. Diana finished her cup of tea in meditative mood; then, resolving to throw her retrospective thoughts to the winds, prepared to go out. It was an exceptionally fine afternoon, warm and brilliant, and instead of her navy-linen gown, which had seen considerable wear and tear, she put on a plain white one which became her much better than the indigo blue, and, completing her costume with a very simple straw hat and white parasol, she went downstairs and out of the house into the garden. She had meant to avoid her father, whom she saw on the lawn, under the spreading boughs of a cedar-tree, seated in one rustic armchair with his short legs comfortably disposed on another, and the day's newspaper modestly spread as a coverlet over his unbuttoned waistcoat; but, an inquisitive wasp happening to buzz too near his nose, he made a dart at it with one hand, and opening his eyes perceived her white figure moving across the grass.

"Who's that? What's that?" he called out, sharply. "Don't glide about like a ghost! Is it you, Diana?"

"Yes, it's me," she replied, and came up beside him.

He gave her a casual look, then sniffed and smiled sardonically.

"Dear me! How fine we are! I thought it was some young girl of the neighborhood leaving cards on your mother! Why are you wearing white? Going to a wedding?"

Diana colored to the roots of her pretty hair.

"It's one of my washing frocks."

"Oh, is it? Well, I like to see you in dark colors; they are more suited to your age. Only very young people should wear white."

He yawned capaciously. "Only very young people," he repeated, closing his eyes. "Try and remember that."

"Mrs. Ross-Percival wears white," said Diana quietly. "You are always holding her up to admiration. And she's sixty, if she's a day!"

Mr. Polydore May opened his eyes and bounced up in his chair.

"Mrs. Ross-Percival is a very beautiful woman!" he snapped out. "One of *the* beautiful women of society. And she's married."

"Oh, yes, she's a grandmother," murmured Diana, smiling. "But you don't tell *her* not to wear white."

"Good gad, of course not! It's no business of mine! What are you talking about? She's not my daughter!"

Diana laughed her pretty soft laugh.

"No indeed! Poor Pa! That *would* be terrible! She'd make you seem so old if she were! But perhaps you wouldn't mind as she's so beautiful!"

Mr. May stared at her wrathfully with the feeling that he was being made fun of.

"She *is* beautiful!" he said, firmly. "Only a jealous woman would dare to question it!"

Diana laughed again.

"Very well, she *is* beautiful! Wig and all!" she said, and moved away, opening her parasol as she passed from the shadow of the cedar-boughs into the full sun.

"She's getting beyond herself!" thought her father, watching her as she went, and noting what he was pleased to consider affectation in her naturally graceful way of walking. "And if she once begins that sort of game she'll be unbearable! Nothing can be worse than an old maid who gets beyond herself or above herself! She'll be fancying some man is in love with her next!"

He gave a snort of scorn and composed himself to sleep again; meanwhile Diana had left the garden and was walking at an easy pace, which



"Mrs. Percival *is* beautiful," snapped Mr. May. "Only a jealous woman would question it." "Very well, she *is* beautiful, wig and all!" retorted Diana.



"Oh, give the dear Diana forty-five at least," said a Chivalrous Youth, helping himself to Scotch at the sideboard. "They say she was jilted—no wonder!" and a bleating laugh followed this suggestion.

was swift without seeming hurried, down to the seashore. It was very lovely there at this particular afternoon hour; the tide was coming in, and the long shining waves rolled up one after the other in smooth lines of silver on sand that shone in wet patches like purest gold. The air was soft and warm but not oppressive, and as the solitary woman lifted her eyes to the peaceful blue sky, arched like a sheltering dome above the peaceful blue sea, her solitude was for the moment more intensified. More keenly than ever she felt that there was no one to whom she could look for so much as a loving word—not in her own home at any rate. Her friends were few; Sophy Lansing the most intimate, but Sophy lived of activity, throwing her energies into so many channels, that it was not possible to get into very close or constant companionship with her.

"While I live," she said to herself deliberately, "I shall have no one to care for me—I must make up my mind to that. And when I die, if I go to heaven there will be no one there who cared for and if I go to hell no one there either." She laughed at it as she did but there were tears in her eyes. It's curious not to have any one on earth or in heaven or hell who wants you! I wonder if that! And yet, I've never grateful to deserve being

deep cool pictur of rock whose with creeping plants, grass and the pressure through the narrow inlet made waves that were almost boisterous, as they rushed in and out with a musical splash and roar. It was hardly safe or prudent to walk further on.

"Any of those waves could carry one off one's feet in a minute," she thought, and went upward from the beach beyond the highest mark left by the fringes of the sea, where the fragments of an old broken boat made a very good seat. Here she rested a while, allowing vague ideas of a possible future to drift through her brain. The prospect of a visit to Sophy Lansing seemed agreeable enough, but she very well knew that it would be opposed by her parents—that her mother would say she could not spare her and that her father would demand angrily:

"What have I taken this seaside house for? Out of pure good-nature and unselfishness, just to give you and your mother a summer holiday, and now you want to go away! That's the way I'm rewarded for my kindness!"

If anyone had pointed out that he had only thought of himself and his own convenience in taking the seaside house, and that he had chosen it chiefly because it was close to the golf-links and also to the Club, where there was a billiard-room, and that his women folk were scarcely considered in the matter at all, he would have been extremely indignant. He never saw himself in any other light but that of justice, generosity and nobility of disposition. Diana knew his little ways, and laughed at them, though she regretted them.

"Poor Pa!" she would sigh. "He would be so much more lovable if he were not quite so selfish. But I suppose he can't help it."

And, on turning all the pros and cons over in her mind, she came to the conclusion that it would not be fair to leave her mother alone to arrange all the details of daily life in a strange house and strange neighborhood where the tradespeople were not accustomed to the worthy lady's rather vague ideas of domestic management, such as the ordering of the dinner two hours before it ought to be cooked, and other similar trifles, resulting in kitchen chaos. "After all, I ought to be very contented!" and lifting her head she smiled resignedly at the placid sea. "It's lovely down here, and I can always read a good deal, and sew; I can finish my bit of tapestry, and I can master that wonderful new treatise on Etheric Vibration

Here something seemed to catch her breath: she felt a curious quickening thrill as though an etheric vibration had touched her own nerves and set them quivering. Some words of the advertisement she had lately read sounded on her ears as though spoken by a voice close beside her:

"She must have a fair knowledge of modern science and must not shrink from dangerous experiments or be afraid to take risks in the pursuit of discoveries which may be beneficial to the human race."

She rose from her seat a little startled, her cheeks flushing with the stir of some inexplicable excitement in her blood.

"How strange that I should think of that just now!" she said. "I wonder"—and she laughed—"I wonder whether I should suit Dr. Feodor Dimitrius!"

The idea amused her—it was so new, so impracticable and absurd! Yet it remained in her mind, giving sparkle to her eyes and color and animation to her face as she walked slowly home in a sort of visionary reverie.

WITHIN a very few days of their settling down at Rose Lea, everybody in the neighborhood—that is to say, everybody of county standing, that height of social magnificence—had left their cards on Mr. and Mrs. Polydore May. They had of course previously made the usual private "kind inquiries"—first as to the newcomers' financial position and next as to their respectability, and both were found to be unimpeachable. One of the most curious circumstances in this curious world is the strictness with which certain little bipeds inquire into the reported life and conduct of other little bipeds, the inquisitors themselves being generally the most doubtful characters.

"Funny little man, that Mr. May!" said the woman leader of the hunting set, who played bridge all day and as far into the night as she could. "Like a retired tradesman! Must have sold cheese and butter at some time in his life!"

"Oh no!" explained a male intimate, whose physiognomy strangely resembled that of the fox he chased all the winter. "He made his pile in copper."

"Oh, did he? Then he's quite decent?"

"Quite!"

"That daughter of his——"

Here a snigger went round the county company. They were discussing the new arrivals at their afternoon tea.

"Poor old thing!"

"Must be forty if she's a day!"

"Oh, give the dear girl forty-five at least!" said a Chivalrous Youth, declining tea, and helping himself to a whisky-and-soda at the sideboard.

"They say she was jilted."

"No wonder!" And a bleating laugh followed this suggestion.

"I suppose," remarked one man of gloomy countenance and dyspeptic eye, "I suppose it's really unpardonable for a woman to get out of her twenties and remain unmarried, but if it happens so I don't see what's to be done with her."

"Smother her!" said the Chivalrous Youth, drinking his whisky.

Everybody laughed. What a witty boy he was! onder his mother was proud of him!

Ve shall have to ask her to one or two tennis s," said the woman who had first spoken. We can't leave her out altogether."

e doesn't play," said the gloomy man. told me so. She (*Continued on page 425*)

At the Doctor's Door

By Wallace Irwin

Illustrated by Walter Tittle

AT about the hour of ten of a night in early spring, the romantic setting being the city of New York, those sophisticated gentlemen who act as stage-managers of Bohemia were gathered in Parnassus Hall, attending to the finishing touches of the annual festival which was published on the bill-boards as the Aztec Ball. Decorations of a barbarian coloring and design were tacked along the galleries, an improvised Court of the Incas blazed goldenly from the ugly little stage of Parnassus, a contractor had laid in a stock of inferior liquor for the occasion. All, in fact, was in readiness for the swinging of the big front door, and the managers looked forward to a profitable night of it.

On the south side of Washington Square there was a scampering upstairs and down, an improvisation of costumes, a borrowing of odds and ends and a generally successful attempt on everybody's part to wear a different disguise from that worn at the Apache Saraband, or the Vampires' Ball, or any other of that close chain of midnight festivals which Bohemia's management had arranged for the winter. Compliant with this general idea, a girl who occupied an untidy studio on the third story of a decrepit house near the corner of the Square was patching an old *Peter Pan* costume which had done service since the meridian of Mr. Barrie's play many seasons ago. Her name was Wanda Holt, and she was rather a small, plain, scrawny person with mud-colored hair bobbed below the ears, plaintive eyes and a look of absolute determination. She was rather disgusted with herself for wanting to go to this dance, but she had made up her mind to have an unbroken season of it; and she entertained the hope that she would look better as *Peter Pan* than she had as *Carmen* or *Rob Roy*. Vanity, it seems, will never strike her plumed colors until every other heroic weakness lies dead upon the field.

At this very instant a fashionable audience at the Metropolitan Opera House was raising its white gloves to applaud the falling second-act curtain in "The Love of the Three Kings." Alberta Plaisted, who occupied a golden chair in J. Branner Bolby's family box, wasted none of her precious thoughts upon the Aztec Ball, for the very good reason that she did not, at that moment, realize that such an institution existed upon earth. She was largely concerned with her own feelings, the fact that she was bored, the fact that she felt ill, the fact that she craved some vague excitement to draw her out of that mass of dull things which her ambition and her ambition for her husband had brought around her. She was a lovely picture of a woman in her early thirties, supple and smooth of skin, and with eyes the color of sea water; a shade also reflected in the coils of her hair, which was silky and almost white in its blondness.

Across the box she watched her much-enduring husband, Dr. Channing Plaisted, struggling to be agreeable to the elderly Bolbys, dreadful bores who reminded her of over-dressed, rather venomous toads. She felt a surge of amused pity, momentarily, for the man she loved and whom she had gotten into this; for it was she who had brought the Bolbys into Channing's practice, just as it was she who had turned the conscientious, scientific drudge, her husband, into the fashionable physician he had now become. Alberta, as she looked across at the angular, bushy-browed man of forty-eight who sat subserviently smiling at old Mrs. Bolby's droned platitudes, reflected that she was much cleverer than Channing. And with what a plain common-sense Channing had admitted the fact and permitted her to take the leading-strings. Dear old boy, how she loved him!

The lady who endeavored to divide her melodious love impartially between three jealous monarchs was at that moment beating her breast at center stage, despairing wails emanating from her golden throat. Alberta was thinking of something else . . . there was that "gone" feeling under her breast-bone . . . Channing had caught her in one of those queer spells about eighteen months ago and had given her some medicine which she was to take within a half hour after the symptoms became annoying. She had resorted to that medicine four times since then, twice during the month . . . what had been the use of saying anything to Channing about it? He had his work to engross him and, for the matter of that, she would rather die outright than have him putting her on a diet and curtailing the pleasures which had become to her the breath of life.

To go about with the right people and play hard and dress well, she felt, constituted her serious contribution to Channing's career. He was making money, a great deal of it for a doctor. They were dining off rich men's damask nowadays, being invited everywhere. But the sight of her Chan devoting his splendid talents, applying his fine head, to the uses of these overfatted Bolbys and others of their kind! Well, J. Branner Bolby was worth a number of millions and Chan had a dozen patients of as good a rating or better. She had done it, Chan followed her advice, and they had cut out a sentimental attitude toward the humbler world which paid only three dollars a visit and made you wait for that.

The curtain swept down and applause began crackling like giant twigs under a pot. The distraught prima donna, smiling after her bout with three peevish monarchs, came forward for her ovation.

"Three kings!" wheezed old Mr. Bolby, turning fishy eyes toward her. "Well, whatever she gets serves her right."

"Oh, be a little kind to her," smiled Alberta. "Think of the excitement she has given quite a number of people."

"There's the point." Mr. Bolby raised a tallow-like finger. "Some women—merely because they happen to be born pretty—think they can run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. Giving beauty to some women is like giving dynamite to a baby. Faugh!"

"You might make it illegal," suggested she in a vaguely satirical tone.

Mr. Bolby pondered her suggestion for a while, then responded pompously:

"That would be a very difficult thing to do. There will always be a certain attraction held by women who —"

The door of the box opened and a plump young man with a row of sapphires down his ample bosom bowed himself into the presence. He had a red face, humorous and weak, with sags over the eyes, and he brought with



"Why didn't you tell me who it was?" Channing growled savagely at *Peter Pan*. "Ain't one life as good as another?" the girl shot back. "I told you it was Miss Warren —that's the name she gave me!"



"It's about time you old married people were mixing in a bit," giggled the girl. "Just what I've been telling my bride," responded Ronny, winking at Bertie through one eye-hole. "Bride!" trilled she of the pearly shoulders. "Honeymoon stuff! Well, here's to happiness!"

him a sort of ozone such as is imparted by a high-powered motor-car which disdains any movement slower than illegal speeding.

"Ronny!" cried Alberta, giving him an eager hand.

This was her bright delivery. Air had been let into the sluggish circle. Reacting as she had been against the heavy dinner and liberal wine of the Bolby establishment, the sight of the merry, vinous Ronald Prawl came to her like a reviving cocktail. The young man went the rounds, punctiliously paying his addresses to the swollen Bolbys and nodding jauntily to Dr. Plaisted, who returned a friendly smile. Prawl dealt out small-talk glibly as one might deal out pleasantly painted cards. Then he came over and sat beside Alberta, making no concealment that it was she he had sought.

"It's the first time I've been since last season," he was chatting on. "I'd been thinking of doing the Winter Garden for the second time this week, but the chap who was with me fell among the daisies—said he was a mermaid and had to be carried from place to place because his legs were [illegible] together—or something. I put him to bed [illegible] consulted my watch. That's what you do, you know—new thought. Quandary—consult watch: 'Watch, what say you?' So I consulted watch and watch said, 'Go to the [illegible] glad to see'—"

"So you followed directions?" she asked archly, wondering just how far the evening had progressed with Ronny Prawl.

"Came—and the first thing I saw was you and [illegible] Truly glad I came [illegible]

near he, too, had come to falling among the daisies with his friend. Yet she always liked Ronny Prawl. In his very unsobriety there seemed to be a rebellion which responded to her own.

"Bertie," he said suddenly, "we don't have to sit here—we're not subscribers, thank the Lord. Let's walk outside the blaze of jewels. It's hotter than a stokehole in here."

She smiled over at her hostess and gave her husband an understanding look before she followed Ronald Prawl out into the carpeted promenade. Laughingly they wound in and out among the evening-clad couples, Alberta following delightedly along the course of his rambling, frivolous monologue.

"I'd confess anything to you, Bertie," he chattered on. "You have a way of plumbing my conscience—like letting a golden fish-hook down into a deep, dark well—never fail to bring something up. As a matter of fact I've got a secret on my mind—"

"Tell me," she pleaded, half-fooled.

"I have a craving for drink," he replied dramatically. "I have it right now—this instant. And if you and I were out, unchaperoned, on Broadway—"

"What a coincidence!" she rippled. Inwardly she was quite serious about it, for she was parched with thirst and that sensation of sinking, sinking had begun again. . . . She had, too, a thirst for some excitement that would send her spinning on till morning. Her nerves were up in rebellion against being bored and the wine she had drunk at the Bolbys' dinner had gone stale within her.

"We have a problem," Ronny was saying, standing stockstill and pretending to think. "If I could hire you a dress-suit, now, we might go up to the café and drink together like old college chums. That would be simple."

"Too simple," she objected.

"Ladies don't do it, do they—not *en tête-à-tête*. And yet—"

He came up to an abrupt halt and snapped his fingers.

"Bertie, if you're game—and I think you are—there's something better than cafés and sordid highballs. I offer you—

(*Continued on page 396*



Presently Rowena was able to turn around again. "I want to," she began, "to ——" The Life-Saver finished her sentence.

The Life-Saver

By Cosmo Hamilton

Photographic Illustrations by Arnold Genthe

CROWDS of words rushed to her lips—the sort of scrupulous, right-running words that she had just begun to manipulate in her work as a short-story writer—but the sight that lay out before her was so much hers, so entirely the child of her imagination, that she just clasped her hands together and cried.

To the twice-repeated question of "Where'll I put them cases?" by the middle-aged, carroty-headed Irishman, who had driven her to the midget bungalow from the station, she made no reply. She only vaguely heard his high-pitched voice through the music of the sea, and went on recognizing. For several struggling city years she had dreamt of this very little house stuck all by itself on the dunes, sun-baked, sea-sprayed, fog-hidden, moon-struck; had made it the scene of the long short-story that had been manufactured into a successful play by an industrious drama-merchant (fifty-fifty), the royalties from which enabled her to rent it for the summer. To find herself standing awake, alive, on the uneven boardway over the sand grass, to see the golden evening light on the undulating yellow sand that stretched to right and left, to listen to the sea's whole speech that was filled with tales of ships and the old desire and mystery; to breathe in the sweet, keen smell, to follow the long, wavering ribbon of smoke above the dark-blue line of horizon; to feel that indescribable sense of safety in being able to fling open her fourth wall to Nature—that side, at least, being free from the telephone, the neighbors' nagging voices, the prying eye, the reek and roar of city—it was, for the moment, almost more than she could bear conventionally. In imagination, sitting at her desk in a tiny apartment over a dog-shop in West Forty-sixth Street, New York, she had lived here, seen and felt all this, brought it to life on paper. It was hers by all the laws of inspiration and honest sweat of the brow. She claimed it and threw out her heart to it and dropped her tears upon it.



Left to herself, Rowena went down and sat on the deserted dunes amid the beach-grass, hoping that she might be seen and joined by—oh—by a certain someone.

But Tim Grady had more to do than stand [illegible] a young lady went crazy about a bit o' sand and sea. If he got through by eight [illegible] hat night he'd be lucky. "I beg yer pardon," says he, pressing a big, flat thumb on her arm, "but where'll I be puttin' them cases?"

Rowena Scott turned and smiled at him through her tears. She was sure that he would be more patient and sympathetic if she were to tell him the story of her struggle and its reward. He was a struggler too. "Will you please carry them in and I'll show you where to put them?" She hurried up the wooden steps, swung back the screen-door, unlocked the main-door with the rather rusty key which had been thrust into her hand at the station by the real-estate man, too eagerly occupied with the prospective tenant of a regular house to worry about a mere shack, and entered her bungalow.

"It's . . . it's extraordinary," she said aloud emotionally. "Here are the stained-wood walls, the red-brick fireplace, black where the smoke has blown out, the cane chairs and white muslin curtains, and the gray rag mats; and here's the very same view from the back windows of scrub and a sandy road, and a swing bridge over the canal, and away in the distance opulent fat houses with glinting water-mills, and close-trimmed private hedges around large gardens. I only want the Life-Saver and the comely girl to bring the whole story to life."

Grady staggered in under a trunk that was no more than a sack of potatoes to him—less, because potatoes were dear. He was playing up for a tip. "An' which may you be?" he asked in his best social manner. "Miss Scott or Todman? I see the two names on the *tête-à-tête*.

"Miss Scott. My friend, who disc[illegible] cottage last week and was to h[illegible] and snapped with me this afternoon, w[illegible] She'll be here on the next [illegible]d I think you are—

"Ah, that's fine!" sai[illegible]an cafés and sordid

(*Continued on page 306*)



"Charwomen make their homes in the Chelsea streets, and at one time some of these old ladies, with their quaint bonnets and shawls, were among my favorite models."

My Art

By Baron Gayne de Meyer

Illustrated with Examples of the Author's work

MY TAKING up Photography, and my first beginnings, date back to so many years ago that even to me these early days seem shrouded in a veil of mystery! They certainly were, headed by the result of an assiduous midget [illegible] constant art-training, no reply. [illegible]in Paris when I was but ten pitched voice thro[illegible] went on recognizing. I was taught by private city years she had dr[illegible]ore every opportunity of developing any talents, artistic and others, with which I might have been gifted. At quite an early age I was able to draw with a certain easy facility, and my attempts at painting, both in oil and water-colors, seemed to be a source of much gratification to both my masters and my family.

Unfortunately, my wretched health proved to be a serious handicap to any very strenuous work; I was therefore unable to pursue my studies as assiduously as my very promising talent warranted. As I grew up, I realized that owing to this unfortunate circumstance I could hardly expect my technical abilities ever to come up to my artistic standards, and that to thoroughly master these arduous and long years of training



"Portrait work and figure studies have always been my particular field. I particularly detest so-called artistic results achieved by fake sentiment or purposely blurred images."

ust necessarily still be ahead of me! In spite of my poor health I might have struggled along; I might have become quite a good painter, but—would I ever have risen above the level of thousands of excellent artists, each of them rejoicing in his own creative and exhilarating talent, but often lacking the spark of genius, the something great and unique, that classes them apart with a Velasquez or even with a Whistler? Early success in Photography may have saved me from artistic mediocrity as a painter, and I am grateful.

In those days I certainly did not realize these facts, nor did I realize that my little sister being given a cheap camera as a birthday present, and becoming enthusiastic about Photography, would eventually influence me, and give me the opportunity to adequately express my pictorial visions.

My sister, however intelligent she was, never claimed any artistic talents among her gifts, and what made me first take interest in her all-absorbing pastime were the surprisingly good results she sometimes unconsciously achieved. Strange to say, what struck me principally were the merits of her failures: Results from over-exposed, from too little exposure, even in slight movement from the sitter were to me much more interesting than her perfect pictures!

I would like here to interpose, from quite a present day point of view, that beginners, with strivings toward Art, have all been enamoured of their fogged or over-exposed plates, of any freak results, in fact, (*Concluded on page 427*)

The Oompah Oompah

By Rupert Hughes

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

THE Big Smoke they called him; but smoke was not the name for that shiny patent-leather monster. He fairly glistened where he sweat, and he was as hard yet as limber as ebony would be if ebony were flexible.

It took four policemen to smother him that morning and they broke two locusts over his ram-like skull in vain before they managed to handcuff his wrists behind his back, hobble his feet with rope and tie his anklets to his bracelets.

The policemen were panting as hard as he was and their uniforms were more rumpled because they had uniforms to rumple. His costume was a pair of breeches and what was left of a shirt hanging about huge muscles that writhed and sobbed under his reeking skin. He waited quietly while the officers adjusted their raiment for the eyes of the crowd in the street collected by the sight of the patrol-wagon.

They always ordered out the reserves when they went forth to arrest Wesley Sluter. His mother, being a good shouting African Methodist, had named him Wesley. He grew up a good shouter and an evident African, but his Methodism was dubious. At the age of six already he had accompanied his first policeman to the station-house *haud passibus æquis*. By seven he was a confirmed criminal at craps; and from then on, if there were any misdemeanor he had not committed, it was a mere oversight and not a matter of intentional neglect—though, of course, lack of early advantages debarred him from certain of the more exquisite crimes like forgery, stock-jobbing and plagiarism.

Of his first twenty-five years he had spent about twelve in the care of the State, and the result was a living monument to the rottenness of something somewhere. Every time he passed into the custody and tuition of the Government he came out worse than he went in.

And yet there must have been a streak of white in him, for he was as prompt to repentance as to wrath. Nobody could have been politer than he was now to his captors as he surveyed the highly disheveled police-squad and expressed his regret for the inconvenience he had caused them.

"I'm ve'y sah-y, gemmen," he gasped. "I isn't any hahd feelins' against you-all. Seems like I didn't even know you was heah. I couldn't seem to see nothin' nowhere excep' that cullud lady yonda; I just nachelly had to get my lovin' hands on her inky th'oat. If you gemmen hadda lef' me 'lone one minute I'd 'a' come 'long as dainty as a lamb."

That cullud lady was the highly polished young woman who had kept offering the policemen a flat-iron and urging them to "dint him wit' dis." She had maintained her distance, but now that Wesley was helpless she emitted a warwhoop, seized from her kitchen table a serrated bread-knife and made a rush at him with the frankly expressed desire to slice his heart out and feed it to the hawgs.

One of the policemen met her as she came with a dexterous tap of the locust on her crazy-bone and the bread-knife fell to the floor.

This frustrated assault set Wesley off again and he gave an excellent imitation of a plunging buffalo with policemen clinging like flying streamers about him.

The lady achieved a remarkably neat and clever backward dive through the window to the fire-escape and slammed the sash down on Wesley's butting moss-covered skull. It was the window, not the skull, that broke. But a jag of glass slashed his scalp with copious red results.

Wesley yielded once more to reason. The policemen, sharing the American fondness for letting negroes run on, paused while Wesley called through the shattered pane.

"Rest easy, Missy. I won't bother you no mo' to-day. But I'll be around ag'in as soon as I'm allowed loose."

Estelle—her prison-pen name was Estelle—hooted back:

"As soon as you're allowed loose? Jes' listen at you! Why, man, you ain't never goin' be 'lowed no looser 'n what you is right now. Dem nice ossifers is goin' to strap you in yo' little elec'ric chair and pump dat old juice into you till de sparks comes oozin' out of ev'y po' in yo' black hide!"

She liked the word so well that she repeated it with lingering fondness. "Jes' a-oo-oozin' an' a-oo-oo-oozin'!"

Wesley recognized the poetic thought with a smile.

"Dat's all right, honey; I don't mind no oozin'. An' ez for sparks, I eats a telegrapht pole for breakfas' ev' mawnin'. But afta they lay me away I'm goin' to do some mo' oozin'. My ghost is goin' to come oozin' out o' the groun'."

He saw that this also poetic thought registered palpably with Estelle, so he developed it.

"My old ghos' goin' to ha'nt you till you turn ez white as you now is black. You're what's goin' to start runnin' an' you's nevva goin' to stop. What meals you git you's goin' to take as you pass some espress-train and snoops up what they th'ow off the dinin'-cah!"

Negroes love to picture terror, and they have no end of rhetoric for it. Wesley, seeing what success he was having with the shudderer out in the air, went further:

"Res' easy on yo' little fiah-escape, honey, whilst you kin, fo' nobody ain't patented no ghost-escape and what res' you git after I come oozin', you're goin' to take on de run. You're goin' to use up all de streets in dis yah town and holler for mo'. Evva time de win' goes Woo! you's goin' to go Wow!"

Estelle's repartee to this was exactly nothing. Wesley waited a decent time, then he said.

"Come along, Miss Oozy-oo, its yo' turn to speak."

One of the officers tapped him affectionately and said: "Come along with yourself, now!"

The triumph of silencing Estelle for once was enough for Wesley and he went along with himself and the policemen in perfect docility.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Wesley's cheeks bulged and he emitted a gale that ought to have pushed a sloop over, but the silence within that brass labyrinth was complete!

AMONG all the worst men in the swarthy San Juan Hill district of New York, Wesley was the one worst worst. He was so bad that the crowd in the street was glad to see him go. And none so poor to do him reverence.

Later, when the police-surgeon was doing some necessary cobblery in the thick leather of Wesley's scalp, he said, between stitches:

"Wesley, they tell me you have taken a slight dislike to your little playmate Estelle."

Wesley was still so excited that he felt little pain, but he was garrulous with shock.

"Dislike?" he chuckled. "Nossa, I 'n't took no dislike to that lady. I on'y hope the rats eats her raw and the gabbage wagon ca'ies her off. That's all the dislike I got. I've change my mine abote hantin' her. I'd git awful tired chasin' that load of sof'-coal."

"What did she do?" said the surgeon, not that he cared at all, but just to make conversation.

"What ain't she do?" said Wesley. "An' I been gooder to that wench than her own mammy been. Ain't she used to go roun' givin' out she's my wife? And did I raise any oggament? Nossa! I's willin' to 'low any lady to say she's my wife 'long as she behave herseff. But when ladies wears my name they got to behave theysevs. But Estelle—what she do? Whilst I's up the rivva on my las' visit, she takes up with a lemon-cullud coon and goes right on usin' my name. Do you call that nice, Docta?"

"Very bad form, I should say," said the doctor. "Does the needle hurt?"

"Nossa. That's what I say—ve'y bad fawm. I gits word to Estelle about how I don't like her usin' my name and a yella coon and I asks her kinely drop one or the otha. And she go right on with bofe. Then I sen' word that when I come out she better keep herse'f and her glass of lemonade on the other side the world from where I's at. She sen's me back word dat I kin have the otha side the world, she'll take thissun. She say she paid my board and lodgin' so long she done bought my name off me. Did you evva year such talk?

"So by'n-by out I come, and I hear she's still livin' wit' my name and her yella boy. I gen'-ally feels right peaceable when I fust comes down from up the rivva, so I sen' her word to kinely move offen my street and take her strip of lemon-peel with her. But did she? Nossa! She sen' back word she like that street an' she can't find my name on no lamppost sayin' I own it, and she kinely warns me her gemman frien' always has a pocket full of shooters an' a choice asso't-ment of stickers an' he fights like he had three hands.

"I think of that old Sing Sing and I don't want to go right back. An' nen again I don't want to be drove off my own street. I'm mighty much troubled in my mine, but I'm goin' along about my business tryin' not to see Miss Estelle or Mistoo Lemon-drop. Once or twice I can't he'p gittin' a glimp of him. He strut up and down like a tukkey gobbla an' whistle thoo his teef.

"Finally one day I just cain't dodge him, and



Estelle's prayers and screams stuck in her big mouth. She slid sidewise along the wall aghast. And Wesley followed, smiling wickedly.

he come along preenin' hisseff and straightenin' a big piece of glass in his necktie, and he come along whistlin' thoo his teef, and act like he goin' push me right down a pair of stairs into a ice-an'-wood cella' widout seein' me at all.

"So I says to him ve'y gentle: 'Say, boy, whyn't you take betta' care of yo' health? For all you know I got a lemon-squeeza in my han' and I might up and sqush you dry.'

"He stops and looks at me like he hadn't seen me befo' and couldn't see me now, and he say: 'My! My!' he say, 'such a big stick of lickorish I nevva did see outside a drugsto'.'

"When he stop to talk instead of runnin' I was so supprise' I begin to talk too. 'Fly back to yo' cage, li'l canary,' I says, 'befo' de kitty gits you!'

"And wit dat, he rars back and outs wit' a knife in one hand and a machine-gun in the otha. I says: 'Where's that third han' I hear you got? I'd be please to see it. Ain't you got it with you?'

"'Stan' back,' he says, 'or you goin' see mo' han's dan you evva did see!'

"I jus' laugh an' make a swipe at him, and he so scared he don't know how many han's he is got. He try to stab me with the gun and shoot me with the knife. Then he gits 'em goin' and he's shootin' and slashin' so free I's skeered he goin' to hurt [illegible] of the neighbas. So I just got to reach down and take that old resolver away from him. Then I got the idea to make him swaller the gun. [illegible] with that old knife so I han't [illegible] to do. I said it th' butt o' the gun.

"If he was a real pure nigro he wouldn't 'a' minded any mo' 'n if his mammy nick him wit' a thimble; but he got so much po' white blood in him, his haid must be made of pas'ebode, 'cause when I tap him– splung! he just go blim! He haid hit de sidewalk and take on another crack [illegible] and goes to sleep.

"I'm so supprise at dat I start runnin' for a docta. I git runnin' so fas' I run pas' de docta's house and—splung, into a policeman. I knocked dat flattie so flat I was skeered to stop. When I run myseff out I's so far uptown I ain't got de stren'th to come back, so I calls on a frien' and asks him to leave me res' up a while."

The doctor having finished his needlework with difficulty, said: "So you allege self-defense, eh?"

"Se'f-defense? Why, Docta, that's the se'f-defensinest killin' was evva did."

"But how did you come to be discovered in the home of—Estelle, I believe you call her?"

"Estelle! Yah. You'd mention 'Estelle' a long while to her mammy befo' she know who you talkin' abote. Her mammy call her Lizzie. Estelle! She take Estelle like she take my name.

"But you say How come I'm with Estelle? This is how come. Whilst I's hidin' out after killin' her pet she git word to me dat she's right sah'y she take up wit dat hunk of cheese and she ready to recommence bein' my lady-love if I 'low what's pas' to be pas'. She say she got right smart of laundry wuk to do and I could be comfortable as of old. So I come along down to where she lives at, and she treat me nice an' kin', but on'y just long enough to flash a signal to de police dat I's come home. They's a big reward out for me and she 'lows she can use it.

"I chance to be peekin' out the polla winda when I see the hurry-up wagon come into our street very quiet. It back up to ouah do'. And I say to Estelle: 'Honey, did you done this to me a-puppose?' And she don't even say 'Done what?' She jumps out the room and slams the dinin'-room do'. I busts it down and she jumps to the kitchen, and slams that do'. And I busts that down just as abote eleventy-'leven police [illegible] in a swarmin'. I suttinly has no luck. If I could just 'a' got that lady good just one minute I wouldn't ask for nothin' else."

"I'm afraid you'll get a good deal else," said the surgeon. "Good-by, and keep as quiet as you can."

"Yassa, thank ya, Docta. I'll keep quiet. I'm right year in the quiet-factory. But I can't he'p wishin'."

THE Court appointed an ambitious young lawyer to defend Wesley and take the experience as his fee. And he pleaded so wildly well that the jury was deaf to the District-Attorney's amiable prayer for a verdict of first-degree murder. The jury felt that Wesley had done the State a service in erasing the saffron stain of miscegenation, gave him the benefit of the doubt in the matter of self-defense, and brought in a verdict of coonslaughter. The judge sentenced him to an indeterminate sentence of not over ten years. Everybody liked Wesley in his halcyon moods.

Estelle regretted the leniency because it left her hunger for vengenance unappeased and because it meant that Wesley might escape almost any day and make a dash in her direction. Yet she was glad to have him alive because then he could not pursue her as a spook. She took the money she earned by delivering him to the police and lived high for a while. She invested in an alleged cure for kinky hair and spent a large sum in search for an effective skin-bleach. The rest was stolen from her by two ungrateful cavaliers. Before long she was again presiding over a washboard and, like Mark Twain's Mother Eve, always talking of the days before she "lost her property."

In the meanwhile—a very long and very mean while—Wesley was doing his bit at Sing Sing. He was making heavy going of it because his sensitive heart suffered agonies of remorse at the thought that he had left Estelle alive to enjoy the wages of treachery. The injustice of it became a fixed idea with him. His health failed slowly. Even his tremendous frame began to rot in the air of the penitentiary.

Silence was broken at peril. Sunlight was begrudged him in such brief parcels that it served rather as a torment than a medicine. He went from the shop where he worked to the big vile-smelling dining-hall and back to the shop again, and then at night back to the little cranny in the rocks with the hinged bed and its foul bucket for furniture, and for his roommate a consumptive lifer who coughed forever.

Wesley lost his nerve, and the dread of disease ate away his hope. The infamous cell-block with its hive of tortured drones maddened him. Sometimes at night he would join the other wretches in outbursts of ululation that turned the corridors into a jungle of orang-utans. The place was an oven in summer and in winter a wintry grave; a hand brushed along the stone walls swept off sheets of water.

His rankling temper won him various experiences of solitary confinement, too, in a pitch-black pit with the yellow spirit of his dead rival for a lurid companion. He beat the walls and screamed and promised to be good. But how could he be good with what soul he had in the life he lived?

He cursed the Sabbaths most, for then he was locked in his cubby-hole with his dying fellow in misery, from Saturday afternoon to Monday morning. If a holiday fell on a Monday, they were locked in from Saturday till Tuesday. It

was a system that many good people regarded as so perfect that any effort to improve it was denounced as immoral or mawkish.

And now Wesley began to earn the name of Smoke, for he lost his shine. He grew vague.

The pallor of prison gave him the look of a black man sprinkled with ashes. He drooped and sickened and forgot his one reason for existence; he forgot revenge.

And then one day a miracle, a redemption, a coming as of a Messiah to jail. A new warden appeared from somewhere with the strange notion that convicts were human, or at least that their keepers should pretend to be. This tall, sad-eyed man, the rumor spread, had gone into a cell and into a solitary cell to learn what a cell was like to its inmate. And it had taken him not years but only days to learn that punishment as practised was not good business, good morals or good sense. He saw that too many men went out from prison with broken health; too many killed themselves; too many took the risk of extra sentences and made futile dashes for liberty. It seemed to him a bad job for the State to seize wrongdoing men, keep them buried alive for a time, and return them to their communities with ruined bodies and souls less qualified for freedom than before. He could not see the wisdom of refusing a prisoner all help of reward and trust for years and then presenting him with full liberty again. This man believed that sunlight would help to cure brains as well as lungs; and that open speech was better than apish dumbness or skulking whispers; and that schools were better than cells.

He believed that his State ought to place itself abreast of other States where prison reform had taken long strides.

He could not decree a new dormitory to replace the slaughter-house, but he could keep the men in the sunlight during the day; and during the evenings give them entertainment in the chapel to keep them from their cells as long as possible. He said that he did not know just what would be right and best. He only knew that what was was wrong all through.

When Wesley found that no guard stood over him in the shop; that he could walk about the yard and bask in the sun; that he could talk in the mess-hall; that after he had eaten he could stroll and smoke awhile or sit down and loaf like a gentleman; that he could play baseball now and then or yell with the crowd when a home-run rang from the bat; that of evenings he could see moving-pictures spun and hear songs sung and funny stories told; then he wept. The orang-utan wept for happiness and wanted to slobber the hand of his redeemer with kisses. He worked better in the shop. He hated humanity less. He wanted to learn.

The new warden called Wesley by name and not by number, talked to him, listened to his story, and spared him reproach, as if incarceration were reproach enough.

Wesley heard of the honor system. He discovered that good behavior brought rewards. The mule found thistles dangled ahead of him on the right path and none on the wrong. Before, when they had beat and cursed him, he had balked doggedly, preferring death to compliance. But a few thorny thistles could lure him anywhere.

He found that when he was accused his excuses would be heard by a court of his fellow-prisoners. He thought that the Judgment Day had come as his mammy had promised once long ago. He thought that he could hear old Jordan roll. He could see the "sweet chariot" swing low. His watchword was "Glory hallelujah, O my soul!"

He grew so well that his soul returned to its former self, and longed to get out about its business. When the Warden asked him what he would do when he was free again, he smiled like a charcoal seraphin and said:

"Fust thing I do is go git that lady; and then I walk so straight folks think I is a Affican Meffodis' parson!"

"But if you get that lady, you'll come back here. Do you like this place so well as all that?"

"I like this place mighty well lately, Mistoo Wawden, speakin' comparative; but I like outside mighty better. I gotta git that lady, though."

"If you get that lady you'll go into the little house that leads to the big chair."

"Mebbe so; mebbe so; but I gotta git that lady. The good Lawd don't want me to leave that black smutch on His nice white world."

This was disconcerting and the Warden put aside his plans for sending Wesley's name up to the Board of Parole. His impeccable behavior and his childlike amiability had made him eligible, but the Warden could hardly unleash him for such a quest.

Again and again the Warden tested Wesley's mental growth. He pleaded with him to forgive and forget, but Wesley said with a helpless stubborness:

"It ain't right to let no such female cucumber the ground, as the Good Book says. I wish you wouldn't ask me to be good till afta I git that lady."

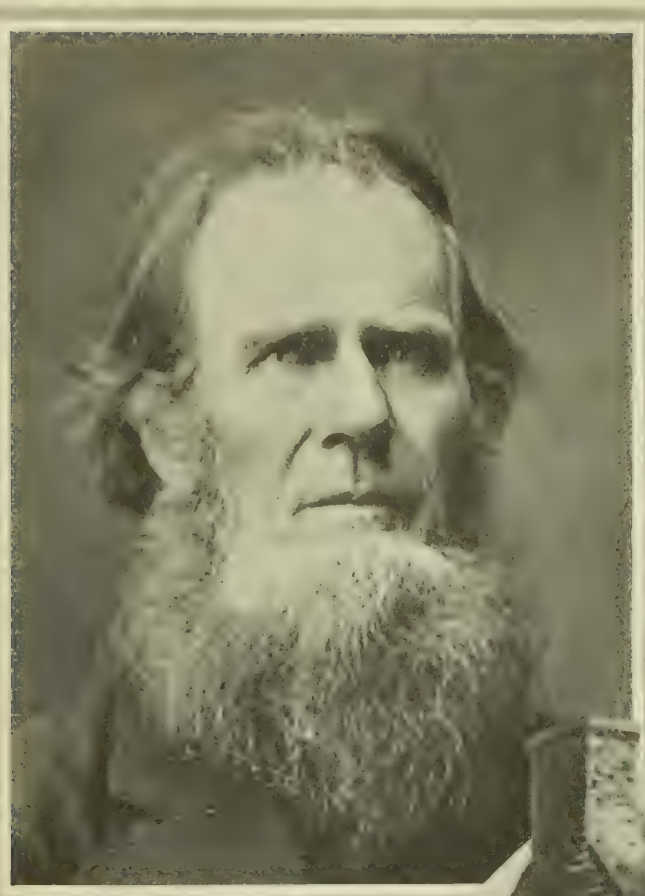
It is the habit of wicked men and good to make a religion of their most *(Continued on page 404)*



Now that Wesley was helpless, Estelle emitted a warwhoop, seized from her kitchen table a serrated bread-knife, and made a rush at him with the frankly expressed desire to cut out his heart and feed it to the hawgs.

Champ Clark's

The Story of Fifty-odd Years of Unremitting Toil—with some Side-lights on Congress



John Hampton Clark, father of Champ Clark. "He was a good carriage-builder, a good singing-master, a good dentist, a good Democrat, a good Christian, and a fine citizen."

WHEN Abraham Lincoln first began to loom up as a Presidential candidate, a newspaper man asked him for a history of himself and his ancestors. He replied: "It may all be compressed into Gray's line: 'The short and simple annals of the poor.'"

According to my way of thinking, the story of my life differs little from that of thousands of others born, bred, and living under similar circumstances. I once said: "It could all be condensed into these words: 'Fifty-odd years of unremitting toil.'"

At a great dinner given in his honor, a lady asked the Duke of Wellington to describe for her edification the battle of Waterloo. The grim old soldier answered: "We pounded the French; they pounded us; we out-pounded them!" That is the shortest, tersest, and most graphic description of that titanic struggle in all literature.

I started out to accomplish certain things. I kept pounding away at them and have achieved most of them. As a rule, I out-pounded my opponents. Sometimes I didn't—particularly on one most notable occasion. Endowed by Nature with a strong constitution, I have been able to do more work than most men. Labor is the basis of all success—labor of hand or brain. My long public career is due largely to the fact that I have been blessed with as faithful a constituency as man ever had. In 1911, at a great home-coming [illegible] assembled by some ten or fifteen thousand people, I stated that I believed my constituents are more ambitious for me than I am for myself; and I stated the exact truth; but as HEARST'S wants to know some of the facts, experiences, and recollections of my life, I will give them as briefly, modestly and as accurately as possible writing about the persons, books, circumstances and things which most influence my life.



The old log farmhouse, near Lawrenceburg, Ky., where Champ Clark first saw the light, March 7, 1850.



The "Springhouse" on the Clark farm. In those days such structures were and are built over a cool and bubbling spring, and served to keep butter, milk and other perishable stuff.

I was born on a farm near Lawrenceburg, Kentucky, on the seventh day of March, 1850. That was the day on which Daniel Webster made what is called his "Seventh-of-March Speech" in support of the compromises of the Constitution, with special reference to the Fugitive Slave Law. That speech practically ended his political career. From being a popular idol in New England, his name became anathema and his picture was turned to the wall in hundreds of thousands of homes. Perhaps no man was ever more savagely abused on the stump, the lecture platform, in pulpit and magazines, in newspapers, and in private conversation than was Daniel Webster for making that speech. To them he ceased to be "Daniel the Godlike." Instead he became "Ichabod."

My mother's maiden name was Aletha Jane Beauchamp—a native of Kentucky. Her ancestors, the Beauchamps, Jetts, and Robertsons, were originally Virginians and were among the earliest pioneers in Kentucky. Her father, James T. Beauchamp, was, when quite a young man, a member of the Kentucky Legislature. Both he and his wife died before middle life.

George Robertson, so long a Representative in Congress and Chief-Justice of the Kentucky Court of Appeals, was my mother's third cousin. She was also distantly related to Governor Bob Letcher.

She died when I was three years old, and I cannot remember her, but have some recollection of attending her burial. A very old kinswoman told me a few years ago that I had to be dragged away from my mother's grave. She never had a picture taken, therefore I do not know how she looked; but the testimony of all of her acquaintances is that she was a sweet, a lovely, a beautiful, a graceful, a gracious woman—small in body, with black hair, dark-blue eyes, and delicate complexion. The tradition is that she was



"Nowadays in Missouri a man can be compelled to pay damages for killing a valuable dog. I secured that decision and it avenged my pet, slain when I was a barefoot boy in Kentucky."

Autobiography

By Champ Clark

Speaker of the House of Representatives

a prime favorite with all who knew her—instant in every good work.

My father was John Hampton Clark, named for his half-brother lost at sea. He was born in New Jersey close to what is now Atlantic City. His mother was a Quakeress, Elizabeth Archer, who was a native of New Jersey. His great-great-grandfather, great-grandfather, grandfather and father were all born and reared in Connecticut, the first of his ancestors settling there in 1654.

My father was originally a carriage and buggy maker. His health failing, he began teaching singing-school. Older rural folks will pleasantly remember the old-fashioned singing-school master with his inevitable tuning-fork. He afterward practised dentistry. He was a good carriage and buggy maker, he was a good singing-master, he was a good dentist, he was a good Democrat, a good Christian, a good citizen. He was not an educated man in the technical sense, but he was a man with splendid intellect and an omnivorous reader. He possessed a vast store of information. When in his prime he was about six feet tall, never weighed over one hundred and sixty-five pounds, and was delicate all his life. He had a twenty-four-inch head—one of the finest I ever saw—most of it in front of and above his ears. The intellectual part of his head was remarkably well developed. The back part of his head, which contains the driving apparatus, was not well developed. He was a handsome man. He had very dark-brown hair which most people would have called black. He had one brown eye and one blue one. He had a very heavy, fine, luxuriant beard. While not a public speaker, he was the best reader, conversationalist, and anecdote teller that I ever knew. The delight of his life was to argue in favor of the principles in which he believed, religious or political. He was a splendid horseman, and, poor as he was, always managed to have one of the best saddlers in the country, which he treated with the tenderness with which he would treat a child. The most famous of these was a Morgan mare, a bay-roan, blaze-faced and dish-faced, one of the most vicious animals I ever knew, but tough as whit-leather. In proper hands she would have made a great racing animal. As a matter of fact, I used to steal her out on the sly and run races with all the boys in the neighborhood, taking the risk of getting soundly thrashed by my father for so doing, but winning all the races. It was rare fun. Verily, horse-racing is the sport of kings—and of some others.

When I first remember my father he rode around, after the fashion of a Methodist circuit-rider, over six or eight small counties in Kentucky, with a large pair of saddle-bags which held about a half bushel in each end. One was filled with his implements of dental torture and the other end with the speeches of Stephen A. Douglas, John C. Breckinridge and other Democratic worthies, together with a change of linen. It was



Champ Clark, Speaker of the House of Representatives, an eminence attained by "fifty years of unremitting toil."

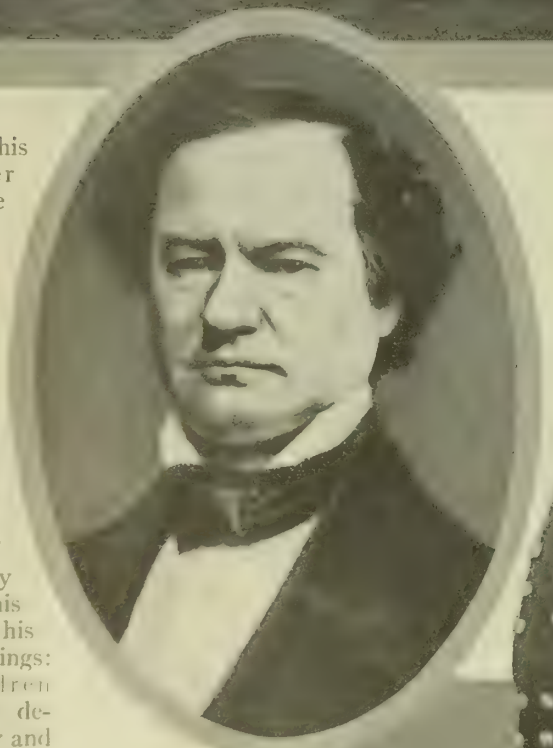
"The first really great man I ever saw was Col. John Marshall Harlan, later a Justice of the Supreme Court."

"I spent my first earned dollar for a multi-colored necktie and for a daguerreotype picture of myself, the first ever made of me."

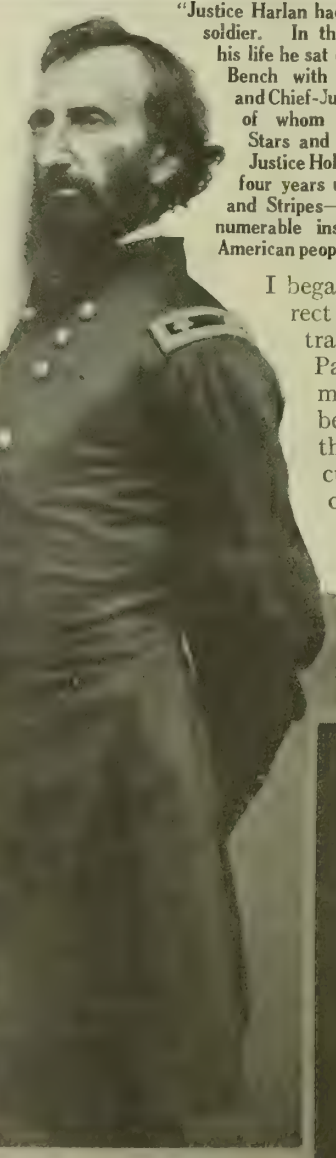
"The Kentucky boys grew into lusty strapping-big men, and Col. Theodore Roosevelt says that by actual measurement the Kentuckians were the largest men in the Union Army."



"Justice Harlan had been a Union soldier. In the last years of his life he sat on the Supreme Bench with Justice Lurton and Chief-Justice White both of whom fought for the Stars and Bars, also with Justice Holmes, who served four years under the Stars and Stripes—one of the innumerable instances of the American people's generosity."



George D. Prentice, editor of the Louisville "Journal" and one of the greatest "masters of English prose that this country has ever known."



Gen. John A. McClernand, a great lawyer and a major-general in the Civil War, "one of a remarkable set of men, most of whom have gone the way of all flesh."



"Marse" Henry Watterson, editor of th[illegible]le "Courier-Journal." "I learned all th[illegible] I ever knew from my father and 'Mar[illegible]."

the delight of his life to corner Whigs and argue with them until they were dizzy. He never had any faculty for making money and I do not believe he cared anything about it. I am reasonably certain that he never owned five hundred dollars' worth of property at one time in his life. He set his heart on two things: that his children should be well developed mentally and physically and that they should have good educations. He lived to see these desires of his heart gratified, for he reached the good old age of eighty-six [illegible] and would have undoubtedly lived to be a hundred if his legs had not given way, which caused him to fall and hurt his back, thereby paralyzing him. If I have achieved anything worth mentioning in this life I owe most of it to him, for he was constantly dinning into my ears: "Get an education; take care of your health; develop your physical and mental constitution."

He knew more about the political history of the United States than any other man with whom I have ever come in contact, and he knew more about the Bible than any other layman I ever saw [illegible] more than many of them. He had a fine sense of humor, his honesty was above question, his [illegible]

He was an [illegible] office—never was a candidate, but he was [illegible] spared not, smiting them hip and thigh." He frequently advised me never to be a candidate for office but, as he was forever talking about his favorites in public life, his delightful conversation outweighed his advice in that regard—which I did not take to heart.

The truth is, that one book which he borrowed for me to read largely determined the course of my life. He bought for his children all the books his small means permitted and borrowed all he could in his peregrinations on his dental circuit. Once upon a time, when I was about ten years old, he brought me William Wirt's "Life of Patrick Henry"—as wild a romance as was ever put between covers and exceedingly interesting. That book made it appear that winning law-suits and going to Congress were as easy as falling off a log—and a slippery log at that. I have not found it so; but that book determined me to be a lawyer and a Congressman before I had ever seen a lawyer, a law-book, a court-house or a Congressman. Very small things frequently shape human careers:

"A pebble in the streamlet scant
Has turned the course of many a river;
A dewdrop on the baby plant
Has dwarfed the giant oak forever."

That life of the forest-born Demosthenes had another important effect upon me. When I was a small boy I would not read the Bible. There were no Sunday-schools in the neighborhood and nobody to show me the beautiful stories and splendid literature of the Bible. One day, after I had read Patrick Henry's "Life," my father said: "How did you like Wirt's book?" "First rate," I replied. "What part did you like best?" he inquired. I answered: "His speech beginning: 'It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope.'" "What," continued he, "is the best sentence in that speech?" "'The race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong,'" was my reply. He said: "My son, Patrick Henry never originated that. King Solomon wrote it, and if you will read the Bible you will find many more just as fine."

I began reading the Bible to see if his statement was correct and have continued to read it ever since. When I contract brain-fag, I read King Solomon's "Proverbs" and St. Paul's "Epistles" as mental tonics. Of all the compliments ever paid me by the newspapers since I have been in Congress, the one I value most is to the effect that I quote the Bible more frequently and more accurately than any other public man in a quarter of a century. Whether true or not I will not undertake to say.

Before my father borrowed for me the "Life of Patrick Henry," he bought for me, as a Christmas present, a very small book, bound in red cloth, containing the "Articles of Confederation," the "Declaration of Independence," the "Constitution of the United States," Washington's "Farewell Address" and [illegible]—nothing more. In giving it to me my father said: "My boy, you will not read the Bible, and I want you to read this book. Next to the Bible it is the best one I know of."

I did read it until I knew the Declaration and most of the other three great documents by heart. I did it this way: I was compelled to attend religious services on Sundays at Glen's Creek Church. It was a large, hewed log-house with a

(Continued on page 418)

The Pawns Count

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrated by Armand Both

SYNOPSIS—"America first, America only, America always!" was the motto of Pamela Van Teyl, a pretty and clever New York girl, rich in her own right, well-educated and well-traveled. During several years' residence abroad in various European capitals Pamela has kept both eyes and ears open, and the Great War finds her in possession of certain valuable data. The scene opens in Henry's fashionable London restaurant, where she is bidden to lunch with several friends, among them Captain Richard Holderness and John Lutchester, who has also seen service at the front. London is full of spies. Another expected guest is Captain Sandy Graham, discoverer or inventor of a very deadly explosive. In fact, as he greets his friends in the crowded foyer he announces loudly that the formula is complete. The statement is overheard by Oscar Fischer, a wealthy German-American whose sympathies are all for the Fatherland and against the United States. Then Sandy Graham mysteriously disappears! Miss Van Teyl suspects Joseph, the leader of the hotel orchestra, and Hassan, a waiter, whom she has reason to think are German spies. After the meal she visits each in turn and frightens them into confession. Captain Graham has been drugged and robbed of his precious formula; from his predicament he is rescued by Pamela and John Lutchester.



"You seem to me, Mr. Fischer," observed Pamela, her eyes traveling seaward, "to be one of those men who never do anything without an object." "Some powers of observation," he admitted promptly.

THE *Lapland* was two days out from Tilbury before Pamela appeared on deck, followed by her maid with an armful of cushions, and the deck steward with her rugs. She had scarcely made herself comfortable in a sunny corner when she was aware of the approach of a large, familiar figure. Her astonishment was entirely genuine.

"Mr. Fischer!" she exclaimed. "Why, how on earth did you catch this steamer? I thought you were coming on the Thursday boat?"

"Some inducement to change my mind," Mr. Fischer replied, drawing a chair up to her side.

"Meaning me?"

"I guess that's so!"

"Of course, I'm exceedingly flattered," Pamela observed, "or rather I should be if I believed you, but I don't see how you could leave a supper-party at Henry's and go straight to Tilbury."

"Say, how did you know I was supping at Henry's?" he inquired.

"Because I was there for luncheon myself, as you know," she answered carelessly, "and I heard you order your table for supper."

Mr. Fischer nodded reminiscently.

"I always wind up with a little supper at Henry's on my last night in London," he remarked. "It left me two hours to get down to Tilbury, but it doesn't take me long to start for anywhere when I once make up my mind. That's the American of us, I suppose. Besides, I never need much in the way of luggage. I keep clothes over on the other side and clothes in New York, and a grip always ready packed for a journey."

"You're so typical," she murmured, smiling.

"I don't know about that," he replied. "My business makes it necessary for me to be always on the go. Have you heard from your brother lately?"

Pamela shook her head.

"Jimmy is the most terrible correspondent," she complained. "I don't think I've had any mail from him for two months."

"You didn't know that he and I were sharing rooms together in the Plaza Hotel, I suppose?"

Pamela turned her head a little and gazed at her companion in genuine surprise.

"Sharing rooms in the Plaza Hotel?" she repeated . . . "You and Jimmy?"

"I guess that's so," Mr. Fischer assented. "We were doing business together one day and the subject cropped up, somehow or other. Your brother was thinking of making a move, and I'd just been shown those rooms, which were a trifle on the large side for me. I made him an offer and he jumped at it."

"I hope you're not leading James into extravagant ways," she remarked anxiously. "I loved his little apartment in Forty-second Street, and it was so inexpensive."

"Your brother's share of those rooms isn't anything more than he can afford," Mr. Fischer assured her. "That I can promise you. I guess his firm is doing well just now. If they've many more clients like me, they are."

"It is very nice of you to put business in his way," Pamela said thoughtfully. "I wonder why you do it, Mr. Fischer?"

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Well," Pamela went on, her eyes traveling out seaward for a moment, "you seem to me to be one of those men, Mr. Fischer, who never do anything without an object."

"Some powers of observation," he admitted promptly.

"You have an object in being kind to Jimmy, then?"

Mr. Fischer produced a cigar-case and selected a cheroot.

"Mind my smoking?"

"Not in the least. The only time I mind things is when people don't answer my questions."

"I was only kind of hesitating," Mr. Fischer went on, leaning back once more in his chair. "You want the truth, don't you?"

"I never think anything else is worth while."

"In the first place, then," her companion began, "your brother belongs to what I suppose is known as the exclusive set in New York. I am a Westerner with few friends there. Through him I have obtained introductions to several people whom it was interesting to me, from a business point of view, to know."

"I see," Pamela murmured. "You are at least frank, Mr. Fischer."

"I am going to be more frank still," he promised her. "Then another reason, of course, was because I liked him, and a third, which I am not sure wasn't the chief one of all, because he was your brother."

Pamela laughed gaily.

"Is that necessary?"

"Necessary or not, it's the truth," he assured her. "I am a man of quick impressions and lasting ones."

"But we've never met except on a steamer," Pamela reminded him.

"I know it's the fashion," Mr. Fischer said, "to turn up one's nose at steamer acquaintances. It isn't like that with me. You see, I don't have as much opportunity of meeting folk as some others, perhaps. The most interesting people I've known socially I've met on steamers. I sat at your table, side by side with you, Miss Van Teyl, for seven days a few months ago. I guess I'll remember those seven days as long as I live."

Pamela turned her head and looked at him. The faintly derisive smile died away from her lips. The man was in earnest. A certain curiosity stole into her eyes as the seconds passed. She studied his hard, strong face, with its great jaw and prominent forehead; the mouth, a little too full, and belying the rest of his physiognomy,

Copyright, 1917, by International Magazine Co. (Hearst's). Copyrighted in Great Britain.



"I know Pamela sufficiently," Fischer went on, "to believe that she would sacrifice a great deal to keep her brother out of Sing-Sing." Van Teyl started. "Just what do you mean by that?" he demanded thickly. "I mean that you're a hundred thousand dollars short, that you've realized on some of my securities by means of a forged transfer!"

ARNOLD BOTH

yet with its own peculiar strength. He had taken off his spectacles, and it seemed to her that the cold, flinty light of his eyes had caught for a moment some touch of the softer blue of the sea or the sky. Seated, he lost some of the awkwardness of his too-great and ill-carried height. It seemed to her that he was at least a person to be reckoned with, either in friendship or enmity.

"Are you an American born, Mr. Fischer?" she asked him.

He shook his head.

"I was born at Offenbach," he told her, "near Frankfort. My father brought me out to America when I was eleven years old."

"You must find the present condition of things a little trying for you," she observed.

Oscar Fischer put on his glasses again. He did not answer for several moments.

"That opens up a subject, Miss Van Teyl," he said, "which some day I should like to discuss [illegible]."

"Why not now?" she invited. "I feel much more inclined for conversation than reading."

"Tell me, then, to begin with," he asked thoughtfully, "on which side are your sym[illegible]"

"I try to do my duty as an American citizen," she replied promptly, "and that is to have no sympathies. Our dear country has set the world an example of what neutrality should be. I think it is the duty of us Americans to try and bring ourselves into exactly the same line of [illegible]

[illegible] "I fear," he said, "that we are going to begin [illegible] disagreement. I do not consider that America has realized in the least the duties of a neutral [illegible]

"You must explain that at once, if you please," Pamela insisted. "[illegible] further." Fischer demanded, his rather harsh voice almost raucous now with a touch of real feeling. "America ships daily millions of dollars' worth of those things that make war possible, to France, to Italy, above all to England. She keeps them supplied with ammunition, clothing, scientific instruments, food—a dozen things which make war easier. To Germany she sends nothing. Is that neutrality?"

"But America is perfectly willing to deal in the same way with Germany," Pamela pointed out. "German agents can come and place their orders and take away whatever they want. The market is as much open to her as to the Allies."

Fischer was sitting bolt upright in his chair now. There was a little spot of color in his cheeks and his eyes flashed behind his spectacles. He struck the side of the chair. He was very angry.

"That is Jesuitical," he declared. "It is perfectly well known that Germany is not in a position to fetch munitions from America. Therefore I say that there is no neutrality in supplying one side in the war with goods which the other is unable to procure."

"Then you place the onus upon America of Germany's naval inferiority?" Pamela remarked dryly.

"Germany's maritime inferiority does not exist," Mr. Fischer protested. "When the moment arrives that the High Seas Fleet comes out for action, the world will know the truth."

"Then hadn't it better come," Pamela suggested, "and clear the ocean for your commerce?"

"That isn't the point," Fischer insisted. "We have wandered from the main issue. I say that America abandons its neutrality when it helps the Allies to continue the war."

"I don't think you will find," Pamela replied, "that international law prevents any neutral country from supplying either combatant with munitions. If one country can fetch the things and the other can't, that is the misfortune of the country that can't. For one moment look at the matter from England's point of view. She has built up a mighty navy to keep the seas clear for exactly this purpose—to continue her commerce from abroad. Germany instead has built up a mighty army with which she has overrun Europe. Germany has had the advantage from her army. Why shouldn't England have the advantage from her navy?"

"Let me ask you the question you asked me a few minutes ago," her companion begged. "Were you born in America—or England?"

"I was born in America," Pamela told him, "so were my parents and my grandparents. I claim to be American to the backbone. I claim even to treat any sympathies I might have in this affair as prejudices, and not even to allow them a single corner in my brain."

Mr. Fischer sat quite still for several moments. He was struggling very hard to keep his temper. In the end he succeeded.

"We will not, then, pursue the subject of America's neutrality," he said, "because it is obvious that we disagree fundamentally. But tell me this, now, as an American and a patriot: Which do you think would be better for America—that Germany and Austria won this war, or the Allies?"

"Upon that question I have not altogether made up my mind," Pamela confessed.

"Then there is room there for a discussion," Mr. Fischer pointed out eagerly. "I should like to put my views before you on this matter."

"And I should love to hear them," Pamela replied, "but I feel just now as though we had talked enough politics. Do you know that I came up on deck in a state of great agitation?"

"Submarine alarms from the stewardess?" Fischer suggested.

"I am not afraid of submarines, but I have most profound dislike for thieves," Pamela declared.

"You have not had anything stolen?" he asked quickly.

"I have not," Pamela replied, "but the only reason seems to be that I have nothing worth stealing. When I got back from luncheon this afternoon I found that my stateroom had been systematically searched."

She turned her head a little lazily and looked at her neighbor. His expression was entirely sympathetic.

"Your jewelry?"

"Deposited with the purser."

"I congratulate you," he said.

"Nothing has been stolen," she observed, "but one hates the feeling of insecurity all the same. Both my steward and stewardess are old friends. It must have been a very clever person who found his way into my room."

"A very clever person," Mr. Fischer objected, "would have known that you had deposited your jewels with the purser."

"If it was my jewels of which they were in search," Pamela murmured. "By-the-by, do you remember all that fuss about the disappearance of a young soldier that morning at Henry's?"

Fischer nodded.

"I heard something about it," he confessed. "They were talking about it at dinner-time."

"I had an idea that you might be interested," Pamela went on. "He was rather a foolish young man. He came into the restaurant, telling every one at the top of his voice that he had made a great discovery! Even in London, which is, I should think, the most prosaic city in the world, there must be people who are on the lookout to pick up war secrets."

"Even in London, as you remark," Mr. Fischer assented.

"You didn't hear the end of the affair, I suppose?" she asked him.

The steward had arrived with afternoon tea. Fischer threw into the sea the cigar which he had been smoking.

"I do not think," he said, "that the end has been reached yet."

Pamela sighed.

"*Les oreilles ennemies!*" she quoted. "I suppose one has to be careful everywhere."

IT was one evening toward the end of the voyage and about an hour after dinner. A huge form loomed out of the darkness, continuing its steady promenade along the unlit portion of the deck. Pamela, moved by some caprice, abandoned her caution of the last few days and called out:

"Mr. Fischer!"

He stopped short. The sparks flew from the red end of his cigar, which he tossed into the sea. He hastened toward her.

"Miss Van Teyl?" he replied, a little hesitatingly.

"How clever of you to know my voice!" she observed. "I am in the humor to talk. Will you sit down, please?"

Mr. Fischer humbly drew a chair to her side.

"I had an idea," he said, "that you had been avoiding me the last two or three days."

"I have," she admitted.

"Have I offended you, then?"

"Scarcely that," she replied, "only, you see, it seemed waste of time to talk to you with the foils on, and a little dangerous, perhaps, to talk to you with them off."

His face reflected his admiration.

"Miss Van Teyl," he declared, "you are quite a wonderful person. I have never believed very much in women before. Perhaps that is the reason why I have never married."

"Dear me, are you a woman-hater?" she asked.

He looked at her steadfastly.

"I have made use of women as playthings," he confessed. "Until I met you, I never thought of them as companions, as partners."

She laughed at him through the darkness, and at the sound of her laugh his eyes glowed.

"Really, I am very much flattered," she said. "You give me credit for intelligence, then?"

"I give you credit for every gift a woman should have," he answered enthusiastically. "I recognize in you the woman I have sometimes dreamed of."

Again she laughed.

"Don't tell me, Mr. Fischer," she protested, "that ever in your practical life you have spent a single moment in dreams!"

"I have spent many," he assured her, "but they have all been since I knew you."

Pamela sighed.

"I have never been through a voyage," she observed, "without a love affair. Still, I never suspected you, Mr. Fischer."

"You suspected me, perhaps, of other things?"

She nodded.

"I am full of suspicions about you," she admitted. "I am not going to tell you what they are, of course."

"There is one thing of which I am guilty," he confessed. "I should like to tell you about it right now."

"Could I guess it?"

"You're clever enough."

"You like me, don't you, Mr. Fischer?"

"Better than any woman in the world," he answered promptly. "And my confession is—well, just that. Will you marry me?"

Pamela shook her head.

"Quite early in life," she confided, "I made up my mind that I would never give a definite answer to any one who proposed to me on a steamer. I suppose it's the wind, or is it the stars, or the silence, or what? I have known the sanest of men, even like you, Mr. Fischer, become quite maudlin."

"I am brimful of common-sense at the present moment," he declared earnestly. "You and I could do great things together, if only I could get you to look at one certain matter from my point of view—to see it as I see it."

"A political matter?" she inquired naïvely.

"I want to try and persuade you," he confessed, "that America has everything in the world to gain from Germany's success, and everything to lose if the Allies should triumph in this war and Great Britain should continue her tyranny of the seas."

"It's an extraordinarily interesting subject," Pamela admitted.

"It is almost as absorbing," he declared, "as the other matter which just now lies even nearer to my heart."

She withdrew her fingers from his sudden clutch.

"Mr. Fischer," she told him, "what I said just now was quite final. I will not be made love to on a steamer."

"When we land," he continued eagerly, "you will be coming to see your brother, won't you?"

She nodded.

"Of course! I am coming to the Plaza Hotel. That, I suppose, is good news for you, Mr. Fischer."

"Of course it is," he answered, "but why do you say so?"

"It will give you so many opportunities," she murmured.

"Of seeing you?"

She shook her head.

"Of searching my belongings."

There was a moment's silence. She heard his quick breath through the darkness. His voice assumed its harsher tone.

"You believe that it was I who searched your stateroom?"

"I am sure that it was you, or some one acting for you."

"What is it, then, of which I am in search?" he demanded.

"Captain Graham's formula," she replied. "I think you want that a good deal more than you want me."

"You have it then?" he asked fiercely.

She sighed.

"You jump so to conclusions. I didn't say so."

"You went up the stairs . . you were the only person who went up just at that one psychological moment! He had his pocketbook with him when he came in—he told Holderness so."

"And when you searched him it was gone," she remarked calmly. "Dear me!"

"How do you know that I searched him?" Fischer demanded.

"How dare you ask me to give away my secrets!" she replied.

"Listen," he began, striving with an almost painful effort to keep his voice down to the level of a whisper, "you and I together, we could do the most marvelous things. I could let you into all my schemes. They are great. They will be successful. After the war is over"

He held his breath for a moment. The tramp of approaching footsteps warned him of the coming of an intruder. The Captain

(Continued on page 391)



"Madam," Nikasti insisted, preparing to spring, "the formula! It is for my country, and for my country I would risk much!" "Not more than I would risk for America," defied Pamela Van Teyl.

The Stranger in

Illustrated by

I SAT on a lilac-colored chair, in a lilac-colored room, waiting for the fifth wealthiest woman in America.

Through the open French windows I could see a terraced lawn, a tan-duck garden canopy with green trimmings, and two Russian deer-hounds lying halfway between a Tuscan urn and a round-tower tea-seat of willow. The lawn was a very big one. It seemed almost endless in the slanting afternoon sunlight. Yet in a break of the trees beyond a parterre of tea-roses I could see the blue-green waters of the Sound.

"Miramar," I had to acknowledge, was a very beautiful home. But I wasn't especially interested in its beauties. I was more interested in myself. For I was ill-at-ease, and indignant, and confronted with the final humiliation of having nothing on which to vent an honestly begotten bad temper. And I had sat there on my lilac-colored chair awaiting Mrs. Obden-Belpont, the aforementioned fifth wealthiest woman in America, for exactly thirty-five minutes.

I watched a wine-colored limousine thread its way along the winding gravel drive between the endless Venetian-green acres of lawn, and decided to wait another five minutes and no more. I was still sitting there with my watch in my hand, like a timekeeper at a track-side, when a quick rustle of silk made me look up.

I saw myself being inspected by a thin and nervous woman with narrow cheekbones and an Iron Duke nose. She was at least fifty. There was authority in her movements, just as there was power in the flat line of her mouth, puckered at the ends like a winter-apple. And I knew at once, I knew instinctively, that I was face to face with Mrs. Obden-Belpont.

"You're the young lady from the Police Department?" she demanded. She spoke briskly and impersonally, pausing only a moment, apparently, to digest her shock at finding a hireling of the law in a Duff-Gordon frock and a Tappé hat.

"Scarcely," I amended, screening my real feelings behind a rather languid smile. The moment she showed signs of getting top-lofty, I had decided, I'd pay her back for the ignominies of the last two hours. But this wasn't going to be as easy as I had imagined, for that impersonality of hers, which seemed to have already marked me as a mere side-issue in her busy life, gave every promise of proving both as impalpable and as impenetrable as a Sound fog.

"Then who?" she began, slightly elevating her thinly penciled eyebrows.

"I'm Miss Rymal," I said, buckling on my professional air as though it were armor-plate. "And I was sent here from the Protective Alliance offices." She seemed to see light.

"But you were to come out on the two-fifty-five train," she announced with a note of latent reproof.

"I *did* come out on the two-fifty-five train," I just as decisively replied.

"And Hoskins was sent to meet you," she further amended.

"Yes," I smilingly retorted. "But, you see, it was with the servants' carryall. And I rather fancied you'd overlooked that I might be crowding the new second cook and the car-wiper. At least I *think* he was a car-wiper."

I had the satisfaction of seeing her start, as I had intended to make her start, at that none-too-muffled rebuke of mine. But in a moment's time she was plainly and completely mistress of herself.

"Miss Blanchan attends to these things," she explained, with the minutest compression of the winter-apple lips.

"Who," I inquired, "is Miss Blanchan?"

"She is my secretary," answered the mistress of "Miramar" as she duplicated my own gesture by glancing down at her tiny gold timepiece.

"Then she ought to be dismissed," I promptly announced.

"I can give you precisely fifteen minutes," was the polar yet unruffled statement of Mrs. Obden-Belpont, studiously ignoring my airy invasion of her household administrations.

"That will be sufficient, I think," I told her, still smiling. Having scored a point, I could afford to be magnanimous. It wasn't every day in the week, I remembered, that one could scratch back at the fifth wealthiest woman in America.

"Then how did you get here from the



I opened my hand, disclosing the three pieces of stolen jewelry. "Where did you get those?" Winkfred demanded. "I stole them!" was my answer, looking him straight in the eye.

the House by Arthur Stringer

G. Patrick Nelson

station?" asked the still abstracted-eyed woman, apparently following her own busy line of thought.

"A very kind old gentleman in flannels seemed to waken to the humor of the situation and brought me here in a tan-colored canoe-roadster. That, I might add, was exactly three-quarters of an hour ago!"

She did not start, this time. She seemed more than ever preoccupied. But she appeared to take a page out of my own book, finally, and smiled a serenely detached and far-away smile.

"That must have been Ferrie," she meditatively observed.

"Ferrie?" I echoed.

"Merely Admiral Trevor Ferris," she explained with acidulated sweetness. "And crowding a rear-admiral *must* have seemed more of a novelty than a cook in a wagonette!"

I had the qualified satisfaction of knowing I'd forced the claws through the velvet.

"He seemed rather a silly old man," I casually explained. I did this with malice aforethought and in defiance of truth, for that brisk old gentleman in cricketer's flannels had chattered like a magpie all the way out to "Miramar." I had liked that chattering. And even more I had liked the kindliness of that flannel-clad old idler with the high-powered roadster and the humorous eyes.

"But this isn't exactly what we're here to talk over, is it?" suggested my hostess, with another look down at her watch. "So will you be good enough to tell me what you know of this case."

The rebuff was muffled, but unmistakable.

"I'd prefer that you told *me*," I countered. And for the second time I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had drawn her up short. But she was too much a woman of the world, I suppose, to nurse her annoyance. Or perhaps I was too small game to bother about gunning after.

"I'll explain it very briefly. My daughter Natalie is to be married here at 'Miramar' next Friday at high noon. She is to marry Captain Lloyd Sherwin—one of the Sussex Sherwins—who was attached to the British Embassy at Washington but went home to serve in the war. We are not opening up the city house for the ceremony because Captain Sherwin's furlough is short. The arrangements, of course, are not simple. We're rather upset here, as you may have noticed."

"Outside workers and the danger of theft, of course, quite often coincide," I observed.

"Please not let that mislead you," sharply amended my companion. "Any workman or decorator who has been at 'Miramar' during the last week has been most carefully supervised, and has been here only during the day. My own servants are all old and trusted family retainers, if you'll pardon the word. And that is what makes the robbery such a mystery."

"Then the robbery has already occurred?" I hypocritically interpolated.

"*One* robbery has already occurred," replied my hostess.

"Then are you anticipating another?"

"That is scarcely how I should phrase it," corrected the lady with the dominant cheekbones. "I'd prefer stating that I'm extremely anxious to prevent any such occurrence being repeated. I should have much preferred having a reliable man here, an officer from your Police Department. But I can't insult my guests by planting policemen about my halls; and, what's more important, I can't have Natalie worried by knowing about this."

"Why not?" I inquired.

"Natalie is an extremely delicate girl, a nervous girl, and she is already under what I regard as quite sufficient strain."

"Then she knows nothing of this robbery?"

"Nothing!"

"Then who knows about it?"

"My husband, of course, and Miss Blanchan, and Admiral Trevor Ferris, and Benchley, my butler."

"And nobody else?"

"Nobody that I know of. But I must hurry along, if you will permit me. The wedding gifts, of course, have been coming here. Earlier in the week, I'm afraid, we were more careless than we should have been. A number of the things had been laid out on the top of a grand piano in the music room. They were even left alone there for a few moments. When I went to ask Benchley and Miss Blanchan to restore them to the wall-safe, the Medici Diamond was missing."

"What was its value?"

The thin eyebrows went up a little.

"It's value to a thief would be merely a few hundred dollars at the most. But its historical value is quite another matter. It was an antique Florentine ring, once in the possession of Lorenzo de Medici."

"An antique ring which in itself was not particularly beautiful?" I queried.

"The ring was not, in a way, but



"Mother, what did you do with Uncle Gwynne's emerald?" asked a reedy young voice at the door. "I did nothing with it," answered Mrs. Obden-Belpont, and I could see the fine old face harden.

the diamond itself, I understand, was a rather wonderful stone."

"And there were other articles of jewelry on that piano-top when this one ring was stolen? Other jewels quite as valuable?"

"A number which were, intrinsically, much more valuable. But these were untouched."

"Who first discovered the theft?"

"I did."

"Whom do you suspect?" The question seemed to startle her.

"I have fixed my suspicions on no particular person, as yet," she announced with quite unnecessary dignity.

"Then what do you want me to do?"

"I expect you to do what you were sent here to do," answered Mrs. Obden-Belpont, with obvious asperity.

"Of course," I agreed, realizing that we weren't hitting it off any too well. "But what, after all, does that imply—the discovery of the thief—or merely the recovery of the stolen ring?"

"Both—and more," was the other's prompt reply.

"What more?" I asked, for I'd already done a bit of thinking of my own.

"The safeguarding of the other things, the valuables that are already under this roof."

"I see. And you are willing to let me go about that in my own way?"

She was a woman of prompt decisions. But she hesitated for a moment or two.

"I'd prefer having some slight inkling of what that particular way is to be," she finally averred.

"There are details, of course, which I can't foresee. But it would make my work much easier and the case much simpler if, for instance, no one in this house knew why I was here."

This seemed to stick in her craw.

"Then you already have a suspicion as to—as to who the guilty person is?"

"I have already concluded that it's what we generally call an inside job."

"You mean one of the servants?"

Instead of answering that question I asked another:

"How many have you here?"

She did a quick sum in mental arithmetic.

"Seventeen of my own. Then there's Gwendolyn De Haven's maid, and Hallie Raleigh's, and Ferrie's man. That makes twenty, not counting the chauffeurs and the seven men Mr. Obden-Belpont keeps on the yacht."

"But we need scarcely count the chauffeurs and the yacht crew. They haven't, of course, the *entrée* of the house."

"But I have already told you that all of my servants are above suspicion," asserted the mistress of that manorial retinue.

I was about to remark, with a sigh, that they usually are in cases like this. But the ring was stolen and the case reported. So I felt the uselessness of argument.

"Then that leaves only the guests," I said in my most matter-of-fact manner.

The thought sent Mrs. Obden-Belpont's aquiline eye immediately about on me. For one moment there was a flash of something that looked very much like anger in that gray-green orb of hers. Then, with an effort, she controlled herself.

"I'm afraid they, too, will have to be included in my list of exemptions," she said with icy yet forbearing patience.

I was about to mention the two Russian deer-hounds were also ruled out. But I remembered, in time, that I couldn't profitably continue to indulge in the luxury of personal antipathies. If I was about to enter society, it wasn't going to [illegible] with a [illegible] I decided to become [illegible]

"You're willing to leave this case entirely in my hands?" I asked.

"Of course, provided I agree with your line of procedure," was the none-too-ingratiating response.

"Then I'd like nothing whatever said about the theft. I'd also like no one to know the purpose of my presence here."



"Old Mutton-chops won't stand for this," murmured Toosey, blowing a rebellious cloud ceilingward. "Say, Balmy, this isn't a house—it's a penal colony!"

"Then how am I to explain you to my friends?" she demanded. And I had to smile a little at the note of perturbation in her voice.

"I think I can make the end justify the means," I told her, as coolly as I could. "I may not be always liked, you know, but I'm usually trusted." "And?" she prompted.

"I'd like to be free to move about without embarrassment. So I'll telephone for my maid to be here some time before the dinner-hour, which is about eight, is it not?"

"And you mean to say, you——"

"I mean to say," I cut in, for I knew we might as well face the issue right there and then, "that I propose staying at 'Miramar' as your guest until this case is completely cleared up, if you choose to have it cleared up."

I could see her fine old face harden, and even while I recognized the hostility in that face I was compelled to acknowledge its power.

"Really, you know—"

But that was as far as she got. Her speech was cut short by a sudden and quite unlooked-for interruption.

"Mother, what did you do with Uncle Gwynne's emerald?" asked a reedy young voice from the doorway. The next moment a girl of about twenty entered the room. She was an extremely thin girl, almost fragile-looking, with a fretful brow and a thinly chiseled nose which she plainly inherited from her mother. She made me think of what china-collectors call a cabinet piece, something to be always kept behind glass.

"I did nothing with it," answered the older woman.

"But it's—it's gone!" protested the Dresden-china young lady, without so much as a look in my direction.

"Gone?" echoed her mother, oddly elongating the word as a look of worry crept over her sharp-featured face. She had, for the moment, completely forgotten me. "What do you mean by 'gone'?" she demanded, as she stood looking at her daughter.

"Why, I had Miss Blanchan bring the emerald, and the Morgans' lavalliere that just came this morning, out to the sun-room to show Gwendolyn. I put them both on the round willow table there. And when we came back in two or three minutes, after speaking to Reggie Wharton as he got out of his car, there was only the lavalliere left."

Mrs. Obden-Belpont's eye met mine. Then she turned back to the slender-bodied girl, who was surveying my unfamiliar person with merely a passing and preoccupied curiosity.

"Have you spoken to Miss Blanchan about this?"

"Yes. She hadn't even been near the sun-room."

"Who has been?"

"Not a soul that I can remember!"

The look of concern on the older woman's face deepened into one of actual alarm.

"Then you've spoken to the servants about this?"

The girl shook her head.

"I spoke to Benchley, mother. But he's been busy telephoning your lists to the caterers for the last forty minutes. He knows absolutely nothing about it."

The older woman stood for a moment or two deep in thought. It was evident that she was struggling to rationalize the unreasonable.

"But emeralds don't walk away like guinea-pigs, my dear. It's been mislaid by you, or by Gwendolyn. Or possibly it's fallen off the table, or rolled under something."

Still again the girl shook her head.

"We've been down on our hands and knees for the last ten minutes. And there's not a trace of it in that sun-room. And besides, mother, I distinctly remember putting it down next to the lavalliere. I *know* I left it there on that table! And I know somebody must have come and taken it!"

Mrs. Obden-Belpont, for the first time, turned to me without that opaque look of antagonism in her eye. Her daughter's gaze, following the direction of the older woman's, also turned in my direction. There was a moment of silence. It struck me as being almost dramatic.

Then the older woman stepped across the room and touched an electric-bell.

"This is my daughter, Miss Rymal," she said with a smile which, I'm afraid, was just a little forced, as I answered the girl's qualified movement of the head with a bow quite as arctic as her own. "Miss Rymal is to be our guest during the next few days, Natalie, and while I'm sure she'll understand that we can't give her a great deal of our time, under the circumstances, I *do* hope we can make her visit a pleasant one."

"And a successful one," I added.

"That will be charming, (*Continued on page 408*)

Why Die Before Your Time?

New Developments in the Treatment of Heart Disease

By Henry Smith Williams, M.D., LL.D.



What is this heart-disease that causes 15 per cent. of all deaths? For one thing, it is leakage of the heart's valves here exposed.



These business-men have heard the truth that: "You could almost certainly take five or six times as much exercise as you do with distinct benefit"

ABOUT three persons in a thousand complete their normal span of life and die of old age. The remaining 997 fall by the wayside.

Do you prefer to be one of the three or one of the 997? To a considerable extent the choice lies with you, as I shall endeavor to show in this series of articles.

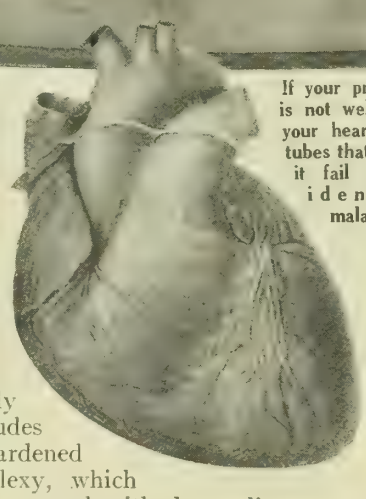
Modern science has done a good deal to extend life. The use of serums and vaccines has led to a virtual conquest of such acute maladies as diphtheria and typhoid fever. But certain degenerative diseases of middle life and old age are increasingly prevalent and enormously destructive.

To illustrate this, note that a recent report of the New York Board of Health, tabulating statistics as to 1,372 deaths in a given week, records that no fewer than 766 deaths, or 57 per cent. of the total, were due to five diseases, namely, (1) organic heart-disease, (2) pneumonia, (3) tuberculosis, (4) Bright's disease, or nephritis, and (5) cancer. Meantime, in the same period, the entire list of acute infectious maladies—typhoid fever, smallpox, measles, scarlet fever, whooping-cough, diphtheria, influenza, poliomyelitis—caused only 50 deaths.

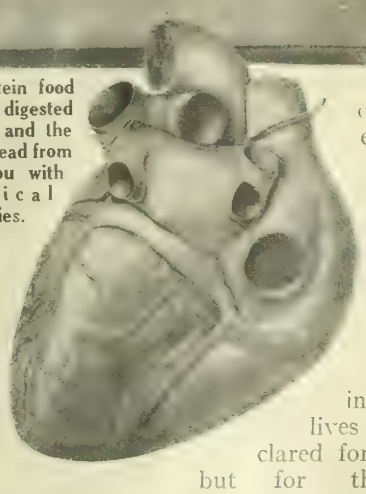
Fifty against 766, or fifteen to one; something like that, apparently, is the relative menace to life of the dozen or so most-dreaded epidemic diseases as contrasted with the five less-spectacular maladies mentioned.

The matter has added interest and importance if we reflect that the five fatal maladies in question claim their victims very largely from among the ranks of the adult population. The Board of Health tables make this particularly clear, for we find that of 204 persons who died of organic heart-disease, only six were under twenty-five years of age. Of 126 victims of pneumonia (exclusive of broncho-pneumonia), only five were under twenty-five. Of 136 individuals dying of Bright's disease, only two were under twenty-five; and of 108 victims of cancer, only three were under twenty-five. The remaining disease, tuberculosis, is not quite so exclusively a malady of mature life, but even here we find, among 163 victims, only 36 below the age of twenty-five, and of these all but twelve were above adolescence.

Meantime it appears that the total death-roll of adults from all other maladies than the five in question, and from all other causes except accidents, homicides, and suicides, was only 266; and this includes 67 deaths from hardened arteries and apoplexy, which might properly be grouped with heart-disease, and twenty-seven deaths from broncho-pneumonia, which is not differentiated by any clearly defined causative or other factors from its namesake.



Go to the mat: "Hand-ball and wrestling are ideal exercises for persons in middle life—to prevent heart trouble."



If your protein food is not well digested your heart and the tubes that lead from it fail you with identical maladies.

Summarizing the same data in a slightly different way, we find that the average individual over twenty-five years of age is confronted with something like a four-to-one probability of dying sooner or later of one of the five maladies or groups of maladies just named.

If we view the matter somewhat more comprehensively, we find that the five maladies in question caused 1,824,564 deaths, or 46 per cent. of the total mortality in the registration area of the United States in the years 1908 to 1912. Heart-disease caused 15 per cent. of all deaths, pneumonia 9.4 per cent., pulmonary tuberculosis 9.3 per cent., nephritis 6.5 per cent., and cancer 5.1 per cent.

Such being the status of this group of diseases of middle life and old age, it is obvious that these maladies have peculiar interest for every adult who gives the slightest attention to questions of health, personal comfort, or longevity. As illustrating how vital this interest is, I may mention that when, a little over two years ago, I published in HEARST'S MAGAZINE an account of the newest treatment for the least-malignant (so far as total deaths are concerned) of the five maladies in question, namely, cancer, I received more than three thousand letters asking further details about the treatment.

These letters came, not merely from all parts of both the Americas, but from regions as distant as Australia, India, and the Hawaiian Islands. Answering these letters involved an enormous expenditure of time and effort, amply compensated, however, by the knowledge that solace was thereby brought to many hundreds of sufferers and a notable extension of human lives effected. It is within my personal knowledge that a large number of individuals are going about their duties in comfort and seeming health whose lives had been declared forfeit, and who, but for the knowledge brought to their attention by the article in question, would in all human probability have died some months ago.

The reader will perhaps find it of interest to glance at the map presented on page 388, showing the geographical sources of the letters written in response to the article in question.

Thus it is made tolerably obvious that sufferers from dangerous maladies take a vital interest in their own condition. And since four-fifths of us have cause, present or prospective, for personal interest in the matter, it seems worth while to take up in sequence a popular study of each of the five peculiarly fatal maladies of middle age with reference to the newest pronouncements of science regarding their causation, treatment, and in particular, pre-

(Concluded on page 388)

The Dwelling-Place of Light

By Winston Churchill

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

SYNOPSIS—In the city of Hampton, a typical New England mill-town, lives Edward Bumpus, watchman at the great Chippering Mill, with his wife Hannah and their two daughters, Janet and Lise. The Bumpuses come of fine old Puritan stock, but are completely submerged among the flood of aliens that people Hampton. Lise, who works in a department store, rebels bitterly at the family poverty and delights in cheap and tawdry amusements. Janet, a stenographer in the Chippering Mill, is more serious-minded. Both girls are very pretty, and Janet thus attracts the notice of Claude Ditmar, the Mill Agent, and becomes his private secretary. He uses his position to make hot love to her; the girl is alternately attracted and repelled. Meanwhile Lise Bumpus falls in with flashy associates. Labor troubles begin to loom in Hampton; then one day in the Mill office, while Ditmar and Janet are alone, he loses control of himself. She repels him and threatens to leave Hampton, but he prevails on her to stay and promises to make her his wife. After a Sunday spent in Boston with Ditmar, Janet returns to Hampton, and learns that Lise has eloped with a traveling salesman. The great strike breaks over Hampton and Janet joins the operators. While thus engaged she meets the Man from Silliston, Brooks Insall, who turns out to be an author of note, and who has opened a soup-kitchen to feed the hungry children. Janet takes up work at strike headquarters, and also meets Rolfe, one of the strike leaders, who for a time fascinates her yet repels her. Her own troubles almost drive her insane and she plans to kill Ditmar, the author of all her woe. After a serious illness Janet finds friends and work in Silliston.



"I never guessed Mr. Insall would want to marry me," Janet sobbed. "Oh, Mrs. Maturin, you'll believe me, won't you?" "Of course I believe you, Janet," Augusta replied. "Who could have foreseen it?" she went on. "I'm not surprised as I look back upon it all."

AS the spring progressed, Janet grew stronger, became well again, and through the kindness of Dr. Ledyard, the principal, was presently installed with a typewriter in a little room in an old building belonging to the Academy in what was called Bramble Street, and not far from the Common. Here, during the day, she industriously copied manuscripts or, from her note-book, letters dictated by various members of the faculty, and she was pleased when they exclaimed delightedly at the flawless copies and failed to suspect her of pilgrimages to the dictionary in the library in order to familiarize herself with the meaning and manner of spelling various academic words. At first it was almost bewildering to find herself in some degree thus sharing the Silliston community life; and an unpremeditated attitude toward these learned ones, high-priests of the Muses she had so long ignorantly worshiped, accounted perhaps for a great deal in their attitude toward her. Her fervor, repressed yet palpable, was like a flame burning before their altars—a flattery to which the learned, being human, are quick to respond. Besides, something of her history was known, and she was of a type to incite a certain amount of interest among these discerning ones. Often, after she had taken their dictation, or brought their manuscripts home, they detained her in conversation. In short, Silliston gave its approval to this particular experiment of Augusta Maturin. As for Mrs. Maturin herself, her feeling was one of controlled pride not unmixed with concern, always conscious as she was of the hidden element of tragedy in the play she had so lovingly staged. Not that she had any compunction in keeping Janet's secret even from Insall, but sometimes as she contemplated it the strings of her heart grew tight. Silliston was so obviously where Janet belonged, she could not bear the thought of the girl going out again from this sheltered spot into a chaotic world of smoke and struggle.

Janet's own feelings were a medley. It was not, all [illegible] continually, nor even peace, although there were moments when these stole over her. There were moments, despite her incredible good fortune, of apprehension when she shrank from the future, when fear [illegible] at the thought of losing [illegible] of leaving this enchanted place now that miraculously she had found it; moments of stimulation, of exaltation, when she forgot. Her prevailing sense, as she found herself again, was of thankfulness and gratitude, of determination to take advantage of, to drink in all of, this wonderful experience, lest any precious memory be lost.

Like a jewel gleaming with many facets, each sunny day was stored and treasured. As she went from Mrs. Case's boarding-house forth to her work, the sweet, sharp air of these spring mornings was filled with delicious smells of new things, of new flowers and new grass, and tender, new leaves of myriad shades, bronze and crimson, fuzzy white, primrose and emerald green. And sometimes it seemed as though the pink-and-white clouds of the little orchards were wafted into swooning scents. She loved best the moment when the Common came into view, when through the rows of elms the lineaments of those old houses rose before her, lineaments seemingly long familiar, as of old and trusted friends, and yet ever stirring new harmonies and new visions. Here, in their midst, she belonged, and here, had the world been otherwise ordained, she might have lived on in one continuous, shining spring. At the corner of the Common, foursquare, ample, painted a straw color trimmed with white, with its high chimneys and fan-shaped stairway window, its balustraded terrace porch open to the sky, was the eighteenth-century mansion occupied by Dr. Ledyard. What was the secret of its flavor? And how account for the sense of harmony inspired by another dwelling, built during the term of the second Adams, set in a frame of maples and shining whi[illegible]he morning sun?

Copyright, 1909, by The Curtis Publishing Company. Copyrighted in Great Britain.

Its curved portico was capped by a wrought-iron railing, its long windows were touched with purple, and its low garret—set like a deck-house on the wide roof—suggested hidden secrets of the past. Here a Motley or a Longfellow might have dwelt, a Bryant penned his "Thanatopsis." Farther on, chequered by shade, stood the quaint brick row of professors' houses, with sloping eaves and recessed entrances of granite—a subject for an old English print. . . . Along the border of the Common were interspersed among the ancient dormitories and halls the new and dignified buildings of plum-colored brick that still preserved the soul of Silliston. And to it all the soul of Janet responded.

In the late afternoons, when her tasks were finished, Janet would cross the Common to Mrs. Maturin's—a dwelling typical of the New England of the past, with the dimensions of a cottage and something of the dignity of a mansion. Fluted white pilasters adorned the corners; the windows were protected by tiny eaves; the roof was guarded by a rail; the classically porched entrance was approached by a path between high-clipped hedges of hemlock; and through the library, on the right, you reached the flagged terrace beside a garden, rioting in the carnival colors of spring. By September it would have changed. For there is one glory of the hyacinth, of the tulip and narcissus and the jonquil, and another of the Michaelmas daisy and the aster.

Insall was often there, and on Saturdays and Sundays he took Mrs. Maturin and Janet on long walks into the country. There were afternoons when the world was flooded with silver light, when the fields were lucent in the sun; and afternoons stained with blue,—the landscape like a tapestry woven in delicate greens on a ground of indigo. The arbutus, all aglow and fragrant beneath its leaves, the purple-fringed polygala were past, but they found the pale gold lily of the bellwort, the rust-red bloom of the ginger. In the open spaces under the sky were clouds of bluets, wild violets and white strawberry flowers clustering beside the star moss all a-shimmer with new green. The Canada Mayflower spread a carpet under the pines; and in the hollows where the mists settled, where the brooks flowed, where the air was heavy with the damp, ineffable odor of growing things, they gathered drooping adder's-tongues, white-starred bloodroots and foam flowers. From Insall's quick eye nothing seemed to escape. He would point out to them the hummingbird that hovered, a bright blur, above the columbine, the woodpecker glued to the trunk of a maple high above their heads, the red gleam of a tanager flashing through sunlit foliage, the oriole and vireo where they hid. And his was the ear that first caught the exquisite distant note of the hermit. Once he stopped them, startled, to listen to the cock partridge drumming to its mate. . . .

Sometimes, of an evening, when Janet was helping Mrs. Maturin in her planting or weeding, Insall would join them, rolling up the sleeves of his flannel shirt and kneeling beside them in the garden paths. Mrs. Maturin was forever asking his advice, though she did not always follow it.

"Now, Brooks," she would say, "you've just got to suggest something to put in that border to replace the hyacinths. I had larkspur last year—you remember—and it looked like a chromo in a railroad folder."

"Let me see—did I advise larkspur?" he would ask.

"Oh, I'm sure you must have—I always do what you tell me. It seems to me I've thought of every possible flower in the catalogue. You *know*, too, only you're so afraid of committing yourself."

Insall's comic spirit, betrayed by his expressions, by the quizzical intonations of his voice, never failed to fill Janet with joy, while they were somehow suggestive, too, of the vast fund of his resource. Mrs. Maturin was right, he could have solved many of her questions off-hand if he had so wished, but he had his own method of dealing with appeals. His head tilted on one side, apparently in deep thought over the problem he never answered outright, but by some process of suggestion unfathomable to Janet, and by eliminating, not too deprecatingly, Mrs. Maturin's impatient proposals, brought her to a point where she blurted out the solution herself.

"Oriental poppies! How stupid of me not to think of them!"

"How stupid of *me!*" Insall echoed—and Janet bent over her weeding, making sure they had been in his mind all the while.

Augusta Maturin's chief extravagance was books; she could not bear to await her turn at the library, and if she liked a book she wished to own it. Subscribing to several reviews, three English and one American, she scanned them eagerly every week and sent in orders to her Boston bookseller. As a consequence the carved walnut racks on her library table were constantly being strained. A good book, she declared, ought to be read aloud, and discussed even during its perusal. And thus Janet, after an elementary and decidedly unique introduction to worthwhile literature in the hospital, was suddenly plunged into the vortex of modern thought. The dictum Insall quoted, that modern culture depended largely upon what one had not read, was applied to her; a child of the new environment fallen into skilful hands, she was spared the boredom of wading through the so-called classics which, though useful as milestones, as landmarks for future reference, are largely mere reminders of an absolute universe now vanished. The arrival of a novel, play or treatise by one of that small but growing nucleus of twentieth-century seers was an event, and often a volume begun in the afternoon was taken up again after supper. While Mrs. Maturin sat sewing on the other side of the lamp, Janet had her turn at reading. From the first she had been quick to note Mrs. Maturin's inflections, and the relics of a high-school manner were rapidly eliminated. The essence of latter-day realism and pragmatism, its courageous determination to tear away a veil of which she had always been dimly aware, to look the facts of human nature in the face, refreshed her; an increasing portion of it she understood; and she was constantly under the spell of the excitement that partially grasps, that hovers on the verge of inspiring discoveries. This excitement, when Insall chanced to be present, was intensified, when she sat a silent but often quivering listener to his amusing and pungent comments on these new ideas. His method of discussion never failed to illuminate and delight her, and often, when she sat at her typewriter the next day, she would recall one of his quaint remarks that suddenly threw a bright light on some matter hitherto obscure. . . . Occasionally, when a novel or a play was the subject of their talk, when they took a delight in drawing her out, in appealing to a spontaneous judgment unhampered by pedagogically implanted preconceptions, Janet would grow hot from shyness.

"Say what you think, my dear," Mrs. Maturin would urge her. "And remember that your own opinion is worth more than Shakespeare's or Napoleon's."

Insall would escort her home to Mrs. Case's boarding-house. . . .



"What will you think of me?" cried Janet. "I was to be married to Mr. Ditmar; it's the same as if I were married to him, only worse!" "Worse!" Insall repeated uncomprehendingly. And then she was aware that he had left her side and was standing by the window.

ONE afternoon early in June, Janet sat in her little room working at her letters when Brooks Insall came in. "I don't mean to intrude in business hours, but I came to ask if you would do a little copying for me," he said, and he laid on her desk a parcel bound with characteristic neatness.

"Something you've written?" she exclaimed, blushing with pleasure and surprise. He was actually confiding to her one of his manuscripts.

"Well—yes," he replied comically, eyeing her.

"I'll be very careful with it. I'll do it right away."

"There's no particular hurry," he assured her.



On Saturdays and Sundays, Insall took Mrs. Maturin and Janet on long walks into the country—afternoons when the world was flooded with silver light, when the fields were lucent in the sun.

"The editor's waited six months for it—another month or so won't matter."

"Another month or so," she ejaculated— but he was gone. Of course she couldn't have expected him to remain and talk about it; but this unexpected exhibition of shyness concerning his work—so admired by the world's choicer spirits—thrilled yet amused her, and made her glow with a new understanding. With eager fingers she undid the string and sat staring at the regular script without taking in, at first, the meaning of a single sentence. It was a comparatively short sketch entitled "The Exile," in which shining, winged truths and elusive beauties flitted continually against a dark background of Puritan oppression; the story of one Basil Crelott, a dreamer of Milton day, Oxford nurtured, who, casting off the shackles of dogma and man-made decrees, sailed with his books to the New England wilderness across the sea. There he lived, among the savages, in peace and freedom until the arrival of Winthrop and his devotees, to encounter persecution from those who themselves had fled from it. The Lord's Brethren, he averred, were worse than the Lord's Bishops— Blackstone's phrase. Janet, of course, had never heard of Blackstone, some of [illegible] Insall had evidently used. And Dr. Porfirio-Gott with Crelott even as the [illegible] have served the author of "Paradise Lost" [illegible], especially if he had voiced among them the opinions set forth in his pamphlet on divorce. A portrait of a stern divine with his infallible Book gave Janet a vivid conception of the character of her ancestors; and early Boston, with yellow candlelight gleaming from the lantern-like windows of the wooden, Elizabethan houses was enterprisingly stirred. There was an inquisition in a [illegible] hall of a church, and Basil Crelott is banished to perish amid the forest in his renewed quest for freedom. . . . After reading the manuscript, Janet sat typewriting into the night, taking it home with her and placing it beside her bed, lest it be lost to posterity. By five the next evening she had finished the copy.

A gentle rain had fallen during the day, but had ceased as she made her way toward Insall's house. The place was familiar now; she had been there to supper with Mrs. Maturin, a supper cooked and served by Martha Vesey, an elderly, efficient and appallingly neat widow, whom Insall had discovered somewhere in his travels and installed as his housekeeper. Janet paused with her hand on the gate latch to gaze around her, at the picket fence on which he had been working when she had walked hither the year before. It was primly painted now, its posts crowned with the carved pineapples; behind the fence old-fashioned flowers were in bloom, lupins and false indigo; and the retaining wall of blue-gray slaty stone, which he had laid that spring, was finished. A wind stirred the maple, releasing a shower of heavy drops, and she opened the gate and went up the path and knocked at the door. There was no response even Martha must be absent, in the village. Janet was disappointed, she had looked forward to seeing him, to telling him how great had been her pleasure in the story he had written, at the same time doubting her courage to do so. She had never been able to speak to him about his work and what did her opinion matter to him? As she turned away the stillness was broken by a humming sound gradually rising to a crescendo, so she ventured slowly around the house and into the orchard of gnarled apple-trees on the slope until she came in sight of a little white building beside the brook. The weather-vane perched on the gable, and veering in the wet breeze, seemed like a live fish swimming in its own element; and through the open window she saw Insall bending over a lathe, from which the chips were flying. She hesitated. Then he looked up, and seeing her, reached above his head to pull the lever that shut off the power.

"Come in," he called out, and met her at the doorway. He was dressed in a white duck shirt, open at the neck, and a pair of faded corduroy trousers. "I wasn't looking for this honor," he told her, with a gesture of self-deprecation, "or I'd have put on a dinner-coat."

And, despite her eagerness and excitement, she laughed.

"I didn't dare to leave this in the house," she explained. "Mrs. Vesey wasn't home. And I thought you might be here."

"You haven't made the copy already!"

"Oh, I loved doing it!" she replied, and paused, flushing. She might have known that it would be simply impossible to talk to him about it. So she laid it down on the work-bench, and, overcome by a sudden shyness, retreated toward the door.

"You're not going!" he exclaimed.

"I must—and you're busy."

"Not at all," he declared, "not at all, I was just killing time until supper. Sit down." And he waved her to a magisterial-looking chair of Jacobean design, with turned legs, and sandpapered and immaculate, that stood in the middle of the shop.

"Oh, not in that!" Janet protested. "And besides, I'd spoil it—I'm sure my skirt is wet."

But he insisted, thrusting it under her. "You've come along just in time; I wanted a woman to test it—men are no judges of chairs. There's a vacuum behind the small of your back, isn't there? Augusta will have to put a cushion in it."

"Did you make it for Mrs. Maturin? She will be pleased!" exclaimed Janet, as she sat down "I don't think it's uncomfortable."

"I copied it from an old one in the Boston Art Museum. Augusta saw it there, and said she wouldn't be happy until she had one like it. But don't tell her."

"Not for anything." Janet got to her feet again. "I really must be going."

"Going where?"

(Continued on page 42)



GOD PRAYS

By Angela Morgan

Decoration by W.T. Benda

LAST night I tossed and could not sleep;
When sodden heavens weep and weep
As they have wept for many a day
One lies awake to fear and pray.
One thinks of bodies blown like hail
Across the sky where angels quail;
One's fainting pulses leap and hark
To hear the Horror in the dark.
"What is Thy will for the people, God?
Thy will for the people, tell it me!
For war is swallowing up the sod
And still no help from Thee.
Thou, Who art mighty, hast forgot;
And art Thou God, or art Thou not?
When wilt Thou come to save the earth
Where death has conquered birth?"

AND the Lord God whispered and said to me:
"These things shall be, these things shall be,
Nor help shall come from the scarlet skies
Till the people rise!
Till the people rise, My arm is weak;
I cannot speak till the people speak;
When men are dumb, My voice is dumb—
I cannot come till My people come."
And the Lord God's Presence was white, so white—
Like a pillar of stars against the night.
"Millions on millions pray to Me
Yet hearken not to hear Me pray;
Nor comes there any to set Me free
Of all who plead from night to day—
So God is mute and Heaven is still
While the nations kill!" . . .
"Thy people have travailed much!" I cried.
"I travail even as they," God sighed.
"I have cradled their woe since the stars were young;
My infant planets were scarcely strung
When I dreamed the dream of My liberty
And planned a people to utter Me. . . .
I am the Pang of their discontent,
The Passion of their long lament—
I am the Purpose in their pain,
I writhe beneath their chain!"

"BUT Thou art mighty, and need'st no aid.
Can God, the Infinite, be afraid?"
"They too are God, yet know it not.
'Tis they, not I, who have forgot. . . .
And War is drinking the living sod,"
Said God. . . .
"Thy people are fettered by iron laws
And each must follow a country's cause
And all are sworn to avenge their dead—
How may the people rise?" I said.
And then—God's face! It was white, so white,
With the grief that sorroweth day and night.

"Think ye I planted My Image there
That men should trample it to despair!
Who fears the throe that rebellion brings
Hath bartered God for the will of kings." . . .

"Help them to stand, O Christ!" I prayed,
"Thy people are feeble and sore afraid."
"My people are strong," God whispered me;
"Broad as the land, great as the sea;
They will tower tall as the tallest skies—
Up to the level of My eyes
When they dare to rise!"

"YEA, all My people, everywhere!
Not in one land of black despair,
But over the flaming earth and sea
Wherever wrong and oppression be
The shout of My people must come to Me.
Not till their spirit break the curse
May I claim My own in the universe;
And this the reason of war and blood—
That men may come to their angelhood.
If the people rise, if the people rise,
I will answer them from the swarming skies
Where Herculean hosts of might
Shall spring to splendor overnight.
Blazing systems of sun or star
Are not so great as My people are,
Nor chanting angels so sweet to hear
As the Voice of the nations, freed from fear.
They are My mouth, My breath, My soul!
I wait their summons to make Me whole!"

All night I toss and cannot sleep;
When shattered heavens weep and weep
As they have wept for many days
I know at last 'tis God who prays!

Left to right: *Bessie Dupuy* (Nancy Power), *Corinne Stanlaw* (Mona Kingsley), *Mrs. Stanlaw* (Minna Gale Haynes), and *Mrs. Kittie Dupuy* (Lotta Linthicum).

Bessie: "Oh, music! A one-step!" *Mrs. Stanlaw:* "Yes, do play something for Mr. Bart, dear. Corinne studied for two years with Petroskowski!"

A Tailor-Made Man

The Play of the Month

A TAILOR-MADE MAN by Harry James Smith is a comedy of Destiny—destiny presided over by two great American traditions. One tradition is the hale and hearty saw that every American boy has a chance to become President, or, if he doesn't like straight politics, a multi-millionaire, provided he understands; and here comes in the second tradition, a limiting codicil as it were to the first—"clothes make the man," which, of course, is as old as courtship and as young as that interesting personality, the American business man who makes it one of his laws of success. As such, clothes rightfully offer John Paul Bart, tailor's assistant, the chances of his young lifetime—heiresses and the opportunity to tell labor and capital to claim their property rights in getting together.

Bessie Dupuy, Bobby Westlake (Lloyd Carpenter), and *Mrs. Dupuy:* "Bessie love, Mr. Westlake begs you to have the next dance with him. There's the music! Quick, now! Bobby dear, be very gentle with my little windflower!"

By permission of Cohan & Harris, Producers, and Harry James Smith, Author

author on political economy. At last the assistant walks in debonairly:

John P.—(*turns to Huber*) I trust, sir, that my slight tardiness has not occasioned you any inconvenience?

Huber—It has.

John P.—Oh, I'm sorry! (*goes and takes off his overcoat and coat preparatory to work.*)

Huber—Well, why don't you come along and tell me it takes three hours and a half to measure for a suit of clothes?

John P.—I'd no idea of telling you such a thing, Mr. Huber. It only takes ten minutes. But first, of course, you must get your chance to take the measurements. At the time of my arrival the gouty old party was still dallying over his lunch. And now I ask you candidly, Mr. Huber, could you expect me to measure the gouty old party's legs while said legs were under the table? (*No answer from Huber*) There you see! Of course not. I saw my duty at once. It was to wait. I waited. *Voila!*

Huber—*Voila!* What is that *voila?*

John P.—(*Casually*) Just a little scrap of French I picked up from the maids while waiting. One of those untranslatable little idioms with which the French language is so richly supplied. It means—well—*Voila!*

Huber—So? Well, now John Paul, pay attention. Those dress-clothes are to be delivered to Mr. Jellicot the moment they are finished; the suit and the fur overcoat in the workroom, and you are not to quit work till they are done. Do you hear me?

John P.—(*Mildly*) I thought I had proved to you that my auditory faculties were normal. *Huber*—(*sputters, too angry to speak*) Good-night, Tanya! (*Exits.*)

Tanya—Good-night, father.

John P.—Something must have irritated him.

Tanya—(*half laughing, half-reproachful*) John Paul, why must you always rub Father the wrong way?

John P.—(*with quiet seriousness*) It isn't intentional, Miss Tanya, I give you my word. I suppose he wants me to talk like a tailor, but that's a thing I can't do.

Sonntag—And why not?

John P.—(*with casual manner, but positively*) Destiny.

Sonntag—Destiny! And what do you mean by Destiny, if you please?

John P.—You've heard it said you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. Well, the contrary is just as true. You can't make a sow's ear out of a silk purse. It can't be done.

Sonntag—(*amused*) Well, you don't seem to be getting there very fast.

John P.—I'm a fatalist. I believe in my star. I'm waiting for it to rise.

Sonntag—I'm afraid you'll have to wait a long time.

John P.—The main thing is to be ready when it rises. (*Tanya sits watching him*)

Sonntag—(*turns and sees Tanya's eyes fixed on John Paul. He speaks jealously*) Tanya! (*she turns and looks at him*) Over here!

(*she obeys as a valet, Pomeroy, enters*)

Pomeroy—(*carrying a suitcase and hat-box*) How about those dress-clothes Mr. Huber promised to send to Jellicot? Jellicot has telephoned twice already, he has, and now I've had to come.

Tanya—I'll send the clothes over the moment they are ready.

Pomeroy—Yes, and that's what Huber said over the 'phone and still nothing comes of it. No, I'm going to wait right here and see that the man don't waste his time.

Tanya—Very well, you're perfectly welcome to do so. Won't you sit down?



©UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Helen MacKellar in the part of *Tanya Huber* in "A Tailor-Made Man."

John Paul Bart (Grant Mitchell): "I trust, sir, that my slight tardiness has not occasioned you any inconvenience?"



Bart: **If the world can do without me, this is where I belong. If the world can't do without me, it must take me from here, out of the tailor-shop, goose and all!" Left to right: *Bessie Dupuy, Mrs. Dupuy, John Paul Bart, Abraham Nathan* (Frank Burbeck), *Mr. Huber* (Max Weinburg), and *Mr. Rowland* (L. E. Conness).**

Mrs. Dupuy: "Bessie, dear, it's never safe to judge a man by the eyes—eyes are changeable. But look at that forehead! Could there ever be anything but noble thoughts behind such a forehead?"





Bessie: "Oh, mother, look what Mr. Bart is doing! He's ironing some pants!" *Mrs. Dupuy:* "Trousers, dear, trousers! And don't look any more it isn't quite nice for a young girl!"



Gladys Gilbert who plays the part of *Miss Shayne*, typist, in "A Tailor-Made Man."

Pomeroy—(*as he sits*) Mr. Jellicot wants to look his best to-night. He's going to the big house-warming at the Stanlaws.

John P.—(*eagerly*) The Stanlaws! Really! *Pomeroy*—(*amused*) What do you know about the Stanlaws, young fellow?

John P.—The Stanlaws? Very rich, very exclusive. One daughter Corinne, the most beautiful heiress in New York.

Pomeroy—(*amused*) He's right! Cuts a great figure, them Stanlaws. Why, one of the most prominent gentlemen in this country has promised to be at their party to-night.

John P.—Abraham Nathan.

Pomeroy—(*to Tanya*) He's right again. (*To John Paul*) Say, you're quite up on the society jottings, ain't you, for a tailor's hand.

John P.—I am an insatiable reader of the newspapers.

Tanya—Is that Abraham Nathan somebody quite big?

John P.—Quite so!

Pomeroy—Big! Oh!

Sonntag—(*with rude laughter*) Why don't you ask if Pierpont Morgan is somebody quite big! Abraham Nathan is the President of the American Oceanic Ship building Corporation, the biggest proposition of its kind in the Western Hemisphere.

Pomeroy—He's right!

John P.—(*with philosophical manner*) And yet, though the American Shipbuilding Corporation faces to-day the greatest opportunity of its career, it's in a mess with everybody. Labor, greatly interested. Its employees hate it; the Government hates it; worst of all the public hates it, and this despite the fact that nothing is so important to win, or so easy to win if you only know how, as the favor of the public. It is the public that makes you—the public that breaks you.

Sonntag—You had better stick to your clothes pressing.

Pomeroy—(*to John Paul*) Yes, please do me a favor and get them done. Jellicot wants to meet Nathan to-night. Wants to remind him of something. Comical? (*Laughs, as he turns toward Sonntag*) Say, you'd split! (*Sonntag grunts and turns his back.*)

Tanya—Tell us about it.

Pomeroy—Well, it was on the day of the Preparedness Parade, and Nathan was just leaving the reviewing stand with the Governor when some cracked idiot of a laboring man up and lets fly a stone right at Nathan's head. Might have killed him, like as not, but Jellicot, seeing the stone coming, jerks off his silk hat and catches the stone with it very neat and natty-like. Well, sir, what does the great Nathan do then? He grabs Jellicot' flipper and says: "My dear fellow, I'll never forget this!" And then he steps into his limousine—and forgets.

Tanya—Oh, what a lovely story!

Pomeroy—(*chuckles*) Yes.

John P.—That's one of the best stories I ever heard.

Pomeroy—Yes.

John P.—(*picking up his work*) Well, I'm done.

Pomeroy—(*rising with relief*) Done? Fine! I'll trot right along home so as to ease poor Jellicot's mind. You'll have the clothes over directly?

John P.—At the earliest possible moment.

But *John Paul* has his own use for those clothes. A few moments later, when *Tanya* is alone, she comes face to face with a surprise.

Tanya—John Paul, what in the world has happened?

John P.—Nothing, nothing whatever. This is what I've always been, only my clothes are a little different. I'd have to be a tailor all the rest of my life, and deserve it, too, if I failed to take advantage of this opportunity.

Tanya—Opportunity?

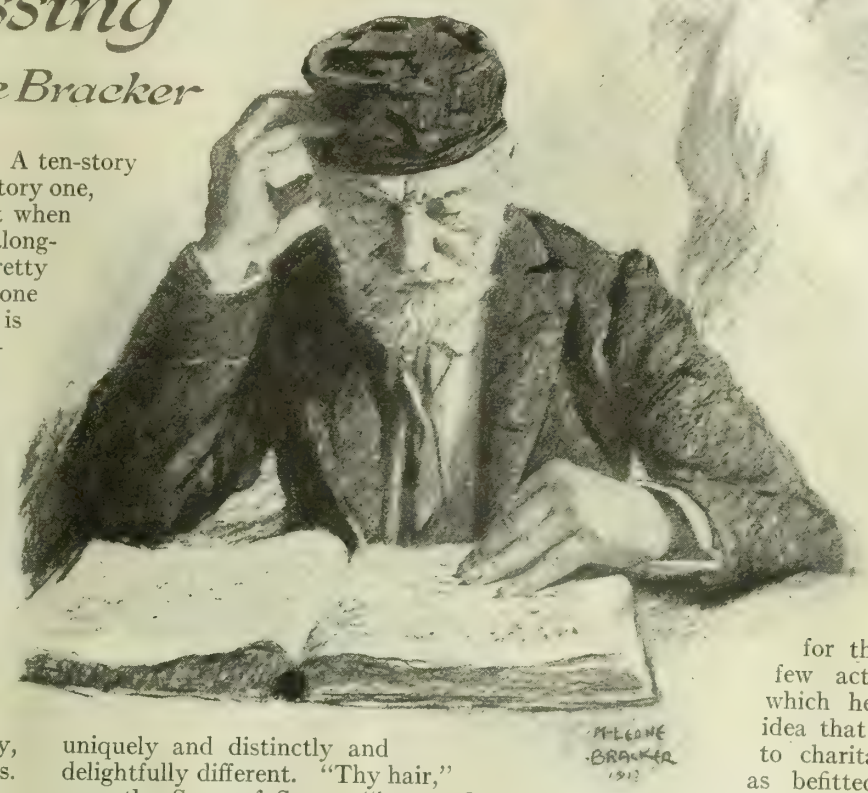
John P.—Haven't you noticed that everybody is going to the reception at the Stanlaws this evening? Well, I'm going, too.

(*Concluded on page 100*)

The Reformation of Benjamin

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker



"Look me in the face," she said, "and tell me you've been drinking and doing all sorts of terrible things!" Benjamin was too much a scapegrace even to blush. "Everything is fair in love," he said smilingly. "But I warn you!"

LIFE is largely a matter of comparisons. A ten-story building looms high beside a three-story one, but becomes somewhat insignificant when a twenty-story skyscraper is built alongside of it. It is thus with a pretty woman when she is ranged beside one who is prettier still. The same impression is made by a hundred-dollar bill when it is compared first with a one-dollar bill and then with a thousand-dollar bill. To the prettier girl and the owner of the sky-scraper and the thousand-dollar bill the comparison is not of great importance or interest; it is merely a thought that is likely to occur to anyone who takes the trouble to gaze at Canal Street. Taken on its own merits and at the first glance it impresses one as being as dingy and ill-looking a street as a city could maintain without becoming famous for it. But if you walk through Allen Street or Chrystie Street and then come upon Canal Street it assumes the character of a broad and impressive boulevard. This, you may say, does not speak well of Chrystie and Allen streets. That is perfectly true.

Being in affluent circumstances—comparatively, of course—Rabbi Salwen lived in a little red-brick house on Canal Street. The household consisted of the Rabbi, his daughter Stella and a superannuated serving-woman. Stella was nineteen and had lustrous black hair. I wish I could describe the wondrous beauty of her hair but, after several attempts, I find that cold words of description would apply equally well to all black hair, whereas Stella's was most uniquely and distinctly and delightfully different. "Thy hair," runs the Song of Songs, "is as a flock of goats that appear from Mount Gilead." If that sounds at all reasonable in Stella's case Mount Gilead goats must differ considerably from the American variety. All I can say is that no man under sixty could behold that curling cluster of hair upon Stella's head without experiencing a desire to stroke it. Which is what happened to Benjamin.

It was at a dance in Deborah Hall that Stella first saw Benjamin. Stella's father did not approve of dances but, for that matter, there were but few activities of his daughter of which he did approve. It was his idea that Stella should devote herself to charitable and educational work, as befitted the daughter of a rabbi, shun the frivolities of social life and, some day, marry a rabbi learned in the law.

Such ideas, or similar ones, seem to be quite common among fathers, but I have never known a daughter who acquiesced in them to possess beautiful hair. And Stella went to the dance in Deborah Hall.

"I think that fellow is fresh," she said to her escort. "He keeps on staring at me." Her companion turned to look at the offender who was sitting alone against a wall of the dance-hall.

"That's Benny Stiglitz," he said. "Yes. He's pretty fresh."

"Who is he?" asked Stella. Her escort shrugged his shoulders.

"He's just Benny Stiglitz," he replied. "I don't know much about him except that he's engaged to Minnie Something-or-Other—a red-haired girl."

"Oh, is he?" said Stella. When a girl says "Oh, is he?" she is not asking a question. Nor is she making any comment. As a matter of fact I doubt if scientists will ever discover why she says it at all. I do know, however, that the intonation with which it is uttered is fraught with significance and that, in feminine psychology, "Oh, is he?" occupies an important place.

After the first dance Stella was sitting in a corner of the room with her escort standing beside her, when she beheld a girl whom she knew approaching with Benjamin Stiglitz in tow.

"Hello, Stell," said the girl. "May I introduce Mr. Stiglitz? He's a regular pest. He wouldn't give me any rest until I introduced him. Look out for him. He's fresh."



"He's awfully nice, father," said Stella. Then the Rabbi seized her by the shoulders so that he could see her face. Stella blushed and the Rabbi knew it all!

Stella did not want to take his outstretched hand but he held it before her so determinedly that in sheer embarrassment she accepted it. Nor did she intend to look into his eyes. But Benjamin drew up a chair, thrust it between Stella and her escort, and seated himself in such a position that she could not avoid his gaze. His eyes were blue. And Stella, with intense annoyance, realized that she was blushing.

"May I have the next dance?" he asked.

"No," said Stella, somewhat snappishly. He smiled and showed two rows of perfect teeth.

"Temper, eh? I thought only the red-haired ones had it. Say! Did anyone ever tell you your hair was like black sunshine? Come to think of it, a black sun would be funny, wouldn't it?"

Stella felt like laughing and did not want to laugh. She tried to assume an expression of offended dignity. But the mistake she made was to meet Benjamin's gaze and then she laughed and blushed and rose and walked away. And for the rest of the evening she would not speak to him.

In the week that followed Benjamin made many attempts to see her again, wrote to her, waited outside her home, and frequented the places where ordinarily she would have visited. But all without avail. Stella had come to the conclusion that avoiding Benjamin was the most important business of her life. When the week was over she began to breathe more freely. Benjamin seemed to have ceased his pursuit. It was perhaps two weeks after the dance that, one afternoon, the Rabbi's doorbell rang and Stella admitted a shawl-hooded elderly woman who asked to see her father. It was the Rabbi's hour for receiving visits from members of his flock in quest of advice or help. The woman seated herself opposite him, clasped her hands in her lap and began to rock to and fro.

"What can I do for you?" asked the Rabbi. "What is your name?"

"Oy! Such trouble!" exclaimed the woman. "My name is Stiglitz. I live in the house by Mrs. Mendelbaum and my Rabbi is on a vacation and Mrs. Mendelbaum said if I come to you you'd tell me what I ought to do."

"Certainly, madam," said the Rabbi soothingly. "Tell me what your trouble is."

"My Benny is a bum!" The Rabbi looked at her inquiringly.

"My son," she explained. "He's all what I got. And such a good boy he always was and all of a sudden he goes for to be a regular bum."

The Rabbi frowned.

"There surely must be some reason," he said. "What does he do? What has happened?"

"How should I know?" asked the woman, shrugging her shoulders deprecatingly. "He comes home late. He got whisky on his clothes. He never drank before. He gambles with pinochle. He don't shave no more. He got fired from [illegible]. Oy! Such a fine boy he was, too. And now he don't tell me nothing."

"And you cannot imagine what caused such a [illegible]" the Rabbi asked. Mrs. Stiglitz's whole body swayed from right to left and back again several times in a doleful and [illegible]

"Ask him to come and see me," the Rabbi then [illegible] Maybe I can find out what the trouble is." Mrs. Stiglitz shook the Rabbi's hand gratefully. And within an hour Benjamin presented himself at the Rabbi's house. Stella opened the door and tried, quickly, to shut it again.

"Ouch!" cried Benjamin. "That's my foot!" Stella threw the door wide open and confronted him.

"What is it you want?" she demanded. It was impossible to misinterpret the expression of Benjamin's face and Stella blushed. Benjamin entered the hallway.



Benjamin's feet had come to earth—the pretty creature was no longer weeping. "What's in this?" he exclaimed. "This bottle? Let's get a couple of glasses and find out!"

"My mother was here a little while ago," he explained, "to see your father and she tells me that the Rabbi wants to see me. I wonder what he wants. Say! I'm just dying to have a chat with you. Won't you be friends?"

Stella pointed to the door of the Rabbi's sitting-room, turned her back upon Benjamin and walked up the stairs. Benjamin's face fell, but, an instant later, a smile overspread his countenance and he entered the Rabbi's sanctum.

"Tell me, my son," said the Rabbi kindly, "what the trouble is. Your mother seems to think you have changed suddenly." Benjamin nodded sadly. The Rabbi noted his bright eyes and intelligent, likable face and was puzzled.

"I don't know what it is," Benjamin replied. "I'm terribly lonesome. I wish I had a sister." The Rabbi nodded.

"You mean someone of your own age in whom you could confide?"

"Someone who would take an interest in me," said Benjamin glibly. "Someone who is good. Ah, Rabbi, if you only had a son or a daughter who would talk to me sometimes, I would be a different man right away."

"Hm! Are you religious? Do you go to *schul'* regularly?" the Rabbi asked.

"N not exactly," said Benjamin. "But I'd like to. I hate to go alone. I'll tell you what I need." He leaned forward in a confidential attitude. "I need someone who is interested in seeing me become a better man. Someone gentle, with good manners. I don't like the rowdies I go with and the nice ones won't have anything to do with me."

The Rabbi eyed him thoughtfully and nodded his head.

"But you couldn't expect nice people to associate with you," he said, "unless you changed your present habits, could you?"

"Oh dear, no," said Benjamin, promptly. "These aren't my regular habits. I'm—I'm sort of desperate, you see."

"Well," said the Rabbi, "supposing you come to supper to-night and I'll see what I can do for you. We eat at seven." It required all of Benjamin's self-control to refrain from shouting with joy. He wanted to embrace the Rabbi.

As soon as his visitor had departed the Rabbi sent for his daughter.

"There's a young man coming for dinner to-night, Stella," he said, "and I wish you would help me do something for him." Fortunately he was not looking at his daughter as he spoke else he could not have failed to see the sudden flush that suffused her cheeks.

"Does he want to marry me?" she asked indignantly. The Rabbi laughed merrily.

"Oh dear, no," he said. "It isn't as serious as that. It's just a lonesome young chap who might be influenced to lead a better life. If you think there is any chance of reforming him you might get him acquainted with some of the young men that you know. His mother seems to be a good woman and I've found that the sons of good mothers are never entirely bad. He must stop drinking, however. That is one thing I will not tolerate. And try to induce him to go to *schul'* regularly."

The various and conflicting emotions that Stella experienced in the next hour are not easily described. The ordinary emotions of a young woman in a tranquil frame of mind are complex enough to tax a writer's fund of psychological science to analyze. When she becomes perturbed the task becomes bewildering. Stella deliberately dressed herself in her most unbecoming clothes and rumpled her hair to make it look untidy. Then she gazed at herself in the mirror and was not pleased with the effect. Whereupon she changed to her most-becoming dress and arranged her hair as carefully as she could.

Benjamin arrived punctually. As a matter of fact he had been walking up and down the sidewalk in front of the house for half-an-hour in order to be on time. The Rabbi's eyes opened wide in amazement as he gazed upon the young man. It seemed almost incredible that the good-looking, well-groomed and attractive chap that stood before him was his shabby and unkempt visitor of the afternoon. The Rabbi nodded in approval. Throughout the evening meal the Rabbi refrained from referring to Benjamin's shortcomings. When the prayer after the eal was finished he rose.

"I usually smoke a pipe in my room after supper," he said. "I will leave you young people to have a chat for a while unless," and he looked at Benjamin, "you would like to smoke." Benjamin shook his head vigorously.

"I shall never smoke again," he said. "I have given it up with all my other bad habits." The Rabbi was greatly pleased. The moment he had left the room Benjamin drew his chair closer to Stella's, whereupon she (*Continued on page 116*)

Yankee "Culture" Makes Good

The Inspiring Story of how Hoover's Men through Pluck and Efficiency Saved Northern France from Starvation

By Gardner Richardson

A Delegate of the Commission for Relief in Belgium

EDITOR'S NOTE—The author of this article joined Mr. Hoover's relief organization in April, 1915, and was first assigned to the Province of Antwerp in Belgium. He was later transferred to Northern France, having charge of the district of Valenciennes for nine months and the district of Charleville for three months. During this last period he was also in general charge of the work in Northern France as a whole. He left Belgium when the Americans were forced to withdraw on April 2, 1917, and returned to this country to go to an officers' training camp. Mr. Richardson's article, "From Lille to Longwy," is one that all red-blooded Americans should read and remember

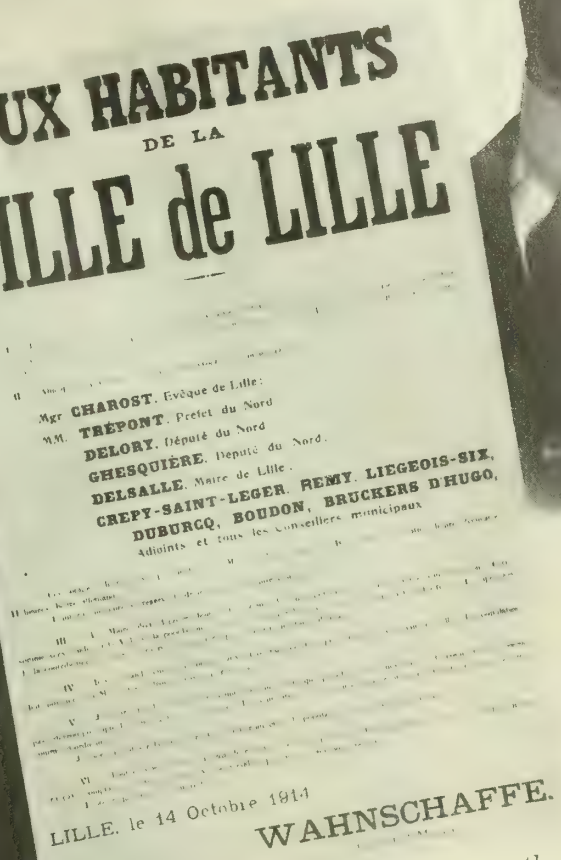


Mr. Gardner Richardson, an architect by profession, and one of H. C. Hoover's most efficient aides in Belgium and Northern France.

THE organization of the relief work in the north of France differed in many essentials from that in Belgium. The active work of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, generally and popularly known as the C. R. B., began in December, 1914. The American delegates were assigned to the Belgian provinces and the distribution of supplies under their supervision began. It was not long before reports came to the Americans in the southern provinces of Belgium, notably Hainaut and Namur, of distressing conditions further south, in the *terra incognita* of that part of France occupied by the Germans.



The Grand Plaza in the city of Lille after the German occupation, 1914. Later the town suffered more severely than any other French city except possibly Rheims. Despite the crowds on the sidewalks "business is *not* going on as usual."



AUX HABITANTS
DE LA
VILLE de LILLE

Mgr CHAROST, Evêque de Lille;
MM. TREPONT, Préfet du Nord
DELORY, Député du Nord
GHESQUIÈRE, Député du Nord.
DELSALLE, Maire de Lille.
CREPY-SAINT-LEGER, REMY, LIEGEOIS-SIX,
DUBURCQ, BOUDON, BRUCKERS D'HUGO,
Adjoints et tous les Conseillers municipaux

LILLE, le 14 Octobre 1914

WAHNSCHAFFE.

A German notice to the people of Lille publishing the names of prominent citizens who were held as hostages for the good behavior of the populace.

John L. Glenn, an American Rhodes Scholar. "His father was Governor Glenn of North Carolina, but he never had a harder job than his son put across in Belgium and Northern France."

This was the territory taken by the Germans in the early months of the war. Vastly superior in numbers and previous preparation, they swept across Belgium and were only stopped in their drive toward Paris when the French made their determined and successful stand in the Battle of the Marne. The Germans fell back, but their armies still occupied the northern section of France, containing the best coal-mines, all the iron-mines and the richest industrial part of France. The German regiments were crowded into the French towns and villages, soldiers were quartered in every house, and the prime importance of military considerations rendered the welfare of the civilian population of little consequence to the conquerors.

Above all, the Germans were anxious that no news whatsoever should emanate from this territory. They considered and named it their zone of military operations or *Operationsgebiet*. Although the big manufacturing city of Lille, third in population of France, and the smaller cities of Valenciennes and Charleville, were but a short distance from the Belgian border, so severe were the restrictions on intercourse that no civilians and but little news got through to Belgium. But no restrictions are so efficient as to prevent vague rumors from circulating, and the rumors the Americans heard gave the distinct impression that all was not well with the civilian population in the north of France.

In Charleville it was said there was no flour to be had at any price. From all over the country came reports that the Germans were seizing the local supplies of eggs, butter, and milk. The vaguest but also the most alarming reports came from Lille, where the population was



The deportations from Lille: "The call for volunteer labor resulted in a dismal failure. The deportations fell chiefly on the women between eighteen and thirty-five."



Robinson Smith, the C. R. B. delegate for the Hainaut, whose work took him to Valenciennes and Lille.

The cities of Lille, Roubaix and Turcoing were placarded with these notices, calling for labor on farms and roads and prescribing penalties for non-compliance, when the call for volunteers fell flat.

Rumor came to Belgium of great distress in Northern France. Glenn made a startling proposal to the Germans whose chief function was to block any new American ideas. He asked permission to run the first freight-train of flour into the "unknown land" from Namur to Sedan and Charleville. Even so Robinson Smith was the first American to reach Lille.

actually said to be facing starvation. All of Northern France, densely populated and industrial in character, had always drawn its food supplies from outside its own territory, and now with its importations cut off and its local supplies seized by the Germans, the civilians faced a desperate situation, where either outside help must come or disaster.

In the meantime the work in Belgium was becoming rapidly systematized. The time soon came when, between the rising of the sun in the morning and its setting at night, everyone of the 7,000,000 people in Belgium received their ration of bread.

The country, placed in the very center of the war, was then in the enviable position that no single individual needed to go hungry. In New York, London or Paris there were doubtless many in this time of war, as in times of peace, who went supperless to bed. But in Belgium every individual had the right to claim his bread-card, which gave him his daily ration. He could also be inscribed on a list for soup distribution. By the summer of 1916 in the large cities of Belgium at the noon hour long lines of men, women and children could be seen waiting, pail in hand, for their midday soup and ration of bread.

In addition, supplies of bacon, lard, rice, pease and beans were being sent even to the most remote commune in the country. Beans were not widely known in Belgium before the war, and in some cases the local committees cried out that they were getting more beans than they could consume.

And with Belgium so well provided for, the rumors of desperate conditions in Northern France continued. The Commission's delegate for Namur was a Rhodes Scholar from North Carolina, John L. Glenn. He was one of the twenty Rhodes Scholars that Mr. Herbert C. Hoover called on in the early days of the C. R. B. to help him in starting the relief.

The work of the American Rhodes Scholars in Belgium would alone furnish material for a book. Mr. Hoover once said that they were the pick of picked men. This was true, for to become a Rhodes Scholar in the first place a man had to be selected from among his fellows and usually from a large number of competitors, not only for his mental qualifications, but also for his athletic ability and for being an all-around good fellow.

When the work of distribution started in Belgium, Mr. Hoover wanted some Americans and he wanted them quickly. He has a habit of getting what he wants, and in this emergency he called on the American Rhodes Scholars at Oxford. These students, it will be remembered, are appointed two from each State for a period of three years' study. There are always approximately ninety Americans at Oxford. Mr. Hoover sent his appeal for volunteers, asking particularly for men who spoke French and who would be willing to stay in Belgium six weeks. The response was instantaneous, a large proportion at once offering their services. From these volunteers Mr. Hoover chose the twenty best.

The arrival of these twenty young Americans made a page in Belgium's history. The Belgians had been living in hopes on the reports of prospective relief, but the first tangible evidence that the relief was to be a reality was the arrival in their midst of this little group of Americans. They were from all parts of the country. New England, New York and the South were well represented, and the Far West by a man from Utah and one from California. Despite the geographical differences they constituted a distinct type, and one that will always be remembered in Belgium. At first their youth was a surprise, but soon the Belgians discovered that they were earnest, hard-working, and had a knack of overcoming difficulties with a strange ingenuity and perseverance.

When it is added that Gl[illegible] was one of (Continued on page 413)

My Revelations as a Spy

By Stephen Leacock

Illustrated by F. Strothmann

IN MANY people the very name "Spy" excites a shudder of apprehension; we Spies, in fact, get quite used to being shuddered at. None of us Spies mind it at all. Whenever I enter a hotel and register myself as a Spy I am quite accustomed to see a thrill of fear run through the clerks, or clerk, behind the desk.

Us Spies or We Spies—for we call ourselves both—are thus a race apart. None know us. All fear us. Where do we live? Nowhere. Where are we? Everywhere. Frequently we don't know ourselves where we are. The secret orders that we receive come from so high up that it is often forbidden to us even to ask where we are. A friend of mine, or at least a Fellow Spy—us spies have no friends—one of the most brilliant men in the Hungarian Secret Service, once spent a month in New York under the impression that he was in Winnipeg. If this happened to the most brilliant, think of the others.

All, I say, fear us. Because they know and have reason to know our power. Hence, in spite of the prejudice against us, we are able to move everywhere, to lodge in the best hotels, and enter any society that we wish to penetrate.

Let me relate an incident to illustrate this: A month ago I entered one of the largest of the New York hotels which I will merely call the B. Hotel without naming it: to do so might blast it. We spies, in fact, never *name* a hotel. At the most we indicate it by a number known only to ourselves, such as 1, 2, or 3.

On my presenting myself at the desk the clerk informed me that he had no room vacant. I knew this of course to be a mere subterfuge; whether or not he suspected that I was a Spy I cannot say. I was muffled up, to avoid recognition, in a long overcoat with the collar turned up and reaching well above my ears, and wore a very low Christie hat with a sweeping brim to conceal my eyes; a heavy black beard and moustache, that I had slipped on in entering the hotel, concealed my face. "Let me speak a moment to the manager," I said. When he came I beckoned him aside and taking his ear in my hand I breathed two words into it. "Good heavens!" he gasped, while his face turned as pale as ashes. "Is it enough?" I asked. "Can I have a room, or must I breathe again?" "No, no," said the manager, still trembling. Then, turning to the clerk: "Give this gentleman a room," he said, "and give him a bath."

What these two words are that will get a room in New York at once I must not divulge. Even now, when the veil of secrecy is being lifted, the international interests involved are too complicated to permit it. Suffice it to say that if these two had failed I know a couple of others still better.

I narrate this incident, otherwise trivial, as indicating the astounding ramifications and the ubiquity of the international spy system. A similar illustration occurs to me as I write. I was walking the other day with another gentleman—or at least with a gentleman—on upper B. Way a little south of C. Park at a point about halfway between the T. Building and the W. Garden.

"Do you see that man over there?" I said, pointing from the side of the street on which we were walking on the sidewalk to the other side opposite to the side that we were on.

"The man with the straw hat?" he asked. "Yes, what of him?"

"Oh, nothing," I answered, "except that he's a Spy!"



Taking the hotel manager's ear in my hand I breathed two words into it: "Good heavens!" he gasped, while his face turned pale as ashes. "Give this gentleman a room," he said, "and give him a bath!"

"Great heavens!" exclaimed my acquaintance leaning up against a lamppost for support. "A Spy! How do you know that? What does it mean?"

I gave a quiet laugh—we spies learn to laugh very quietly. "Ha!" I said, "that is *my* secret, my friend. *Verbum sapientibus! Che sarò sarà! Vode! doodle doo!*"

My acquaintance fell in a dead faint upon the street. I watched them take him away in an ambulance. Will the reader be surprised to learn that among the white-coated attendants who removed him I recognized no less a person than the famous Russian spy Poulispantzoff? What he was doing there I could not tell. No doubt his orders came from so high that he himself did not know. I had seen him only twice before—once when we were both disguised as Zulus at Buluwayo, and once in the interior of China, at the time when Poulispantzoff made his secret entry into Thibet concealed in a tea-case. He was inside the tea-case when I saw him; so at least I was informed by the coolies who carried it. Yet I recognized him instantly. Neither he nor I, however, gave any sign of recognition other than an imperceptible movement of the outer eyelid. (We spies learn to move the outer lid of the eye so imperceptibly that it cannot be seen.) Yet after meeting Poulispantzoff in this way I was not surprised to read in the evening papers a few hours afterward that the uncle of the young King of Siam had been assassinated. The connection between these two events I am unfortunately not at liberty to explain; the consequences to the Vatican would be too serious. I doubt if it could remain top-side up.

These, however, are but passing incidents in a life filled with danger and excitement. They would have remained unrecorded and unrevealed like the rest of my revelations were it not that certain recent events have to some extent removed the seal of secrecy from my lips. The death of a certain royal sovereign makes it possible for me to divulge things hitherto undivulgeable. Even now I can only tell a part, a small part, of the terrific things that I know. When more sovereigns die I can divulge more. I hope to keep on divulging at intervals for years. But I am compelled to be cautious. My relations with the Wilhelmstrasse and the Ballplatz are so intricate, my connection with Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay so intimate, and my footing with the Yildiz Kiosk and the Waldorf-Astoria and Childs Restaurants are so delicate that a single *faux pas* might prove to be a false step.

It is now seventeen years since I entered the Secret Service of the G. Empire. During this time my activities have taken me into every quarter of the globe, at times even into every eighth or sixteenth of it. It was I who first brought back word to the Imperial Chancellor of the existence of an *Entente* between England and France. "Is there an *Entente?*" he asked me, trembling with excitement, on my arrival at the Wilhelmstrasse. "Your Excellency," I said, "there is." He groaned. "Can you stop it?" he asked.

"Don't ask me," I said sadly. "Where must we strike?" demanded the Chancellor. "Fetch me a map," I said. They did so. I laid my finger on it. "There!" I said. "Quick, quick," said the Chancellor, "look where his finger is." They lifted it up. "Morocco!" they cried. I had meant it for Abyssinia but it was too late to change. That night the warship *Panther* sailed under sealed orders. The rest is history, or at least history and geography.

In the same way it was I who brought word to the Wilhelmstrasse of the *Rapprochement* between England and Russia in Persia. "What did you find?" asked the Chancellor as I laid aside the Russian disguise in which I had traveled. "A *Rapprochement!*" I said. He groaned. "They seem to get all the best words," he said.

I shall always feel, to my regret, that I am personally responsible for the outbreak of the present war. It may have had ulterior causes. But there is no doubt that it was precipitated by the fact that, for the first time in

(*Concluded on page 428*)

Blessings that War may Bring:

Government Price-fixing and Government Ownership Policies long Advocated by Mr. Hearst

By Boersianer

THE war, President Wilson has said, is to insure the safety of democracy throughout the world. To the average American that is the sole object. Life and treasure may be sacrificed limitlessly to this achievement. It will be achieved, if need be, at the cost of commercial integrity and financial solvency. If a general economic *débâcle* ensue we are resigned to it. But to be prepared for the worst is only semi-preparation; the inferior, the purely physical part of preparation. The other, the superior half, is to hope for the best.

In taking heart of grace one may perceive that the enormous economic sacrifices will not have been in vain economically; for from these will issue a form of economic freedom presaged and advocated by Mr. William Randolph Hearst eighteen years ago.

IN June, 1899, Mr. Hearst startled the financial community and dismayed leading industrialists by commending combination in industry and at the same time advocating price-fixing by the Government on the products of the combinations. He pointed out that the so-called Trust was an inevitable evolution of commerce; that it should be conserved and encouraged and not disintegrated; should be made publicly beneficent, instead of privately profitable. The governmental power to regulate railway, gas and electric-light rates should be extended to foodstuffs and manufactures.

Thirteen years later, in this magazine (January, 1912), Mr. Hearst defined his price-fixing advocacy thus: "The consuming public, through the natural and inevitable selfishness of the promoters of combination, is debarred from sharing in the advantages of combination.

"We have cheaper production, but not cheaper prices, and there is nothing to compel cheaper prices; not competition, for it no longer operates; not the law of supply and demand, that law has been repealed; not altruism, for in business altruism does not exist; not public opinion, for the motto of monopoly is 'the public be damned.'

"Then WHAT?

"Let us have the courage to face the problem honestly and to reach the legitimate conclusion.

"There are various methods of evading the subject, one of which the Supreme Court has adopted. But all evasion is ineffective. Trickery is but temporary subterfuge.

"When a problem is acute and actual, the solution must be genuine and final.

"If the evils of monopoly are to be eliminated, there are only two effective ways:

"One way is to destroy the evil and with it the monopoly which creates that evil.

"The other way is to separate the evil from the monopoly and destroy only the evil; thus combination itself will become popular, for it will mean, not a burden upon the public, but a benefit to the public.

"I have discussed in this article the regulation of prices rather than the limitation of profits, because the two are but different forms of the same proposition.

"The limitation of profits is as advanced a step as the regulation of prices, but not as practical a process.

"The regulation of prices in no way interferes with or discourages economy or efficiency of operation, compactness of organization, or any of those business advantages to promote which combination exists and is to be allowed to exist.

"On the other hand, limitation of profits removes one of the main incentives to economy and efficiency in the perfected system possible under combination and necessary for cheap production.

"If business (no matter how economically and efficiently it may be conducted) is limited in its profits, then, inevitably, less attention will be paid to the economy and efficiency that make for cheaper production and cheaper prices.

"But if business be merely restrained from charging an exorbitant price for its products, and allowed to appropriate as profits all that can be created within that price by economy and efficiency, then economy and efficiency will be maintained at the highest degree of perfection and the full advantage of combination will be developed and secured.

"The regulation of prices, then, secures for business a large opportunity and for the public a greater and more definite benefit.

"Inasmuch as the regulation of prices is merely an enlargement of powers already possessed by the Government, it would be well in providing for the regulation of prices to adhere as closely as possible to the means and machinery already employed by the Government.

"The regulation of prices is merely an extension of the idea involved in the regulation of rates.

"The regulation of the charges of monopolies created by governmental grants and franchises is merely extended to include the regulation of the charges of other monopolies equally powerful and equally important to the public welfare.

"The Inter-State Commerce Commission is empowered to fix railroad rates.

"A sufficient enlargement of the number and a sufficient extension of the powers of that Commission would form a body able and fitted to deal with the problem of more general rate or price regulation.

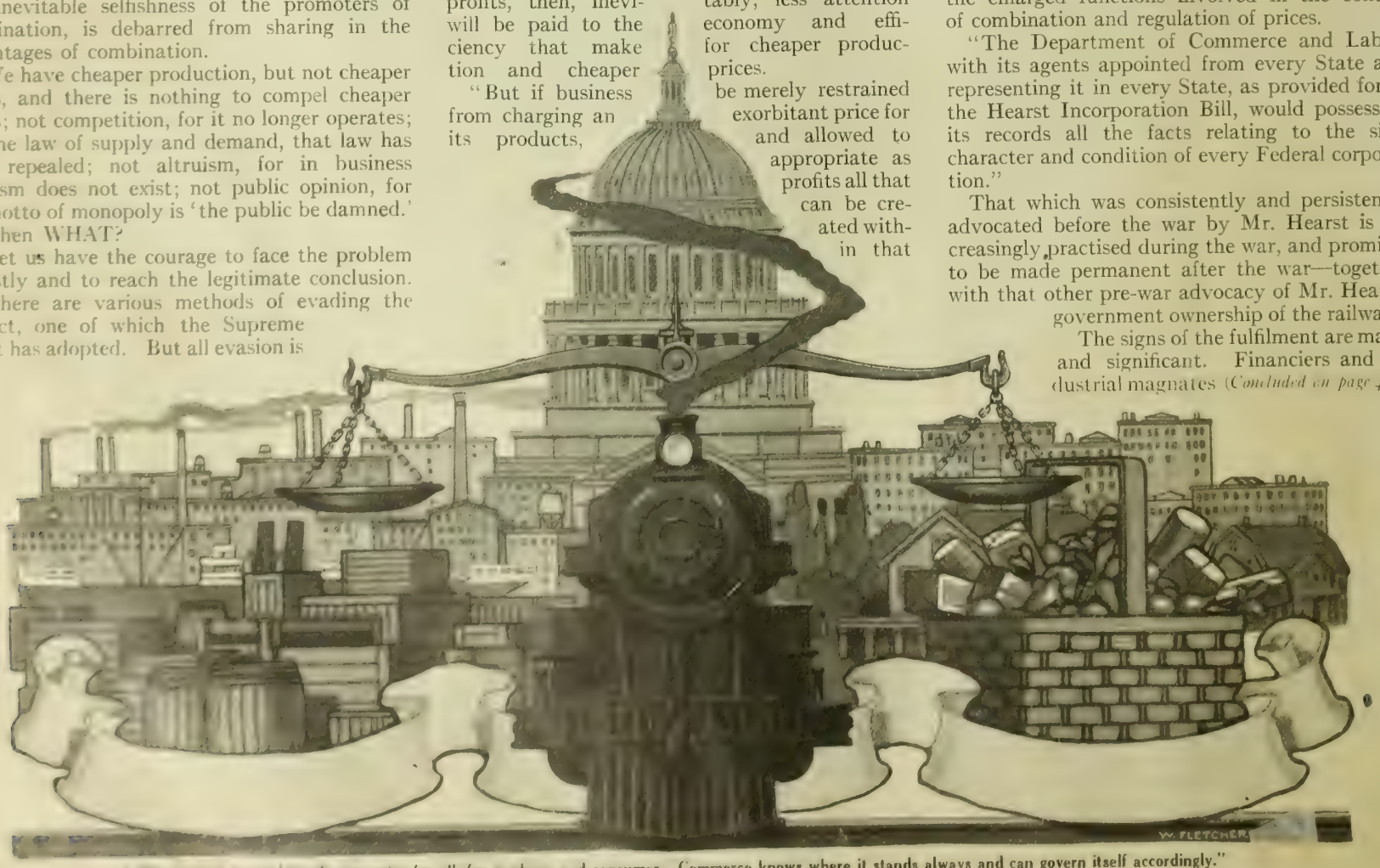
"When a member of Congress, I introduced bills giving the Inter-State Commerce Commission the power to fix railroad rates, creating the Inter-state Commerce Court, and proposing a Federal Incorporation Act.

"An elaboration of the machinery necessary to perform these recognized functions of government would be sufficient to enable the Government to perform without derangement or difficulty the enlarged functions involved in the control of combination and regulation of prices.

"The Department of Commerce and Labor, with its agents appointed from every State and representing it in every State, as provided for in the Hearst Incorporation Bill, would possess in its records all the facts relating to the size, character and condition of every Federal corporation."

That which was consistently and persistently advocated before the war by Mr. Hearst is increasingly practised during the war, and promises to be made permanent after the war—together with that other pre-war advocacy of Mr. Hearst, government ownership of the railways.

The signs of the fulfilment are many and significant. Financiers and industrial magnates (*Concluded on page 423*)



When prices are stabilized one price for all, for producer and consumer Commerce knows where it stands always and can govern itself accordingly."

"Laugh and Live

By Douglas Fairbanks

In which a Star of Stage and Screen Distinguishes himself as an Author



Courtesy Britton Pub. Co.

"IF *we never learn to laugh we will never learn to live*," asserts the popular stage and screen star, Douglas Fairbanks, in his entirely delightful book "Laugh and Live," which is put out by the Britton Publishing Company. Why for Mr. Fairbanks goes on to say:

"I like to laugh. It is a tonic. It braces me up—makes me feel fine!—and keeps me in prime mental condition. Laughter is a physiological necessity. The nerve system requires it. The deep, forceful chest movement in itself sets the blood to racing, thereby livening up the circulation—which is good for us. Perhaps you hadn't thought of that? Perhaps you didn't realize that laughing automatically re-oxygenates the blood—*your* blood—and keeps it red? It does all of that, and besides, it relieves the tension from your brain.

"So, for me, it is to laugh! Why not stick along? The experiment won't hurt you. All we need is will power, and that is a personal matter for each individual to seek and acquire for himself. There is nothing coming to the dried up, sour chap, and that's what he usually gets.

"Laugh because you are alive, laugh with everything. *Let yourself go.* That is the secret—the ability to let one's self go! It's all a state of mind, I tell you—and I'm sure of what I say. *Have a laugh on me.*

"A real laugh springs naturally out of a pure, unadulterated confidence and a good physical condition.

"Take the average man on the street, for example. Watch him go plodding along—no spring, no elasticity, no vim. He is in *check-rein*—how can he laugh when his *pep* is all gone and the *sand in his craw* isn't there any more? What he needs is *spirit!* Energy—the power to force himself into action! For him there is no hope unless he will take up physical training in some form that will put him in normal physical condition—after that everything simplifies itself.

"Keeping in trim is no trick at all. We can make it a part of every physical action, and as keeping in trim means perfection of body and soundness of mind we should never neglect to utilize any effort that will help us toward bodily efficiency. *There is exercise in stooping over to pick up a pin if we will go about it the right way.* We may take a hat from the rack while standing away from it, thus stretching ourselves, as it were, into a little needful action. Putting on an overcoat, or any part of our clothing, may be done in such a way as to set the blood to racing through the body. We should come to know early in life what a large part *good humor* plays in *physical fitness.*

"SUPERFLUOUS strength is only for those who have need of it. What we really want is strength enough to carry us through our daily rounds with comfort and *a feeling of efficiency.*

"Our failures are usually traceable to ourselves. This emphasizes the necessity of taking stock of ourselves early in life in order that we may know our weak spots and take immediate steps to dig them out by the roots and replace them with 'hardy perennials,' which thrive on and on unto the last day. Prisons are filled with nervous, diseased creatures. There is no doubt but that most of these who, through ignorance, sifted through to the bottomless pits could have saved themselves had they realized the truth and 'taken stock' of themselves, *in time*—of course, allowing for those who are victims of circumstantial evidence.

"We cannot imagine for an instant a great violinist going out on the concert platform in ignorance of the condition of his instrument. And yet failures go out on the stage of life knowing nothing of their strengths and weaknesses—*and still expect to win!* The average man goes into life with as little knowledge of its forces as the baby who puts its foot upon the third rail.

"In taking stock of ourselves we should not forget that fear plays a large part in the drama of failure. That is the first thing to be dropped.

"*All courage is of the same cloth, whether physical, moral or spiritual.* To build upon one is to build up the others—the human system being constructed on such a basis that if one part is affected all the rest follow suit. A man who isn't afraid of a physical combat will readily match his wits with his fellow man. A man who can steel himself to be knocked down and get up immediately afterward and hand the other fellow a ripping punch has added to his own 'pep.' Physical training is therefore all-important to *initiative and self-reliance.*

"There is no questioning the vast importance these two words mean to all of us. Many a man who did not grasp the significance of initiative became a *'leaner'* for the rest of his life. Many a man also missed his chances by doing *just as he was told* and nothing more. His work ended there. In due course it is inevitable that such a man should become part of the great army of discontented ne'er-do-wells who help to block the pavements in front of the loafing places.

"Those who fear to assume responsibility necessarily *take orders from others.* The punishment fits the crime perfectly, and being self-inflicted there is no injustice. It is true that many men possessed of great brain power play 'second fiddle' to shallow-minded men of inferior wisdom from sheer lack of forcefulness on their own part. They lack the full quality of leadership while possessing all save one essential—*courage.* They are doomed and become the subject of apology on the part of friends and relations.

"A DISINTERESTED listener, however, is seldom taken into camp by such well-intended argument. He knows that 'friend husband' or 'friend brother' as the case may be, needs some sort of swift kick that will stir his combativeness into action—that will cause him to turn upon his mental inferior and have it out with him then and there—once and for all. As a courage builder *fighting for justice* is not to be sneezed at.

"Courage can be built up just the same as any other soul quality. It is all a matter of early training as to which we start out with—courage or fear. Unthinking parents have a lot to do with the propagation of fear in the hearts of children. A *neglectful father* plus a *fear-stricken mother* constitute the most logical forces which tend toward the over-development of fear in a child. Once the seed is thoroughly implanted the growth can be depended upon. How to get rid of it later is not so easy to figure out. Had the child been born with a 'clubfoot' these same parents would have spent their last dollar in an effort to straighten it into natural condition. They could see the unshapely foot day by day with their own eyes—and so could their neighbors. But their fear-warped little brain struggling for courage with which to combat its weakness needs must battle alone with chances largely against it. We can almost hear his fond mother shout, 'Keep away from the brook, darling, you might get your feet wet and catch your death of a cold.' Some years later, when little son runs breathless into the home portal after being chased from school by some 'turrible' boys, we can hear this same little mother as she storms about the place and tells what 'papa must do' about the matter. According to her notion, if teachers could not control the 'criminal element' among their pupils then it was high time for the police to step in. Never a word about little son taking his own part!

"Going back to the prescription, we find that a *sound body*, a *good mind*, an *honest purpose*, and a *lack of fear* are the essential elements of success.

"THERE is an old saying to the effect that 'opportunity knocks but once at our door'—and that is all folderol. Opportunity knocks at some people's doors nearly every day of their lives and is given a royal welcome. That's what Opportunity likes—*appreciation.* It goes often to the home where the latchstring hangs on the outside. It's like a sign reading 'Hot coffee at all hours, day or night'—very inviting. Very much different, however, from the abode whose windows shed no light and whose door *is barred from within.*

"'Nobody Home!' that's the sign for this door.

"Mister Numskull lives here and most of the time *he sleeps.* When anyone knocks on his door he pulls the covers up over his head to shut out the noise. He's down on his luck anyhow, therefore it would be a waste of good shoe leather for him to be up and puttering around. If Opportunity ever knocked at his door he could say in all truth that *he never heard it.* He had often heard of Opportunity being in the neighborhood, but one thing is certain—*someone else had invariably seen him first.* He felt sure he would know Opportunity if ever he met him face to face, and if ever he did he would have it out with him then and there. At last there comes a time when, in despair, *and in disrepute,* he takes to the woods and is yet to be heard from. Opportunity still visits the neighborhood, but the path leading to Mister Numskull's home is grown up in weeds.

"The fact is that our real opportunity knocks from within. Through experience, built upon consecutively by continuous effort, our vision expands and pounds its way out through the portals of our brain. We see the thing that we ought to do and we go to it. To the man who didn't see it the opportunity did not exist.

"The man's business success largely depends upon the helpmate he has in his home. *His career is at her mercy.* But love is blind *only to the blind.* Either party to the tie that binds has a chance to know in advance whether the venture is safe and sane. All a man has to consider after he knows his own heart is that the woman of his choice is sensible, considerate and healthy. Under such circumstances if things go wrong he will find the fault within himself.

"Springtime days, these, when little tots climb up and entwine their arms about our necks! If this were married life's only compensation it would not prove in vain—for when the babies enter the home the tie that binds becomes hard and fast—*if the man is a manly man.* He has a new responsibility and it adds to his strength of character to assume it in all its phases. Another thing, it brings comfort and joy to the mother during the long days while her man is out in the fray. *It drives ennui out of the household.*

"IT is a happy idea to marry while we are young—a fine thing—a good thing—*a pleasant duty indeed* to marry the woman of our choice at a time of life when both are at an age when adjustment is natural and lasting loyalties are implanted in our hearts and minds for all time. We make a sad mistake when we postpone so important a step just for the sake of becoming a rich man first so that our bride-to-be may step into luxurious quarters and never have to lift her dainty hands except to sip from the glass of nectar we have set before her. The real facts compiled by the statistical 'System Sams' are against this idea. The balance comes up in red ink *on the wrong side of the ledger.*

"According to these gentlemen the average mortal is likely to be very fat and much over forty before he can make an offering according to his first generous impulses and the chances are he will never reach the goal in this life. By the time he might be financially ready there is a hard glint in his eye, and he will be looking for the mote in the eye of his lady love. The waiting game is a hard one and it makes us worldly. After the lapse of years what once seemed a rose might appear to be more of a hollyhock.

"Of course we should, to the fullest possible extent, be prepared for marriage before assuming its responsibilities. We should at least have a ticket before embarking—and it is the *real* man's duty to provide the ticket. Since it is to be a long voyage a 'round trip' isn't necessary. In other words, a man needn't be rich when he marries—but he should not be broke, either.

"Once on the highroad of life with a plan of action well widened and a regular income *the habit of putting money away should become a fixed procedure.* It has been aptly said that '*People can save themselves to death.*' In other words, one may develop the saving habit to such an extent that 'Laugh and Live' can find no room beside us on the perch of our existence.

"Our best plan would be to save in reason, not forgetting that life is here to enjoy as we go along. Then, too, we must have a *credit rating* among our fellow mortals, just the same as a business person must have credit rating among financial institutions.

"SUCH are the exigencies of life, we may as well concede that a vast majority at some time or other find it necessary to owe more than they can readily pay. Emergencies arise which force us into (*Concluded on page 421*)

WHY DIE BEFORE YOUR TIME?

(Concluded from page 373)

vention. In giving such a presentation, I shall not go into technical details, of course. I shall bear in mind the needs of the average layman. Yet I shall have occasion to tell of a good many things that will perhaps be new to the average physician as well. Progress has been rapid in recent years, and I have been fortunate enough to be on the firing-line of the pioneer movement. Some of the discoveries are so recent that they will receive first publication in technical journals almost coincidently with their presentation in these columns.

In the present article, the subject for specific discussion is the malady or group of maladies that is credited with not far from one-sixth of all deaths, namely, heart-disease, together with the associated abnormalities of the arteries that lead to apoplexy.

Let us first take up very briefly the question: What, then, is heart-disease?

It is by no means easy to give a brief and satisfactory answer to that question. But for practical purposes of the present discussion it may be said that "heart-disease," as it figures in the mortality statistics, is usually a condition of dilatation and weakening of the muscles of the heart, often accompanied by fatty degeneration of the tissue, and very generally associated with abnormal modifications of the arteries. Such an exhaustion of the heart-muscles very commonly results from so-called insufficiency of the valves of the heart, through which a portion of the blood regurgitates or gushes back against the current instead of being driven forward with each pulsation.

Where such leakage occurs, it is necessary for the heart to beat harder or faster, in order to give normal propulsion to the blood, than if the valves prevented any back flow. Such excessive action leads naturally to exhaustion. Finally, the heart may be so weakened that, under stress of sudden exertion or the stimulus of a violent emotion, it gives out altogether, the result being the instant death of the individual, for of course life cannot be maintained a moment without circulation of the blood.

There are other cases in which an abnormal change of the walls of the arteries takes place. The little tubes become brittle, and presently the rupture of an artery into the tissues of the brain may cause the death, while the heart itself is of normal, or even of supernormal, strength. At first glance such a case might not seem to be associated with heart-disease at all; but in reality the conditions that lead to brittleness of the arteries are closely comparable or identical with those that lead to changes in the heart-valves. So the compilers of mortality tables are quite right in classifying apoplexy and heart-disease as closely allied conditions. Changes in the arteries lead almost of necessity to involvement of the heart sooner or later.

So true is this that hardening of the ar- [illegible] three chief causes of heart-disease. The [illegible] are rheumatism and syphilis. These three conditions, jointly, [illegible]

[illegible] the subject was investigated [illegible] Prof. Ellis [illegible] the so-called pipe-stem arteries in animals [illegible] tation occurring after the [illegible] But the cause of rheumatism may be de-

Indeed, the more closely the subject is studied, the more evident it becomes that a great variety of maladjustments of tissues of the body may be traced to disturbance of the ultimate digestion of protein food. In the last analysis, making the present application, it would appear that heart-disease is not so much the *result* of rheumatism and of hardened arteries as it is a condition *associated* with these maladies and induced by a common cause. When we consider the subject in its more fundamental aspects, our attention is turned away from the heart itself and focuses on the digestive tract. Questions of diet and of the proper assimilation of food become paramount. Also questions of physical exercise, through which elimination of the poisonous by-products of protein digestion is facilitated.

It is not too much to say that really effective attention to personal hygiene, with chief reference to diet and exercise, could prevent the occurrence of heart-disease in the vast majority of cases, and will go far toward ameliorating the abnormal condition after it has developed—provided, of course, the organic changes in the heart muscles have not reached the later destructive stages.

It is notorious that the great majority of persons of sedentary occupations disregard the rules of hygiene, both as to diet and exercise, and so invite abnormal changes of the arteries and heart. That many escape disaster is due merely to their relatively high powers of resistance. This is largely a matter of heredity, some persons being much more susceptible than others. A chain under stress proverbially breaks at its weakest link.

A person who inherits a tendency to susceptibility of the serous membranes about the joints will develop rheumatism under the same condition that will induce hardening of the arteries in a companion of different heredity.

A third person, under the same conditions, subject to local irritation of another kind and with different hereditary predisposition, may develop cancer.

A fourth individual may suffer from nephritis, the kidney being his susceptible organ—the weakest link in his organic chain.

Obviously it would be the part of wisdom for every individual to study his own susceptibilities, and take measures to guard his weakest organs from undue strain. If [illegible] to see how great they were but in the new-scientific way to see how weak they were. If, for example, you find that one of your maternal grandparents and one of your paternal grandparents died of heart-disease, you may know that there is a fair probability that your own heart is not [illegible] Possibly the record of your ancestors and collateral relatives do not give you a very clear notion as to what are your [illegible]

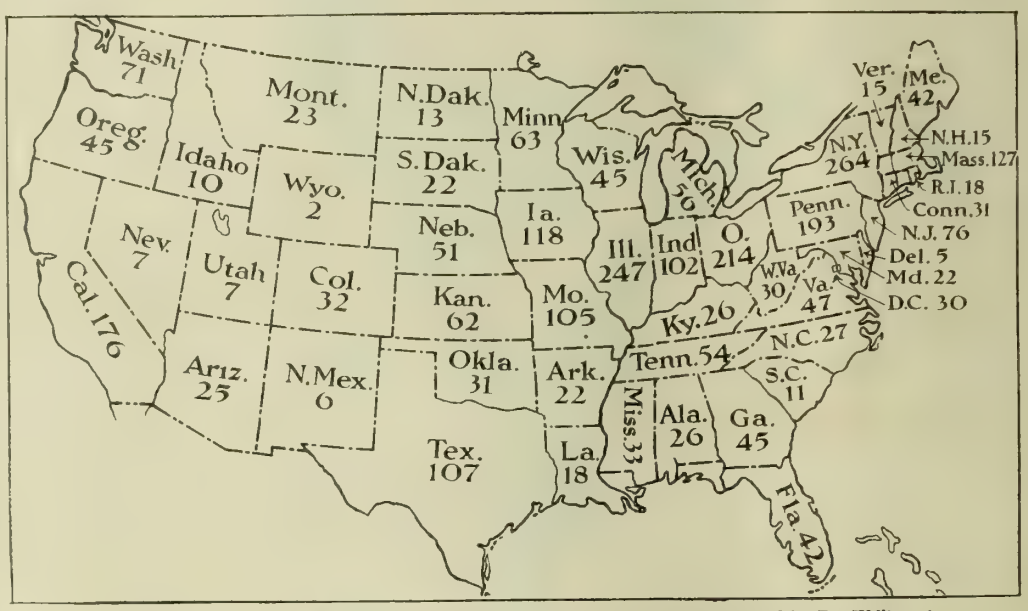


Chart showing Geographical Distribution in the United States of Inquiries elicited by Dr. Williams's article on Cancer. In the grand total of 3,050 letters nearly every Continent was represented.

gest the reducing of the dietary to a really scientific basis, by weighing the food. You would not take the trouble to do this. But there are certain rules that will serve a similar purpose, and that may be applied by anyone. For instance, it may confidently be affirmed that no one who lives a sedentary life should eat meat more than once a day. Suppose you apply that rule, and supplement it by taking only half the quantity of meat that you have been accustomed to eat at a given meal, and then note whether you do not on the whole feel better after a few days of this regimen.

A second rule that may be applied to advantage is to make it a practice to take only a moderate helping of anything, and then not to repeat the helping at that meal. Again, make it a practice to rise from the table with the feeling that you could rather willingly eat just a little more. It is a common American custom, and a distinctly harmful one, to eat a hearty dessert after one is satiated with the preceding courses. Under such circumstances there are sure to be defects of digestion or complete assimilation that will react harmfully against one or another set of the bodily organs.

As a road to health, temperance in diet is not less important than temperance in drinking.

Then as to exercise. This is a hygienic measure, and in particular a preventive measure, where there is a tendency to arterial or heart involvement, of the greatest possible value. To get its full benefits, exercise must be vigorous enough to make the skin glow and to bring a fairly profuse perspiration.

Doubtless out-of-door exercise is best, where this is possible, but gymnasium work is an admirable substitute. Boxing, wrestling, and handball furnish opportunities for exercise that are far more agreeable than an ordinary gymnasium routine. I have long practiced and advocated the combination of handball and wrestling as ideal exercises for persons in middle life. To spend your midday hour in the gymnasium rather than at the lunch-table is to make a bid for health and longevity.

All this has reference to the prevention of heart-disease rather than to treatment of the malady after its onset. But most of what has just been said about hygienic measures applies equally to the patient who has developed a tendency to hardening of the arteries, and even to cases in which the heart has become distinctly involved. Here, however, exercise should be conducted under guidance of a physician, to make sure that it is not overdone at first. Where the heart is actually dilated, a too-vigorous indulgence in athletic games might be not only harmful but even fatal.

Carefully graded exercise, on the other hand, may be beneficial even in the later stages of heart-disease. Especially is this true when a certain amount of strain is taken off the heart by modifying the diet so that the blood is less viscid. But this, as I said, is a matter for the skilled observation of a physician dealing with the individual case. What I write here will of necessity refer more particularly to cases at an earlier stage of development, and to the prevention of abnormality rather than to the cure of fully established heart-disease.

As to directly medicinal treatment of hardening arteries and heart-disease, I shall speak very briefly. If, as above suggested, the underlying cause of the difficulty is defective assimilation of albuminous foods, then it would appear that a treatment which facilitates such assimilation would be advantageous.

The reader of my articles on revolutionary medicine and on the treatment of rheumatism in these columns is aware that there are now medicinal agents that peculiarly meet this condition. There are non-toxic proteins, including vegetable proteins of many types (known as proteals), and such familar animal products as white of egg and curdle of milk.

These agents stimulate the defensive mechanism of the body, including the blood-corpuscles, to deal adequately with the poisonous by-products of protein digestion. It is probable also that there will be a favorable reaction on the over-developed cellular tissue of arterial walls, constituting thus a directly curative measure so far as the arteries are concerned. And the modification of the arteries may be expected to react favorably on the heart. In proportion as the arteries regain normal resiliency, the strain on the heart is relieved.

Normal arteries expand when blood is pumped into them, and their resiliency facilitates the blood-flow; whereas, the inelastic, hardened arteries offer resistance to the current. Where the change in the arteries has reached the stage of calcareous deposit—making the so-called "pipe-stem arteries"—modification is hardly to be expected, but the wise individual will not let the malady reach that stage before taking it in hand. The instances are rare in which the development of such a condition may not be prevented, or at least long deferred, by proper attention to diet, exercise and medication.

Properly interpreted, this is equivalent to saying that the high mortality from apoplexy and heart-disease represents a needless waste of life. Intelligent prevision leading to rational diet and systematic exercise—should reduce the mortality from heart-disease to a mere fraction of the present high percentage.

Perhaps we cannot expect that the general public will be sufficiently interested in its own welfare to take the trouble to safeguard itself in this direction, but it is open to every individual who reads these lines to make the personal application and thus to guard himself or herself individually against premature demise from abnormal arteries and a dilated heart. A certain restraint on the indulgence of the appetite is called for, and persistent application to overcome the inertia of the sedentary life; but if one finds it on the whole a pleasant experience to be alive, the reward is worth the effort.



One Father Writes of

BILLIARDS

"We've a Full House All the Time!"

Put a Brunswick Carom or Pocket Billiard Table in your home and watch how quickly it surrounds your boys and girls with good companions.

Young people idolize Home Billiards. And these princely contests act as a tonic on older folks.

Carom and Pocket Billiards are never twice alike, but ever enlivened by friendly jest and laughter. Among life's most enduring memories are the happy hours and comradeship of billiards.

BRUNSWICK
HOME BILLIARD TABLES

Even the cottage or small apartment has room for a genuine Brunswick. And it gives you *scientific* Carom and Pocket Billiards—life, speed and accuracy!

The "Baby Grand" is a home-size regulation table for spare rooms, attics, basements and private billiard rooms.

The "Quick Demountable" can be set up anywhere and easily folded away when not in play.

See these tables in handsome color reproductions, get our low prices, easy terms and home trial offer. All contained in our new billiard book. Send your address at once for free copy.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
Dept. 54T, 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

DEALERS: Write at once for attractive agency proposition.

Low Prices, Easy Terms
Balls, Cues, Etc., Given

Brunswick prices today are extremely low for tables of such masterly construction and beauty.

Our Popular Purchase Plan lets you play while you pay.

With every table we give a high-class Playing Outfit Free—Balls, Cues, Rack, Markers, and expert Book of 33 Games, etc.

Send for Billiard Book Free

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
Dept. 54T, 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

You may send me free copy of your color book—
"Billiards—The Home Magnet"
and tell about your home trial offer.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

"A TAILOR-MADE MAN"

(Concluded from page 380)

Tanya—But where did you get them?

John P.—Destiny. I've waited thirty-two years and five months, and now, all of a sudden—without warning—*Voila!*

VOILA it is; at the Stanlaws we see him approach a woman, Mrs. Dupuy, whose very name is unknown to him:

John P.—May I sit here?

Mrs. Dupuy—(*with delight*) You're perfectly outrageous! We haven't been introduced.

John P.—Couldn't we waive the formalities this once? This is so nice.

Mrs. Dupuy—It's against my principles—(*looks at him, smiles*) But no matter—this once. I am Mrs. Dupuy.

John P.—My dear lady, as if you needed to *tell* me! Why, who could you be but Mrs. Dupuy!

Mrs. Dupuy—(*laughs delightedly*) You're really delightful! (*slight pause*) But—but you?

John P.—(*as if surprised, and just a bit shocked*) Oh, I see! You don't recognize me? I am John Paul Bart.

Mrs. Dupuy—(*absolutely at a loss, but with a desperate effort to appear properly intelligent*) Oh, oh! Not really! Well, this is delightful! Of course I've heard of you *so* often—and wanted to meet you, too, but somehow or other—(*Abraham Nathan enters and recognizing her goes to her at once—he ignores John Paul.*)

Mrs. Dupuy—But they said you weren't coming.

Nathan—I expected to be kept until midnight by my directors, but we finally adjourned until the morning.

Mrs. Dupuy—It isn't another strike?

Nathan—Not yet. At least, not when I left.

Mrs. Dupuy—You poor dear soul!

Nathan—I appreciate the kind words, Kitty. One gets little but abuse these days.

John P.—Yet abuse is one expression of envy.

Nathan—(*surprised at the interruption*) I beg your pardon!

John P.—And I beg yours, Mr. Nathan. I see you don't remember me.

Nathan—(*coolly*) Sorry, but I meet so many. (*Turns to Mrs. Dupuy*) You see, Kitty, I——

John P.—(*interrupting*) Then you'll not be offended if I remind you of a little incident that occurred when you were leaving the reviewing-stand with the Governor on the day of the Preparedness Parade. A crack-brained laborer threw a stone at your head. Do you recall?

Nathan—(*graciously, as he rises and crosses to John Paul*) To be sure I recall. A gentleman near me caught the stone in his silk hat. Why, this is indeed a fortunate meeting! (*shakes hands heartily with John Paul*) Young man, I firmly believe you saved my life.

John P.—(*seeming quite overwhelmed*) Oh, no. I really can't let you say that! I'm quite sure I didn't save your life.

Mrs. Dupuy—Did you ever *hear* of such modesty!

Nathan—I'm sorry I forgot to keep in touch with you. You must forgive me. My life is such a busy one. Did you give me [illegible]

John P.—I did not.

[illegible]

As *Mr. Nathan's* friend every hand of greeting is out to *John Paul;* he is introduced to the heiress of the house, *Corinne.*

[illegible]

John P.—I admit it.

[illegible]

John P.—I'm John Paul Bart.

Corinne—And *who* is John Paul Bart?

[illegible]

John P.—No, I'm a man of destiny.

Corinne—Oh, a man of destiny! And do you aspire to do great things, like [illegible]

John P.—No; but to do the things Napo[illegible]

[illegible] Well, [illegible] *Paul* tells *Nathan* when he complains that it is no fun being a public servant these days:

John P.—Fully half your trouble could be obviated were it not for your notorious Nathan policy of treating the public with silence.

Nathan—Indeed!

John P.—The American public is the most good-natured in the world. It will forgive you for strangling your grandmother, but it will not forgive you for being silent about it. If you want to live—*talk.*

Mrs. Dupuy—It's wonderful! Don't you think so, Abram?

Nathan—(*amused*) I do—wonderful cock-adoodlum.

John P.—But the most wonderful thing about it all is, it'll *go!* It'll *work!* It'll *do it for you!* Give them a catchword; you win attention. Attention begets interest. Interest begets confidence. Confidence means an end to hostility. Once you have won your public you have won your case. It's the public that breaks you; it's the public that makes you. What do you say, sir? Is there something in it? Does it bite? Has it got the ring? Will it go? Am I right, sir?

Nathan—(*amused, yet genuinely interested*) I half believe you are.

John P.—Good! Very well! Then the next thing is: What are we going to do about it? Here I am, full to the eyes with ideas the world is hungry to gulp down. And here are you, sir, confronting a situation wherein these ideas would have an incalculable dynamic value. I need you. You need me. Then there must certainly be some way in which we can make connections.

AND the connection is made: *John Bart* becomes the talking-agent for *Nathan's* big company, so successfully that he is asked alone to handle a committee of employees who are spoiling for a strike.

John P.—The strike is definitely called for to-morrow?

Russell—(*of the committee*) Yes, sir. Unless our demands are accepted in full, the strike is definitely called for to-morrow.

John P.—Calling out over 14,000 employees in the twelve shipyards of the American Oceanic Shipbuilding Corporation?

Russell—Every man.

John P.—Well, gentlemen, it can't be done.

Russell—Now look here, young fellow, don't you try to get funny with us! We mean what we say—*every darned word!*

John P.—(*quietly, but with decision, as he rises and faces them*) And *we* mean what *we* say—*every darned word!* I tell you it can't be done.

Flynn—(*of the committee*) Well, we might just as well go back to Headquarters. Come on, boys!

John P.—Wait! (*The men stop*) Do you actually suppose you have the privilege or the right or the power to keep the world waiting for those ships at this crisis of history?—an hour when every worm-eaten tub that can put to sea is bursting her hatches with her cargo of food and clothing and structural steel and machinery and implements and building materials—necessities of life, every one of them—and the whole public of the whole world crying out with its need of them!

Cain—(*of the committee*) Ah, the public be damned!

John P.—Fine! Thank you for those words! The public be damned! There's the thing in a nutshell. I wonder if you remember who it was first uttered that [illegible] little phrase? Was he a laboring-man? No, my friends, he was a railroad president. You can't control the *edge*, that's all. It's *you* that damn the public now. (*Sits at his desk.*)

Cain—That's very fine talk, young man, but just what are you driving at?

John P.—At this, Mr. Cain: *We are partners!* For everything you give us we give you in proportion. We're ready, Mr. [illegible] to institute a schedule of bonuses [illegible] the entire industrial layout of American Oceanic. Not a man will be neglected, not even the man with the wheelbarrow. For every load he trundles over and above the computed hourly average, he gets a specific bonus, and this same idea applies up through the whole organization—stoker, presser, engineer, riveter——

Flynn—Let me understand this, Mr. Bart. You mean——?

John P.—I mean, Mr. Flynn, that every unusual effort you make is capitalized into profit for you. *You give more—you get more!* Do you know that, my friends? *You get more than you ask for!* Fully a quarter more than you demanded in those clumsy, short-sighted, unscientific stipulations.

Russell—In other words——

John P.—In other words, my dear Russell, we're *partners.* What a wonderful word—*partners!* Doesn't it get you, Mr. Cain? Doesn't it make you feel things in a new way? It does me. What do you say? Shall we get together and give it a try?

Flynn—Say, do you know this thing sounds kind o' good to me!

THAT ends the strike, but *Tanya* discovers something that means much more than the strike to the ex-tailor:

John P.—Why, what is it, Tanya? Something I can do for you? You know I'd do anything in the world for you.

Tanya—Oh, it isn't for me—it's for you.

John P.—For me!

Tanya—Of course, Mr. Bart, you mustn't think that I wish to be disloyal to Dr. Sonntag, since it's all settled that I'm to be—you know—but I just couldn't bear to think—— Oh, John Paul, he hates you so terribly! I know some dreadful thing is going to happen unless you'll—he says things that frighten me so—threats. Oh! I couldn't bear to have him spoil it all for you now! I couldn't bear it! (*Drops in chair, and covers her face with her hands.*)

John P.—(*pause*) You don't mean, Tanya, that it really matters to you!

Tanya—Why, but of course it does! Surely I can be proud of your success, can't I? Why, almost every day I manage to hear some little scrap of news about the wonderful things you're doing, and it's so nice to think that great man who's bringing the world to his feet used to be there, one of us, in that little shop; we were friends. It's given me a feeling of having a share in it myself—of doing something—don't you see? Oh, they mustn't spoil it now! They sha'n't spoil it! It has been so beautiful!

John P.—Tanya, is it true? You care?

Tanya—Why, how could I help it?

Off Stage—You can't go in! He's not going to see anyone to-night!

Sonntag—(*off stage*) Let me in, you dog, or I'll kill you! (*He bursts into the room*) Ah, I thought so! This is what happens the moment I am away! You watch till I am gone and then you come hurrying here for his kisses!

John P.—Dr. Sonntag! I give you my word of honor——

Tanya—(*to Sonntag*) Oh, but Gustavus, it was my fault! Do anything you like to me, but don't—don't——!

Sonntag—Yes, plead for him, you! *Plead for him!*

John P.—Dr. Sonntag, she has done nothing that deserves any blame, nothing, but if you must blame someone, I am here; let us settle this between ourselves.

Sonntag—Very well. (*To Tanya*) You go home!

Tanya—No! (*moves over to John Paul*).

John P.—Dr. Sonntag is right; you had best go home. (*She exits*) And now, sir, I am ready to hear what you have to say—(*as Sonntag starts to speak*)—but I warn you right here—the first word you speak against Miss Tanya will be the last word you speak in this room. Her name must be kept out of this. She is entirely without blame and if you can't believe it, so much the worse for you.

Sonntag—And you think it matters to me *now* who is to blame! Too late for that! One thing is plain enough and you need not try to deny it! *You* love the woman that belongs to me!

John P.—She does *not* belong to you! She never did belong to you! You never had her love! You never asked for it! You never even *thought* of asking for it! All you cared about was [illegible]

Sonntag—(*furious*) Ah! You think you can tamper with another man's property and not pay a price for it! I tell you this is the end! You were the man I made and now you are the man I will *un-make!* The world shall have your story! It shall know that only nine months ago you were a scurvy tailor's hand, and that it was by stealing the dress-suit of one man and the brains of another that you sneaked your way into the society of your betters! You are done for! To-morrow every newspaper in New York shall have your story!(*exits*)

Miss Shayne, his stenographer—(*enters with her notebook*) I'm ready!

John P.—Ready! Were you listening?

Shayne—Certainly!

John P.—I'm going to beat him to it!

Shayne—I knew it! (*Sits at desk.*)

John P.—Dictation! To the Associated Press—for immediate release: John Paul Bart submits the following statement in *résumé* of his recent personal history: On Tuesday, the 23rd of last March, being at that time employed as a presser in the tailoring shop of Mr. Anton Huber, he deliberately appropriated a dress-suit belonging to Mr. Theodore Jellicot, the well-known yachtsman, and appeared at a reception where he introduced himself to Abraham Nathan, President of the American Oceanic Shipbuilding Corporation——(*the curtain falls as he speaks*).

The next morning *John Paul* walks into the tailor-shop again; he is coming back to his old job.

John P.—Good morning, Mr. Huber. I trust my slight tardiness has not caused you any inconvenience. I was unavoidably detained.

Huber—Detained! After nine months! You walk in here and talk as if you were late for work! Are you dreaming!

John P.—Perhaps—I'm not sure. It seems like a dream.

Huber—John Paul Bart, will you have the kindness to tell me what is the meaning of this?

John P.—Destiny (*tests the iron*), Mr. Huber. (*Nathan enters.*)

In spite of the revelations, *Nathan* himself has something to say to Destiny, however. He comes looking for the lost ex-tailor.

Nathan—Young man, I wish you would tell me what you mean by this eccentric behavior—coming back here?

John P.—If the world can do without me, this is where I belong. If the world can't do without me, it must take me from here, out of the tailor shop, goose and all.

Nathan—Not one of you seems to have realized that in this country a man is valued by what he gets to, not what he started from. Look at our biggest Americans; the men we are proudest of. How did they start? One began as a messenger-boy. Another was a waiter in a restaurant. Another sold papers on the street. Another, the biggest of them all—you probably have never heard of him, Mr. Huber—was a rail-splitter. Here is a young American who began in a tailor shop, and unless I very much miss my guess he's going to be numbered in that same company. (*To John Bart*) Your office is waiting you and the day's mail needs to be attended to. Half a day off is enough for a busy man like you.

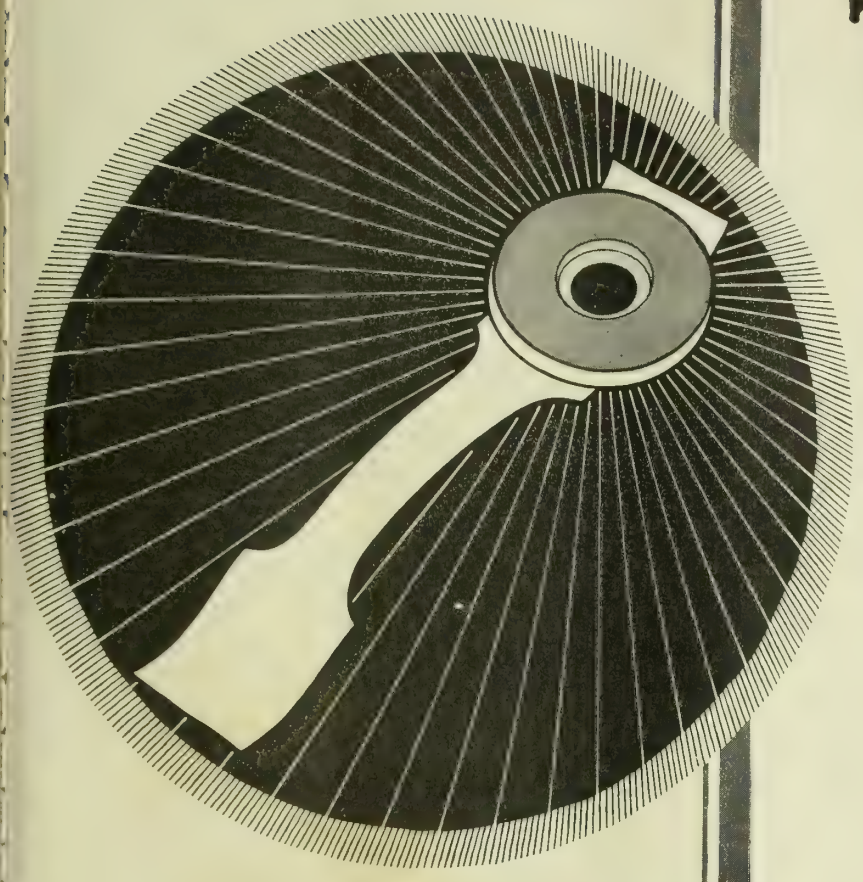
TO this play there remains but a "close-up" of *Tanya* and *John Bart:*

Tanya—(*withdrawing from him in dismay*) Oh, then you're going back?

John P.—Yes, back into the big world. Will you go with me?

Tanya—Go with you! Oh, but I can't! I'm nobody, and you——

John P.—But I'm nobody, too. That's just why we ought to be so happy together. I wish you could have heard what Mr. Nathan said about that just now. "It's not what a man starts from," he said, "it's what he gets to—what he does." And he believes there's a chance, if I do my best, that some day—— Oh, Tanya, isn't life the most wonderful proposition! With so much ahead always—so many big things waiting to be done! And a chance for everybody! Aren't you happy? Don't you think it will be splendid to see it through together? You know, it almost seems to me I can actually see them out there ahead [illegible] job waiting for some one to tackl[illegible] (*the curtain drops*).



This magic spot ends corns

Place it on your throbbing corn tonight. It takes but a second.

Relief will come instantly, because the felt ring relieves all pressure.

The medicated spot of wax soothes while it works.

You will wonder why you waited so long.

Tomorrow your corn will not hurt as it has today.

And within 48 hours the corn will come out easily, painlessly.

Blue-jay is the gentle, certain way, discovered by a great chemist. Blue-jay Plasters are made by Bauer & Black, famed for surgical dressings.

Paring is extremely dangerous and only a makeshift. Infection is possible. Harsh and mussy liquids are disagreeable.

Blue-jay is irresistible to the average corn. Once in a while an old and stubborn corn requires a second treatment.

Tonight prove these truths yourself. It costs so little. Then you will never let a corn hurt again.

At all druggists—25c per package.

BAUER & BLACK
Makers of Surgical Dressings, Etc.
Chicago and New York

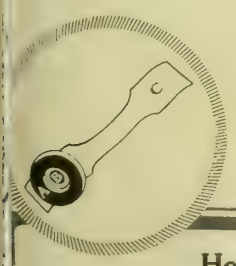
B&B

Blue-jay

Corn Plasters

Stop Pain Instantly
End Corns Completely

25c Packages at Druggists



How Blue-jay Acts

A is a thin, soft pad which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B & B wax, which gently undermines the corn. Usually it takes only 48 hours to end the corn completely.

C is rubber adhesive which sticks without wetting. It wraps around the toe, and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. After that, one doesn't feel the corn. The action is gentle, and applied to the corn alone. So the corn disappears without soreness.



Keep Your Kodak Busy.

"The Army lives on letters" is the way the boys at the front put it. And when those longed-for envelopes with the home town postmark contain pictures of the home folks and home doings, they go far toward making lighter hearts and happier faces.

Keep your Kodak busy for the sake of the lads in the trenches, the boys in camp and on shipboard. Help keep tight the bonds between the home and those who are fighting for that home.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N.Y., *The Kodak City*

THE LIFE-SAVER

(Continued from page 358)

Grady, with a very perfect Connemara grin. "You'll be able to pick the best bedroom. Don't trouble yerself. I know it. I carried up the things last year for the ould gintlemin. He died in your bedroom, he did, poor fella."

"Oh," said Rowena quickly, "then I think I'll have the other one, please."

"It's a fool I was to tell ye," he laughed, opened the door of the smaller room and dumped the trunk down between the windows. "It's a whole lot of stuff ye've got for two, I guess," and marched out, his large heavily-shod feet shaking the small veranda.

Rowena made a swift and delighted inspection. There were two good bedrooms facing the sea, a kitchen, a pantry, and a bathroom overlooking the land, and that was all, except the living-room. "Emily and I can run it on oiled wheels," she told herself, "bathe from the bungalow and work on the porch. It's heaven!"

In the meantime, Grady had brought in all the baggage except an old cabin-trunk that was crammed with books, put Emily Todman's prim baggage in the best bedroom, and the one that was full of groceries and cooking utensils in the kitchen.

"I'm afraid you'll find the last one rather heavy," said Rowena.

"I know ut, the divil. I'll be getting some fella to give me a hand with ut, I guess. Ah!"

Standing down on the sand, opposite an antiquated group of bathhouses about two hundred yards away to the right, was a tall, muscular figure in bathing kit, looking out to sea. Grady put two fingers into his mouth and sent out a whistle that almost made a passing swallow jump out of his feathers. The young man turned, gathered that it was he who was required, and came up with long, lazy strides. His face, arms and legs were tanned the color of chocolate. His very hair was sunburned, and his scanty suit that once had been blue had gone a sort of gray. Across his broad chest in white letters was the word "Life-Saver."

Rowena gasped at the sight of him. First the bungalow, then the sea and the dunes, and finally this young sun-god, with the word on his chest that had given the title to her story and the play adapted from it. There was something uncanny about all this.

Grady went to the steps. "Will ye please lend me a hand with a case, son?"

"Sure!"

"Good for you!"

Together the two men made small work of the Scott library and put it down at her feet in the middle of the sitting-room. On the tag her name was written. The Life-Saver read it and looked up. Rowena was aware of being closely scrutinized. She paid the Irishman with a nervous and a liberal hand. "Thank you very much," she said. What *was* this brown-eyed brown man thinking about?

"You're welcome. I collect your garbage, deliver the mail and the newspaper, sell eggs and vegetables, and if you require any laundry work Missus Grady won't mind takin' it on, I guess. Good-night to ye." Off he went. Once more the veranda heaved under his Gargantuan tread, and his old machine rasped, coughed and jerked forward, giving an exact imitation of nails in a shaken tin.

And then the Life-Saver spoke. "Are you *the* Rowena Scott?" he asked, with icy politeness.

"I'm Rowena Scott," she answered, blushing at the implied compliment and apprehensive of his undisguised antagonism.

"Then you wrote that story called 'The Life-Saver'?"

"Yes, I'm . . . I'm afraid so."

"You were a bit unlucky in your choice," he said, turned on his naked heel and swung away.

She watched him go along the board-path and across the sand, from which the sun had gone, to a tent near the bathhouses. He was offended. He, with his clean-cut, intelligent face and refined voice resented the roughness and the illiteracy of the man of his profession was it a profession?—whom she had conjured up in her imagination and made the hero of her most successful story. Probably, too, he scoffed at what he doubtless called the "soft stuff" in which she had taken such pride. Well, it couldn't be helped. There were Life-Savers and Life-Savers, just as there were kings and kings, peddlers and peddlers. But if she should ever need *this* Life-Saver, what then?

She unpacked the groceries first, made a fire and put a kettle on to boil, and all the time she sang. When Emily came she should find some steaming cocoa and an appetizing meal of cold sausages, sardines, crackers and bottled pears—a good enough meal for an artist any day. That done, the sight of a great red sun called her out. The description of sunsets was her strong point, but it was two years since she had seen the country sun go down behind quiet trees—two years since she had been able to take a holiday.

As she stood on the veranda, reveling in the majesty and beauty of Nature's inimitable handiwork, a rather over-smart man, big, bulky, and of the flirtatious type, passed beneath. He looked up, flashed a smile and bowed. Before she knew what she was doing she returned it. Did she know the man? No. Had she ever seen him before? . . . Yes. She suddenly remembered having been watched and stared at on the train coming down from an opposite parlor seat. His unpleasant eyes had made her feel uncomfortable, distressed. Peeping Tom must have had just such an expression. She could have kicked herself for having replied to his bow.

He came up at once and put a white hand with shining manicured nails on the veranda rail. "Nice here, isn't it!" he said, as though he had been taking her to cabarets all the winter.

"Quite," she answered shortly, looking over his head at the disappearing ball of fire and wishing that she had the courage to escape into the house and lock the door.

"My auto was at the station. It would have given me great pleasure to drive you here."

"Thank you. The bus did very well."

"I live along there—the house with the red roof." He pointed to a big place that could just be seen in the waning light. "A miserable bachelor. You're all alone, too, I gather."

"Oh, no," she hurried to say. "My friend missed the train but will be here by the next."

"I don't think so." His smile was worse than roguish.

"What do you mean?"

"Even if she had walked from the station she would have been here twenty minutes ago. That train ran through nearly an hour ago. Not afraid, are you?"

"No, certainly not. What is there to be afraid of?" She was. She was panic-stricken. In the sunlight, with people on the beach, the cottage was the embodiment of peace and security. But at night, with no one, not a living creature to keep her company, it was altogether a different matter. Then, too, the man's leer was ugly.

"Let me send my car for you in half an hour. Life's short and there are no wagging tongues out on the dunes. We might have a pleasant little dinner together at my place. What do you say, child!"

His words, familiar as they were, might have been translated into kindness. It was the tone and something in the eyes that made her want to cry for help. "No, thank you," she managed to say. Good-night!" And went into the dark sitting-room and shut the door, but not before she had let in a very curious laugh.

There were six lights in the room. She switched them all on. Then she went through the kitchen and stood in front of the fire. She was cold and, just for a moment, disgusted. Many times since her father's business smash, and she had gone to New York to relieve the pressure upon him by earning her own living, she had shivered under the vulgar gaze of other such men. Many times, also, she had been followed on the streets because she was obliged to go about alone and unprotected. There was always a yellow streak in these pickers-up of unconsidered women.

But very soon the warmth and the light and the sense of pride in having earned the right to stand in a little house by the sea as the queen of all she surveyed took the nasty taste out of her mouth. Once more she sang and busied about, put her things away, hung up half-a-dozen framed photographs in the sitting-room, set out her writing block and typewriter on the [illegible] and finally sat down to a meal. Probably Emily had been

You are Often Judged by Your Handwriting

More and more business men nowadays analyze character through handwriting. Many of those with whom you correspond in *business and society* form their opinion of you—even decide for or against you or your proposition—according to the estimate of your character they draw from your handwriting or your signature. Your business and social letters *are your repre-*

Illegible Writing Leads to Costly Errors and Many Losses

No matter how many typewriters and bookkeeping machines there may be in your office [illegible] as much need now as ever before for legible, rapid and legible penmanship on the part of both executives and clerks.

[illegible] how many serious misunderstandings and disastrous delays have resulted from poorly scrawled, illegible notes or memos in the office, on orders, house notes, shipping instructions and the like?

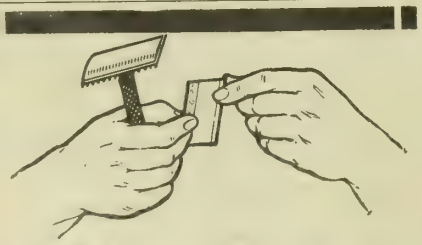
The Palmer Method of Penmanship

[illegible] a sense to the problem of penmanship instruction in the many public and private schools and colleges where it is taught. [illegible] a pleasure to [illegible] instead of a dreaded, irksome labor. You can write for hours without fatigue or writers' cramp.

WRITE NOW FOR COMPLETE PARTICULARS of this [illegible] course of practical [illegible] and the [illegible] on a postal

The A. N. Palmer Co. *SUITE 1122A*

30 IRVING PLACE NEW YORK CITY



Makes Blades Last Longer

Before and after shaving draw your razor blade through your thumb and forefinger moistened with 3 in One. That's all you have to do to lengthen the life of your blades four-fold

3-in-One Oil

prevents surface rust from forming on the microscopic, saw like teeth of the cutting edge. And rust is what causes your razor to "pull." You cannot wipe a razor blade perfectly dry no matter how hard you try. 3-in-One keeps the moisture off the steel and that stops the rust. So the blade stays clean and keen.

A few drops on your strop occasionally brings out the greatest keenness and makes it adhere to the [illegible] edge. A few drops on your face before shaving softens a stiff beard and gives a [illegible]

[illegible] at all good stores, 50c, 25c and 10c bottles, also in 25c Handy Oil Cans.

FREE [illegible] and our circular "A Razor Saver." Write today.

Three-in-One Oil Co., 165 CDR., Bdwy., N. Y.



HUMP Hair Pins

[illegible] for all out-door sports and after the bath [illegible] One satisfied the usual number of [illegible] hair beautifully. They don't slip [illegible] Sold everywhere, 5c and 10c packages.

HUMP HAIR PIN MFG. CO.

SOL H. GOLDBERG PRES. CHICAGO



They don't track my floors



Put every member of your family on Cat's Paw Heels.

The Foster Friction Plug prevents slipping and makes the heels wear longer. Yet they cost no more than the ordinary kind.

There are no holes to track mud and dirt into the house — a feature every housewife appreciates. And Cat's Paws protect the floors — no heel marks.

CAT'S PAW
CUSHION
RUBBER HEELS

50c. attached, black, white or tan. For men, women and children, all dealers

FOSTER RUBBER COMPANY
105 Federal Street - - Boston, Mass.
Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which Prevents Slipping

sent for by an editor and given an illustrating job. That was splendid! Her luck had been out of late. She would be down tomorrow and find everything warm and cheery and lived in. A nice thing for a girl of twenty-four to be afraid to sleep all by herself in a dear little box like this!

But later, after she had cleared away and washed up and was sitting in a rocker reading "A Diversity of Creatures" with the wonder and admiration of a humble craft-sister for a great master, nervousness stole over her. The wind had risen. It sobbed and wailed in the chimney, rattled at the window, made the many-armed clothes-drier outside the back door whirl round and utter cries like a baby in pain. The awning of the veranda flapped and creaked, a door somewhere banged incessantly, and the sea boomed like artillery. Several times she stiffened at the sound of stealthy footsteps, purely imaginary, along the passage, and froze at the sight of leering eyes that peered at her through one of the windows. She got up, ashamed of herself, and went to her bedroom whistling "Poor Butterfly." How absurd, and incidentally how useless, it was to give way to the creeps. She *had* to sleep in this lonely and exposed cottage and there was an end of it. . . . Had she? The door of the closet began to open, slowly, horribly. She had said to herself when she had hung her dresses in it that it was deep enough to hold a man. There might be a man, *that* man, in it now! With a subdued scream she turned and fled. No, she would never be able to endure it! It was impossible!

Feeble as it seemed, feminine as it certainly was, she wouldn't face the night under these conditions for anything in the world. What to do? Where to go? To whom could she appeal?

For a moment, trembling and goose-fleshed, she stood in the middle of the sitting-room, with the eerie cries of the wind tearing at her heartstrings. If only she had gone back to Forty-sixth Street, bag and baggage, when Emily Todman had failed to arrive! This was frightful. Then she *did*, she was sure of it, hear steps in the passage, and a laugh, an ugly laugh. . . . It was imagination again, but the next instant, hatless, breathless, she was out on the veranda, down the steps and into the arms of a man.

"Why, girlie, what's the matter? Have you seen a ghost?"

One violent effort and she freed herself and with a choking cry stumbled over the wavering scrub to the beach.

"Don't be silly," she heard. "Take me in and let's smoke a cigaret."

She saw a light this side of the bathhouse and ran to it wildly through the dry sand that seemed to clutch at her feet.

It was a tent, set down behind a sandbank. She beat the closed flap with her hands, calling out, "Help, help!"

It was unfastened quickly and there, in a thick brown sweater and a pair of khaki trousers, with a pipe in his mouth and a book in one hand, stood the Life-Saver. A cabin lamp hung from the cross-pole and showed the board floor, a neat bed, a shaving-glass that reflected the light, a long cupboard in which there were provisions, and on top of which there was a spirit lamp and a number of books and magazines. The whole place looked shipshape and workman-like, every available inch of it put to expert use.

"Please come in," he said coldly. "What can I do?" These women who wrote about things they had never seen and people they had never met bored him. But when she came into the light and he saw her white, scared face and blown hair and great, big startled eyes his chivalry awoke. "What is it? What's happened? Sit down and rest for a minute. You're perfectly safe here." He put her quietly into his deck-chair and poured out a glass of water. It was the best that he had to offer.

She drank it gladly. Her fright had almost choked her.

"If you don't mind I'll fix the flap, because otherwise the mayfly will invade me, to say nothing of moths that flop about my lamp. Mosquitoes are more than friendly too. . . . Now tell me."

"I'm afraid to stay alone in my cottage," she said. "It seems so big and empty and there are queer noises and unaccountable footsteps and the wind howls and oh, it's . . . it's altogether awful!"

He kept a perfectly grave face, for which she was deeply and profoundly grateful, and nodded sympathetically. "I know," he said. "I'd hate it too, although I haven't got your imagination."

"Oh, please don't rub it in about that story. I'm awfully sorry it was so hopelessly wrong."

And then he broke into the sort of laugh that was better than the letter of introduction of a mutual friend. She was so pretty and young and naïve. No doubt she had done her best. At any rate she had been printed and that was more than had ever happened to him except in the good old "Lampoon." And if her Life-Saver was a pretty average sort of a lout, what in the name of all that was harmless were the odds anyway? There had been one or two quite nice things in the story.

"Would the bridge-keeper's wife give me a bed to-night or come and sleep at the cottage, do you think?"

"The bridge-keeper hasn't got a wife," he said. "I fancy the bridge has been enough for him to manage."

"The bathhouse man—is there anyone in his house . . . ?"

"Only a son."

"Oh, why didn't I go home when Emily missed the train? What *am* I to do? I think I shall die if I have to go back to the cottage alone! She made no mention of the offensive person who called her "girlie." He was, she knew, the real, fundamental reason of her fear of being unprotected, but somehow she didn't like to bring him into it. She might be misunderstood.

He gave a rueful look at his comfortable bed, unbuttoned his sweater and pointed to the white letters on his chest.

"What do you mean, please?" she asked tremulously. Surely he wasn't going to be sarcastic again.

"Not all that they convey," he said, "but as much as is necessary to-night." He threw a rug over his arm and tucked a pillow under it. "Come along, Miss Scott. I'll camp on your veranda and you shall have a dreamless night."

The girl who had made such a blunder about Life-Savers sprang up and held out her hand. "You're . . . you're very generous," she said brokenly. "I don't know what else I can say to you."

"That's all right," he said. "Bundle up and I'll bring the lamp along. There's no moon to-night. Look out for the sandpit on your left. That's better. Now you can see the boards." The lamp flickered in the wind. "I'll go first, if I may. Don't be startled, if you see things jump about. They're only frogs. This gale will spend itself in an hour or two. Gee, I love it! Makes everything so clean. Doesn't it?"

She answered him, but her words were blown away. Then, too, her voice was weak because of her tremendous revulsion of feeling. This man was in very truth a Life-Saver, and the strength of her gratitude and relief brought tears into her eyes. This was an unexpected way in which to begin her long-looked-forward-to holiday.

Arrived at the cottage, which looked deceptively cheerful with its gleaming windows, she ran up the steps ahead. She could at any rate offer her Sir Galahad a cup of hot cocoa.

She missed something by going in that would first have filled her with pleasure and given her misgivings. The Life-Saver came face to face with a big, bulky figure that appeared suddenly from round the angle of the cottage. He held up the lamp, and there was a moment of peculiar silence.

"Blowing," said the man, shortly.

"Oh, it's you, is it? Up to the old game, then, eh?"

"You'd better be a bit careful how you speak to me, Rutherford, or I'll see that you lose your job." The voice was thick and angry.

Phil Rutherford gave a short, scoffing laugh. "I'll be careful, Mr. Pember," he said. "Funny how you always chase a girl who's got no brothers anywhere near enough to reach you, isn't it? You're not a little fellow either."

Pember put his jaw forward. "I'll smash your face in half a second, you confounded beach-man," he said.

"Good chance. I've got both hands occupied. Be serious and listen. If I catch you trying your little game on Miss Scott or anywhere within a hundred yards of this cottage I'll put you across my knee and spank you. Get that?"

"Get this?" Pember let out his left and caught Rutherford a glancing blow on the chin. Then he bolted.

There was a crash and a thud. The first was made by breaking glass. The second by six feet of splendid manhood laid out flat on the sand.

Rowena heard both as she came out to



The Woman Who Cares

is watchful of every influence that bears upon the husband's health. And her part lies largely in selecting proper food and drink.

For example, when science says that coffee contains a drug whose constant use makes for premature old age, and whose reactionary effects cripple nerves and heart, she shelves the coffee and serves

POSTUM

This pure food-drink contains the nourishing goodness of the field grain—nothing harmful whatever.

It has a delightful flavor, and thousands have found that coffee troubles disappear and health improves with the change to Postum.

"There's a Reason"

Trial tells!



HEINZ
OVEN BAKED BEANS

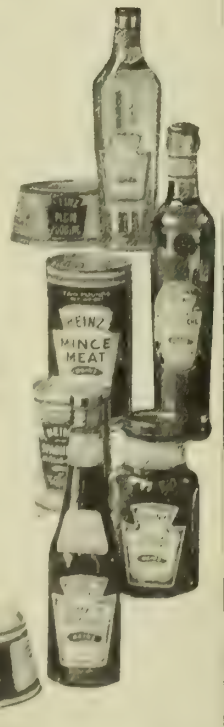
ONE OF THE
57



HEINZ

When the government urges economy for duty's sake—and the price of food makes economy necessary for its own sake—then is the time to try Heinz Baked Beans. You cannot buy much meat for the price of Heinz Baked Beans, and that meat would not contain nearly so much nourishment. You must buy other things to go with meat, also at high prices, while Heinz Baked Beans are a complete food—a complete meal. They taste as good as meat because they are real baked beans—oven-baked. And meat must be cooked with extra fuel and labor, while Heinz Baked Beans require only heating—and are delicious served cold.





SOME OF THE
57

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are made in Canada

see what had kept her Life-Saver. "Is anything wrong?" she sang out over the wind.

Rutherford picked himself up. "Bless you, no," he said. "I slipped on the boardway and broke my lamp. That's all."

"I'm awfully sorry," she said. It was her fault because if she hadn't brought him out he wouldn't have slipped.

He joined her on the veranda. That dirty dog should pay enough for that old cabin lamp to buy a gold one. He'd see to that.

"Come in and let me see if you've hurt yourself."

"Thanks. I'd love to," he said. He shut the door, put the lamp on the floor and threw the rug over the back of a chair and turned to the light.

"There's blood on your chin," she cried. "You must have knocked it against something sharp."

"Yes," he said to himself. "A diamond ring. I've noticed it." She went off at a run and came back with some cotton wool and a bottle of disinfectant.

"First aid to the wounded, eh?" he laughed.

"Yes. Please sit down. You're so tall I can't reach you if you stand." It was good to be able to do something for the man who was doing so much for her. With deft fingers she tended the wound which was nothing much more than a graze. "Now have a cup of my pet drink and some of these." She referred, of course, to cocoa and a box of cigarets.

"Thanks. Great!" he said. He liked the girl. She was awfully charming and simple. He liked the way her hair grew, and her little blunt nose, and her frank smile. He liked her, too, for not having said a word about Oakley Pember who was at the bottom of her fright, he guessed—the brute. It was something to which to look forward—the punishment of that courageous woman-hunter.

They sat for an hour, talking hard. She told him something of her dingdong struggle to get into the magazines, of her life in the city with her friend Emily Todman, whose work as a black-and-white artist was just beginning to be recognized. And he let her into some of his secret ambitions and aspirations, and told her how he had always earned money during his vacations to help to pay his way through college. He had his final terms to go. And the little living-room thrilled with this young, fine eagerness for the great adventure of life, until Rutherford glanced at the round face of a small traveling clock on the girl's desk and got up.

"Well," he said, "as I begin work at five I must turn in, if you'll excuse me." He picked up his rug and pillow.

"But you're not going to sleep on the boards, are you?"

"Why not?" He held out his hand. "Good night. I'm awfully glad you found this place. Don't be nervous any more. You've got a watchdog now."

Half an hour later she fell asleep—to dream.

The next morning brought a telegram from Emily Todman to say that she must remain in the city for at least a week, working against time on a sp[illegible]. Instead of causing consternatio[illegible]oke something in Rowena's heart that [illegible]ade her sing. Phil Rutherford was glad [illegible]o, though he didn't exactly say t[illegible] the telegram was shown to him a[illegible]ppened to pass the cottage in between bathing hours. What he did say was "Oh, good luck—I mean, of course, to Miss Todman." But Rowena found the exclamation entirely satisfactory.

As soon as he was off duty that evening Rutherford strode along the beach to the house with the red roof. He had not seen Pember hanging about to watch the ba hers as usual. It would be like him to keep out of the way for a few days, in case of reprisals. As he stood looking up at the house which bore a subtle resemblance to its proprietor, with his carroty head and big jowl, the chauffeur came down to sit in the slanting sun and read the morning paper.

"Mr. Pember about?"

"No. Gone to town. Be back in three or four days. Did you want him?"

"No. It'll keep."

He might have gone back to his comfortable bed that night. He wondered why he didn't. After cooking an excellent meal of scrambled eggs, which he followed with cheese, brown bread and apples, he concentrated on his books with the help of a pipe until half-past nine, when Rowena, looking anxiously out of window, saw him come along the narrow boardway through the windless, moonlit night. Yes, he had his rug and pillow. He found her at the open door wearing a very pretty frock and a smile that he would have tramped miles to achieve. He talked for half an hour. That night *he* dreamed.

And so it went on for several gorgeous days. Under a new inspiration these two young people who had met so unconventionally did good work. She on a new story, he on his reading for his exams. When she bathed at twelve o'clock he kept a watchful eye upon her the undertow being strong. The bathhouse man wrote it up on the board as "Draggy." They met again round about nine o'clock and talked about to-morrow and to-morrow for a good hour before he rolled himself up in his rug on the hard boards and slept the sleep that goes with youth and a clean conscience.

The day before Miss Todman announced her intention, per postal card, of leaving town on the 4:2, very pleased with herself and life generally, as she had every right to be, the sea was so rough that the proprietor of the bathhouse reluctantly chalked "Dangerous, no bathing," on the board, retired into his whitewashed office to grouse about bad business and tell a crony that "things were not as good as they used to be by a darned sight." Things are never as good as they used to be to bathhouse men. Thus let off from his duty Phil Rutherford went up to his tent to do some of his own work, glad of the chance, and Rowena went down and sat amid the beach grass on the deserted dunes hoping that she might be seen and joined.

It was Pember's voice that smashed her daydream and Pember's bulky form, in bathing kit, that threw a shadow on her white skirt.

"Good morning, Miss Scott," he said. "Have you missed me or has the Life-Saver completely cut me out?" He sat down at her feet and smiled in his most familiar manner.

He had taken good care to assure himself that Rutherford was not in sight.

The blood mounted into Rowena's pretty face. This man was certainly a past-master of offensive innuendo. Would that she had the courage to get up and walk away. "There's no bathing this morning," she replied, irrelevantly.

"The Winds of Chance"

Rex Beach, whose latest serial novel, "The Winds of Chance," begins in Hearst's Magazine for December, is our most distinctive writer of red-blooded fiction. He typifies the Soldier of Fortune spirit in American literature. In "The Winds of Chance" he returns to hi beloved Alaska, and to the scenes of "The Spoilers," his first big story. "For two years," he says, "I followed the game, stampeding from Cook's Inlet to the Arctic, a little matter of three or four thousand miles, mining, prospecting, speculating." Readers of Hearst's have a rare treat in prospect. Don't miss the opentng chapters—on sale everywhere November 29th.

"That's all right," he said. "The notice doesn't apply to good swimmers. You look all the better already for our good air. Getting some cunning little freckles, I see. Go up and slip into bathing clothes. I'll look after you. I'm a pretty good Life-Saver myself."

She shook her head.

"Oh, well, some other time then. You can't hide your light under a bushel all summer, you know." He laughed at his high flight of wit. "I don't suppose you've noticed my absence from the beach, but I thought a lot about you while I was away. You and I are going to be very good friends before long, I hope. You may not believe it, but I took a great fancy to you on the train, girlie, and I'm not easily pleased, I can tell you. Haven't you one nice word to say to me?" He leaned forward on his elbow with a fatuous smile.

Rowena felt that she had lost all power over her limbs. She seemed to be anchored to the sand. If only she had been gifted with the beautiful poise of those confident women who could have laid this creature out flat with a single word.

"By the way," he went on. "I've lived a good many years in this place and know the sort of gossip that goes on here. I'm a broadminded person and my motto is 'Live and let live,' but I can guess what some of the men here would say if they saw Rutherford going into your cottage every night. Of course, I sha'n't say a word, because I'm your friend and we're both Bohemians and are going to mean a great deal to each other. People are talking already, especially those who know Rutherford's reputation. These scantily clad Life-Guards, y'know, have a pretty easy time with young girls, and all servants fall for them. They mostly take on the job for that reason." He got up.

"Now, I'll show you some fancy swimming," he added, "and then you'll come home to lunch with me, won't you?"

All this was said with a suggestiveness that made Rowena feel as though she were covered with slime. She remained in that place, with the honest spume of the breakers blowing into her face and the good sun friendly and warm upon her, chilled to the bone. All that she could do was to ask herself with a deep and resentful amazement what impression she had ever conveyed to that coarse brute that she belonged to the kind of Bohemianism in which he placed himself.

With the self-conscious smirk of one about to "show off" he splashed into the sea, dived into a turning wave and swam strongly out. He would show this pretty little thing that a man need not necessarily wear a vest with white letters on it to be a master of the waves. He would let her see how strong he was, and what a sportsman. "Dangerous, no bathing!" What did he care for the notice that frightened the timid away? Here was the chance that he needed to win this dear little girl's admiration—but all the same he wouldn't go out too far.

The water seemed, he thought, to become suddenly spiteful, to be deliberately choosing him as a mark, to break over him, suck his feet down, thump his chest, toss him back when he turned, blown and nervous, toward the shore, to find that he was much farther out than he had intended to go. Good gad, the undertow—he had never experienced anything like it. He must keep st. . . steady. He must pull himself to-together, or . . . or. . . .

Fright seized him by the throat. He tried to disguise it from himself by a show of anger. He attempted to bully and swagger. "Go on, break like a thousand tons of bricks on my head," he shouted in his mind. "You can't keep me from getting back. *I* know you, you brutal sea! You'd love to get me, wouldn't you, but not this . . . this time. I've done nothing. *My* conscience is clear. I'm a long-lived man, I am! I shall. . . . I shall die comfortably in bed when my time comes. . . . Don't do that! Let go my feet. Keep . . . keep out of my mouth. I tell you I've done nothing to be ashamed of except . . . except one or two little things. I'm cool, perfectly cool. I was only fooling you. I'm a strong man. I am in the pri . . . prime of life. I swam like a duck when I was a kid. I'm all right. . . . Curse you, get out of my way. Let go. . . . Let go my feet. I don't want to die. I can't die. It's . . . it's unfair. Don't I keep telling you I've done nothing? . . . Help! Help!"

Rowena heard the cries and looked up, saw a white, blubbering face, an arm thrown up, sprang to her feet. . . .

"Who is it?" asked Rutherford sharply, yanking off his sweater. A minute before he had seen the head of some fool in the water and dashed down from his tent.

"*That man!*"

The agonized cry came again over the thunder of the waves.

"Is *that* so!"

He took a flying leap, the pink of magnificent youth and fitness, but not before she had caught an expression of almost whimsical triumph in his eyes. In a flash her woman's instinct gave her the key to its meaning. The cut on his chin that night! He had been struck! He had been saving up to repay it, and this, *this* was how, as the Life-Saver, he was obliged, on his professional honor, to do it. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth; sound reasoning, yes, but surely in this revenge there was something nobler, finer, more poetical.

It was easy enough to reach the drowning, terror-stricken man who was "one of the swimmers." Getting back was the test.

But with a great pride and confidence Rowena saw the man it was her privilege to love, clutch at Pember's hair and strike out for shore. Up and over and through he came, now hidden, now in view, slow and steady.

She heard voices behind and around her. "Who is it? What the blazes is the good of putting the warning on the board?" "The boat's no darned use in this sea," but the only one that rang in her soul was the voice of love. "My Life-Saver, my Life-Saver," she whispered, with her arms stretched out. "Come to me, come to me," and she found herself laughing at the absurd thought that came next. "I want Emily to see you. She'll be crazy to use you as a model for one of her heroes."

But in a few moments it became evident to her that the rescue was developing into a struggle, a fight. She saw Phil shake the sea out of his eyes, she saw a curious, drawn look on his face, she heard the voices again, this time with a deadly clearness. She held her breath and clasped her hands to her breast.

"He'll have to let him go to get back himself." "Can't you do something?" "If only he could get hold of one of the barrels!" "They're gone." "They're not gone! Come on, Phil, come on, boy!" "Mr. Smith, for God's sake do *something!*" "What can *I* do? I'm old." "He's got the rope!" "No, he ain't!" "Yes, he has!" "Good boy, Phil!" "But he's too weak to hold it!" "No, he ain't!" "Yes, he is!"

And then Rowena, finding her voice cried out: "Phil, Phil!" and it rang like the note of a bugle.

Everyone saw the little smile on the white face and the desperate clutch at the rope that swayed between the barrels. This time he had it in a strong grip. There were shouts of encouragement as the Life-Saver—well so called, if there was a spark of life left in the limp thing whose head he held up—worked his way inch by inch, beaten, wave-covered, wave-lifted, along the rope. Then, at last, there was a rush. The bathhouse man, waist deep, caught Pember by the arms and dragged him up, swollen, green, insensible; a horrid and most unheroic spectacle. Other eager arms supported Rutherford as he staggered to his feet. But Rowena didn't want to see the group that closed round the recumbent figure of Pember upon whom the bathhouse man was expertly working, and couldn't see Rutherford as he was led up to his tent. Her eyes were blinded by grateful tears.

It was not until nearly an hour after Emily Todman had arrived and stalked exuberantly all over the cottage in her peculiar turn-in-toes manner, that Rowena heard a well-known and momentarily-prayed-for step on the veranda. There was a knock on the door, and a cheery voice sang out, "May I come in?"

"Shall I disappear?" asked Miss Todman in a quick whisper. She had been told every single detail of the week's happenings already, naturally.

"Yes,—no!"

It was too late to say Yes again. Phil Rutherford was in the room and across it and had Rowena in his arms.

And presently, putting her hair straight, Rowena, with the color of a wild rose, said: "Emily, I want to introduce——"

"The man she's going to marry," said the Life-Saver.

They were astonished to see the look on Emily Todman's face—eager, impersonal. "Hold that," she said. Don't move while I get a pencil. It's exactly what I want!"

They held it, all right.



The Wheat Comes Back

Puffed to Eight Times Normal Size

The one who marvels most at Puffed Wheat is the man who raised the grain.

Back to countless farms that grain comes puffed to bubbles. With a texture much like snowflakes, and a flavor much like nuts.

It comes as airy globules, crisp and toasted, eight times former size. Every kernel has been steam-exploded—shot from guns. Yet the grains remain shaped as they grew.

In no other process does whole wheat meet such a transformation.

Over 100 Million Food Cells Blasted in Each Kernel

In this process, every food cell is exploded. And each kernel contains over 100 million.

That is the object—to make the whole grain easily digestible. To fit every atom to feed. Ordinary cooking leaves half the food cells unbroken.

So with Puffed Rice and Corn Puffs. All are puffed by millions of steam explosions, under Prof. Anderson's process.

The result is food confections. The solid grains become airy tidbits. The fearful heat gives an almond taste. But your doctor knows that these are also the scientific grain foods.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**

and Corn Puffs

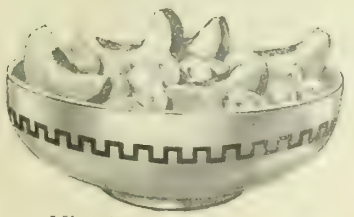
Each 15c Except in Far West



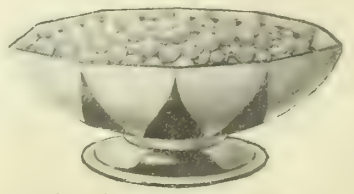
In the morning serve like other cereals



In the evening float in bowls of milk



Mix with any fruit for the nut-like blend.



Salt or butter for after-school confections.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(1702)

AT THE DOCTOR'S DOOR

(Continued from page 356)

lights, music, brave women. He hesitated, an infantile grin suffusing his fat face.

"Oh, hurry and tell me," she pleaded. "The curtain will go up in a minute."

"It's too terribly Bohemian," he temporized. "Maybe if I tell you you'll be cross about it."

"I'm the soul of amiability." She looked it at the moment.

"Well, it's an affair called the Aztec Ball. Perfectly dreadful art-students and desperate poets—some real people, too, mixed in to see the fun—everybody masked up to the hour when squeams cease and confidences begin. Then first you know it's daylight! Home, James!"

"You're describing Paradise!" she cried rapturously.

"I've got two tickets," he announced. "But of course there's your husband."

"Chan?" she laughed. "He won't mind. We have a perfect understanding about these matters. We work together and play separately."

"Bertie, you've brought sweetness and light into my embittered life," he assured her as they walked back toward the closed door of the Bolby box. "I'll go home, get into my costume and call for you at twelve."

"You'll find me game, as you say," she smiled back at him as he opened the door which carried the engraved name of J. Brannard Bolby.

It was after the performance, just as the party was breaking up, that Alberta went to the cloak-room and took a little silver scent-bottle from her beaded bag. She measured out ten drops of the liquid in a glass of water the attendant brought her and swallowed the dose. By the time she had gone to the foyer and begun saying a hypocritical good-night to her hostess she was feeling quite normal again for the first time in several hours.

AS they were driving home in the doctor's car Alberta began taxing her wits for a natural approach to the topic of Ronald Prawl's peculiar invitation.

"What's wrong, old dear?" she asked affectionately, passing her hand over the rugged cheek of the man beside her who maintained an attitude of fatigue and resignation.

"I'm paying an income-tax on thirty-five thousand a year," he groaned. "And if the Government knew how many times over and over again I earn my money they wouldn't have the heart to charge me a cent."

"The Bolbys are bores," she conceded.

"Hang it, Bertie, they're all bores!" he replied cheerlessly. "If they don't talk a leg off you they freeze you to death or keep you capering for them like a dancing-master or flattering their silly little egos or playing their stupid games. They call a doctor in the way they call in a barber—to give 'em what they want and take his tip and get out. And they never want a doctor to practice medicine honestly and scientifically, as he's been taught to do. Anything but that."

"There now, dear boy," she soothed, well knowing this class of rebellion into which he plunged occasionally. "After all we can't let the rich die without proper medical atten-

"That's exactly what most of 'em do die without," he replied savagely. "They don't want to be cured. They want to be flattered; and as a consequence they call in a medical dummy like myself and pay an exorbitant sum to be flattered to death."

"There, there!" She wound a slender arm about his neck. "He needn't go to the Opera any more if it makes him so savage."

"With the poor it's different," he stormed on unheedingly. "I go into a poor man's house with the idea of taking charge of the

pected to do when fat old Mr. Crœsus gets

scientific judgment earnestly and squarely

asked, settling back against the cushions and

had my way I think I should like to go back to my three-dollar practice. Not that I prefer to make three dollars when I can get

satisfaction to know that I was in the battle again, giving something really useful to the world. I'm too busy now getting rich to accomplish much of anything. I have to spend my days hanging around languid ladies, telling them they're anemic because they don't like to be told they're alcoholics. I've given up answering night-calls from people who really need emergency help, because it might interfere with —"

"Oh, Chan! You *know* you're too successful to be tumbling out of bed at night for charity cases!" She sighed and bit her lip. She thought he had buried that silly hobby long ago—and here it was again.

"I know you don't like me to talk about it, honey," he said huskily, taking her unresponsive hand. "It's uncomfortable, I'll admit, to roll out of sweet dreams for every telephone-call and pull my trousers over my pajamas and plunge into a snowdrift to find the address of a truckman whose wife has decided to increase the population at three in the morning. You were perfectly right when you showed me that other successful doctors didn't do it—that they left the night-riding to younger men who had to take the rough stuff——"

"Well, what are you getting at, dear?" she suggested more gently.

"Forgive me, Bertie!" He reached across and drew her to him in a bear-like hug. "I'm just blowing off steam. As a matter of fact I'm much too comfortable and happy to want anything different than it is. You mustn't think I'm ungrateful to you, dear, for the way you've boosted me up to where I am. And as far as night-work is concerned, it's really a sentimental regret with me. I hate the sound of a telephone after eleven P. M. It's a dreary life, that living like a fireman, always ready to pull on your boots and slide down the pole. Actually I'm glad I've handed my night-practice over to Dr. Chase."

"And you're really enormously well known," she told him as her head rested against his shoulder and she fingered the lapel of his rough coat. She loved him so, and if she could only teach him to accept things!

"That's the funny thing about it!" he laughed. "I seem to be gaining power in the medical profession. I never go to the hospitals any more but what the internes gather in knots and point me out. I've even been asked to read a paper on uremic poisoning before the Medical Congress, not because I know much about the subject, but because I've been called in to cure John D. Hellig, the banker."

"Don't underrate yourself," she pleaded against his coat.

"Oh, I'm a fake and I'm very happy and successful and I love my girl," he replied, never losing his cynicism in his good-nature.

"Chan, dear!" It now seemed ripe time to bring forth her topic. "Do you object to my playing round with Ronny Prawl?"

"Not in the least," he assured her. "He seems to be a decent, harmless vulgarian and they say his mother spends ten thousand a year on her health."

"He just gave me the foolishest invitation," she faltered; then, hurrying to the occasion, "he wants me to go with him to the Aztec Ball."

"Oh yes. When?"

"To-night," she hurried on. "I can put on my old Balkan costume that everybody's forgotten and I'll wear a mask all evening and

"That would be all right, I'm sure." There was a reserve in his voice. "Of course the Aztec Ball is regarded as rather an unconventional place—especially for the wife of an ambitious fashionable physician."

"I'll not stay late and I'll come home before they unmask," she plead like a child. "I just seem dying for a little whirl to-night. The idea of stopping and going to bed like a regular citizen—I can't stand it."

Plaisted looked at her a long time, and in the half-light his scrutiny seemed terribly accusing.

"Bertie, are you quite well?" he asked.

"Absolutely," she lied eagerly, turning a furtive thought to the little bottle in her beaded bag. "I never felt better in my life. I think it's surplus energy—too much 'pep,' as they say, that makes me so wild to go."

"I'd be a poor doctor if I didn't let

"Make Ronny take good care of you and get you home early—and *incog.* most certainly."

"I love you so!" she cried impulsively, kissing him. "And I knew you'd understand about Ronny."

"A little flirtation in the matter of business," he chuckled as their car drew up in front of their pretty brick house in Tenth Street.

SHORTLY after twelve o'clock when Ronny Prawl, fat and gallant in crimson doublet and hose, rang the bell at the Plaisteds' door, it was a fascinating Balkan Princess with tow-colored hair and mysterious greenish eyes who came down and let him in.

"Your Radiance!" cried the crimson knight, sinking plumply down upon a burlesque knee. Scotch whisky now seemed to hang about him like a nimbus, unseen but not unsmelled.

"Get up, Your Impudence!" she laughed, tweaking him by an ear.

"Ouch!" he arose hastily, rubbing the side of his head. "Don't get mad if I call you a peach. That gown, you know——"

"Five years old," she sniffed. "Fortunately, Balkan costumes are out of style. So I'm going in complete disguise, you see——"

"Shall I keep my taxi?" he asked as she turned to go up the stairs.

"By all means," she cautioned. "Chan's let our car go. He has to start early in the morning for Spoonberry to play golf with John D. Hellig."

"We mustn't let our pleasures stand in the way of science," Ronny agreed, as he opened the door a crack and called out to the chauffeur.

She found her husband, already in pajamas and dressing-gown, smoking a nightcap cigaret in his dispensary at the head of the stairs.

"Promise me, Chan, that you'll go right to bed and to sleep."

"You speak like a good mother," he smiled, holding her tenderly by the shoulders.

"No—but I realize how foolish you are when you get your conscientious spells. I can't leave you a minute or you'll be off on some Quixotic errand for your blessed poor."

She ran her white fingers through his hair and looked him steadily in the eye.

"Now you're *not* going to race off for the first patient that rings you up?"

"Cross my heart," he grinned back to her gentle bullying.

"It's serious with me, Chan. You've got to acknowledge that you need me to teach you common sense. You're too hard-worked and we're too—important—to waste your time with every Tom, Dick and Harry. Somehow I just feel you're not going to bed for your night's rest—you're planning some charity expedition. You'll catch cold and heaven knows what all."

"Do you want me to put it down in handwriting?" he laughed.

"That's a good idea!" she cried. "Here—follow me, bad boy!"

With a great show of force she took his big hand and led him to her little boudoir, where she snatched one of her engraved correspondence-cards from the pigeonhole of her frivolous desk, dipped a pen and scrawled a line across its surface.

"Now, foolish, come here and sign your name!"

He followed the rules of the whimsical game she was playing and fixed his signature before he read the completed work:

"I do not take any patients after 10 P. M.
"CHANNING PLAISTED."

"What are you going to do—tack this on the door?" he asked with affectionate gruffness.

"Better than that," she rippled as she rose and tiptoed into his bedroom.

"There!" he heard her say, and a moment later she was giving him her good-night kiss.

"You needn't worry about my devotion to humanity after office-hours," he assured her. "I love my sleep too well."

"Yes—but you've broken your rule two or three times lately. It's a bad habit. Think what successful doctors would think if they caught you plodding about at night after three dollar cases!"

"And now I'll lecture *you*," he said seriously, as he laid a big, delicate hand upon her left side. "Remember—that kind heart of yours skips a beat now and then. Just a little dancing. Nothing to drink!"

"Old killjoy!" she pouted.

"I love you terribly!" he whispered in one of his sudden ardors.

"I love you, too," she replied quite sincerely. "And now please, Chan—don't rub off all my make-up!"

She went flying down the stairs and permitted her red knight to help her into her blue evening cloak. She stood looking absent-mindedly about, then raised her pretty, delicate face and called up the stairs:

"Chan!"

"Yes, dear," came his reply as he leaned over an upper railing.

"My beaded bag—it's hanging right there on the newel-post. Toss it down—Ronny'll catch it."

The saggy, ornate thing came hurtling down from above and Prawl did skilfully as he was bid, catching the bag by its string before it touched the floor.

"Take care of her, Ronny," cautioned the doctor from on high. "She hasn't got any sense. I'm relying on you."

"You're leaning against a broken reed, old man," was Ronny's manful assurance just before the front door banged behind them.

As she was getting into the chugging taxi-cab which stood at the curb she felt the meshes of the beaded bag to make sure that her little silver bottle lay safely within.

NO sooner had she laid aside her cloak and joined Ronny at the door of the big ballroom, surging with frantic colors, bellowing with the sort of music which seems to irritate to action, than her sardonic escort smiled beneath his black mask and pointed toward the refreshment-room.

"This isn't the Metropolitan Opera House," he reminded her. "Everybody does it here."

"You have a memory," she reminded him as soon as they had seated themselves in the midst of the cluttered room and he had beckoned to the waiter who was skipping insanely back and forth among parti-colored, gesticulating groups.

"Memory? I have that which hates memory—a thirst," he replied as he slid his finger rapidly down the wine-list. He turned up his nose at the brand suggested and urged upon the waiter the importance of haste. She knew he had had enough already, but she had never before seen him unamusing.

"They're still in a torpor," he said, pointing to the ball-room beyond, already overcrowded with swaying couples. "Of course the Aztecs don't really wake up until two. Then they take off their masks and tell each other their real names."

"I must go before then," she said somewhat nervously, feeling for the little red mask which covered the upper portion of her face.

"Why?" For the first time she noticed that the chin, below his mask, was sagging to a jowl and that the lips were thick and sensual.

"Well—I don't think I can afford to be seen here—unmasked." She knew it sounded silly, thus baldly expressed.

"That's right, my dear. Play safe. Enjoy a joke as long as you can, but never let it come to a point. If you do that you'll last a long time, but you'll never hear any good jokes."

He turned away sullenly and she wondered just how drunk he was. A startlingly unclad girl at the next table, her limbs flashing through chiffon trousers of a Turkish pattern, her bodice cut down almost to her waist-line, had caught the gleam of the silvered champagne bucket approaching Ronny's table and was bidding openly for favor.

"Any time you're neglected over there," Ronny was saying gallantly.

"Oh!" giggled the temptress, "you know me, Al!"

The wine was bubbling in the glass before Alberta's place. Her feeling of insult and rage brought to her a sudden sickening faintness, a numbing pain, as though she had been dealt a sharp blow in the diaphragm. A disturbing memory caused her to raise her glass hastily and drain it at a gulp . . . the specter vanished almost at once, the wine began singing in her head. She became merry, recklessly forgiving.

"You don't mind my behaving like an ass do you, Bertie?" he asked, swimming back



The Quartet from Rigoletto

Ciccolini, Alcock, Verlet and Middleton have sung this world-famed number for the New Edison in a way that will stir your emotions to the uttermost depths. The New Edison Re-Creates their performance with absolute realism. The acid test of direct comparison between their living voices and their Re-Created voices has proved this to be true. The illustration is from an actual photograph of this test. Only the New Edison can sustain such a test.

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

Visit the Edison Dealer in your vicinity and ask him to let you hear the Quartet from Rigoletto. Write us for the brochure, "Music's Re-Creation," and a complimentary copy of the new musical magazine, "Along Broadway," which will interest every music lover.

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., ORANGE, N. J.

into her sphere. "I should loathe you if you were anything else—I hate affectations," she assured him.

"Well, here's to——" he began, then looking over into her glass—— "But you've finished yours already. Solitary!"

"That's something that can be cured by a little more of the same," she smiled. She was doing splendidly now, the disturbing faintness entirely gone. Ronny brought up the bottle and refilled her glass.

Alberta, as again she drank, wondered at the deep, serene satisfaction which the wine imparted to her. Never since her débutante days had intoxication seemed so wonderful a thing. Her nerves had been jangled and numb by turns during this trying week and, up to to-night, she had begun to think that liquor had lost its power of stimulation for her . . . Ronny was raising his glass to the semi-nude beauty at the next table. The act seemed immensely exciting, free, suggestive of adventure. The girl turned toward Alberta, holding up her beautiful arm and displaying her regular teeth; and Alberta found herself toasting her bold rival with unnecessary enthusiasm . . . . without more ado the unknown came over and took the chair next to Ronny.

"It's about time you old married people were mixing in a little bit," giggled the girl, reaching across and helping herself from Ronny's half-empty glass.

"That's just what I've been telling my bride," responded Ronny heartily. Alberta could see him winking through the nearest eye-hole and the joke seemed overpowering.

"Bride!" trilled she of the pearly shoulders. "My word—honeymoon stuff! Well, here's to happiness!"

Out of nowhere, so it appeared, another glass had swum to the table and everybody was filling up again. Ronny was frankly holding the pink hand at the end of the beautiful arm. It seemed wonderfully jolly and nonsensical . . . Ronny had said that this ball only began to wake up at two o'clock . . . Alberta found herself laughing at a vision of what it would look like at the moment of resurrection. The next moment she felt ashamed and self-conscious, fearful that someone had witnessed her maudlin hilarity. Nobody had, apparently . . .

In this wonderful fairyland people met by collision and became fast friends. What a blissful way! If all the dull world could be arranged like that. Alberta found herself looking about among the crowd . . . after all, she was a trifle tired of Ronny Prawl. She wanted to dance.

Through the jam of close-locked chair backs a very tall gladiator came struggling along, following closely upon a very short girl in an ill-fitting *Peter Pan* costume. As a disembodied spectator Alberta was filled with an amused curiosity, for the couple were obviously quarreling.

"Wanda, be reasonable!" he was pleading as they came near her chair.

"I don't want to," she replied firmly; and seated herself in the chair next to Alberta.

"I was crazy to dance with you right along," he insisted, bending over and talking as confidentially as though the two had had the room to themselves.

"Oh, let me alone! I prefer to see you dancing with somebody else."

The gladiator upraised himself to his full stature. Alberta was full of wonder that he should be so concerned, because the girl was small and scrawny with mud-colored hair unbecomingly bobbed below the ears.

"Oh, well," began the man, pausing on the verge of an escape.

[illegible] suddenly solum[illegible] Alberta and the next moment the tall one was escorting her mock-ceremoniously toward the dancing floor. His bare legs and arms showed lean and skinny outside his diaphanous costume and Alberta, in her amusement, found herself comparing him to some comedian she had seen in a musical [illegible] he joined the dancing couple he clasped her violently. She was wild to dance, for that same vacant, disturbing feeling under her breast was again haunting her.

[illegible] Sammy; and Alberta, reaching out for some[illegible] very well, although he was a sodden dancer [illegible] severe [illegible] Wanda [illegible] ing [illegible] Alberta feebly.

[illegible] ing for [illegible] r legs seemed to [illegible] of the crowded found herself asking the Roman athlete to take her back to her table. This he did rather meagerly; for he forsook her a good five yards from that destination, fleeing with a feeble apology. The appearance of the table had greatly changed, she found, as soon as she had sunk weakly down into her chair, for the little *Peter Pan* sat all by herself, guarding a circle of vacant chairs.

"Your knight is wandering," said *Peter Pan*, turning her little scrawny face toward Alberta. "He says he's your husband, but I don't think he is. Anyway, he's pie-eyed and I think he'll continue to wander quite a while now that he's fallen under Colline's tender clutches. That girl comes to all the dances and hovers around like the man-eating pest she is—heigho! She's really very pretty."

The grotesque little *Peter Pan* said this in a tone more of sadness than of envy as she raised her thin fingers to her colorless mop of hair and regarded Alberta through the eye-holes of her mask. Alberta sat back and returned the glance coolly, determined to dislike this ill-favored, presumptuous creature who clung to her like a vocal, confidential burr.

"My name's Wanda Holt," said the girl brusquely.

"And mine's—er—Ida Warren," replied Alberta as glibly as she could.

"You're pretty too," decreed *Peter Pan*. "I thought at first you were wearing a wig, your hair's so remarkable. You see it occasionally in Swedish girls—sifted moonlight. Are you ordinarily so pale?"

"I—I think I'm a little faint," Alberta found herself confiding to this amazing interloper. The panic was growing upon her. If only she could get away somewhere and take another dose from the little silver bottle.

"Waiter!" *Peter Pan* was tapping an empty glass noisily on the table.

"Bring two Scotch highballs—at once," she commanded as soon as the man swayed into their ken.

"Thank you," Alberta permitted herself. "It isn't anything serious. I'm merely a trifle tired."

"You ought to be home and in bed," replied *Peter Pan* definitely. "These dances are silly things. I don't know why in the world I ever come to them. A pretty girl, of course, has the excuse of her vanity. But for an ugly little predestined spinster like me—"

Again she sat and regarded Alberta, her knuckles under her long chin.

"I certainly don't come here to be fussed over by men. I've got too much sense for that, even if I am a rotten bad painter. My vanity went when I cut my hair off." She turned her head and showed the ugly, bobbed ends. "It was awful hair, dull and stringy; and when I snipped it off I knew I was removing once for all my false hopes of having a man to look at me. I've been much happier since then. You see, I love beauty and the only article of interior decoration I positively detest is a mirror."

By now the waiter had set between them two glasses in which ice melted languidly amidst a flat amber fluid.

"I'm paying for it," volunteered Wanda Holt generously, flapping a twenty-dollar bill on the table. "Sammy told me to hold his money—no pockets in that ancient Roman night-shirt he's wearing."

Alberta lifted the glass and drank rapidly, for a great weight seemed to be forcing itself against her lungs and she was ready to scream for air . . . nervousness, she assured herself time and again, only to behold the bogie coming toward her, enlarged with every reappearance. She was now growing wild to get away and take her ten drops from the little bottle; but she had a self-conscious fear that her legs would give out to the laughter of this abominable crowd. She emptied her glass at one feverish draught. It brought stimulation to her heart and chased away the curious oppression. Her brain cleared and she felt quite strong again as she got to her feet.

"Not going?" asked Wanda, half-rising at her elbow.

"Yes, I think so. I——"

In fact, Alberta was scarcely conscious of what she was doing. She was dominated by an instinct to get out while still she had strength to control her [illegible]. She did not wish to call on the [illegible] and disappointing Ronny. She wanted to be let alone, to take her medicine and [illegible].

"You're not going [illegible] your [illegible]" Wanda was protesting [illegible]

"I'm not far from [illegible]," responded Alberta feebly.

[illegible] appealing for [illegible] her legs seemed to [illegible] of the crowded room, into the big hall. It was only as she was mounting the stairs toward the cloak-room that it came upon her again, this time as though her lungs were bursting and a great maelstrom were driving round and round in her head. She must take her medicine now or die, she felt, and clutched wildly for her beaded bag. It was not over her wrist. She had left it at the table in that awful, jumbled café.

Dimly beside a pile of wraps she saw a vacant chair and into this she sank quite helpless. She closed her eyes against the whirling world and prayed for strength to tell someone—tell anyone about her beaded bag. Yet her mind, darkening and darkening, clung to the thought that nobody must know her name here. . . . Chan wouldn't like it. . . . Chan wouldn't like her to . . .

"You're all beat out," a shrill voice was saying in her ear.

"Can't I get you something?" again the voice urged through the whirling mist.

"Bottle—in my handbag," she found the strength to whisper. She opened her eyes and dimly made out the dull complexion and untidy hair of Wanda Holt bending over her.

"You haven't got any handbag with you." Wanda was groping round her skirts and the chair. . . . She seemed then to fly away for a long time.

"Your bag's not at the table," the voice said again, close to her ear. "Maybe somebody took it."

The mind which still lived within Alberta told her that the girl who had danced away with Ronny Prawl had taken her beaded bag. There seemed no way now but to go quickly to her husband.

"If you'll call a taxi," she managed to whisper.

"Shall I tell your——"

"No. Let me go—alone."

She was conscious of struggling to her feet and attempting flight. A balustrade caught her on one side and the little girl in the *Peter Pan* costume held her on the other. A man from the door came and guided her down the rest of the way. She was passing things with distorted distinctness, as though she were looking into a bright room through a slit in a black curtain. As she was helped out toward the street she was aware of two red-faced men in costume who grinned unpleasantly.

"So soon?" asked one, winking.

"What a waste of good liquor!" commiserated the other. "And the evening is just begun."

Wanda had helped her into the taxi-cab and she collapsed among the cushions. She saw the plain little woman leaning anxiously in and heard her inquire:

"Where do you want to go?"

Alberta was conscious of all this and aware of pronouncing her husband's name. But she knew, in a sort of vague, disembodied despair, that the words never got beyond the barrier of her lips.

"Drive to the nearest drugstore. Be quick," she heard Wanda order the driver as she got in beside her, slammed the door and put her scrawny arm protectingly around her shoulders.

AT the moment when the front door banged upon Alberta and her red knight, Dr. Plaisted stood at the head of the stairs and smiled rather sadly down upon their departure. He wondered at the nervous strength of this delicate-appearing woman, her hunger for enjoyment which kept her going on and on for periods of activity which, if devoted to any sort of useful work, would put a strong man in the hospital. Dr. Plaisted rated himself as a strong man, yet in his younger days when he had gone in for maternity cases he had lacked the physical endurance to stand indefinitely these long spells under strain. "The nervous reserve in women," thought he, "which Nature has stored up against the needs of motherhood." Lacking children, women must go looking for an Aztec Ball somewhere and dance until they drop. And then they send for the doctor.

He went into his dispensary and lit one of the rank cigarets which he had affected since his medical-student days. With the first indrawing of the smoke he wondered if Bertie were in good health. Her color was not so bright as it had been a few weeks ago; but she never complained of anything. At any rate, it wouldn't be a bad plan to give her an overhauling. She needed a talking to perhaps a month or so of enforced rest in the country. He was sorry he had been so busy with that confounded frivoling practice of his as not to give her the proper amount of attention. After all, in spite of her ambition and ability, Bertie was a good deal of a child. What was it that detestable old beau Bobby had said about pretty women? "To give beauty to some women is like giving dynamite to a baby."

Dr. Channing Plaisted was not a jealous man. His faith in his wife was founded on the knowledge of the love which they bore one for the other. They had always gone their separate ways without chains and returned to each other without remorse. While Alberta had exerted her charm upon other men, Channing Plaisted had sat back and smiled, secure in the vanity of the old spider who is beloved by a butterfly, the latter fluttering her gaudy wings to lure less-wary insects to the web. They had worked as a successful firm these many years and his only worry to-night was that her fragile wings would grow tired or that she was fluttering into unprofitable fields.

Dr. Plaisted yawned. It was nearly one o'clock and he had a hard day ahead of him. He shuffled across the dispensary and from behind the door brought forth a prosperous kit of golf clubs. He had promised to play eighteen holes with old John D. Hellig to-morrow morning and he knew what that meant—a sour twosome over the Spoonberry course, a game in which Plaisted was expected to answer cheerfully to his host's insulting comments and to permit the old gentleman to beat him at least two strokes to the hole. Then there would be an interminable luncheon at the Hellig house and Plaisted would listen diplomatically to a satire on feminine vanity, aimed at Mrs. Hellig, who would be present, and Mr. Hellig would insist upon Scotch whisky and Dr. Plaisted would assure him that, in the presence of uric acid, Scotch whisky was preferable to any other liquor.

Oh, well! John D. Hellig was rated among the two dozen richest men in the country. Dr. Plaisted sighed and carefully examined a new light ball which he plucked from the pocket of his kit. It might go well with the wind, he thought, as he tossed it back, buttoned the flap and restored the bag to its place behind the door.

He turned out the light, shuffled into his bedroom and threw aside his bathrobe. He hoped Bertie wouldn't wake him when she came in, as he must get a good night's sleep if he would endure old Hellig in the morning.

HE had been dreaming of battle. The Huns had just chained him to a stake and pointed a machine-gun at his head. "Don't!" he had screamed as the machine went rat-tat-tatting with a curiously bell-like sound . . .

He sat up in bed. The telephone on the little table at his elbow was ringing furiously.

"Hello!" he growled, half-asleep and furious at the interruption to his repose.

"Is this Dr. Plaisted?" The voice which came to him was thin and plebeian, not the distinguished utterance of his chosen *clientèle*. However, he reflected rapidly, this might be a maid from some important house, honoring him with a night-call.

"Yes. This is Dr. Plaisted," he answered guardedly.

"I have a very sick woman here, Doctor," wavered the voice, which seemed to grow higher with every word and to break with anxiety. "She seems to have a heart attack and I'm afraid that if she doesn't get attention right away she'll collapse."

Dr. Plaisted's first impulse was to leap out of bed, array himself in the garments of emergency and be off to the call of duty. Strange that Bertie had been so insistent on this very night—after all, she wouldn't be hard with him in a case like this.

He swung half-way out of bed and switched on the electric light over the small clock on the stand. It now lacked a quarter of three.

"I think I might——" he was beginning to promise the telephone when his eye was caught by that correspondence card, scribbled across with Bertie's frivolous handwriting. It lay accusingly under the light beside the clock.

"I take no patients after ten P.M.," he repeated aloud as he read.

"Oh, but you must!" came the urgent treble over the wire. "She's in dreadful shape. I can't get anyone else."

"Is she a patient of mine?" asked Plaisted guardedly, his eye still upon Alberta's card, as though for moral support.

"I don't know." The voice had risen to a sort of panic-stricken wail. "I've scarcely met her. She's a Miss Warren—but what difference does it make?"

What difference should it make? Plaisted cast the eye of an inner conscience on Alberta's scribbled warning as it stared up at him under the light. There was something ghostlike



My friends asked me to write a book. I did. It's not a book of jokes, but a message from me to you.

Douglas Fairbanks

Laugh and Live

Is the name of his new book

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS set the world to laughing and has kept himself happy and well. His book will inspire you. It will give life a new meaning. You will find it most helpful toward your own success and happiness. And beautifully illustrated with eighteen intimate action photographs of the author. To read this book is like a charming visit with one of the most admired and best loved men in public life. He has a style all his own.

Here's what the country thinks of Laugh and Live

The Los Angeles Times says: "Douglas Fairbanks' 'Laugh and Live' gives something practical to live by. It is clean, inspirational, and bubbling over with good humor."

The Spokesman Review says: "Douglas Fairbanks lives the life he preaches, consequently it will appeal as well as invigorate. It is just the book for young men starting out in life."

The Pittsburgh Leader says: "It is for people of all ages,—young men starting out—and their elders of both sexes who have need of the right sort of optimism."

The Springfield Union says: "If this great inspirational book doesn't develop into *the finest sort of best seller* the American public is losing its taste."

For sale everywhere. Library edition $1.00 net.

Special bindings, Khaki for the boys going to the front (fits the pocket) $1.00 net. Leather (boxed) $2.00 net. Ooze (boxed) $2.50 net. Postage extra 10 cents.

Get it. ***Read it.***

BRITTON PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK

The 3 books over here

are picked to please three totally different moods that 'most everybody has.

If you care for superb fiction read

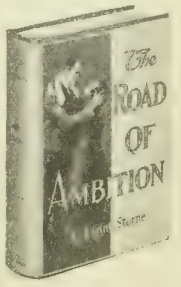
THE ROAD OF AMBITION

A great novel by ELAINE STERNE

of which the New York Tribune says:

"It's a big story about a big man who did things in a big way."

A story that casts a veritable spell over the reader. A man's book—a woman's book—a story for both the masses and the classes.



Over 300 literary editors praised this novel. Here is what a few of them say about this great book:

The Pittsburgh Press says: "One is awed by the bigness and vitality of this book which fairly shakes with power. It is the best novel in years."

The Atlanta Constitution says: "Miss Sterne has written a great big American novel of wonderful magnitude about a real man."

The New York World says: "A story vividly and richly human, dashing, completely convincing."

The Philadelphia Press says: "It is seldom that a novel is characterized by such a keen sense of dramatic values, deftness in dialogue, and skill in characterization."

All Bookstores *Price $1.35 net* *Postage extra 12 cents*

THE CASE OF MARY SHERMAN

by JASPER EWING BRADY

If you like a rapid fire romance full of mystery — love — fight — detective work, this is your book.



All Bookstores $1.35 Net
Postage extra 12 cents

A THOUSAND WAYS TO PLEASE A HUSBAND

A Wonderfully Pleasing Gift Book

by LOUISE BENNETT WEAVER and HELEN COWLES LE CRON

An instantaneous hit because, under the guise of romance, a most delightful and unusual cook book comes into being. Running through it is a little story about "Bettina" and how she made a real home for her "Bob." It's

The Romance of Cookery and the Inspiration of Housekeeping



It's all sensible, simple and precise—you can't go wrong—and best of all it's very economical and not full of scientific terms like "proteids", "calories" and words like that.

Tells two people in particular and small families in general exactly what to do and how to do it.

479 pages *Extra illustrated* *$1.50 net*
Postage extra 12 cents.

BRITTON PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK

Annie Fellows Johnston's "Georgina of the Rainbows" now ... beautiful new edition ...



The Instant Summons

"Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows;

* * * * *

As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given."

The whistled summons of Roderick Dhu, the hero of Scott's "Lady of the Lake," caused his Highland warriors literally to spring from the earth. Ere the echo died away, from behind bush and rock emerged the loyal and ready clansmen. In armed silence they awaited their chieftain's bidding and typified his might.

Today the Commander-in-Chief of our nation's armed forces and the resources behind them, can, by lifting the telephone receiver, instantaneously set in motion all the vast machinery of warfare, munitions, transportation and food conservation.

Like the Scottish mountaineers, the American people must stand in loyal readiness to perform any service in furtherance of the nation's high aim. Such a spirit of co-operation and sacrificing of individual interests can alone make certain the accomplishment of the great task to which our country is committed.

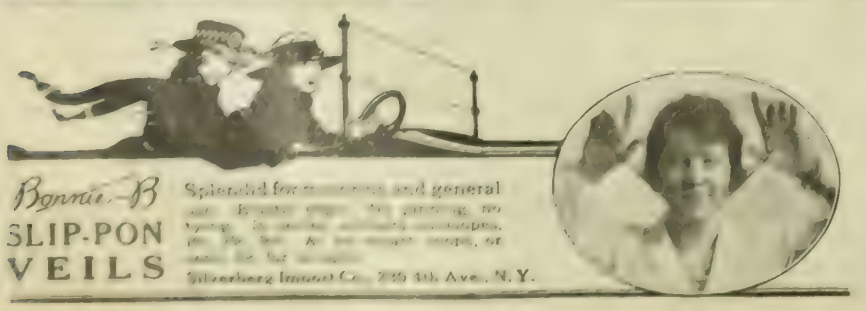
AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*



JANAS, 33 S. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.



Plays All Disc Records
Victor, Columbia, Edison, Pathe, Emerson, Little Wonder
A Dime a Day Pays for this Symphonola
Larkin Co. Desk SH-1117, Buffalo, N. Y.



Bonnie-B SLIP-ON VEILS
Silverberg Import Co., 225 4th Ave., N. Y.

in the frantic, broken appeal of the telephone, coming to him out of the dark—as though it had been sent as a rebuke for the selfish ways into which his life was falling.

"How did you come to be calling me?" the physician temporized.

"I know a doctor up on Riverside Drive. He said he was too far away and mentioned you as——"

"Where is the patient now?" asked Plaisted, somewhat wearily.

"She's in my studio. Washington Square South——"

That settled the matter. Probably some Bohemian had taken a bit too much to drink. Bertie's card seemed to nod approval to the thought.

"I'm very sorry." It came much easier now for him to refuse. "I've made it a rule not to go out for night cases. There's a younger man who attends to night cases for me—a Dr. Chase."

"I know—my doctor mentioned him. But I've called him up a dozen times—he isn't there."

"I'm very sorry." Wearily he tried to keep his temper, thinking how this senseless interruption to his sleep would spoil his game in the morning. "You'll probably find someone by looking around."

He snapped up the receiver and sank back upon his pillow. He lay for some time in a half-waking state, that nasal little voice spectrally plaguing him. Perhaps this might look cruel on the surface of it, he argued to himself. But a doctor's work must be like a soldier's—no place for sentimentality. Bertie had been quite right in insisting on this rule—Bertie had a way of being right in practical things. A doctor must have his hours of rest just like any other worker or he'll never be good for anything. What was the lazy little beggar, Chase, doing at this time of night?

The visitation seemed to hang over his pillow, taunting him out of his sleep. He lay there stupidly for a long time, momentarily dreading the jangle of that telephone and that shrill voice crying: "What difference does it make? She's in a desperately bad condition——"

"I'm getting maudlin!" snarled the doctor and turned over on his pillow. Again the telephone jangled.

"Hello!" shouted Dr. Plaisted violently at the specter.

"This is Miss Holt again—oh, Doctor—you must come. I can't get anybody—the hospital says I'm out of their district—she's dying! Oh, come, please, or she can't live!"

"Miss Holt, this is very irregular—I——" Against that storm he seemed perfectly inadequate.

"I don't care how irregular it is," said the nasal voice decisively. "I want you to come and help her before she dies."

"It's probably not so bad as that," he replied soothingly. "Suppose you get a taxicab and bring her over to my house."

"But she's too ill to move."

"Oh, you can get her here. I'm sure."

"That's very cruel, Dr. Plaisted."

It cut into his ear like a whip of steel.

"But, Miss Holt——" There was no reply. She had shut him off.

HE was not at all sure what the impertinent Miss Holt had decided to do, but just the same he couldn't lie supinely wooing sleep with her reproaches ringing like a box in the ear. He was guiltily glad that Bertie had not come home yet, for he obeyed an impulse to slip into his bathrobe and shuffle over to his dispensary, where he turned on the light and went clinking among his medicine bottles. Perhaps the sick woman might be brought to his doorstep; and in such a contingency he could not well refuse her aid and comfort.

The doorbell rang and Dr. Plaisted, fussing with the cord of his gray bathrobe, went shuffling down the stairs. In the square of lace on the door-glass, silhouetted against the street lamps, he could see a shadowy group—a man with a military hat, a woman with a queer headdress and between them something drooping and formless. The physician groped for the button on the wall to switch on the electric light; and he swore softly as he pressed his thumb against the button, for the hall remained in darkness.

"Blasted thing burned out!" he growled and, feeling for the knob, opened the door to his untimely callers.

There was something vaguely terrifying about the group which now confronted him silently. A stout man in the untidy uniform of a chauffeur, a small, gnome-like person in a garb which was neither man's nor woman's; and swinging between them, loosely like a corpse, her head hanging, her body draped in a man's overcoat, a woman's helpless figure.

"We'll have to get her upstairs," the doctor announced without ado. "The lights have gone out down here."

"She ain't nothin' to carry," gruffly explained the man in the cap, lifting the bundle in his arms and surging into the hall and up the stairs.

The doctor followed stiffly in the wake of the girl in the *Peter Pan* costume. Belated conscience was upon him and he protested to the small person ahead.

"If I had known you were having so much trouble getting a doctor——"

"Known!" shrilled the nasal voice he had heard over the wire. "I think I told you plainly enough. Evidently your sleep is worth more than a human life!"

By the glare from above he could see her plain, thin face with its short hair and gnome-like eyes, one furious mask of accusation.

"She'll be all right in a short time, I'm sure," soothed the doctor.

Meanwhile, the chauffeur with his burden had struggled into the dispensary at the first landing. He was bending over the sick woman, easing her down upon a leather couch when Dr. Plaisted entered, so he did not see her at first. And when he did see, standing plainly in view of the blanched face with its half-closed eyes, laboring nostrils and tangle of soft, brilliant hair, recognition, at first, turned him into an unknowing lump, for he stood perfectly still, fingering the cord of his bathrobe.

"Aren't you going to do something?" screamed the gnome woman, clutching him by the arm and shaking him back to life.

"Why certainly—good Lord!" He threw himself down beside her, lifted the lids of those drooping eyes, put his ear to her heaving breast; and even in the midst of the routine of his trade he was moaning insanely:

"Bertie! Speak to me—what's happened to you?"

In another instant he was running toward his medicines and fumbling inadequately with the test-tube.

"Here, you!" he called roughly to the *Peter Pan* girl. "Hold this over the flame." He was trying to fit a needle to the hypodermic syringe, but his hands trembled so that he twice failed.

"Why in the world didn't you tell me who it was?" he asked the girl savagely.

"Isn't one life as good as another?" she glared back. "I told you it was Miss Warren—that's the name she gave me."

"Told you!" he growled. "You idiot—she's my wife!"

He had rushed back to the couch and dug the point of the needle deep into the smooth, white arm. There came no response, for the breast had ceased to heave and the eyes, a little wider open, stared unseeingly. Over the side of the brown couch her beautiful hair rilled like a flood of crystal. Again the doctor raised one of the drooping eyelids, and now he bit his lip as if to suppress the thing that was tearing him apart.

Suddenly he stood straight up and threw the hypodermic needle wildly across the room.

"It's curious—how it could have happened," he kept saying with a vacant, puzzled look.

Wanda Holt had been standing quietly by the door, and when she found she was going to cry she ran precipitately down the stairs. In the darkness of the lower hall she made out the fat chauffeur, true to his business, waiting for his fare.

"Want the taxi any more?" he asked in a voice which somehow managed to convey understanding.

Quite unable to answer, she opened the door and let him follow her out into the street. The little eccentric vehicle he had been keeping at her disposal since their departure from the Aztec Ball waited, a melancholy lump with a single glaring eye, close to the curb.

"I—I'll walk home," replied Wanda, dazedly looking into his face, which was round and blank like a full moon.

"Well, who's paying for this ride?" he asked gruffly.

She took her eyes from his stare and glanced up at the pleasant, white-trimmed brick house from whose second story a light still shone with a sort of hypocritical cheerfulness.

"Oh," she replied at last as she turned toward Washington Square, "collect from the Doctor. This party seems to be on him!"

THE PAWNS COUNT

(*Continued from page 369*)

came to a standstill before their chairs and saluted.

"Miss Van Teyl," he said, "there will be a mutiny in the saloon if you don't come down and sing."

She almost sprang to her feet. The ship was rolling a little and she laid her fingers upon his arm.

"I meant to come long ago," she declared, "but Mr. Fischer has been so interesting. You will finish telling me your experiences another time, won't you?" she called out over her shoulder. "There is so much that I still want to hear."

JAMES VAN TEYL glanced curiously at the small, dark figure standing patiently before him, and then back again at the wireless cable which he held in his fingers. He was just back from a tiring day in Wall Street and was reclining in the most comfortable easy-chair of his Hotel Plaza sitting-room.

"Gee!" he murmured. "This beats me. The last thing I should have thought we wanted here was a valet. The fellow who looks after this suite has scarcely anything else to do. What did you say your name was?"

"Nikasti, sir."

Van Teyl carefully reconsidered the cable. It certainly seemed to leave no room for misunderstanding.

Please engage for our service, as valet, Nikasti. See that he enters on his duties at once. Hope land this evening. Your sister on board, sends love. F.

"Well, that seems clear enough," the young man muttered, thrusting the form into his waistcoat pocket. "You're here to stay, I guess, Nikasti. I see you've brought your kit along."

"In case you decided to engage me, sir," the man replied.

"Oh, you are engaged, right enough," Van Teyl assured him. "You'd better make the best job you can of putting out my evening clothes. If you ring for the floor valet, he'll help you. The bedrooms are through that door."

"Very good, sir!"

"I am going down to the barber's now," Van Teyl continued, rising to his feet. "Just remember this, Nikasti—what a name, by-the-by!"

"I could be called Kato," the man suggested.

"Kato for me all the time," his prospective employer agreed. "Well, listen: My sister, Miss Van Teyl, arrives from Europe on the *Lapland* this evening. If she comes in or rings up, say I'm here and I want to see her at once—you understand?"

"I understand, sir."

Van Teyl strolled out, and Kato disappeared into the inner room. The floor valet, dressed in the dark-blue livery of the hotel, was already laying out his master's dinner-clothes. He eyed the intruder a little truculently.

"Who are you, anyway?" he inquired.

"My name is Nikasti," was the quiet reply. "Mr. Van Teyl has engaged me as his valet, to wait upon him and Mr. Fischer."

The man laid down the shirt into which he was fixing the studs.

"That's some news," he remarked bitterly. "To wait on Mr. Van Teyl and Mr. Fischer, eh? What the blazes do they want you for?"

Nikasti shook his head slowly. He was very small, and his dark eyes seemed filled with melancholy.

"It is not for a very long time," he ventured.

"Long enough to do me out of my five-dollar tip every week," the man grumbled. "I'm a married man, too, and a good American. Blast you fellows, coming and taking our jobs away! Can't think what they let you into the country for."

"I am sorry," Nikasti murmured.

"Your sorrow don't bring me in my five dollars," the valet retorted bitterly. "There's only two suites on this floor to work for, anyway, and this is the only one worth a cent."

"I am taking the situation," the other explained, "for the sake of experience. I do not wish to rob you of your earnings. I will pay you the five dollars a week while I stay here. You shall help me with the work."

"That's a deal, my little yellow-skinned kid," the valet agreed in a tone of relief. "I'll show you where the things are kept."

His new coadjutor bowed.

"The telephone is ringing in the master's room," he observed. "You shall remain here and I will answer it."

"That goes, Jappy," the man acquiesced. "If it's a young lady, take her name but don't say that Mr. Van Teyl's about. Forward young baggages some of them are."

Nikasti glided from the room, closed the door and approached the telephone receiver.

"Yes," he acknowledged, "these are the rooms of Mr. Van Teyl . . . No, madam, Mr. Van Teyl is not in at present."

There was a moment's pause. Nikasti's face was impenetrable as he listened, but his eyes glowed.

"Yes, I understand, madam," he said softly. "You are Miss Van Teyl and you wish to speak to your brother. The moment Mr. Van Teyl returns, I will ring you up or fetch you."

He replaced the receiver upon its hook, and returned to the bedroom. For some little time he was initiated into the mysteries of his new master's studs, boots and shoes, and general taste in wearing apparel. Then the latter entered the sitting-room and Nikasti obeyed his summons.

"Any one called me up?" he inquired.

"No one, sir."

Van Teyl glanced at the clock in an undecided manner.

"I'll change right away," he decided. "Just set things to rights in here, fill my cigaret case, and hang round by the telephone."

Nikasti bowed, and the young man disappeared into the inner room. His new attendant waited until the door was closed. Then he removed the receiver from its hook, laid it upon the table and moved stealthily toward the open fireplace. For several moments he remained in an attitude of listening, then with quick, lithe fingers he drew from his pocket a cable dispatch, reread it with an air of complete absorption, and committed it to the flames. He watched it burn, and turned away from the contemplation of its gray ashes with a sigh of content. Suddenly he started. The door of the sitting-room had been opened and closed. A tall, broad-shouldered man, wearing gold-rimmed spectacles, a long traveling coat and a Homburg hat, was standing watching him. Nikasti was only momentarily disturbed. His look of gentle inquiry was perfect.

"You wish to see my master—Mr. Van Teyl?" he asked.

"Where is he?" Fischer demanded.

"He is dressing in the next apartment. I will take him your name."

Fischer threw his coat and hat upon the table.

"That'll do directly," he replied. "So you're Nikasti?"

"I am Nikasti," the other acknowledged. "Kato Nikasti. Mr. Van Teyl has just engaged me as his valet."

"You can take off the gloves," Fischer told him. "I am Oscar Fischer."

"Oscar Fischer," Nikasti repeated.

"Yes! . . . Burning something when I came in, weren't you? Looked like a cable, eh?"

"A dispatch from London," Nikasti confided.

"Nothing that would interest me, eh?"

"It was a family message," was the calm response. "It did not concern the affair which is between us."

"How came you to speak English like this?" Fischer inquired.

"I was at Oxford University for two years," Nikasti told him, "and in the Embassy at London for five more."

"Before you took up your present job, eh?"

Nikasti assented silently. Fischer glanced around as though to make sure that they were still alone.

"I have the communication with me," he announced, "which we are to discuss. The terms of our proposal are clearly set out, and they are signed by the Highest of All himself. The letter embodying them was handed to me three weeks ago to-day in Berlin. Have you been to Washington?"

Nikasti shook his head.

May We Send You This Delightfully Different Catalog?

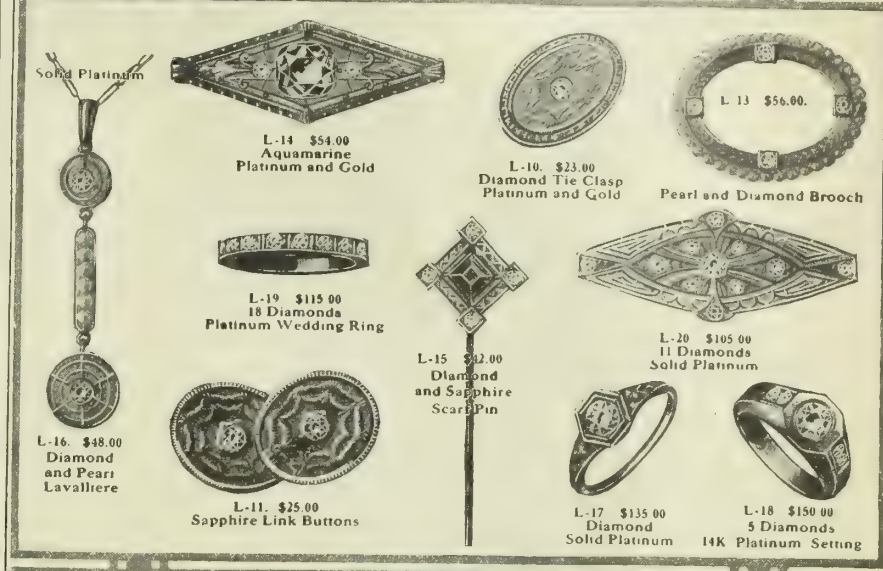


TO help solve the perplexing problem of *WHAT TO GIVE?* Our 22d Annual Catalogue is brimful of all that is new, delightfully different and up-to-date in Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry and Silverware.

Since 1872, S. KIND & SONS have been selling merchandise that the discriminating buyer is proud to buy, proud to give, and the recipient proud to receive.

Made especially to assist discriminating buyers. Send for it today

Our Service is delightfully different and a revelation to our customers Free Engraving, Articles Exchanged, Money Refunded, Beautiful Cases and Dainty Packages, Safe Delivery and Transportation Charges Prepaid Fifty thousand discriminating buyers right here *in Philadelphia* use our Catalogue. *Send for it today*



S. KIND & SONS
DIAMOND MERCHANTS, JEWELERS, SILVERSMITHS
1101 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sweeten *the* Breath *and* Clear *the* Head ~ *Become a* LUDEN~ite

In clearing air passages and soothing irritated parts, Luden's are most beneficial. Sufferers from stomach disorders or catarrh make their presence more agreeable by using Luden's.

Luden's keep the throat free from dryness and irritation, and relieve soreness and kindred ailments. Also sweeten the breath.

Sold everywhere in the yellow sanitary package—
5c as usual



Luden's Give Quick Relief

LUDEN'S MENTHOL CANDY COUGH DROPS

"I do not go to Washington," he said. "You will understand that diplomatically, as you would put it, I do not exist. Neither is it necessary. I am here to listen."

Fischer nodded.

"There need be very little delay, then," he observed, "before we get to work."

Nikasti bowed and raised his forefinger in warning.

"I think," he whispered, "that Mr. Van Teyl has finished dressing."

VAN TEYL, as he hastened forward to meet his friend, presented at first sight a very good type of the well-groomed, athletic young American. He was over six feet tall, with smooth, dark hair brushed back from his forehead, a strong, clean-shaven face and good features. Only, as he drew nearer, there was evident a slight, unnatural quivering at the corner of his lips. The cordiality of his greeting, too, was a little overdone.

"Welcome home, Fischer! Why, man, you're looking fine. Have a pleasant voyage?"

"Storms for the first few days—after that all right," Fischer replied.

"Any submarines?"

"Not a sight of one. Seen your sister yet?"

"Not yet. I've been waiting about for a telephone message. She hadn't arrived a few minutes ago."

Fischer frowned.

"I want us three to meet—you and she and I—the first moment she sets foot in the hotel," he declared.

"What's the hurry?" Van Teyl demanded. "You must have seen plenty of her the last ten days."

"That," Fischer insisted, "was a different matter. See here, Jimmy, I'll be frank with you."

He walked to the door of the bedroom, opened it and looked inside. Its sole occupant was Nikasti, who was at the far end, putting away some clothes. Fischer closed the door firmly and returned.

"I want you to understand this, James," he began. "Your sister is meddling in certain things she'd best leave alone."

Van Teyl lit a cigaret.

"No use talking to me," he observed. "Pamela's her own mistress, and she's gone her own way ever since she came of age."

"She's got to quit," Fischer pronounced. "That's all there is about it. You and I will have to talk this out. Where are you dining?"

"Downstairs," Van Teyl replied gloomily. "I was thinking of waiting for Pamela."

"You leave word to have your people let you know directly she arrives," Fischer advised, "and come along with me."

Van Teyl suffered himself to be led toward the door. Nikasti, with a due sense of his new duties, glided past them, rang for the lift and watched them descend. Fischer turned at once toward the dining-room.

"Thank God we're in a civilized country," he observed, "and that I don't have to change when I don't want to!"

They found a quiet table, and Fischer, displaying much interest in the menu, ordered a somewhat extensive dinner.

"Grape-fruit and Maryland chicken are worth coming back to," he declared. "Now see here, James, let's get to business. You've got to help me with your sister."

"But how?" Van Teyl demanded. "Pamela and I are good pals, of course, but she has a will of her own in all she does, and I don't fancy that anything I could say would influence her very much."

"There are two things about your sister," Fischer continued. "The first is that she's got to quit this secret-service business she's got herself mixed up in."

"Don't talk nonsense!" Van Teyl exclaimed. "Pamela doesn't care a fig about politics."

Fischer grunted scornfully.

"You don't know much about your sister. [illegible] She's crazy about America as a country, and she's shrewd enough to see things [illegible] looking for. Anyway, she came bang up [illegible] which I'd gladly buy for a quarter of a million."

"Some money!" he observed. "How did [illegible] replied. "She was clever enough to make [illegible]

first. I'm not squealing, but I've got to have that document, whatever it costs me."

Van Teyl was silent for a moment. There was an undercurrent of something threatening in his companion's manner of which he had taken note.

"And the second thing you mentioned?" he asked. "What is that?"

Fischer, as though to give due emphasis to his statement, indulged in a brief pause. Then he leaned a little forward and spoke very slowly and forcibly.

"I want to marry her," he declared.

Van Teyl leaned back in his chair and gazed at his *vis-à-vis* in blank astonishment.

"You must be a fool, Fischer!" he exclaimed.

"Well," Fischer remarked, "she must marry some time."

Van Teyl looked at him insolently.

"I shouldn't think you'd have a dog's chance," he pronounced.

There was a little glitter behind Fischer's spectacles.

"Up till now," he admitted smoothly, "I have not been fortunate. I must confess, however, that I was hoping for your good offices."

"Pamela wouldn't take the slightest notice of anything I might say," Van Teyl declared. "Besides, I should hate you to marry her."

"A little blunt, are you not, my young friend?" Fischer remarked amiably. "Still, to continue, there is also the matter of that document. I must confess that I exercised all my ingenuity to obtain possession of it on the steamer."

"You would!" Van Teyl muttered.

"Your sister, however," Fischer continued, "was wise enough to have it locked up in the purser's safe the moment she set foot upon the steamer. She gave me the slip when she got it back, and eluded me, somehow, on the dock. She will scarcely have had time to part with it yet, though. When she arrives here to-night, it will in all probability be in her possession."

"Well?" Van Teyl demanded. "You don't suggest that I should rob her of it, I suppose?"

"Not at all," Fischer replied. "On the other hand, you might very well induce her to give it up voluntarily, or at least to treat with me."

"You don't know Pamela," was Van Teyl's curt reply.

"I know her sufficiently," Fischer went on, leaning over the table, "to believe that she would sacrifice a great deal to save her brother from Sing-Sing!"

Van Teyl took the thrust badly. He started as though he had been stabbed and his face became almost ghastly in its pallor. He tossed off his glass of wine hastily.

"Just what do you mean by that?" he asked thickly.

"Are you prepared," Fischer continued, "to have me visit your office to-morrow morning and examine my accounts and securities in the presence of your partners?"

"Why not?" Van Teyl faltered. "What the devil do you mean?"

"I mean, James Van Teyl," his companion declared, "that I should find you a matter of a hundred thousand dollars short. I mean that you've realized on some of my securities, gambled on your own account with the proceeds, and lost. You did this as regards one stock at least, with a forged transfer, which I hold."

Van Teyl looked almost piteously around. Life seemed suddenly to have become an unreal thing—the crowds of well-dressed diners, the gentle splashing of the water from the fountains in the winter garden, the distant murmuring of music from behind the canopy of palms. So this was the end of it! All that week he had hoped against hope. He had been told of a sure thing. Next week he had meant to have a great gamble. Everything was to have gone his way, after all. And now it was too late. Fischer knew, and Fischer was a cruel man!

The unnatural silence came to an end. Only Fischer's voice seemed to come from a long way off.

"Drink your wine, James Van Teyl," he advised, "and listen to me. You've been under obligations to me from the start. I meant you to be. I brought a great business to your firm and I insisted upon having you interested. I had a motive, as I have for most things I do. You are well placed socially in New York, and I am not. You are also above suspicion, which I am not. It suited me to take this suite in the Plaza, nominally in our joint [illegible] pay the whole account myself. It suited me because I required the shelter of your social position. You understand?"

"I always understood," Van Teyl muttered.

"Just so. Only, whereas you simply thought me a snob, I had in reality a different and very definite purpose. We come now, however, to your present obligation to me. I can, if I choose, tear up your forged transfer, submit to the loss of my money, and leave you secure. I shall do so if you are able to induce your sister to hand over to me those few lines of writing to which, believe me, she has no earthly right—and to accept me as a prospective suitor."

Van Teyl was drinking steadily now, but every mouthful of food seemed almost to choke him. Red-eyed and defiant, he faced his torturer.

"You're talking rot!" he declared. "Pamela wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth, and if she's got anything she wants to keep, she'll keep it."

"And see her brother disgraced," Fischer reminded him, "tried for theft and sent to Sing-Sing? It's a good name in New York, yours, you know. The Van Teyls have held their heads high for more than one generation. Your sister will not fancy seeing it dragged down into the mire."

For a single moment the young man seemed about to throw himself upon his companion. Fischer, perfectly unmoved, watched him, nevertheless, like a cat.

"Better sit tight," he enjoined. "Drop it now or people will be watching us. I have ordered some of the old brandy. A liqueur or two will steady you, perhaps. Afterward we will go upstairs and take your sister into our confidence."

Van Teyl nodded.

"Very well," he agreed hoarsely. "We'll hear what Pamela has to say."

NIKASTI, with a low bow, watched the disappearance of the lift into which his two new masters, James Van Teyl and Oscar Fischer, had stepped. He waited until the indicator registered its safe arrival on the ground-floor. Then he slowly retraced his steps along the corridor, entered the sitting-room and took up the telephone receiver, which was still lying upon the table.

"Will you give me Number 77," he asked, "Miss Van Teyl's suite?"

There was a moment's silence, then a voice at the other end to which he made obeisance.

"It is Miss Van Teyl who speaks? I am Mr. Van Teyl's valet. Mr. Van Teyl is here now and will be glad if you will come in."

He replaced the receiver, listened and waited. In a few moments there was the sound of a light footstep outside. The door was opened and Pamela entered. She was still wearing the gray tailor-made costume in which she had left the steamer.

"Why, where is Mr. Van Teyl?" she asked, looking around the room. "I have been ringing up for the last ten minutes and couldn't get any answer. I did not realize that it was the next suite."

"Mr. Van Teyl is close at hand, madam," Nikasti replied. "If you will kindly be seated, I will fetch him."

"How long have you been valet here?" Pamela asked curiously.

"For a few hours only, madam," was the grave reply. "If you will be so good as to wait."

He bowed low and left the room. Pamela took up an evening paper and for a few minutes buried herself in its contents. Then suddenly she held it away from her and listened. A queer and unaccountable impulse inspired her with a certain mistrust. There was no sound of movement in the adjoining bedchamber, nor any sign of her brother's presence. She opened the door and peered in. It was empty and in darkness. Then, moved by that same unaccountable impulse, she crossed the room and listened at the door which led into her own suite, and which she perceived was bolted on this side as well as her own. She listened at first idly, afterward breathlessly. In a few moments she was convinced that her senses were not playing her false. Some one was moving stealthily about in her room, the key to which was even at that moment in her hand. She hastened to the door, to be confronted by another surprise, the handle turned but the door refused to open. She was locked in . . .

Pamela was both generous and insistent in the matter of bells. She found four and she rang them all together. The consequences were speedy, and in their way satisfactory. Nikasti himself, a breathless chambermaid, a hurt but dignified waiter, and the floor valet, who had not even stopped to put on his coat, entered together. They seemed a little stupefied at finding Pamela alone and no signs of any disturbance.

"Why was I locked in here?" Pamela demanded indignantly, taking them *en bloc*.

There was a little chorus of non-comprehension. Nikasti stepped forward, waved to the others to be silent, and bowed almost to the ground.

"It was a mistake easily to be understood, madam," he explained. "The handle is a little stiff, perhaps, but the door was not locked. We all reached here together, I myself barely a yard in advance. No key was used—and behold!"

Pamela was disposed to argue, but a moment's reflection induced her to change her mind. This falsehood of Nikasti's was at least interesting. She waved the hotel servants away.

"I am sorry to have troubled you," she said. "I will remember it when I pay my bill."

They took their leave, Nikasti showing them out. When the last had departed, he turned back to the center table, from the other side of which Pamela was watching him curiously.

"I cannot imagine," she remarked, "how I could have made such a mistake about the door. I tried it twice or three times and it certainly seemed to me to be locked."

Nikasti moved a step nearer toward her. Something of the servility of his manner had gone. For the first time she looked at him closely, appreciated the tense immobility of his features, the still, penetrating light of his cold eyes. A queer premonition of trouble for a moment unsteadied her.

"There was no mistake," he said softly. "The door was locked."

Even then she did not fully understand the position. She leaned a little toward him.

"It was locked?" she repeated.

"I locked it," he told her. "It is locked now, securely. I have been searching in your room for something which I did not find. I think that you had better give it to me. It will save trouble."

"Are you mad?" she demanded breathlessly.

"Do I seem so?" he replied. "There is no person more sane than I. I require from you the formula of the new explosive, which you stole in Henry's restaurant eleven days ago."

The sense of mystery passed. It was simply trouble of the ordinary sort from an unexpected source.

"Dear me!" she murmured. "Every one seems interested in my little adventure. How did you hear about it?"

"I destroyed the cable, telling me of all that happened, only a few minutes ago," he explained. "It was the foolish talk of the young inventor which gave his secret to the world to scramble for."

"It was very clever of your informant," she remarked, "to suggest that I was the fortunate thief. Why not Oscar Fischer? It was his plot, not mine."

The eyes of the little Japanese seemed suddenly to narrow. He realized quite well that she was talking simply to gain time.

"Madam," he insisted, "the formula. It is for my country, and for my country I would risk much."

"I do not doubt it," she replied, "but if I hold it, I hold it for my country, too, and there is nothing you would risk for Japan from which I should shrink for America."

He laid his hands upon the table. She turned her ring and clenched her hand. She could see his spring coming, realized in those few seconds that here was an opponent of more desperate and subtle caliber than Joseph. Where her wits might have failed her, Fate remained her friend. There was a knock at the door.

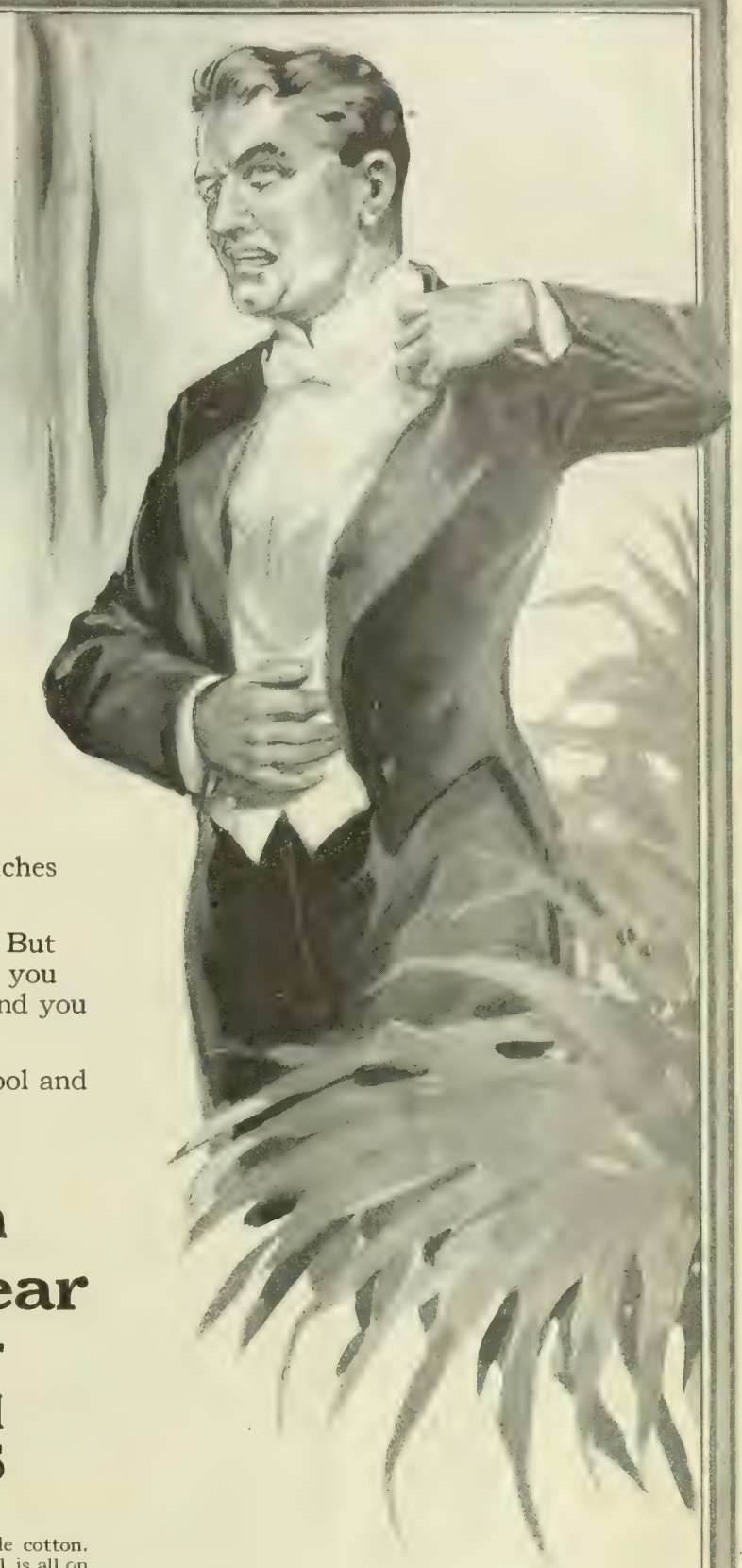
"You hear?" she cried breathlessly. "There is some one there! Shall I call out?"

His hands and knee were gone from the table. He was once more his old self, so completely the servant that for a moment even Pamela was puzzled. It seemed as though the events of the last few seconds might have been part of a disordered dream. Nikasti played to the cue of her fevered question and entirely ignored them. He opened the door with a respectful flourish—and John Lutchester walked in!

(To be Continued)

Are You *Hot—"Itchy"* in warm rooms?





It's your Underwear!

In winter you dress for outdoor cold—and *indoors* where it's *warm* you suffer.

Wool underwear is fine for *outdoors* warm and a protection to health. But *inside*, where there's heat, it "itches" scratches your skin; you're uncomfortable.

Cotton underwear is O. K. *indoors*—it's soft and comfortable. But *outside*, in the open, it's poor protection against *cold*. If you perspire, it doesn't dry quickly like wool—feels wet, clammy, and you may *catch cold* easily.

In patented Duofold you have all the advantages of warm wool and soft cotton *without* the disadvantages.

Duofold Health Underwear

Cotton next to Skin: COMFORT
Warm Wool Outside: NO ITCH
Air Space between: PREVENTS COLDS

The fabric consists of a *thin* layer of fine wool knit *over* a *thin* layer of soft, high grade cotton. The cotton is *all* on the *inside*, next the skin, which means *comfort all over*. The wool is all on the *outside*, where it *protects*, keeps the cold *out* and natural warmth *in*. This combined fabric is of *lighter* weight than the usual heavy underwear.

An Air Spa e between the two layers provides *ventilation* for garment and body.

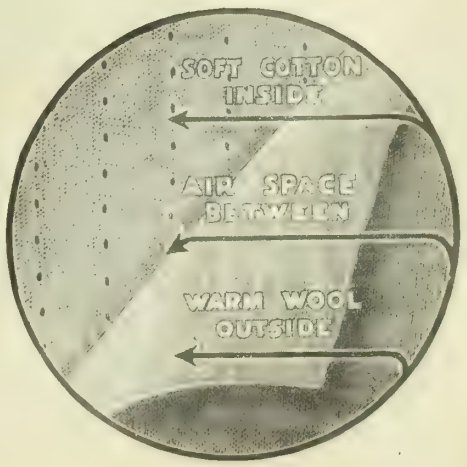
No Itch: In your Duofold you don't mind hot trains, offices, homes, etc. You *keep comfortable.* The soft, smooth cotton is actually *soothing* to the skin.

Always Soft, Fresh, DRY: The outside wool layer absorbs bodily moisture from the inside cotton layer and it then evaporates easily in the wool. Thus the cotton next the skin always *remains* dry. The garment constantly keeps *itself and the body dry* and the fabric soft and fresh never feels sticky, clammy, like all cotton underwear.

Less Colds and Sickness: Put on your Duofold with the first frost and wear it straight through to the last frost—and you'll be surprised to find how uniformly comfortable you'll be regardless of changes in temperature. If it's mild you won't be hot; if it's zero you won't be cold! No need of frequently changing your other clothes to suit the weather. You'll enjoy comfort—and be constantly protected against catching cold.

Ask your physician.

If your dealer hasn't it, write us. Description and sample of fabric sent on request.



Duofold Health Underwear Co., Mohawk, N. Y.



On Being Honest

"Being honest with things, having a distaste for being cheated by one's self and for cheating other people runs in the blood."

GERALD STANLEY LEE.

The golden rule is a plain business proposition—it pays. Big businesses have been built on it.

An advertiser who does not live up to his claims throws a boomerang which soon puts him out of business. So why spend time and money cultivating him?

We on Hearst's Magazine are trying to build for the future. Consequently, it is but good business for us to accept only that advertising which deals fairly and honestly with you, our readers, because we know that advertisers are bound to prosper only through your confidence in them and in us.

With your interest in view, as well as our own, Hearst's Magazine absolutely guarantees every advertisement in its columns.

----------TEAR OFF ALONG THIS LINE----------

Complaint Blank

Have you for any reason been dissatisfied with the goods made or furnished by any advertiser in Hearst's Magazine? Has any advertiser been remiss in attending to your letters, coupons, or in sending samples to you?

If so, please fill in this blank and return to Advertising Manager, Hearst's Magazine, 119 West 40th Street, New York, for his personal attention.

.....

(Please state the details of the transaction, giving names, dates, ... address. Use personal letter if more convenient.)

THE OOMPAH OOMPAH

(Continued from page 363)

perverse ideals. Their loyalty to evil is unswerving and automatic.

It distressed Wesley to see how he distressed the Warden with his obstinacy, but he could not budge or be budged from his creed.

SPEECH having been permitted, it was not long before music crept into the penitentiary.

The sound of the mouth-organ was loud in the land. Men could be heard singing in their cells. It added a new horror to prison life, but there were compensations.

A cornetist whose other crime was arson asked for permission to blow his own horn, and was enfranchised.

A second-story worker with a hankering for the clarinet gargled and burbled.

An embezzler who had combined treasons, stratagems and spoils with music kept a saxophone snoring delectably.

Seeing the rapt attention of the convicts when a real tune was played or the cornet sent its yellow cry into the air, the Warden realized the power of music for good. Music before had meant to the inmates only the wheeze of the organ in the chapel, grinding out hymns of an indigestible piety from an outside world. And every man there felt that the outside world was made up of guilty men who were too slick to be caught, hypocrites who were afraid to sin, policemen who drummed up trade, stool-pigeons, and pious demons of cruelty.

The music those men understood was the common language of popular tunes, doleful ballads, mother-songs, sweetheart ditties, stout marches and nimble dances full of ragtime musical slang.

Wesley Sluter had a big ear and a true. He had a darky's gift for melody, harmony, rhythm. But he knew no instrument. His big mouth could not acquire the embouchure of even the trombone which a liberal-minded safe-blower let him try to play. His big fingers had not individuality enough to fret the banjo strings.

The quirks of the French horn, the oboe, and the flute were as far from his abilities as painting miniatures would have been. He could whack a bass-drum as hard as anyone, but there was a waiting line for the bass-drum and at the head of it was a big horse-thief who could swing two sticks at once, criss-cross, trill on the skin and do a wonderful storm effect.

So Wesley found no place to enter the select group that made up the prison band. He could not tootle, twiddle or thump, though his soul, as he said, was just "oozin' with hominy."

The word "oozing" reminded him unpleasantly of Estelle, but he dismissed her as a sour note that did not belong.

Lovers of the good old days and ways made furious comments on the disgraceful faddishness that permitted music to flourish in a prison, but the Warden was more devoted to making his clients healthy of heart and fit for the world outside than to the ancient fallacy of making men good by making them hateful. And there were others of his mind who learned of the band and the miracles it wrought, and sent gifts of music and of instruments till gradually a large and ambitious factory of tunes was in full swing.

And thus it was that one day a mammoth horn arrived, a huge bass tuba, the behemoth of music. When it was unpacked the Warden laughed. The bandsmen laughed. The waiting list of instrumentless convicts shook their heads.

Wesley's heart went out to it. His hands stroked it. It was a case of love at first sight. He had seen such gigantic bombardons before; had followed for miles the bands that included them.

"Git to me, ma baby!" he shouted. "Come home to yo' pappy. That's the ole oompah oompah horn; it make the sweetest music they is. That little instermen is got my name wrote all over it, Mistoo Wawden. Cain't yo' see it, where it say 'Wesley Sluter belongs to me'? Please kin I play it? I nachelly gotta git that oompah."

The crowd hooted at his presumption.

"Can you play it?" the Warden asked.

"Sho' I kin play it."

"When did you learn?"

"Oh, I ain't nevva learn. But I know I kin play it."

"Did you ever try?"

"Nossa, but I got a feelin'——"

"Try it."

Wesley gathered it up like a fat child and set his hand on the keys and his fat lips to the cup of the mouthpiece. He smiled blissfully hearing great music coming. He flickered his eyelids and breathed a honey breath. That was all he breathed.

He wet his lips, pursed them and blew louder; the horn did not blow at all. His cheeks bulged like a wind-god's in an almanac and he emitted a gale that ought to have pushed a sloop over; but the silence within the brass corridors of that labyrinth was complete.

The convicts made noise enough with their laughter at his fruitless antics, and Wesley almost brought on a hemorrhage with his next gas-attack.

"That ain't a accordeon," said the amiable horse-thief. "You gotta blow in it yourself."

"It's against the law to use a silencer," said a well-known gunman. "They gimme five years for it."

Wesley contorted his flannel mouth against the cup and fought the horn as if it were a great snake and he Laocoön.

Penitentiary humor rained on him as the sweat rained off him.

"Watch out, coon, you'll sprain your face!"

"Spit on your hands!"

"Think of suckin' a lemon!"

"Now, lads, all together!"

In his wrath Wesley made a supreme effort and the horn gave out the startled slip-sliding snort of a rogue elephant. The blast nearly knocked a watchman out of his tower.

A nervous lady visitor, who was sorry she came anyway, jumped two feet in the air and shrieked "What's that?"

The raucous cheers of the convicts made her imagine a general escape with the massacre of all concerned. She could not be checked till she was beating against the gate pleading for emittance.

Wesley went on practising, lost the knack and found it again.

When he surrendered the tuba at length he was weak but victorious.

"I said I could do it!" he bragged, "and I suttinly kin. All I gotta do now is to learn how."

Fortunately he knew no other instrument, and one of the valve-horn players consented to undertake his instruction for the love of art and humanity and for the sake of the band.

It was a long and weary while before Wesley got the scale into his fingers and his face. It was not easy to be accurate where every tone depended on just the right blowing with just the right valve in play, but as Wesley said:

"I got all the time they is."

The penitentiary suffered with him in his apprenticeship. The earache was a universal malady. The only thing that made his mistakes tolerable was the primeval laughter evoked by the mishaps of that slippery thunder.

One of the convicts was a musician of culture, a violoncellist who had carelessly drifted into bigamy; he despised even the best the band could do. He hated brass bands. A string quartet playing a bit of Bach was about the noisiest thing he could tolerate.

He loathed Wesley and his savage tastes and urged him to try to escape. He had the thought that even if Wesley failed he would at least be dismissed from the band.

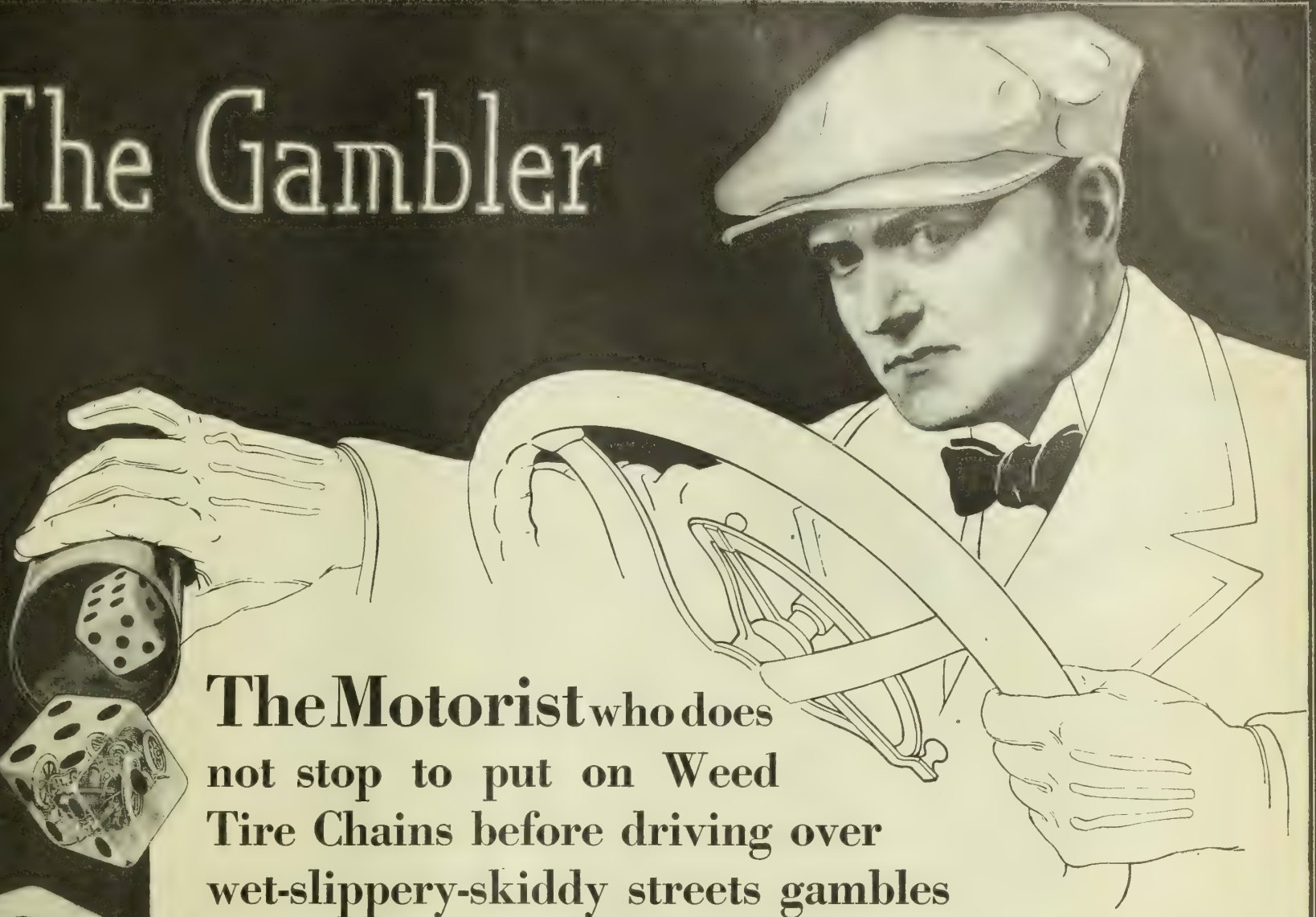
"What do I do with my little oompah?" he asked. "I cain't tote that in my pants pocket. Besides, it ain't edzackly mine. What do I do with my oompah?"

"Leave it behind, you poor fool," said the 'cellist.

"Ump-umm!" said Wesley. "Ump-umm and ump-pah! You got foolish notions, Mistoo Man. You may know music but you don't know me."

IN the course of time Wesley gained a rough control of the tuba, and he was admitted to the sacred band. At first he trembled with stage fright and broke up several excellent starts. Criticism did not spare him any more than it has spared greater musicians, but his strength and his frantic zeal forbade any one to propose his exclusion, and slowly he gained confidence. He grew boastful. He grew playful, and vain.

The Gambler





The Motorist who does not stop to put on Weed Tire Chains before driving over wet-slippery-skiddy streets gambles with his life and the lives of others.

Don't tilt the dice-box with Fate—don't pit your skill against the Skid that lurks at every turn of the wheel, when streets are wet and treacherous.

No matter how skillfully and carefully you may drive, you and your passengers are in imminent danger if Weed Tire Chains are not on all four wheels when the rain whips streets into black deadly skidways.

Give your Weed Chains a chance to perform their mission. Don't leave them in the garage or tool box —put them on the tires. Only a moment of your time and their steel forged protection will be securely chaining your car to safety.

Weed Chains are sold by Dealers everywhere for all sizes of the hundred and more "fancy tread" tires.



AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF WEED CHAINS

Bridgeport Connecticut

In Canada—Dominion Chain Co. Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ontario



On The Apache Trail

Motor through Arizona's wonderland, with its vast canyons, interesting cliff dwellings, famous Roosevelt Dam. Enjoy this fascinating side trip from Globe to Phoenix, Arizona; over America's Oldest Highway, as a part of your journey to California via the

SUNSET ROUTE

New Orleans San Antonio Los Angeles San Francisco

Pullman cars direct to the "Trail" in connection with the Sunset Limited. Oil burning locomotives—no smoke—no cinders. Dining car service unexcelled. Water or rail routes between New York and New Orleans. Write for booklets.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES

SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES

NEW YORK 366 Broadway | NEW ORLEANS Metropolitan Bank Bldg. | HOUSTON So. Pacific Bldg. | SAN FRANCISCO So. Pacific Bldg.

Splendid Christmas Gifts

Genuine Ma hogany Sticks. Genuine Bayberry Candles Greeting Card





The Holmes Co. Big Gift Book

Send for the book Today

THE HOLMES CO. 111 Elmwood, Providence, R. I.



Vapo Cresolene

for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Asthma, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Catarrh.

Established 1879

Don't fail to use Cresolene for the distressing, and often fatal affections for which it is recommended. It is simple, safe, effective and drugless treatment. Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Spasmodic Croup at once. It shortens the attack and ensures comfort and repose.

The air containing the antiseptic vapor inspired with every breath makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights. Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 37 years of successful use. Send a postal for Descriptive Booklet.

For Sale by Druggists

Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of lozenges containing Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us 10c in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

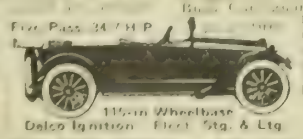


OVER A MILLION

Visible L. C. Smith TYPEWRITERS

Larkin Co. Buffalo N.Y.

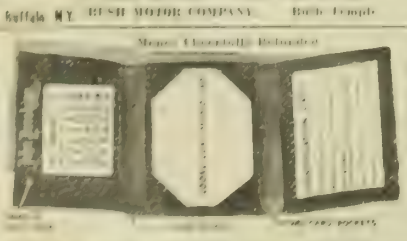
Driver Agents Wanted



115-in Wheelbase Delco Ignition Elect. Stg. & Ltg

BUSH MOTOR COMPANY Bush Temple Chicago, Illinois

SPECIALLY PRICED



50c Postpaid

23-kt. Gold

A. LANDA & SONS CO., MFRS., Dept. F-4, Chicago

When the band marched through the yard he swaggered along as if he were the King of Siam. When the Warden had distinguished visitors the band was sometimes invited to come outside the walls and sit under a big tree and play. No one failed to take note of the huge black man all wrapped up in the huge brass horn and pumping the deepest notes that music knows from that great yellow morning-glory, while his eyelids beat ecstatically before his shining eyes.

And so in the course of time his time was up, and the State owed him his liberty. The Warden could not keep him longer under restraint, though he had not yet extracted from him a promise not to get that lady.

The effect of the music had been dual. It had softened the brute and it had given him new pride. The unrequited treachery of Estelle was still the indelible stain upon his pride. It must be effaced.

The Warden repeated his old warning of what it meant, but Wesley pleaded:

"The Lawd don't like that wench no mo'n what I do. I ain't sayin' I'm goin' to git her right away, but—well—I ain't sayin'."

"If you promise me on your honor not to harm that girl, I'll make you a present of the tuba," was the Warden's last desperate bribe.

Wesley was torn betwixt love and duty, but his code of honor, such as it was, won the battle with art. He shook his head, and went back into a world that had to take him as it found him, as he had to take it as he found it.

The best the Warden could do was to notify the police to keep an eye on Wesley and to get warning to Estelle. Then he waited for news.

Complicated results followed the Warden's action. The police could not find Estelle. She had left her old district. She had spent some of her leisure in prison, and had sounded the gulfs of depravity. Then somehow she fell into the arms of the Friendly Shelter maintained with peculiarly beautiful humanity for the rescue of negro girls and women from sin and shame.

Whether Estelle had exhausted the interests of vice and found a new field of emotion in the fold of decency, or whether her previous errors had been merely the disasters of a misguided saint, a metamorphosis was wrought in her, and it seemed to be lasting. Her soul came out of the laundry like new and she longed to keep it clean.

The black Magdalen went about doing good works and hard works, earning her living with toil and helping others out of the gutters of the race and out of the ambiguous hells of the "black-and-tan" dives.

Her one dread was the return of Wesley Sluter. The riddle of her pious thoughts was what she ought to do? He had killed a man and had promised to kill a woman as soon as his other engagements permitted. She could not appeal to his love for mercy because he hated her, and such messages as came down to her from Sing Sing through occasional visitors brought nothing but confirmation of Wesley's old vow.

To denounce him to the law at once upon his release did not appeal to her new soul. To appeal to the police for protection and to expect it did not appeal to her old experience.

Her wits were in a panic as the time drew near, and when she learned that Wesley was about to come out, she fled incontinently to Chicago without telling any one.

She was not missed except by Wesley, who tried in vain to find both her and a job at which he could earn enough in time to buy a tuba of his own. But the police keeping him under their eyes kept him from holding any place long. He feared that they would frame him and send him up the river again just to get rid of the bother of watching him.

And so after a miserable drifting about in the backwaters of negro poverty, he resolved to change his luck and his territory. He began to beat his way and work his way to Chicago.

How he got there and how he kept alive when he arrived would make an Afro-American "Odyssey" hardly worth chronicling. But there he got at last, and after many weeks he caught a glimpse of Estelle and she a glimpse of him. She fled and he pursued. He lost her in the crowd, but his heart quickened with lust for her destruction.

He felt that he owed her not only the old grudge but all the new distresses he had suffered since his return. If it had not been for her he would long ago have been a man of means and a man of art in New York, the owner and master of a full-rigged tuba in a colored gentlemen's band.

By now Wesley had learned the haunts of the lowlier negroes of Chicago and he went after Estelle like a bloodhound. She had caught the look of hate that blazed in his dull eyes when their glances met, and she had been too terrified for anything but a frantic black rabbit instinct to rush to her old hiding place.

She was afraid to ask for help from the neighbors she met on the steps of her tenement or from any of the men in the house. She was afraid that she would only bring death upon them as upon the poor yellow fool that she had goaded once before into a defiance of the beast that Wesley became in his ire.

Estelle stumbled up the stairs to her room and forgot to lock the door. She knew that doors meant no protection against Wesley Sluter. She wanted to try her new defense, the shield of prayer.

On her knees she had found help at other times from the fiends of brute desire that constantly tormented and haled her backward to her old life. On her knees she sought protection now.

She flung herself down by her bed and her black arms and hands seemed to wrestle over her kinky poll with its pathetic spikes of twisted and beribboned wool. She was stammering:

"Oh Lawd, don't make me die—unless Thou wants me to. But don't want me to—not yit—not jes' yit, O Lawd Jesus! I been so wicked! I been so bad! I'll—I'll be ready some otha day. But not to-day. I'm so skeered. I don't want to die all skeered. I don't want to die like he'll kill me. Leave me die in my baid like a nice good girl, and I won't ask nothin' mo'. Don't leave me to be all murdered up and mangled. He hurts so when he hits and chokes. O blessed Lawd, have mussy on my po' body and soul! Gimme time to pack my things and get out of this town. Don't leave him find me. Don't lead him heah. Don't let the chariot come!"

"Well, missy, heah I is like I said I would be!"

That was the answer to her prayer. She cast her eyes up and saw Wesley inside the door and the door closed back of him, and his terrible hand out toward her. He moved forward.

THE woman's prayers and her screams stuck in her big mouth. She rose sidelong to her feet and slid along the wall aghast. And Wesley followed smiling.

She slid like a shadow along the white-washed wall to a closet where she kept coal and kindling and the door being ajar she oozed through and pulled the door shut upon her.

But Wesley wrenched it open with ease and chuckled as he watched her cower and quiver, a black woman in a black hole, all black except her white eyeballs and her white teeth bared in a grimace of fear. The only sound was the flutter of her big lips fluttering like a window-shade in a wind.

Wesley's hand came in and gripped her wrist and yanked her forth and his other hand went to her throat. She felt it there clenching slowly, slowly severing her head from her heart, squeezing her life in two. Her heart and her head throbbed madly at their disunion. Her longing for air was a mad pain. Her thoughts smothered in her skull. She gave up her life as a thing lost in a whirlwind.

And then the clutch relaxed a little. She caught a gasp of air. The fingers closed again. Yet opened again. She thought that this was his final cruelty, to prolong her agony. But her wild eyes saw upon his gorilla face a battle of some strange sort. He suffered, and his head rocked with the anguish of his conflict.

Abruptly, with a snarl and a yelp of ferocity, he hurled her to the floor. The freedom from his throttling fingers was bliss, but she stared up at him in a daze where he swam in a battle with some invisible opponent. She heard him moaning.

"I cain't do it! I ain't man enough! After all these yeahs I cain't pay her what I owe her! My ole right hand ain't good for nothin' but playin' that oompah. Killin' ain't in the right key. It ain't in toon. I cain't do it!"

He sank down on the edge of the bed and wept in abject shame. Estelle gazed and wondered, trying to find strength and courage enough to creep toward the door.

The sobs of the monster caught her by the throat with an ache more strangely painful than the pangs of death. When she could crawl she crawled toward him and set her hand on his and said:

"I'd rather you choked me, Wes, than go

on chokin' yo'seff this-a-way. I ain't afraid to die now. I been washed and redeemed and my soul is saved. I wouldn't mind if you did kill me—much—only for the sin it would lay on you!"

Emotions went in storms in Wesley's simple heart.

With a rage of welcome he caught her up to him and smothered her in his arms. And now he was laughing:

"Golly, what molasses you mus' be eatin' to have such sweetness on yo' lips! I reckon you and me is goin' forgit a few things and take up where we lef' off the las' time we was friends. You got a right nice place heah and I'll git a job soon as I rest up a while."

Miss Estelle shook her head and put his hands away with a gentle strength and dignity that amazed him beyond resistance.

"Not me, Mista Sluter. I's got good since I saw you las'. You kin kill me but you kinnot git me back where we was at. I done lef' off all that sawt of goins-on for good and all. Yassa, for good and all! Futthermo', I don' 'low men folks in my room. So eitha kill me or go along about any otha business you may have.'

Wesley was so bewildered, so stunned, at the grand manner of the onyx saint who stood before him, that he permitted her to put him out and close the door in his pop-eyed face.

WESLEY did not get that lady as he said he would. But the enemies of the Warden got the Warden; or got his penitentiary away from him at least. But they could never turn civilization back quite to where it had been before him. And they could not take from him the gratitude of the many hyenas he had tamed into men; the thieves and scoundrels he had coaxed to useful citizenship; the law haters and breakers he had transformed to honest laborers and builders of homes.

Among the letters he took with him from the laboratory of souls where he had proved the vanity of cruelty and the priceless rewards of helpfulness, was this testimonial to his elixir of life:

dere Mr. Warden. i take my pen in han to say am wel hopping thes fu lins wil fin You the sam and as You tol me to rite You an i am gitin along ine but i ant done wat i sed i was gone too do that s i got that Lady but not like i promis i wood so i ekon i ant comin back there no mo i found the Lady al rite but wen i tride too do wat i sed it lident sem in tun sumhow You no how wen anibodi play out off tun how it dont soun rite an so it was ven it cam to gitin that Lady an so i brok my word ut i rekon You wont be mad at me for that an she s a good gurl now an so we got marit an for a wedin resint she bot me a tuba on instalamen plan an i ow has hops of gitin in a brass band of a culurd arty wich has not got nobodi to play the umpa n Estelle ses to tel you i play grand and she gone am the babi after You an wishing You the best f luk Yors truelly Wesley Sluter.

Soon after this the criminal careers of ndividuals seemed to lose importance, for he crimes of nations occupied the world.

The neighborhood of the world fell into one colossal riot until at last Uncle Sam himelf was drawn into the free-for-all. And ie called forth all his gang, black as well as vhite.

One day the Warden was drawn toward Fifth Avenue by the sound of cheers; he urried to join the curblong crowds. Down he historic lane came mounted policemen scorting a regiment. Their horses pranced o the music of the band playing the "Star-pangled Banner."

There was a heart-shaking sonority to he deep notes, and when the trumpets harged the heights, they did not lack the irm foundation of a great oompah-oompah. And the tread of three thousand men and nore followed that oompah-oompah.

It was a black regiment.

The Warden noted the curious amused dmiration of the white spectators and the xultant pride of a few negroes. Near him was a big swart woman who smiled and vept and held high one of those irresistible dolls they call pickaninnies. As the band rrived and passed she howled:

"Heah comes yo' pappy, honey. Thass im behind the oompah-horn! Holler goo'-by, at him, honey. Goo'-by, Wesley! Goo'-by, and Gobbless you. Come home afe! Goo'-by; Goo'-by! Wave to yo' pappy, sonny! Goo'-by, Wesley!"

The Warden saw the giant in ebony ugging a brazen engine of music and striding long with the marching harmony. His eft hand hugging the tuba flung out a gesture f farewell. His eyeballs rolled and glistened vith tender pride. But his cheeks did not cease to swell and hollow as he boomed forth he titanic oompah-oompah to whose cadence reedom marched. He had found a soul, a cause, a great voice as if Leviathan sang!



HOW do you know it's Thanksgiving?

"Your Nose Knows"

By the appetizing *fragrance* of Turkey that fills the house. How appealing! What a perfect promise of the feast to come! The *pure fragrance* of a fine tobacco, likewise, is the perfect promise of a perfect smoke—"Your Nose Knows."

Such a promise you have in

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

Its *pure fragrance* is the fragrance of Nature. The rich, ripe Burley leaves of which Tuxedo is blended are the sunshine tips of the best plants grown in the Blue Grass section of Old Kentucky. Their *pure fragrance* is Nature's guarantee of supreme excellence—"Your Nose Knows."



Try this Test:—Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious, *pure fragrance* will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment—

"Your Nose Knows"

Guaranteed by

The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED





Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they peel off



Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the United States or Canada.

The Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, O



600 Shaves From One Blade



ROTASTROP

THE STRANGER IN THE HOUSE

Continued from page 372

of course," said the abstracted young bride-to-be, with her perfunctory and quite impersonal rising inflection. She was altogether at sea, of course, as to the situation about which she was pirouetting. She was, in fact, already turning away when a maid in service cap and apron entered the room.

"Hortense, will you please show Miss Rymal to her room, the first room in the Lorillard wing," said the mistress of "Miramar" with her suave yet Wellingtonian smile. "And tea is being served on the terrace, Miss Rymal, in half an hour. I do hope you'll be able to join us there."

"I'll be there," I said as impassively as I could. But it took an effort to achieve that glacial serenity which seemed to be the order of the day in my new surroundings.

"And, Hortense," added Mrs. Obden-Belpont, "connect the extension there so that Miss Rymal can telephone in to the city for her maid." And if I smiled, it was not altogether in triumph, but more at the thought of Toosey Attrill, late of Chatham Square, being installed under that stately and solemn roof.

AS I stepped out on the terrace, to join that gay-colored group in duck and flannel and Shantung silk clustered about the willow tower-table and the green-trimmed garden canopy, my pulse-count was just about one hundred and twenty. For I really believe I was more afraid of that cluster of amiable men and women, grouped peacefully about a tea-wagon, and two footmen in uniform, than I would have been of a collection of gangsters awaiting me in the darkest corner of Hell's Kitchen. So, with the eternal *camouflage* of the intruder not yet sure of her ground, I dissembled my nervousness beneath a mask of exaggerated nonchalance as I sauntered across that close-clipped turf, stopping to pat one of the undulatory deer-hounds which trotted confidently up beside me. So very much, I remembered, depended upon one's entrance. And stage-fright is never an easy thing to conquer.

"Fine animals, eh?" off-handedly remarked a man who promptly arose from one of the wicker club-chairs in front of me. I at once saw that it was my old friend of the tan-colored roadster. And a minute or two later I devoutly thanked my stars, not only for that walking canine skeleton known as a deer-hound, but even more for that russet-skinned old knight in flannels. For the two of them combined, I found, had given me a bridge across which I had tripped from the world of ordinary mortals into the world of millionairedom.

It seemed natural enough for Admiral Trevor Ferris to give me his chair and ask Jenkins to fetch him another, and then explain that a deer-hound was ornamental but not overly intelligent. "And I miss my guess," he added, "if you don't join me in putting intelligence before anything else." And that made me blush a little, I know, but a younger man on my right began enlarging on the intelligence of the Zeigler pointers, and a fat man still further around the circle spoke of the cleverness of the Elmview scout-dogs, and that reminded me of what I'd seen the dogs in the New York Police Department do, for more than once I'd watched Lieutenant Bolton putting his four-footed "rookies" through their turns. So before I quite knew it I had that entire circle listening to my description of how a German police-dog could be trained to make an arrest by overtaking a prisoner and holding him, or even do "roof work" in the tenement districts when a criminal tried to break away on the skyline.

Then the talk ambled on to animals in general, about which that group of idlers conversed easily, abundantly, and unaffectedly from the "points" of Mansfield bull bitches to the breeding qualities of Guernsey cattle. Then Mrs. Obden-Belpont herself joined the circle and tea was served, and the talk went on to mah-jongg and power-boats and prairie-bridge. And as I sat there lazily listening to it, but with my ears and eyes very much open, I found myself tucking several little discoveries carefully away in their mental pigeonholes.

In the first place, there had been no introductions. Everybody in that group apparently was supposed to take everybody else for granted. In the second place, I found the men as a whole much more amiable than the women. It was in the women, and only in the women, that I could detect any trace of that latent hostility, that quietly challenging antagonism, which seems to be the royal prerogative of our sex. In the third place, they all seemed much more off-handed and easy-mannered and matter-of-fact than I had expected. They didn't talk a bit like Mrs. Humphrey Ward's men and women. They reminded me, in fact, of a cluster of healthy and sunburned and rather lazy-living children who'd grown up and even grown old without quite knowing it—until I overheard the man they spoke of as "Ferrie" casually discussing magnetic declinations and geodetic-survey statistics with a brick-colored Apollo whom they invariably called The Commodore. And I sat there, quite at my ease, rather flattered that the brick-colored Apollo was all the while trying to talk to me around the corner of Ferrie's flanneled shoulder, at the same time that the young man who liked Zeigler pointers kept forestalling the footman in balancing lumps of sugar on my saucer rim. This seemed to annoy a languid-eyed young lady in organdy, who drifted over in our direction and meltingly yet pointedly asked me how I'd ever come to know so much about police-dogs.

It was Ferrie who spoke, even before I had time to answer that question myself, when for one perilous moment I was tempted to announce that I was merely head gymnast of a bunch of Greek dancers who'd promised to prance in cheese-cloth around the Mac-Monnies fountain-rim.

"Didn't you tell me, driving out from town, Miss Rymal, that you once tried your hand at Settlement work?" he blandly interposed.

"Only as an amateur," I just as glibly fabricated. I awakened to the fact, though, that for the second time that russet-faced old gentleman in cricketer's flannel had stepped in between me and disaster. Just why he should do this puzzled me a little, but I had only time to register a vague impression, whispered to me by Instinct, that this woman, whose name I later found to be Gwendolyn De Haven, was in some way my enemy and would be well worth watching. For just then I glanced up and saw yet another figure advancing toward us across the close-cropped turf.

It was a very dapper figure, for all its height, a figure in soft gray flannel, with a comfortable-looking cheviot shirt and white buckskin shoes tipped with brown. Under his arm he carried a rather crushed-looking Panama hat, thereby, I suppose, unconsciously advertising its superior fiber. But it wasn't this that made me stare at our new arrival. What made me suddenly sit up, with my last speech to Ferrie trailing away into thin air, was the fact that the newcomer was Winkfred Ealand himself.

There, not more than ten steps away from me, stood my Winkie, calmly shaking hands with three summery-looking girls who cooed about him like wood-pigeons. Then he moved on and said something to Mrs. Obden-Belpont which brought a metallic smile to her angular face, a momentary smile which made me think of a spark struck from a flint. He nodded to two or three of the men and moved on again to the brick-red Apollo. Then he stopped short, as though he had been shot. For his eyes had most unmistakably fallen on me.

I was just wondering what to do, to waken my poor bewildered Winkie out of that tell-tale state of coma, when Admiral Ferris threw a caviar sandwich to one of the deer-hounds, and apparently quite by accident sent it against Winkie's immaculate gray-flannel jacket.

"Don't blame me, Ealand," he said as he got up out of his club chair and swung that still stupid-eyed newcomer about by the elbow, "but sit down here and talk to Miss Rymal while I go and get my bird-glasses. You know Miss Rymal, of course—well, if you don't, it's time you did!"

And Winkie very woodenly and very clumsily shook hands with me, and subsided trance-like into the chair at my side, with a sort of half-inquiring and half-accusatory what in the name of God is the meaning of all this look on his troubled face. And I tranquilly told him that Admiral Ferris had just been saying that deer-hounds were orna-







mental but not very intelligent, and inquired if *he* didn't think intelligence was to be rated far above physical grandeur?

This didn't even seem to reach him, and he still blinked at me as though I were a ghost on stilts, and I had to rattle on until I'd scarcely breath enough left to tell the young man on my right that my saucer rim really *couldn't* hold any more lumps, when a rather faded and obliterated-looking spinster bore down on Winkie and thanked him with shy effusion for the copy of Tagore. This woman, I found, was Miss Blanchan, the social secretary at "Miramar," the quarter-master in petticoats who had tried to relegate me to the servants' wagonette. She was English, in spite of her name, and spoke with beautiful broad vowels just as though she had a potato in her mouth. Instead of a potato there, however, she carried the most extraordinarily big teeth I'd ever seen. And she had a face like a horse. And I disliked her for casting demure yet adoring glances at my Winkie even more than I disliked her for the wagonette.

But my slow-witted Winkie had by this time recovered his composure, and spoke to me now and then with a stiff politeness which rather reminded me of the tone in which one addresses the recently bereaved. So as I sat there watching him, with the little shell of a teacup balanced in his big brown hand, I couldn't help remembering that that was the same hand which had once clung so forlornly to mine. I couldn't help recalling that I had once put icebags on that same madura-tinted forehead, and that once those same lips had whispered up to me through a veil of ether: "Are you staying close, you girl with the gray eyes?" And when he was convalescing in the St. Andrew's sun-room, before his married sister had whisked him off to Pasadena, he'd even lifted my hand (just a little bleached with bichloride) up to his lips and said: "I don't see, Gray Eyes, how I can ever live without you!"

But that seemed a long, long time ago. And many things had happened since then. And the world, after all, is a crazy old jumble of cross-threads, a tangled ball of yarn tossed about by the paws of a terribly playful Destiny. For there was my Winkie once more, sitting within five feet of me. He was sitting within five feet of me, but I couldn't help feeling the unbridged and the unbridgable chasms that yawned between us. He was as far away from me as though he had been sitting in a club chair on the brink of Mars, conversing with the seventh sister of that rather extensive and unlucky family known as the Pleiades. Yet from time to time, I noticed, he looked at me out of narrowed and troubled eyes. I could see the unspoken question on his face. And I could see something more. It wasn't exactly incredulity, I decided, and it wasn't exactly bewilderment. It was something more like distrust. My Winkie, I could see, was suspicious of me. He no longer believed in me. And I remembered that I wasn't in a position to explain things to him, that he'd have to go on thinking whatever he may have been thinking, no matter what happened. If it hurt me a little to feel that he couldn't at least give me the benefit of the doubt, no matter how much appearances might have been against me, I still wrung a sort of black joy out of his bewilderment. It was a wilful joy, but it was a human one. And my cake of satisfaction was iced with triumph when the brick-red Apollo and the sugar-lump youth carried me off between them to look over the former's seventy-footer with the Craig-Diesel engines and the "chaser" number on her funnel.

I didn't see Winkie again until that night, when I rustled down in a feverishly altered Paquin dinner-gown—and Toosey had all but died of heart-failure getting it out to "Miramar" in time—together with a rope of pearls that Sloan himself had borrowed from a Maiden Lane importer who wasn't averse to having a friendly word or two passed on to the Appraisers' Staff. Then I saw Winkie at a slightly closer range than I had expected, for it so happened I was seated that night at dinner between him and Rear-Admiral Trevor Ferris. I'd thought, for one foolish moment, that Winkie might like me in my unexpected Queen-of-Sheba get-up. But in that I made the mistake of my life. Instead of melting with admiration, he looked me over with a cold and scoriac eye, relapsing into a morose and troubled silence from which the fluffy débutante on his left made repeated but ineffectual efforts to drag him.

That rope of pearls, for some reason or other, seemed to be worrying him. He inspected them covertly when he was taking his first sip of sauterne, and he studied them again when he was nibbling at a *pannequet suzette*. They'd served champagne through practically all that dinner, and I suppose I'd sipped enough to give me Dutch courage, for I felt very much at home and talked coolly back across the table at a plump dowager whose bust was so bejeweled that I kept expecting to see her revolve slowly about on a pivot, and laughed at Ferrie's jokes, and promised to dress up as Marie Antoinette to somebody else's Louis the Sixteenth at the costume *fête* on Thursday night.

Yet that dinner was far from being all play to me, for I kept going up and down that double line of prattling grandees, pondering which one of them could possibly be a gem-thief and what reason that particular person could have for purloining a poor little Dresden-china heiress's wedding gifts. I was still without anything to work on, as Sloan would have put it. But again and still again my attention went back to the self-obliterating Miss Blanchan, and I decided, as I sat there, to find out a little more about that long-jawed maiden lady. I also felt rather interested in Gwendolyn De Haven. And I also decided, as I sat there, to telephone in to Sloan's office that night for two or three dictaphonès and a field-bridge for listening in on the house-wires. For this was not the age of miracles, and no case could be run down, I remembered, without at least a clue.

It wasn't until dinner was almost over that Winkie swung about and faced me. And even that reappearance from Greenland seemed to take an effort on his part.

"What are you doing here?" he said quietly, yet with a note of finality that was anything but pleasant.

"Exactly what you're doing," I told him with the lightest smile I could muster up.

"What do you mean by that?" he demanded with a heaviness which promptly trumpeted every challenging impulse into line. And still again I laughed in my place along that double rank of laughter and talk.

"I mean that I'm doing what everybody else here seems to be doing—enjoying myself," was all the satisfaction that I would give him.

"So it seems!" he said, with what couldn't possibly be called knightly grace.

IT was two mornings later, as I lay in bed reviewing the situation, that Toosey came in with my matutinal cup of tea. This, it seems, was the fashionable eye-opener under that roof where breakfast itself appeared to be the most unfashionable of functions. It was an arrangement that suited me, having much to think over, better than I had expected. For the last two days had been anything but idle days for Toosey and me. I'd made a camera-inspection for finger-prints, and attached my field-bridge to the house-circuit, and, using the decorators as a screen, had craftily planted three dictaphones where I thought they'd do the most good. I'd also had Wilkins put on the gate, in the guise of an assistant-gardener, where he fumed and said wicked words like a harness-bull delegated to the patrolling of the dustiest of circus lots. And I'd also most thoroughly looked over the wall-safe, which proved a portly enough vault for which a Tudor fireplace had been sacrificed. The entrance to this, protected by a four-tumbler combination lock, was rather cleverly concealed. But after I'd persuaded Mrs. Obden-Belpont to stow the jewelry away in that safe, and keep it stowed there, I secretly wired a mat in front of the safe door and had it connected with a buzzer beside my own bed.

Besides all this, while I was busy at my end of the line, Toosey was correspondingly occupied in a surreptitious inspection and appraisal of the forces below stairs. We had worked carefully and inconspicuously and we had worked thoroughly. But we had also worked fruitlessly. Not a thing out of the ordinary had occurred. And not a clue had been unearthed.

For that reason, probably, Toosey was not in the most amiable of moods as she put my teatray, which a footman had handed in through the door to her, down beside my bed. Then, having exhumed a small gilt box from its lisle-thread harborage, she lighted a cigaret and filled her hungry lungs with the smoke thereof.

"Old Mutton-chops won't stand for this," she murmured as she blew a rebellious cloud ceilingward. Then she came over and seated herself on the edge of the bed. "Say, Balmy, this isn't a house. It's a penal



Prepare for the Opportunities in
Interstate Commerce

You now have the opportunity to enter a profession which presents practically unlimited opportunities. Fully half a million business organizations in the United States need men trained in transportation to deal with railroad and express companies and to solve the various complicated problems which arise under interstate commerce laws and rulings. The men really competent to fill the positions are yet so few that the field is wide open to those who will train for the profession now.

The man who is master of Interstate Commerce can save thousands of dollars for his employers. Not only maufacturers and wholesale houses but railroads, municipalities, chambers of commerce and the Interstate Commerce Commission also are seeking men really qualified to act as traffic experts. The salaries paid are high. The calling itself is a dignified, respected and interesting profession.

La Salle Students and Graduates

can now be found employed in the executive departments of practically all the large railroads, business houses and commercial organizations in the United States. Many prominent business concerns can be named in each of which 100 to 900 or more LaSalle students or graduates from our several specialized departments are employed in responsible positions. For instance—

Pennsylvania R.R.	*913*
American Telegraph & Telephone Company	*259*
U. S. Steel Corporation	*250*
Baltimore & Ohio R.R.	*564*
Armour & Company	*162*
Chicago & N.W. Ry.	*392*
Ford Motor Company	*122*
Swift & Company	*187*
Standard Oil Company	*140*

Among the numerous firms and corporations employing 50 to 100 or more LaSalle students or graduates are the following:

Western Electric Company
International Harvester Co.
B. F. Goodrich Company
Wells Fargo Express Company
Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co.

and every important railroad company in the United States.

More than 125,000 men in active business life including a large number of corporation officials have been enrolled and are reaping the benefits of LaSalle training and service. Over 20,000 new students now enroll annually. The LaSalle organization consists of 800 people, including a staff of 300 business experts, professional men, text writers, special lecture writers, instructors and assistants. LaSalle students and graduates occupying responsible positions can be found throughout the entire English speaking world.

Free Consulting Service

As a LaSalle student, you will also be entitled to the free use of our Consulting Service which gives you the privilege of calling on our staff of experts in any department at any time when you need special help or counsel. LaSalle Extension University is a clearing house of business information and through its many highly specialized departments is organized and equipped to render a practical and distinctive service which cannot be supplied by any other institution of similar character.

La Salle Extension University

"The World's Greatest Extension University"

trains men to hold the most responsible positions as Commerce Counsels, Traffic Managers and Directors of Transportation. Its corps of traffic experts and instructors is composed of men who have learned every condition and problem by actual experience with large railroads and shippers. Each is a specialist—an authority—in some department of the subject.

These men, assisted by more than a hundred leading railroad and industrial officials, have put their knowledge and experience of transportation into a concrete systematized course of study which will take you step by step through every technicality concerned with Freight Rates, Classifications, Tariffs, Bills of Lading, Routing, Claims, Demurrage, Express Carriers, Ocean Trade, R. R. Organization, Regulation and Management, Laws of Carriers, Interstate Commerce Rulings, R. R. Accounting, Statistics, etc. From the day of your enrollment until you graduate you will be under the direction of skilled traffic men who will give you an exhaustive training in every phase of Interstate Commerce.

Study By Mail

All this instruction is given you in your own home. You can study in your spare time. Hold your present position, while acquiring knowledge that will lead to a larger income. Make yourself master of this new profession. At least write and get the particulars in detail. You incur no obligation by doing this. The coupon below will bring full information about this course.

Small Tuition—Easy Terms

No matter how small your salary may be, you can have this LaSalle Course in Interstate Commerce. The tuition is so low and the monthly payments are so small that they will place no appreciable tax upon your income. At least investigate.

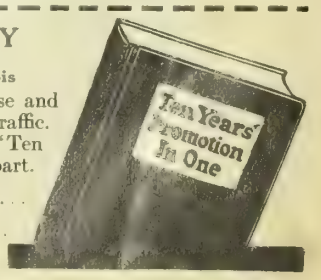
Students Say—

"Raised me from freight checker to General Freight Agent."
"Was clerk, now Traffic Manager."
"Appointed Traffic Manager of City of Pawtucket."
"Fifty per cent increase in salary."
"Promoted from assistant to Traffic Manager."

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
"The World's Greatest Extension University"
Dept. 1147-C Chicago, Illinois

Please send me catalog and full information on your course and Consulting Service in Interstate Commerce and Railway Traffic. Also a copy of your valuable book for the ambitious man, "Ten Years' Promotion In One." This without obligation on my part.

Name .....
Present Position .....
Address .....



Motoring is a Tax on Good Looks



Does your skin pay a motor tax?

Whether you motor for health, for pleasure, or convenience, do not let it be at the expense of your good appearance. The one bane of automobiling is the toll imposed by wind and dust on the soft, sensitive skin of the face, neck, arms and hands. Flying dust settles on the skin, is driven into the pores by the rushing, roughening wind, and imbedded beyond the reach of soap and water.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S PERFECT COLD CREAM

"The Kind That Keeps"

Remove it with D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream, "The Kind that Keeps", the kind that cleanses, clears and beautifies—the perfect after-motoring clean-up. The dirt is removed, roughness gives way to velvety smoothness—the skin is revived, made young again.

Made exclusively by Daggett & Ramsdell for more than twenty-five years, D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream has helped thousands to stay the signs of passing time, kept fresh the bloom and beauty of earlier years. A satisfying, complexion-saving toilet need for every day in the year.

The cream for every person—a size for every purse.

POUDRE AMOURETTE—Supreme among face powders, companion in quality and perfection to D & R. Perfect Cold Cream. Pure, perfectly blended, dainty and distinctive, the final exquisite touch on dress occasions. Flesh, white, brunette, 50c. Should your dealer be sold out, we will forward a box to you by return mail on receipt of 50c in stamps

TRY BOTH FREE

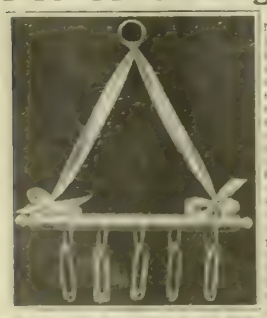
Trial samples of Perfect Cold Cream and Poudre Amourette sent free on request

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL

DEPARTMENT 181

D. & R. Building New York

For A Young Mother



This loyal gift represents value far beyond its low price. Issued to introduce our [illegible] catalogue of beautiful ivory grained celluloid toilet articles, desk sets, knitting needles, picture frames and other novelties suitable for gifts. The sweet pin holder [illegible] Ivory enamel perfectly hand finished, [illegible] and [illegible] useful [illegible] complete gift [illegible] recipient. Name [illegible] Write for it

F. W. PICKERING, & CO., 73 Water St., Leominster, Mass.

Save Magazine Money

J. M. Hanson-Bennett Magazine Agency

amazingly low prices,

1918 Catalog periodicals 3,000 club offers,

free.

Agents Wanted Write for full particulars

J. M. Hanson-Bennett Magazine Agency

167 Broadway, CHICAGO, ILL.

Your Roll of Films Developed and Printed 10c

Special Trial Offer

ROANOKE PHOTO FINISHING COMPANY

colony. What you can't do 'round this dump 'd fill a book the size o' that shoe trunk!"

"Then supposing you get out those gray and-white calf Oxfords," I interrupted, recognizing the premonitory symptoms of revolution.

Toosey did what she was told, but she did it sullenly, and a trifle abstractedly. For Toosey possessed what she always claimed was a one-ring brain.

"And I ain't so stuck on the splendor o' this here pen. There ain't a palm under the roof. Why, I've seen Hudson River day-boats with a darned sight showier finishin's. After readin' about a place in the Sunday papers for five years you kind o' look for something satisfyin'. They call this an Eyetalian palace and an exact dooplicate of that there Château de Brugieres, where the cheese comes from. And it may have a *s'loon de terrasses*, as that Blanchan rib calls it, but I'd rather see a clambake on the beach and a chance to holler when the feelin' comes over you!"

"I think I'll have my pussy-willow taffeta," I interposed in as faraway a voice as I could manage. Toosey rose slowly from her posture of ease on the bedside.

"But honest to Betsy, Balmy, I thought I'd bump into furbelows and finishin's here that 'd put a Pullman car on the blink, bird's-eye maple with a seed-pearl set in every bird's-eye, and plush carpets a half-foot thick, and gold plate all fussed up with fam'ly crests. I was lookin' for *tone*. But this joint ain't even up to the Turkish Room at the Fatima. And I haven't lamped any special big splash in the dressin' line around here. These dames is all too subdued for me. They ain't got the courage to splurge. They can't hold a candle to them movie ribs who drift into the Carlton Terrace on a hot night. And them poor ginks down below, them toilers and oilers and stokers under old Benchley, they are sure ruled with a rod of iron. And that bony she-dragon who's marryin' off her milk-and-water baby-lamb next Friday is sure the big-top manager." Toosey sighed. "Gee, you'd better gimme a pulmotor if I gotta go back to them quarters again!"

"Toosey!" I called out to her.

"But I mean it. And if it wasn't for Evans, the second man, I'd be leggin' it back to the Big Burg. Evans is the only half-alive Annie down in that walkin' mausoleum. I let him hold my hand for a couple o' minutes yesterday, and it kind o' brought him out o' that Miramar trance. He even told me through a crack in the linen-room door this mornin' that he thought he might be able to pinch one o' the joy-wagons out o' the garage along about eleven P. M. and try a little run up the Sound Road, if I was game. 'Game,' I said to him. 'Game? Evie, I'd catch and hog-tie that big high muck-a-muck up in her *s'loon de terrasses* for an hour with you!' And if you cast an eye on Evans any time to-day and notice that he's kind o' up in the air, you'll know dreamin' about that joy-ride is sure givin' him the treemers!"

It wasn't altogether impossible for me to get Toosey's point of view as to that household. It had astonished me to find how complex life could become, how ruled by procedure and system and convention. Toosey and I had been free, like most non-entities, abandonedly and abundantly free, without even knowing it. And all that morning, as I stood a preoccupied spectator of the household's activities, I couldn't escape a certain vague intimidation before a mechanism too complicated for comprehension. The thing was too big for me. It tended to subjugate me, to leave me as obliterated as Miss Blanchan herself had become. I couldn't help feeling, as I caught fleeting glimpses of Mrs. Obden-Belpont, that she was in some way, not the captain, but the slave, of her environment. Her four [illegible] apartment places of abode, her seasonal migrations, her obligations and engagements, her servants and supplies, her tribal prerogatives and prohibitions, combined to make [illegible] terrible in its complicatedness, which she could neither control nor [illegible]. And as the time of that much [illegible] and much written about Sherman Obden Belpont wedding drew nearer I more and more realized how barbaric the mating rite, or a rite like the thing of the human tribe could become, once you looked at it through the cool light of reason.

The mating rush for these rites was still converting certain parts of "Miramar" into a cross between a greenhouse and an oriental bazaar, and below stairs was a humming beehive of activity. But the house itself seemed rather empty of guest that day, and luncheon proved an extremely dreary affair. Ferrie, I found, had flitted off to Newport the night before, to inquire after the welfare of an old crony of his in the Navy Hospital there. So it was with considerable surprise that I ran across him under a clump of maples late that afternoon. He was dressed in knickerbockers, and had a fieldglass in his hand, and seemed intent on a study of the azure heavens above him when I interrupted the *séance*.

I had hoped that he would be glad to see me, and would be Chesterfieldian enough to show it. But he stood for quite a long time staring off through the heavy foliage.

"That's most remarkable," he said as he slowly put down his glasses. "I'm sure that was a Canada jay I saw there—*Perisoreus canadensis*, you know."

"A bird?" I asked as I sat down on a rustic bench past which a tiny brook gurgled and danced.

"Yes, a bird," he said as he sat down in front of me on a collapsible campstool of steel and canvas. "Sometimes called the Whisky-Jack, or the Venison Heron, or the Moose Bird, or several other names. You've detected my weakness, Miss Rymal. For I love to study God's innocent little feathered creatures. And a place like 'Miramar' gives them such splendid harborage. It's as good as wandering into an aviary. And somewhere through the thicker cover here you may run across a Hungarian pheasant or two I brought over myself for Mrs. Obden-Belpont."

The sound of that name seemed to cause him to lapse into silence. He sat for a minute or two in deep thought. Then he turned to me.

"Who did it?" he abruptly demanded.

"Did what?" I asked.

"Carried off that De Medici ring," was the answer.

"The same person," I ventured, "who stole the emerald from the sun-room."

The handsome old face grew suddenly furrowed. It reminded me of water, deep water, riffled with wind.

"Then there have been two thefts?" he said.

"I thought you knew that."

"Candidly, I didn't. The first one, of course, I knew about. Circumstances were such that Mrs. Obden-Belpont was compelled to make me a partner in her secret."

"Are any features of that secret being withheld from me?" I asked as I outlined to him what had already been told me of the case.

"No; that's all we know; positively. And I wasn't told, of course, about the second theft. That makes things more serious. But at the same time it obviously leaves the case an easier one to handle."

"Why easier?"

"It removes it, don't you see, from the region of the episodic. It lifts everything above mere accident, caprice, and all that sort of thing. It should help toward establishing motive, for, with two points to work from, you get the possibility of triangulation, so to speak."

I had to hold my kindly old mentor up and ask him just what he meant by this.

"But we've a case here," I told him after his explanations, "where motive doesn't seem to count. And it's clearly not professional work."

He looked at me with a rather wry smile.

"Which leaves only *Us*," he said, "or the help."

"How about Us?" I inquired.

"Which?" he countered.

"Any possible one of us?"

He shook his head.

"Tell me about Gwendolyn De Haven," I ventured. He turned and looked at me.

"Impossible," he said with the utmost decision. And I had to ask myself why I was putting such faith in his purely personal impressions.

"Then Miss Blanchan?" I continued.

Again he shook his head.

"More impossible!"

"But are you sure?"

He sat thinking that question over.

"Yes; I'm sure," he finally declared.

"Then how about Benchley?"

He smiled, almost commiseratively.

"It's quite clear that you don't know the redoubtable Benchley as—as we've come to know him. Benchley, my dear young lady, is a man of affairs, a ruler, an administrator. And it would be a bit absurd to sacrifice a forty year record for honesty, a life slate of absolute integrity, for a three-or-four-hundred-dollar trinket."

"That's what I've felt, all along," I agreed. "And at the same time that's why

BUY DIAMONDS DIRECT

From **JASON WEILER & SONS** BOSTON MASS.

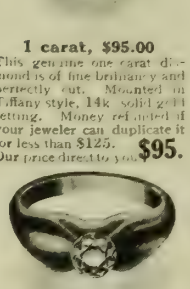
One of America's leading diamond importers

For over 41 years the house of **Jason Weiler of Boston** has been one of the leading diamond importing concerns in America, selling to jewelers. However, a large business is done **direct by mail** with customers at **importing prices! Here are several diamond offers—direct to you by mail**—which clearly demonstrate our position to name prices on diamonds that should surely interest any present or prospective diamond purchaser.



1 carat, $95.00

This genuine one carat diamond is of fine brilliancy and perfectly cut. Mounted in Tiffany style, 14k solid gold setting. Money refunded if your jeweler can duplicate it for less than $125. Our price direct to you **$95.**



¾ Carat, $65.00

This ¾ carat, genuine diamond of great brilliancy and perfectly cut. 14k. solid gold tooth setting. Money refunded if your jeweler can duplicate it for less than $85. Our price. . . **$65.**



Ladies' Diamond Ring, $205.00

This ring is made of [illegible] platinum, richly carved and pierced in the new lace work effect. Set with perfectly cut, blue-white diamond.

A few weights and prices of other diamond rings:

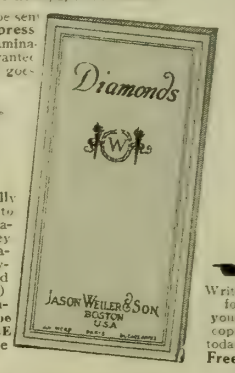
¼ carat . .	$ 19.00
⅜ carat . .	32.00
½ carat . .	43.00
1½ carats .	139.00
2 carats . .	189.00
3 carats . .	512.00

Money refunded if these diamonds can be purchased elsewhere for less than one-third more.

We refer you as to our reliability to any bank or newspaper in Boston.

If desired, rings will be sent to your **bank** or any **Express Co.** with privilege of examination. Our diamond guarantee for full value for all time goes with every purchase.

WRITE TODAY FOR THIS VALUABLE CATALOG ON *HOW TO BUY DIAMONDS*



This book is beautifully illustrated. Tells how to judge, select and buy diamonds. Tells how they mine, cut and market diamonds. This book, showing weights, sizes, and prices ($10 to $10,000) is considered an authority. **A copy will be mailed to you FREE** on receipt of your name and address.

Write for your copy today. **Free**

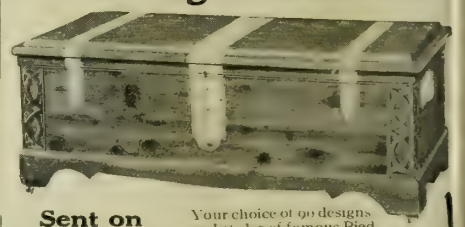
Jason Weiler & Sons

350 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Diamond Importers since 1876

Foreign Agencies: Amsterdam and Paris

Enduring Xmas Gift



Sent on Free Trial

Your choice of 90 designs and styles of famous Piedmont Red Cedar Chests sent on 15 days free trial. New low prices. We pay the freight. *A Piedmont pays for itself in what it saves. First cost only cost. Protects furs, woolens and plumes from moths, mice, dust and damp.* Finest Xmas, birthday or wedding gift at great saving.

Reduced Factory Prices. Freight Prepaid

Write today for our New Xmas catalog with reduced prices—all postpaid free to you.

Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co., Dept. 36, Statesville, N. C.

Carry Your Keys Comfortably and Securely

—in the KELLOGG KEY KASE. It has a separate spring for every key—or two keys may be carried on each spring. The keys lie flat preventing tearing of linings in handbag or pocket. A serviceable gift.

Ladies' size, A358, in genuine morocco, 6 springs . . . . . Postpaid **50c**

Men's size (As[illegible]) in real pigskin, 6 springs . . . . . Postpaid **50c**



Send for Free Gift Guide of Leather Novelties

ROBERT W. KELLOGG

1441 Longmeadow St.

Springfield, Massachusetts



Typewriter Prices Smashed!

We will sell you Underwoods, Remingtons, Royals, L. C. Smiths, Monarchs, etc., at **a saving from 50 to 70 per cent.** Your choice of any [illegible] built machine at a bargain. [illegible] set and guaranteed for five years. [illegible] our free catalog and price list.

$12 AND UP

DEA[illegible] **PEWRITER CO., Dept. M-2, Chicago**

it has impressed me as an inside job. Yet, as I've already said, it isn't the work of a professional. The haul, in both cases, was too inconsequential for the risks. It's more the sort of snatch-pretty sneak-thieving that a weakling or a mental defective might be guilty of."

Still again the man known to his friends as Ferrie indulged in a quiet little laugh.

"Mrs. Obden-Belpont has no weaklings in *her* retinue!" he proclaimed.

"That's what I've been at considerable pains to verify," I acknowledged.

"Then that takes us back to the guests, after all," he said with a chuckle.

"But what is there to work on there?"

He wrinkled his well-tanned brow. He seemed unwilling to say what he was about to say.

"You're naturally averse to carrying tales," I suggested.

"I've been wondering about young Ealand," he finally ventured, in a hesitating sort of way. And it was a second or two before I became quite conscious of the fact that he was talking about Winkie, my Winkie.

"How do mean?" I languidly inquired, dissembling an astonishment which gave me a creepy feeling just along the nape of the neck.

"Hasn't it struck you that he's rather—well, rather morose? Rather worried-looking and ill-at-ease?"

I had indeed been struck by certain things, but, knowing their cause, I couldn't afford to acknowledge them.

"That may be due to his liver," I ventured with a weak attempt at levity.

"Or his conscience," solemnly suggested my companion. Then he looked at me out of the corner of his shrewd old eye. "How well do you know him?"

I couldn't help hesitating a little. We were, I remembered, on what might prove unexpectedly thin ice.

"I don't think I know him at all," I finally acknowledged. I tried to speak coolly. But the torch had been set, and I saw my world going up in flames. It was absurd, of course, but there are times when life seems made up of absurdities. So I turned and asked, point-blank: "Do you think he stole those jewels?"

I don't know how well I succeeded in controlling my face. But Ferrie made me suspicious. For I noticed that he stooped and picked a couple of burrs from his Scotch-wool stockings.

"I know that he knows they were stolen," he averred.

"Do you think he stole them?" I repeated.

"I'm sorry to have to say it," he muttered without looking up at me, "but I know of something he *has* stolen."

"What?" I demanded.

But Rear-Admiral Trevor Ferris didn't answer that question. Instead, he caught up his field-glasses and leveled them through the sun-filtering leafage.

"By gad, ma'am, that's a myrtle warbler—breast black, throat white, yellow patch on head and side of breast, two white wing-bars and white-spotted tail-quills! The myrtle bird, as sure as I'm alive!"

I wasn't interested in birds and tail-pots just at that moment, and I was about to inform Rear-Admiral Trevor Ferris of the fact. But he silenced me by a motion of the hand. I thought, at first, that he'd merely spotted another dicky-bird, but as I stared out along the leafy aisle that led down toward the Sound I saw two figures approaching. One was Winkfred Ealand himself. The other proved to be the fluffy débutante, whose name I'd taken the trouble to find out the night before. It was Tabbie Winthrop, and the "Tabbie" struck me as being especially appropriate. They wandered on, side by side, with an easy familiarity, and they seemed to be enjoying each other's company. I don't know whether it was the stricken look on my face that brought kind-hearted old Ferrie to my side, or whether it was because those light-hearted intruders had frightened away the last of his precious birds. At any rate he closed his glasses and folded up his campstool and said with an unmistakable sigh: "Let's go back!"

We went back, wondering what had taken all the color out of the sunlight. For the thing that had hurt most of all was that Winkie and his bit of fluff had seen me, had distinctly seen me, and had coolly circled away in another direction. Ferrie himself seemed to feel that something was troubling me, for he respected my silence, and slipped away on the pretext of asking the old Scotch gardener about the new Princess Pat roses.

I went dispiritedly on across the glowing green terrace. Under the cool shadow of the carriage entrance I saw a big plum-colored sedan ornamented by two human caryatids in plum-colored uniforms. One of these monumental figures suddenly wakened into life, circled the car, and swung open the plum-colored door. At the same moment Mrs. Obden-Belpont herself stepped out to the sedan. She was a busy woman that week, and her magisterial face bore every evidence of the fact. But she stopped short as she caught sight of me.

"You haven't succeeded very well, have you?" she remarked. Her tone was very quiet. It made me think of a knife-blade buried in rose-leaves.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because a diamond bar-pin, I find, has just been stolen from my daughter's room," quietly retorted that magisterial figure. And the plum-colored factotum swung shut the plum-colored door and left me staring rather emptily after that glistening equipage as it wove its purring way out along the winding gravel drive.

ABOUT the third jewel-robbery at "Miramar," I found, there was little that was novel and still less that was known. Nor was my appeal to Natalie Obden-Belpont for information altogether satisfactory. That hollow-eyed young lady, quite worn out with fittings and plannings and consultations, to say nothing of a full-fledged bridesmaids' rehearsal, refused point-blank to talk about an episode so disturbing. It threatened, in fact, to push her over the sheer precipice of hysteria. And I myself, that night, felt a little too miserable to go down to dinner. So I sent Toosey forth with the report of a severe headache, occupying myself with a pretense of being busy at the dictaphone receivers. But it was only a pretense.

The night brought nothing new, nor did the next morning. "Miramar," in fact, was preoccupied with a bigger movement than the one which had ushered me in through its cobble-stone gate-pillars. And all day long that ever-shifting army of preparation came and went.

"Say, Balmy," Toosey remarked after an observation of certain of these activities, "a four-ring hippodrome ain't got anything on this weddin' business in the Four Hundred, has it? And I lose my best bet if a African chief wouldn't turn apple-green with envy at all this big medicine over a splice that six highballs and a motor trip into Jersey used to be grub-stake enough for in *my* set!"

But Toosey's blithe comments on life in general rather failed to interest me, and when I sent her off on a quite unnecessary errand she went unwillingly, still voicing her disapproval of "Miramar" and its pretensions. Yet in less than half an hour she was back, with a solemn face and an accusatory look in her eye.

"It sure never fails!" she said with calm conviction. "You can't have *everything!*"

"What never fails?" I asked her.

"I wouldn't be that bride," she said instead of answering my question, "for all the flash junk that ever came out of the Kimberley Mines."

"Toosey, what's the matter with you?"

"It isn't me. It's this house."

"What's going to happen to this house?"

"There's goin' to be a death in it," was her solemn-noted reply. "A death here—as sure as you stand on two legs."

There were times, of course, when Toosey was impossible.

"What makes you say absurd things like that?" was my none-too-patient inquiry.

"Oh, not so absurd," she contended. "And I'm goin' to get out of it while the goin's good!"

"Well, you might at least leave a reason for your flight."

My sarcasm didn't seem to reach her.

"Balmy, when a bird flies into a house, *that means a death!* It never fails. And a bird flew into this house. And what's more, I saw it."

She wavered a little before my stare of unqualified disgust.

"What utter nonsense!"

"You don't believe that bird stuff?"

"No," I told her. "It's too stupid, too utterly stupid. I neither believe in your omen, in fact, nor approve of your attitude. You may perhaps recall we were sent here to do certain work, and before we leave that work must be done!"

Toosey stared out over the lordly acres that lay between her and the Sound.

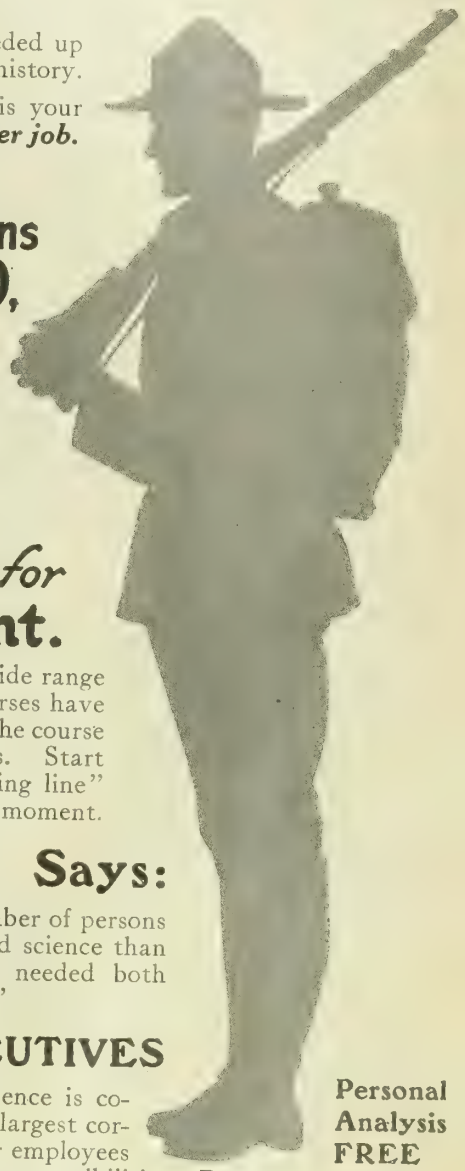
"Well, I won't weep none when they gimme the wire to pull my freight," she stubbornly

The Jobs They Left Must be Filled by TRAINED MEN!

Great numbers of ***trained men*** who have quit their jobs to join the fighting forces. ***Who will take their places?*** Commerce and Industry are calling for men of ***specialized training.***

The nation's business must be speeded up to meet the greatest emergency in history.

If you have ***natural ability*** it is your patriotic duty to ***train for a bigger job.*** Learn in spare time!



Thousands of Positions $1500, $2000, $5000, $10,000 & Over

In every industry, trade and profession, important positions, with attractive salaries, await men who are fitted to fill them. ***The need is urgent.*** Will you heed the call?

"American" Courses Fit You for Any Job You Want.

The American School offers you a wide range of Home Study courses. These courses have helped 50,000 men to ***win.*** Choose the course that's in line with your ambitions. Start your training now. Get on the "firing line" of business at the earliest possible moment.

President Wilson Says:

"There will be need for a larger number of persons expert in the various fields of applied science than ever before. Such persons will be needed both during the war and after its close."

TO BUSINESS EXECUTIVES

The American School of Correspondence is co-operating with some of the country's largest corporations in the big task of training employees in minor positions to assume greater responsibilities. Details of the plan will be furnished to interested executives upon request.

You younger men—you older men

Here's Your Chance

There's no "age limit" in business today for the man who can **fill the job.** Send your name and address on Coupon and put an X before position you want—without obligation. By return mail we will tell you how, in time that you would otherwise waste, you can fit yourself to fill it. Complete prospectus of any course, together with a valuable book. Send the coupon **this very hour. The American School of Correspondence was chartered as an educational institution in 1897.**

Personal Analysis FREE

There is **one kind** of work that you can do better than any other. **Your natural ability** fits you for it. And too, you will make more money in this job than in any other. Some men never find the right jobs. But you can get help. We have helped thousands and will give you the same analysis free. Will tell you how to line up your natural talents with your practical experience. The analysis is free.

American School of Correspondence, Dept. G-1288, Chicago, U.S.A.

Gentlemen: Without obligation please send me your booklet and tell me how I can qualify for position marked X.

——Electrical Engineer.
——Elec. Light & Power Supt.
——Telephone Engineer.
——Architect.
——Architectural Draftsman.
——Building Contractor.
——Building Superintendent.
——Structural Engineer.
——Structural Draftsman.
——Mechanical Engineer.
——Mechanical Draftsman.
——Civil Engineer.
——Business Law.
——Business Manager.
——Auditor.
——Accountant.
——Certified Public Acc'nt.
——Bookkeeper.
——Steam Engineer.
——Shop Foreman.
——Shop Superintendent.
——Sheet Metal Draftsman.
——Lawyer.
——Plumb. and Heat. Est.
——Reclamation Engineer.
——Fire Insurance Adjuster.
——Sanitary Engineer.
——Master Plumber.
——Heat & Vent. Eng.
——Automobile Engineer.
——Automobile Repairer
——High School Course.

We also prepare for civil service examinations in all engineering subjects.

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

Age . . . *Present Occupation* . . . . . .

LET THE LEADING CARTOONISTS HELP YOU



These Men Will Help You Succeed

TODAY the world is looking for men who can sway public opinion.

The cartoonists helped sell the Liberty Loan. The cartoonists educated America to patriotic acceptance of the draft.

One Cartoonist Makes $125,000 a Year

Great cartoonists are well paid. Clare Briggs makes an income estimated to be half as much as that of the President of the United States. Reuben Goldberg is said to receive $125,000 a year.

Why not make your ideas work for you?

The cartoonist does big things. He does not punch a clock.

In One Course

Cartooning Animated Motion Picture Art
Chalk Talking Window Card Writing

Bart (Charles L. Bartholomew), for 25 years cartoonist of the Minneapolis Journal, has gathered with him on the Advisory Staff of the Federal School of Applied Cartooning, the 25 leading cartoonists of today. The cartoonists whose pictures are shown here compose the staff of the Federal School of Applied Cartooning. Together they have instituted a complete service in Cartooning, Chalk Talking, Animated Motion Picture Art and Window Card Writing.

In this course these men give you all the fundamentals of these arts. They tell how they marketed their first work and what is the best way to make your start.

Bart's famous course in chalk talking is included in this instruction. Winsor McCay, the originator of Animated Motion Pictures, here tells the secrets of this coming art for the first time.

Send for "A Road to Bigger Things" Today

"A Road to Bigger Things" contains studio pictures of America's most famous cartoonists with the story of how they made their way.

Just cut the coupon herewith along the dotted line, sign your name and address and mail it now. "A Road to Bigger Things" will be sent free by return mail.

FEDERAL SCHOOL OF APPLIED CARTOONING

7107 Federal Schools Bldg. Minneapolis Minnesota

Please send by return mail my free copy of "A Road to Bigger Things."

Name .....

Street .....

City and State .....

contended. So I left her there to wrestle it out with her own gods of superstition. I wanted to pull my own freight, for a time at least, from both Toosey and that house of tumult. I was glad to slip away into the consoling quietness of the leafy woodland beyond the shimmering-roofed greenhouses and rose-gardens. I was homesick for something which I couldn't define even to my own heart. And I wanted to be alone.

Yet to be alone, apparently, was the one luxury denied me, for as I struck deeper into that wooded solitude I found myself confronted by at least two unmistakable signs of human intrusion. One was a steel-rodded collapsible campstool, and the other was a pair of field-glasses. I looked about for their owner, but could see nobody. And I was glad of it, for the one thing I still wanted was desolation. As I advanced deeper into the woodland, however, I spotted a walking-stick standing upright in the ground. On it hung a brown Norfolk jacket. I stooped and looked the jacket over. It plainly belonged to Rear-Admiral Trevor Ferris. But there was no Ferrie in sight.

I had taken that jacket up, during my inspection, and fully intended to hang it back over the walking-stick just as I had found it. But this wasn't as easy as it seemed. The cane, stuck in the ground by its ferrule, went slowly over with its weight of cloth. For the second time I had bayoneted the ground with that ferrule and watched coat and stick go down together, like a dying soldier. Then I gathered up the coat, shook the dust and leaf-mold from it, and stooped to pick up a linen handkerchief which had fallen from one of its pockets during these activities.

I stood there a long time with that linen handkerchief in my hand. For as I had picked it up I discovered three things carefully wrapped up in it. One was a diamond bar-pin. The other was an emerald in a platinum setting. And the third was an antique Florentine ring.

I stood there, staring down at them in a sort of trance, for several seconds. Then I came back to earth, back to an earth that didn't seem to have much reason or honesty left on it. But I had my work to do—and work, in one's hours of darkness, sometimes steps up to one's side and takes one's arm like an old and unfailing friend.

I tucked that handkerchief back in its pocket, took possession of the three bits of jewelry, and looked carefully about. Then I started for the gray-green gables of "Miramar."

I'd crossed the empty golf-course and turned into a long pergola draped with wistaria vines when I came face to face with the one man I should have preferred avoiding. It was Winkfred Ealand.

He stood looking at me with morosely questioning eyes that made me think of the second act of "Hamlet." That look naturally embarrassed me, embarrassed me almost as much as the memory of what I was carrying in my right hand. And in trying to conceal that embarrassment I did what one usually does: I exaggerated it.

"What is it?" he asked, staring quite pointedly at my tightly closed fist.

"Nothing," I airily replied.

"*What is it?*" he repeated.

The black joy of hurting him surged through me at that brusk and proprietory command. What was I to Hecuba, or Hecuba to me! I opened my hand and disclosed the three stolen pieces of jewelry. And I knew by his face that he understood exactly what they were.

"Where did you get those?" he asked, after a full minute of silence.

"I stole them," I said, looking him straight in the eye. We stood there, in fact, in the yellow green light filtered through the wistaria-leaves, staring at each other like a couple of paperweights.

"Hadn't I better take these?" he asked after that long armistice of silence. The iron I noticed had gone out of his voice.

"Why?"

"It would make it easier, wouldn't it?"

"For whom?" I inquired.

"For you—for all of us."

I laughed a little. But poor old Winkie couldn't see the humor of the situation.

"Just what do you intend to do?" I demanded.

"Return them to their owner, of course," was my Melancholy Dane's altogether melancholy answer.

"Return them, of course," I echoed. And I watched him in silence as his big brown hand took possession of them. It was in silence, too, that I went along at his side as he emerged from the pergola, skirted a parterre of tea-roses, stepped out on the close-clipped terrace, and started across the lawn.

About the tan-duck garden canopy, I noticed, tea was being served. A truce, apparently, had been declared in that house of tumult, for they were all there, from Mrs. Obden-Belpont herself to Miss Blanchan and her teeth. I could see Winkie cross over to Natalie and draw her to one side.

There was wonder on her pallid little shell-white face, and the three stolen jewels in the cup of her hand, as she turned back to the canopy and its company.

"Mother," she cried, her reedy voice shrill with excitement. "They've been found!"

I sat down in an empty club-chair and watched their faces. Most of that company, it was plain, had no key to the situation.

"Natalie," gasped Gwendolyn De Haven. "*who was it?*"

"They have been returned," announced Winkie with a face like a mask, "strictly on the understanding that no questions are to be asked."

"But my dear young man," announced the mistress of "Miramar" as she fixed my Winkie with her Wellingtonian eye, "questions certainly will and must be asked."

I was watching poor Winkie's face so close that I failed to notice Ferrie as he joined us.

"What's all this?" he demanded as he took a teacup from the obsequious Jenkins and looked about for a chair.

"We've found the thief," explained Gwendolyn De Haven with a nod toward her friend Natalie, who still stood with the three trinkets in her bony little hand.

"Have you now?" remarked the russet-faced old Admiral as he blinked at the bits of jewelry flashing in the afternoon sunlight. "And just who was the thief?"

A dozen pairs of eyes were turned interrogatively toward Winkie. He stood it much better than I had expected he would.

"You can say *I* was," he announced.

"Not by a long shot," promptly interpolated my old friend the Rear-Admiral. "I come first there, my boy!"

"Come first?" questioned the dazed Mrs. Obden-Belpont.

"Well, an accomplice of mine," he contended as he subsided into the chair which Jenkins had placed for him.

"What accomplice?" demanded Winkie, perplexed by the tranquillity of my face.

"A gentleman who bears the name of Whisky John," retorted Ferrie. "But known to Adirondack guides and lumbermen as the Canada Jay, and sometimes as the Camp Robber, the boldest marauder, sir, of all the jay family, whom I've often enough seen stealing from canoes and wigwams in the North Woods. And having entered society, he seems to have decided to outdo that jay of Mark Twain's that tried to fill a miner's cabin with acorns through a knothole in the roof. Only in this case he showed a weakness for flashier tit-bits!"

"You mean it was a *bird?*" demanded the empty-headed Gwendolyn De Haven.

"Exactly," replied Rear-Admiral Trevor Ferris, crowning me with his kindly old smile of complete understanding.

And for the second time that day Winkie and I looked at each other long and thoughtfully.

The next story in this series of detective romances, "The Diamond Thieves," will appear in "Hearst's" for December, under the title "The Wall Safe."

"My Autobiography," by Champ Clark, Speaker of the House of Representatives, which begins in this number and will run well into 1918, covers the last half century of our political history, with some telling and truthful "Sidelights on Congress." Nothing so interesting has been written or published since Blaine's "Twenty Years in Congress." Champ Clark has long been known as a great orator; now, through the medium of Hearst's Magazine, the country is to meet him as a very fascinating writer. The "Autobiography" abounds in stories about men in public life, many of which are new to print. Democrats and Republicans alike will be delighted.

The STORY of BELGIUM

(*Continued from page 384*)

the best of the lot, one gets an impression of the kind of chap he was. It might also be stated that he was over six feet in height, weighed some two hundred pounds, and his light hair and blue eyes gave a boyishness to his otherwise serious mien. Sometimes when off duty he would amuse himself, and the Belgians still more, by throwing stones out into a lake twice as far as they could. This was the man who determined to do something for France.

One of the chief functions of the German authorities in Belgium was to block any new American ideas. The most simple change or improvement had to be submitted for German approval. A phrase that every American soon learned in Belgium was the answer *Nicht gestattet*, "not allowed," that so frequently came from the German authorities. Every piece of printed matter had to be first submitted to the Germans in proof form for their approval. And it was indeed a rare occurrence when the text was not altered or even refused entirely.

It was therefore a somewhat startling proposal when Glenn applied to the Germans on behalf of the Commission for permission to run a freight-train of flour from Namur to Sedan and Charleville to distribute to the French. He first had to obtain the sanction of the Belgian committee and, as their immediate needs were provided for, they assented to ceding a part of their stock to the French. To secure the German permission was more difficult, but certain circumstances helped him. He had built up a reputation for reliability with the local German authorities and had won their confidence. The Germans in France made no strenuous objections, for they realized that the food situation was getting serious, and that unless relief came in some form disturbances were likely to occur.

After lengthy correspondence and several conferences, permission was finally given, and a train of thirty cars was loaded with flour. Glenn had succeeded in inserting a clause into the agreement that he should accompany the train. He was the first American to go into the occupied part of the north of France since the war began.

A German officer was assigned to escort Glenn, establishing the system which in the future was always insisted upon by the Germans, that Americans should not travel alone in France nor have interviews with French people without a German officer being present. The two sat together in the caboose as the train pulled out from Namur. The route lay up the Meuse Valley through Dinant, a town that experienced the full force of the German offensive in the early days of the war. The Belgians here attempted to stem the tide of the German invasion, but were driven back. The Germans occupied the town, almost completely destroyed its buildings, and outdid even their previous records in the killing of the civilian population. A stone wall still stands in Dinant to-day, chipped at the height of one's chest, where two hundred civilians were herded together and mowed down by German machine-guns.

Possibly the German officer, representing the military power that caused all this destruction, and the American student, representing the great nation that was extending its aid to the sufferers, thought of those early days as the train wound along the once-beautiful but now desolate Meuse valley. Doubtless, however, they both kept their thoughts to themselves, and discussed the poor character of the roadbed.

Soon the hills along the river flattened out and the train pulled through more level country to Sedan. Here a French committee had been organized to meet the train and greet with the American. The committee was composed of the foremost citizens of the city. There was the mayor, who was already a middle-aged man when Sedan fell to the Germans in 1870. Now a white beard told a somewhat uncertain step indicated that a lengthy war would not leave him many years of freedom and happiness. A second member had carried a gun in the war of 1870, but he was now beyond the military age. A number remembered the days of the previous German occupation. None was under fifty and all looked older. Had, perhaps, the sufferings of 1870 and the renewed disappointments and trials of a second subjugation made the years lie heavily on their shoulders?

To this group the young American must have seemed a boy. Many had sons older than he. But they were not so old as to be unable to experience a tightening of the muscles, a quickening of the pulse, to see the easy confidence of the representative of America. They were quick to note that he stood on a basis of equality with the German officer, a representative of a neutral nation. They were also quick to note that he was all attention for the business in hand, with facts, figures and suggestions ready.

One half the flour was sold to them at the current price in Belgium, which was about one quarter of the current price in Sedan, and the money paid over. Tentative arrangements were also made for future shipments, and the groundwork laid down for a permanent organization. The French committee saw a gleam of hope for their fellow-citizens in the darkest hour of the war.

By this time the German officer, somewhat thawed out by Glenn's personality and by the successful progress of the enterprise, announced that the King of Bavaria was at that moment in Sedan, and that arrangements might be made for the American delegate to meet him. To this Glenn characteristically replied:

"Will that help in my work?"

The officer, somewhat taken aback, explained that was not the idea.

"Then let us go on to Charleville," said Glenn, "to place the rest of my flour."

The writer was later stationed as American delegate at Charleville, and heard from many quarters and from many angles of the impression that Glenn's visit made. In Charleville, as elsewhere, it was thought the war would be a short one; consequently, during the first winter, the local stores and stocks were drawn on to keep the civilians alive. As spring came on there was every prospect of the war lengthening and the food supplies diminishing. The announcement that an American was coming to Charleville to treat with them about food supplies led them to organize a committee of ten prominent citizens. On his arrival in Charleville, Glenn was met by two additional German officers and escorted to the Hotel de Ville in an automobile. Here at a council-table sat the Charleville committee. As Glenn and the three German officers entered, the committee rose, but the greetings were confined to bows and were distinctly formal. The French were treating with a man whom they had never seen before, said to be an American, but introduced to them through German intermediaries. They understood that he had come to sell them flour. Glenn had the problem of winning their confidence and yet not to antagonize the Germans. Glenn's father was the Governor of North Carolina, but he never had a harder job than his son had that day.

The representatives of the three nations took their seats at the council-table. Glenn then arose and explained the work of the C. R. B. in Belgium, and told the French, to their great surprise, that the C. R. B. was not a commercial organization, but acted only as an intermediary to bring food into Belgium at cost. He explained the efforts to let them share in the benefits of the organization. As he talked, the committee members caught something of the spirit that underlay the desire of one great nation to help another, and they felt what Frenchmen have felt many times since—the uplift of realizing that another nation was their friend, and was ready to help them, not only in word, but in deed. At the close he turned to practical details and said he had fifteen carloads of flour to sell them at a price so low that it filled them with wonder. It was, in fact, due to the C. R. B. organization, a lower price than flour could be bought at in any country in Europe, either warring or neutral.

This was the first unofficial start of the relief work in Northern France. Soon cabinet officers and crowned heads would be wrinkling their brows over the details of international agreements for carrying on the work, but the start had been made. The power granted to the C. R. B. was the only policy the belligerent governments of Europe were able to agree upon. And the man who accomplished this, Mr. Hoover, was the only person who could move freely from Brussels to London and from Paris to Berlin,

GENUINE DIAMONDS $70 PER CARAT

FROM DIAMOND CUTTER DIRECT TO YOU BY MAIL AT DIAMOND CUTTER'S PRICES



K128 14K ladies solitaire. 1-8 carat diamond. Complete **$8.25**

K129 14K ladies' solitaire. 1/4 carat diamond. Complete **$18.75**

K130 14K ladies' solitaire. 1/2 carat diamond. Complete **$36.65**

K131 14K ladies' solitaire. 3/4 carat diamond. Complete **$54.37**

K132 14K ladies' solitaire. 1 carat diamond. Complete **$71.87**

K133 14K ladies solitaire. 1 1/2 carat diamond. Complete **$107.12**

K134 Solid gold Lavalliere and chain 3 fine diamonds. Complete **$8.95**

K135 Platinum top and 14K gold Lavalliere and chain. 1 fine diamond. **$25.00**

K136 14K belcher stud. 3-16 carat diamond. Complete **$12.75**

K137 Solid gold knife-edge bar pin, safety catch attached. 3 blue-white diamonds. *Extra value* **$16.75**

K138 Solid gold cuff buttons. Diamond set. Per pair **$5.00**

$10.00

K139 Platinum top and 14K cluster scarf pin. 7 blue-white diamonds. Complete **$25.00**

K140 14K flat belcher 1 carat diamond. Complete ... **$75.00**

K141 Solid gold "Liberty" head signet ring. *Initials engraved free.* **$4.45**

$11.75

K142 20-yr. gold-filled octagonal case and bracelet. 10-jewel imported movement. Engraved or plain case. *Extra value.* **$10.00**

K143 Solid gold ring. Hand-carved coral cameo. 1 fine diamond. Price **$11.75**

K144 23 jewel adjusted movement in 12 or 16 size thin model case, guaranteed 20 year gold filled. *Engraved free.* 20 year gold-filled Waldemar chain. Knife set with rose diamond. Complete **$11.75**

Greater Values Than Ever Before!

There is a reason why our offerings are the greatest in the United States. Realize that we buy diamonds in the rough and cut them ourselves. Our saving in import duty, importer's as well as wholesaler's and cutter's profits, make all the difference in the world in their cost to you. Our offerings for this Christmas season are more remarkable than ever and we urge you to get our catalog and compare our values before you buy anywhere.

Any Selection Shipped on Approval

To convince you beyond the shadow of a doubt that our values are absolutely unequalled, we will gladly forward you any article from this ad or from our catalog, care of your bank or express office, for your examination and approval. We prepay all charges, so that it does not cost you a penny to examine our remarkable values, or obligate you to keep them. It is to your advantage to buy NOW. Write us TODAY.

Money Back in Full Any Time Within One Year

Your investment in the diamond bought from us is insured by our protective Money-Back Guarantee—it is your diamond investment bond. This ironclad guarantee gives you the right to *return the diamond* to us *anytime within one year* and *we give you back the full price you paid without even one cent being deducted.* This is the most liberal guarantee ever made. It also *certifies* the carat weight, quality and value of the diamond. This guarantee is *final evidence* of the superior values we offer.

Big 1918 CATALOG FREE!

This new 1918 Catalog is a wonderful guide to the selection of Christmas gifts and gifts for all other occasions. It contains 244 pages of intensely interesting and valuable information written by recognized experts on Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, etc., which enables you to buy intelligently and with absolute safety and certainty. It quotes thousands of money-saving prices that will instantly appeal to you. Cut out the coupon and mail it to us or write us a letter or postcard for this book NOW.

Watches AT LOWEST PRICES

We are headquarters for all the best known makes of watches which we sell at rock-bottom prices. Write us for information.

FREE Red, White and Blue American Flag Button

Absolutely at no cost to you we will mail you, postpaid, a beautiful Red, White and Blue Enameled American Flag button with our Catalog, if you mention this magazine.

USE COUPON FOR CATALOG

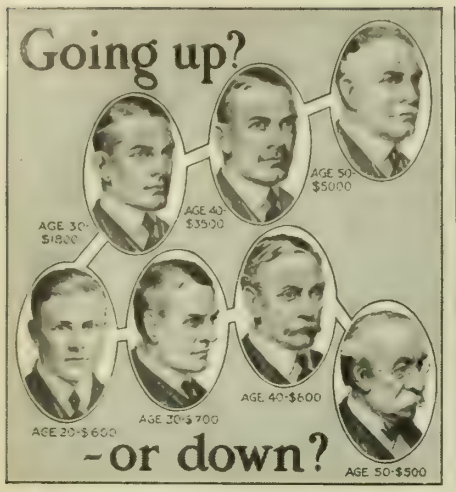
Please mail me free, and without obligation to me, in accordance with your offer American Flag Button. Also mail me copy of your 1918 Catalog

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

I. PRESS & SONS
809-B Chestnut St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

I. PRESS & SONS
(IMPORTERS AND CUTTERS OF DIAMONDS)
WHOLESALE JEWELERS
809-811 CHESTNUT ST
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



HERE is your future charted for you, based on the actual average earnings of trained and untrained men.

Which way will *you* go—*up*, through *training*, to a position that means good money, or *down*, through *lack* of training, into the ranks of the poorly paid? It rests with you. And *now* is the time to decide, not next month, not next year, but *now*.

You can *get* the training that will command a trained man's salary. The International Correspondence Schools have helped hundreds of thousands to qualify for advancement. Let them show you how *you* can prepare yourself, in your own home, for the position you want in the work you like best. Just mark and mail the coupon.

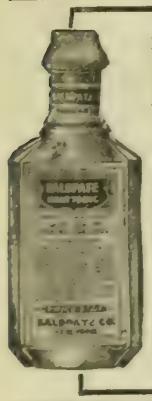
TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 2826, Scranton, Pa.
Explain fully about your Course in the subject marked X:

☐ Electrical Engineering	☐ ADVERTISING	☐ CHEMISTRY
☐ Mechanical Engineering	☐ Salesmanship	☐ Illustrating
☐ Mechanical Drafting	☐ Commercial Law	☐ Farming
☐ Civil Engineering	☐ BOOKKEEPING	☐ Poultry
☐ Stationary Engineering	☐ Stenography	☐ French
☐ Mining Engineering	☐ Civil Service	☐ German
☐ ARCHITECTURE	☐ Ry. Mail Service	☐ Italian
☐ Architectural Drafting	☐ AUTOMOBILES	☐ SPANISH

Name_____

Address_____



An Excellent Tonic for Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair

BALDPATE

Registered in U. S. and Canada

HAIR TONIC

NEVER FAILS

Nourishes and strengthens the follicles and thus promotes the growth of the hair. Relieves the scalp of unhealthy accumulations and secretions. Gives a rich gloss, is highly perfumed and free from oil. Makes the hair light and fluffy.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send $1.00

Send 10c for Trial Size

Supplied and used at the better Barber Shops

BALDPATE CO., NEW YORK
467 West 34th Street, Dept. X
SOLD EVERYWHERE



Prof. I. Hubert's
MALVINA CREAM
Is a safe aid to a soft, clear, healthy skin. Used as a massage it overcomes dryness and the tendency to wrinkle. Also takes the sting and soreness out of wind, tan and sun burn. Send for testimonials. Use Malvina Lotion and Ichthyol Soap with Malvina Cream to improve your complexion.
At all druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.
Cream 50c, Lotion 50c, Soap 25c.
PROF. I. HUBERT, Toledo, Ohio

PATENTS

Write for How to Obtain a Patent, List of Patents and Inventions Wanted, Terms and Methods for Inventors. Send sketch for free search as to patentability. Our Four Books sent free. Highest references. Best results. Free Opinion Blank.

FREE

VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., 764 Ninth Washington, D. C.

Improve Your Voice

Send now for information and free booklet explaining Perfect Voice Method for the speaking voice. (Used at home.) Makes weak throats, hoarse voices, stammering, lisping, etc., impossible. Develops a clear, resonant voice. Endorsed by prominent users of Perfect Voice. Learn how to improve your own voice, send for literature.

Write Today for our literature describing FREE Perfect Voice Method.

Perfect Voice Institute, Studio 1288 1772 Wilson Ave., Chicago

unhindered and enjoying the confidence and respect of all contending factions.

Almost simultaneously another energetic American, Robinson Smith, delegate for the Hainaut, tackled the French problem from his end of the line. Across the Belgian frontier in France, almost within sight, lay the big cities of Valenciennes and Lille. Of all the captured cities Lille had suffered the most, for it had been bombarded by both sides and was only ten miles from the trenches. On account of this proximity to the front it was practically impossible for any civilians, even Germans, to obtain passports to travel there. But after persistent efforts Robinson Smith obtained permission to go to Valenciennes and Lille, escorted by a German officer. He was the first American to reach Lille. There is more mystery surrounding life in this city than in any other occupied by the Germans. Very few Americans have been allowed to visit Lille, and always under closest escort. Robinson Smith found a big industrial city, the Pittsburgh of France, formerly humming with business activity, now with the air of an abandoned city. No smoke arose from the factory chimneys, houses were destroyed, windows broken, and in all but the main streets grass was growing between the cobblestones. A committee for distributing food had already been formed in Lille, but there was but little food to distribute. At Lille, also, the committee worked on the principle that the war would soon be over and their problem was to feed the people until Fall. Smith, with his suggestions, was warmly welcomed, all except his statement that the war might last *two years* more. It was then March, 1915. A member of the committee later told me that on the basis of this remark he thought Robinson Smith must be mentally unbalanced, but they wanted the flour and agreed to his plans. Smith later confessed to his friends that his two-year estimate was largely a bluff to show the Lille committee what a serious condition would arise in feeding problems if the war continued. But in Lille to-day they have changed their opinion of Smith and consider him one of the wisest men that ever came there.

The next move was a conference between Mr. Oscar T. Crosby, then Director of the C. R. B., and Major von Kessler, representing the German Headquarters. The German military party was strongly opposed to American relief work in Northern France. This was continually in evidence during the time the Americans were in this district. My own officer said that "we were undesirable foreigners," and his favorite parallel, to which I have listened many times, was that if America had conquered Northern Mexico they would never allow Japanese to go there and do relief work. This simile was not entirely exact, but one cannot argue with a German, especially in Northern France.

This prejudice had to be overcome, and above all, and most difficult, the permission secured for Americans to enter and live in this occupied territory. An agreement was finally drawn up and subsequently ratified, providing for extending the relief work from Belgium to Northern France. This added 2,000,000 more people to the 7,000,000 already being fed, and brought the total to the respectable figure of 9,000,000. For the first time in the world's history did a private organization undertake a task of this magnitude.

The agreement in general provided that the occupied part of the north of France should be divided into six districts. First and nearest the sea came Lille, consisting chiefly of the three big industrial and adjoining cities of Lille, Rubaix and Tourcoing, with a population of about 670,000. Next in order came Valenciennes, also an industrial district, and although not so thickly populated as Lille, still with 585,000 people. Next came the three agricultural districts of St. Quentin, Vervins, and Charleville; and lastly the smallest district, Longwy, comprising a narrow strip of territory with 122,000 inhabitants, stretching to the southeast as far as the Vosges Mountains.

To each one of these districts an American delegate was assigned to supervise the distribution of the food supplies. The German authorities appointed as *Bedeit offizier* or "accompanying officer" one for each delegate, to be constantly with him and prevent his talking with French people except in the German officer's presence. The officer also censored all incoming and outgoing mail of the American delegates, even their personal letters. An American college professor, who was sent to France as a delegate, experienced a shock to see his own wife's letters first read by his German officer before receiving them.

The Americans in their part of the agreement undertook to send into France certain specified food supplies, and the Germans agreed that these supplies should be reserved exclusively for the civilian population and would not be touched by the military. In general it can be said the Germans lived up to this agreement. No storehouses were ever seized nor goods in transit taken. The chief trouble came from individual soldiers attempting to buy C. R. B. goods in the communal stores. They could not understand why they could not get the goods by paying the money. It frequently happened that the soldiers seized the desired food and left the money on the counter.

This usually occurred when new troops arrived from the Russian front, where they were in the habit of taking everything in sight. But there was no C. R. B. in Poland, and the German soldiers soon found that there were certain regulations in France that had to be respected.

Under these conditions the relief work began. Soon after I was assigned to the Valenciennes district. Here the local supplies had become completely exhausted. Bacon and lard were entirely unobtainable and only a small ration of about 100 grams of rye bread a day was being issued by the communal authorities. The windows of grocery stores in Valenciennes made a brave appearance, with cracker-boxes and cans artistically arranged, but on entering the shelves were as empty as old Mother Hubbard's cupboard, and even the cracker-boxes were deceptive in view of the fact that their contents had been eaten some time ago.

The C. R. B. started in at once to distribute a daily ration of 190 grams of flour, which was gradually increased, with the addition of a portion of the native crop, until it was fixed at 300 grams. One-third more weight is obtained in bread than in flour on account of the water that is added, which made the ration 400 grams of bread a day. For this and other rations in grams it may conveniently be remembered for rough calculations that 1,000 grams make a kilo, and that a kilo is 2½ pounds. The bread ration was therefore a small fraction under one pound a day.

The German authorities agreed that a certain portion of the native crop should be reserved for the civilian population. This was to meet one of the primary stipulations of the Allied Governments, that the foodstuffs imported by the C. R. B. into the north of France should be the supplement needed to keep the population fed, and in no wise a replacement of native products taken by the Germans for military uses. The Germans, therefore, agreed to give a daily ration of 180 grams of native flour and 350 grams of potatoes to the civilian population.

The rations distributed in Northern France are given in the following table. The first column gives the rations for 1916 and the second the rations adopted February 1, 1917. The reduction was necessitated by loss of C. R. B. ships and a reduced importation program:

ARTICLE	NORTH OF FRANCE RATIONS *1916*	PER DAY BEGINNING FEB. 1, 1917
American flour	120 Grams	40 Grams
German flour	180 "	180 "
German potatoes	350 "	350 "
Rice, pease and beans	100 "	30 "
Corn flour	100 "	100 "
Bacon and lard	50 "	30 "
Sugar	15 "	10 "
Coffee	17 "	10 "
Salt	10 "	10 "
Soap	15 "	

The work of the C. R. B., once started, grew by leaps and bounds. The total tons imported through Rotterdam increased from 26,471 tons in November, 1914, to 134,464 tons imported in the month of November, 1915. To show the sources of these imports, the countries of origin were roughly represented by the following percentages:

From the United States	12%
From Great Britain	25%
From Argentina	24%
From Holland	9%
	100%

And yet it was calculated that these importations, large as they were, represented only about 38 per cent. of Belgium's normal importation of foodstuffs before the war.

The long lines of people that stood in front of the bakeries soon considered that the bread distribution was a fixture, like the rising and the setting of the sun. Little could these ignorant people know of the vast organization that made these regular distributions possible. The wheat was contracted for while it was still growing in the fields of Kansas and the Argentine. The problem of shipping was an extremely difficult one. Almost all the Allied ships had been requisitioned and neutral boats were under contract. At one time the impossibility of getting ships, and dwindling stocks in the storehouses, threatened a break in supplies, and only the requisitioning of the entire Belgian merchant fleet by the Belgian Government for use of the C. R. B. made the continuation of the ration possible. But the people in line never knew. Even when the wheat arrived in Rotterdam the troubles were not over, for it had to be transshipped into lighters capable of passing through the small canals of Belgium and France. Frequently lighters were unobtainable, or those in service requisitioned by the Germans. Occasionally a lighter sank, which meant not only the loss of her cargo, but the blocking of the canal. It usually took two weeks for a consignment of wheat to go from Rotterdam to Valenciennes. Arrived at Valenciennes, the cargo was discharged at one of the mills and ground into flour. The flour was then distributed to the bakers who had to make a certain number of breads from the quantity received and deliver the breads to the distributing center. Despite these many stages, a distribution was never missed while the Americans were in France.

It was found that one month had to be allowed from the time the wheat left Rotterdam until the bread could be distributed in Valenciennes. Every organization has a vocabulary of its own and the C. R. B. was prolific in coining new words. This period from shipment to distribution was called the "reticulation period," for some obscure reason. While unintelligible to the uninitiated, it was a perfectly sane question for one C. R. B. man to say to another: "What is your reticulation?"

A new product, resembling our American breakfast-food, "Cornflakes," was made by the C. R. B. out of corn flour. This was baptized "Cerealine." A slightly different form, needing a distinguishing name, was called "Idealine." Later, wheat was roasted and put out as a substitute for coffee. The secretary of the C. R. B. was at this time called Torrey, a very-much-liked Californian, and in his honor the new product was called "Torrealine." A jargon of French, Flemish and German words were incorporated into the C. R. B. language, so that a C. R. B. conversation became practically unintelligible to a newcomer. One C. R. B. man might say to another:

"The C. E. K. insist on making our *mouture* 90 per cent. and the P. C. claim they can't get their *rendement*." To this he would expect quick sympathy. This, liberally interpreted, meant that the C. E. K., which is the German Central Ernte Kommission, or Crop Commission, wanted the wheat milled at 90 per cent. and the P. C. or Belgian Provincial Committee feared, with such a high-milling ratio, that the required amount of bread could not be secured from each 100 kilos of flour.

The milling ratio itself requires a word of explanation. When wheat is ground into flour a certain percentage is thrown aside as bran, middlings and dust. If 35 per cent. is thrown aside, the remaining 65 per cent. is almost pure white flour. This is called milling at 65 per cent. and gives a fine white bread. If the milling is at 75 per cent., and 25 per cent. of the wheat discarded, the bread is slightly brown, but still of high quality. When the milling is at 82 per cent., the ratio generally adopted by the C. R. B., a considerable quantity of bran is present and the bread quite brown. Grinding at higher percentages was tried but the results were not satisfactory.

The most interesting feature of the C. R. B. work was that every morning brought something unexpected, and usually some new problem to solve or difficulty to overcome. There were the annoyances encountered, in ordinary times, of goods spoiling *en route*, thefts from the barges, a flour mill burning down or a lighter sinking. All these misfortunes were infinitely complicated by the restrictions of war. The American delegate, traveling in his car in Belgium, was always apt to be stopped and searched by the Germans. It required a philosophical temperament, when hurrying to the aid of a stranded lighter, to keep calm while the Germans stopped the car and took off all the tires and drained the gasoline tank in the endeavor to find secret messages. The

Germans have searching down to a fine point, and often take two hours to investigate a car. The mildest man in the C. R. B. was heard to swear when his car was searched a second time in the same morning. He vainly protested that the car had just been searched, but the tank was again drained and off came the tires.

We were continually subject to petty obstacles and annoyances at the hands of the Germans. One of the men had a best girl in America. This in itself was not startling, but they had both studied stenography, and had formed the custom of writing each other in shorthand. On one occasion he obtained a passport to go to Holland in his motor-car.

On returning to Belgium from Holland we were almost certain to be searched, and we all prepared accordingly to have our pockets empty. In this case the American was not surprised to be stopped at the border by the German guard. These guards usually consist of Landsturm soldiers, too old for service in the trenches, and as their only means of securing distinction is to discover smuggled messages, their searches are most exhaustive. The victim this time was a delegate from the South. His young, clean-cut face would have convinced almost anyone who took the trouble to look at him that he would be incapable of playing anything but a straight game. He stood complacently by, fortified by his innocence, as the gray-bearded German soldiers took the car apart and investigated every conceivable place that secret papers might be hidden.

The delegate knew that his own turn would come next, and as he absent-mindedly put his hand in his pocket, he felt something that for a instant made his pulse stop beating. He recollected that he had with him some stenographic notes, intended for his girl in America, but which he had failed to mail from Holland.

This made a gloomy outlook, for it would be difficult to explain those unintelligible notes to the Landsturm men. He then committed the fatal mistake of deciding to destroy the evidence.

But the destruction of papers is, to the German mind, the most atrocious crime that can be committed. I remember once, in a similar situation, finding in my pocket a hotel bill that I had just paid before leaving Holland. I had forgotten to destroy it, and while waiting at the border to have my motor searched I thoughtlessly rolled the bill up into a little ball and tossed it away.

Almost instantly a German soldier grabbed my arm and shouted to his companions that I was destroying papers. Even though I was convinced of the absurdity of the charge, I was worried by the gravity they attached to my action. They found the hotel bill, unrolled it, examined back and front, and held it up to the light. Some other papers that I had in my pocket were seized, and I was held several hours in attempting to explain. Several days later the papers were returned to me without comment. I am sure they were further examined by a chemist and a cipher expert, but no one would assume the authority for the supreme act of destruction.

The unfortunate circumstance about the stenographic notes was that the American was observed from an unexpected quarter as he tore the sheets up and threw them away. This would have appeared suspicious to anyone, and to the Germans it was like a fresh scent to fox-hounds. They were certain that they had discovered an attempt to smuggle a secret message.

The American was immediately arrested and the torn papers were gathered together for evidence. He attempted to explain, but was informed his case was very serious and would be tried later. He was then forwarded to Antwerp and lodged in jail, where he remained three days. It was only due to a Belgian employé in the jail that his arrest was communicated to the American consul at Antwerp, who in turn informed the C. R. B. Headquarters in Brussels. The Director's personal intervention established the innocence of the delegate and secured his release. But one has to be prudent as well as innocent in Belgium.

Arrests in the C. R. B. were so frequent that they hardly caused comment. One American ran up a record of being arrested twenty-three times. I arrived once in Brussels after a short absence, and the secretary regaled me with the latest interesting news. Just as I was leaving, he added as an afterthought: "Wellington is in jail." In fact, we usually accepted our invitations: "Weather and Germans permitting."

Gradually the Americans accepted these trials as part of the daily routine. But the situation did not remain unruffled long, for in the spring of 1916 the Germans announced a plan which, despite its first innocent guise, was to have an important effect on the future course of events. The plan was to deport 40,000 people from the city of Lille to the agricultural districts of Vervins and Charleville. The reasons given, apparently sound, were that Lille was overcrowded and that agricultural labor was needed in the farming districts to the south and east.

At first the Germans called for volunteers. Posters were printed and placed in prominent positions in Lille, Rubaix and Tourcoing. The posters called attention to the overcrowded condition of the cities, and described glowingly the desirable life in the farming districts, with increased food and healthy surroundings.

But the Germans did not understand the French mind. Little groups gathered in front of the posters and read them with horror on their faces. Mothers hurried away gripping their children tighter, and what men there were met in their homes to discuss how they could resist this new German move.

The French, perhaps more than any people, cling to their own hearths. They do not emigrate and they travel but little. All that means most to them is represented by their homes. For this reason thousands elected to stay and take the consequences of the first German invasion, rather than flee and lose what represented in many cases the only possession secured by a lifetime of toil.

The call for volunteers resulted in a dismal failure. Only thirteen volunteered in Lille, and somewhat fewer in Roubaix and Tourcoing. The Germans then decided to use force and the trouble began.

To the carrying out of the general theory, the C. R. B. had no very strong objections. In fact, if 40,000 men had been selected, given due notice of their prospective departure, and put to work on farms, the deportation would have been regarded as one more of the unfortunate but necessary developments of the war.

But it became quickly evident that this was not to be the system. Most of the men of military age were employed already in road-building, or work useful in some way to the Germans. The deportations fell chiefly on the women, and especially those between eighteen and thirty-five. No attempt was made to take people by complete families, as had been promised. The most distressing scenes and incidents occurred.



Rex Beach and his horses at his country home, Lake Hopatcong, New Jersey.

REX BEACH is a man of the great outdoors. He loves horses, he plays tennis, he hunts; in short he is an all-around good sportsman. As a writer he is a realist; describing only that which he has seen, and knows. This is especially true of his Alaska stories, such as "The Silver Horde" and "The Spoilers." And now Mr. Beach has written for "Hearst's" a third equally great Alaskan romance, "The Winds of Chance," to begin in the December issue, a fascinating story of the first Klondike gold-rush from Dyea to Dawson, its characters including prospectors, gamblers, packers, and "mushers," Argonauts of the North; also a wonderfully fetching heroine. On all newsstands November 29.

DU PONT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES

The Gift of Gifts

IVORY PY-RA-LIN



That it has the delicate mellowness of old elephant ivory is but one attribute of Ivory PY-RA-LIN.

There is in this exquisite All-American product a richness—a beauty—a weightiness—such as always distinguishes the solid from the sham—an atmosphere of quality recognizable instantly to the connoisseur.

For baby's dressing table or the boudoir of the more mature nothing could be more appropriate than a toilet set of this most dainty material.

The better stores show a wide selection.

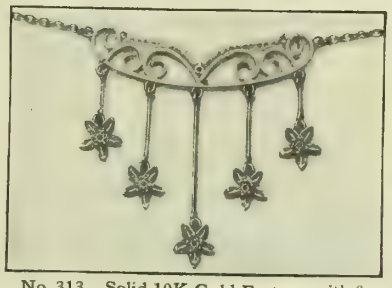
Brochure upon request

E. I. Du Pont De Nemours & Company

The Arlington Works

725 Broadway New York

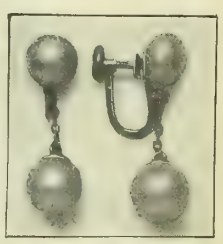
DU PONT



No. 313. Solid 10K Gold Festoon with five Green Gold Drops mounted with rubies. Festoon has a row of seed pearls on top. Is furnished with a 15 inch chain of very best quality $5.00



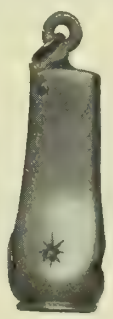
No. 345. Solid 10K Gold Loose Cuff Links, engine turned, with shield suitable for Script letter which we engrave free . $5.00



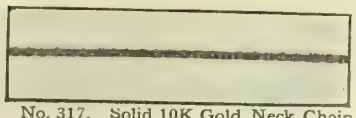
No. 309. Pearl Ear Drops with mountings of solid 10K gold. Fastens to the lobe of the ear by patented pierceless catch $2.75



No. 340. Solid 10K Gold Pendant set with amethyst in fancy mounting. A special bargain . . . $1.50



No. 337. Solid 10K Gold Cigar Cutter with rose diamond. An article used by every man. $3.50



No. 317. Solid 10K Gold Neck Chain 15 inches in length. This chain is extremely well made. It is of very good weight and can be used with any style pendant or LaValliere $1.00



No. 350. Solid 10K Gold Bar Pin in green gold, set with sapphire and 2 baroque pearls. Equipped with safety catch. $2.50

A Way of Saving

To save time, energy and money is at all times worth while, but to do so has never been more necessary and important than now. Everyone is urging economy but no one is advocating sacrifice.

Sitting comfortably at home with our catalogue you can select your gifts with thought and care. Sending your order to us by mail does away with the nerve-racking hours spent in the crowded shopping districts and saves the energy always expended among the throngs of Christmas shoppers.

The "Baird-North Way" is the open door to an economical Christmas. We buy in large quantities and you get the benefit of our saving. We take advantage of the low market prices in the off seasons and this foresight is clearly shown in the prices we quote.

You get the most for your money because we get the most for ours.

You can learn for yourself by sending for our 200 page catalogue of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Leather Goods, Novelties, Toiletware, Tableware, etc.

Every article is guaranteed to satisfy you or we will refund your money. We guarantee free, safe and prompt delivery.

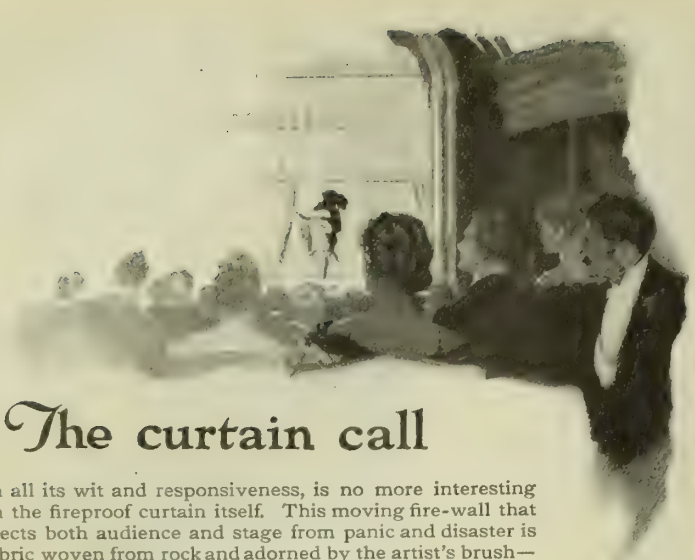
DIRECT FROM WORKSHOP BAIRD-NORTH CO. YOU SAVE ONE THIRD

BAIRD-NORTH CO., 147 Broad St., Providence, R. I.

Gentlemen:
Please send me FREE without obligation your 200 page catalogue, containing 10,000 articles of jewelry and gifts.

Name.....

Address.....



The curtain call

with all its wit and responsiveness, is no more interesting than the fireproof curtain itself. This moving fire-wall that protects both audience and stage from panic and disaster is of fabric woven from rock and adorned by the artist's brush—

JOHNS-MANVILLE

Asbestos

Resistant to heat, water, wear and weather

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE COVERS THE CONTINENT

No magic wand turned it into theatre curtains, table mats, coverings for pipes, linings for furnaces. Only the ceaseless research and labor of a national institution—Johns-Manville—has developed Asbestos.

And now Asbestos is a necessity to the largest manufacturers and the standby of housewives on ironing day—the roof of huge buildings and the cap for tiny nerves in a sensitive tooth. This is the work of Johns-Manville—hundreds of J-M Products pour into every avenue of life.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE COMPANY
New York City
10 Factories—Branches in 54 Large Cities

Asbestos Fabrics, Packings, Roofings, Shingles, Brake Linings, Building Materials, Electrical Devices, Heat Insulations, Refractory Cements, Waterproofing.



When you think of Asbestos you think of Johns-Manville

Get a Government Job

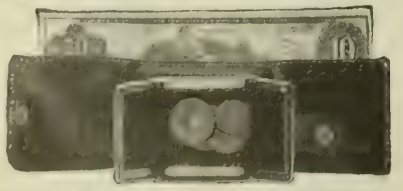
Railway Mail Service	Positions for Women
P. O. Clerk or Carrier	Government Clerk
	Stenographer or Bookkeeper

TEAR THIS OUT MARK POSITION X!

short hours, regular promo-

for Book R, 1067

FOR YOUR SOLDIER BOY OVER THERE 75 cts



We intend to send ONE MILLION Bill-koins into GERMANY via FRANCE in pockets of our U. S. soldiers. Has your soldier one?

Each Bill-koin with Coin Purse attached, has taken "Most Valuable Coin" Very few Army or Navy [illegible] one. "Medal of Military Neatness"

[illegible] HAT for pants or coat pocket. No bulge. [illegible] for change. For Business Men, [illegible] or Ladies to carry in bag. A present. Price 75 cts. by mail to any address. INITIALS in GOLD on [illegible] purse.

ARDEE MFG. CO. Box 87, Stamford, Conn.



A street car conductor returned after a day's work to his home to find his wife taken. She had gone, he knew not where nor how. Girls were seized in the streets, loaded in wagons and driven to the railroad station without being allowed to communicate with their families. In those days despair reigned in Lille. The inhabitants were incapable of resisting, and each household did not know from day to day but what there would be an empty seat at their supper-table when night came.

Each district of the cities of Lille, Rubaix and Tourcoing had to give its quota. The German officer in charge of each district was responsible for sending to the railroad station the required number allotted him. Those easiest to get were taken. Girls were seized in the streets on their way to or from work, soldiers entered homes and dragged the girls from their homes, and stores were ransacked for persons of the desired ages.

The girls were herded together and counted like cattle. One of the American delegates saw several wagons full of these girls *en route* for the railroad station. He said it reminded him of the description of the people carted through the streets of Paris to the guillotine during the Revolution.

The wretched people the Germans collected were eventually sent to concentration camps and put to work in the fields. But a large percentage had never done this kind of work before. Even those from the working classes were used to factory conditions, where they either sat at a machine or did light physical work. For these to be put to heavy agricultural work, such as haying, digging and loading potatoes, and turning ground, was bad enough, but in addition to the factory girls there were milliners and shop employees taken, to whom this new life was an uprooting of all their previous being.

The workers were paid by the Germans in some cases up to 60 pfennigs a day, but deductions were made for food and supplies, so that but little cash ever reached them. One case was called to the attention of the Americans, where a girl twenty years old was taken from Lille and forced to the work of digging potatoes. She worked for six months from sunrise to dusk and received at the end of that period for her labor the equivalent of $2. These deportations secured for Germany a large amount of cheap labor at a time when the Allies were having the greatest trouble to secure any labor at all and were forced by the unions to constantly increase their wage scale. I have seen from my automobile fields filled with girls digging potatoes under watch of German soldiers. It comes the nearest to slavery of anything in modern times.

The American delegates had the right to visit these concentration camps, for one of the conditions under which the C. R. B. sent foodstuffs to France was that the delegate could go wherever the food went. While I was delegate at Charleville I visited a concentration camp for girls who had recently arrived from Lille. On this particular occasion relations between America and Germany were very strained and the German officer was anxious to prevent any conversation whatsoever with the deported girls. When I insisted on the right to interview one of the girls on the subject of the C. R. B. rations received, the officer replied:

"You may ask questions provided they relate exclusively to the C. R. B. rations and you tell me in advance in German, what the questions are to be."

I asked if I might inquire about the bread rations, and to this the officer assented. It would have been comical had it been less strained. Here were a group of girls dragged from their homes and forced to work by an enemy nation. The American delegate of the C. R. B. was the only person to whom they could appeal or tell their troubles, and the conversation was hampered in this ridiculous way.

The C. R. B., in addition to food, distributed shoes and I noticed the girl I was talking with wore only slippers. So I said:

"Is that the only footwear you have?"

"*Oui, Monsieur*," she answered, "*on m'a pris dans la rue!*" ("Yes, sir, they seized me on the street.") This remark caused the immediate interference of the German officer, on the ground that the conversation was getting off the subject.

These conditions and reports led to the C. R. B. making a definite and strong protest to the German Government, through Mr. Gerard, then American Ambassador at Berlin. If the C. R. B. accomplished nothing else it justified its existence in this one crisis by being largely responsible for bringing the deportations to a stop at the halfway point, when only 20,000 of the proposed 40,000 had been taken, and securing the return to their homes of a number of the younger girls.

These incidents go to show the difficulties under which the Americans worked. It was a case of accomplishing the maximum possible under the restraint imposed. After the breaking off of diplomatic relations between Germany and America in February, 1917, the American delegates were not allowed to return to their posts in France, although the food shipments continued. Early in April, 1917, all the American delegates were definitely withdrawn from Northern France and Belgium and replaced by Dutch and Spanish delegates.

The new representatives have a hard task before them, for the relief organization has steadily grown and ramified. A new group of Americans would probably have been bewildered to take over work that had been developed by men who had in many cases grown up with the organization in its two years of development. Every group or organization has its spirit, and there was a strong C. R. B. spirit, which was chiefly that of team-play. The men came from every part of the United States, from twenty different universities and colleges and of every conceivable calling, from minister to mining engineer. Yet the idea was always the same, to keep the work going and, as Mr. Hoover used frequently to say, "to do a good job."

The men were never more united than on April 2, 1917, when the special train stood waiting in the Brussels railroad station to take us to Switzerland. Crowded about the train were our good Belgian friends, whose joys and sorrows we had shared for over two years.

In the background stood the German officers, for we were under escort to the last. Well might they contemplate this evidence of the response Belgium made toward a nation that was on the eve of joining those countries who were fighting that German ideas should not prevail.

The Reformation of Benjamin

(Continued from page 382)

promptly drew hers away. She had hardly uttered a word during the meal. Now she confronted Benjamin determinedly.

"Look here," she said, "what does all this mean? I don't believe a word about your wanting to be reformed. You may be able to fool my father but you can't fool me. What is it you want? Are you just trying to annoy me? If you are and it gives you any satisfaction I'm willing to admit that you are succeeding."

For a brief moment after she had concluded this outburst she continued to gaze defiantly at Benjamin. And then, suddenly, her eyes fell. For the expression of his face was so tender, so sincerely respectful and, at the same time, so beseeching, that she could not meet his gaze.

"I'll tell you what it's all about," he said, in a low voice. "I've made up my mind to marry you or go to the dogs. You haven't been out of my mind, sleeping or waking, a single instant since I first saw you. I don't care to live if you will not love me. I know I am not worthy of you but I think you ought to give me a chance. If you got to know me better you wouldn't hate me so much. You're just wonderful! There never was a girl like you! When I become sure that you can never care for me I'll be through with life."

Stella's lips trembled—there was no doubting his sincerity—and she felt as if an iron hand were gripping her heart.

"But—but—I hardly know you," she stammered. "And you're engaged. Aren't you? To some red-haired girl?"

Benjamin frowned.

"Heavens, no!" he exclaimed. "You mean Minnie." And then he laughed somewhat uneasily.

Honestly, I'm not engaged," he went on. I thought for a while I was rather spoony on Minnie and I often took her out. But she has a disagreeable temper and couldn't stand being teased. And she wrote me a letter saying she didn't care to have anything more to do with me and, honestly, I was glad of it."

And through Stella's mind there instantly flashed the thought that she, too, was glad of it and it seemed to her as if all her being had suddenly become transformed. She felt the hot blushes mounting to her cheeks and then, suddenly, she burst into merry laughter.

"Well, I must say," she declared, "that you don't believe in wasting any time. I suppose you want me to say that I'm just crazy about you, don't you?"

She glanced at him merrily and Benjamin's heart bounded with delight. Then he grew grave.

"No, I'm not as bad as that," said he. "But I do want you to let me call to see you and to give **me** a chance. The way you kept away from me was positively scandalous."

"And the way you tried to make me talk to you was almost criminal," she said. Then they both laughed and Benjamin, being wise in his generation, rose to go. Stella, too, rose and stood close before him.

"Look me in the face," she said, "and tell me that you've been gambling and drinking and doing all sorts of terrible things." Benjamin was scapegrace enough not even to blush.

"Everything is fair in love," he said, smiling, "but I warn you that I meant every word I said. It will be in earnest next time."

"That is foolish talk," said Stella.

"Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." So God made it in the beginning and so, through everlasting Time, will the heart of youth respond to the call of love. It needed no confession from Stella's lips to assure Benjamin that his suit was prospering. The gladness that shone in her eyes when he called to see her, the clasp of her hand, the eager voice with which she greeted him all told the tale. Told it, that is, to Benjamin. The Rabbi, with all his wisdom, noticed nothing and suspected nothing until his daughter undertook to enlighten him.

"I think, father," she said, one morning, "that Benjamin is going to ask me to marry him." The Rabbi stared at her.

"Nonsense," he declared. "Foolish nonsense. When I try to help a young man reform I do not try to get a son-in-law for myself."

"I don't know how hard you've been trying," retorted Stella, "but I'm sure he intends to propose."

"Then all you've got to do is to tell him how absurd it is," said the Rabbi. "Get the idea out of his head. Maybe it would be better if I spoke to him. I can't have him coming to the house so often if he is going to make a fool of himself." Stella seated herself on her father's lap and buried her head upon his shoulder.

"He's awfully nice, father," she said. The Rabbi seized her by the shoulders and held her at arm's length so that he could see her face. And then Stella blushed and the Rabbi knew it all.

"I absolutely forbid it!" he exclaimed angrily. The storm lasted nearly fifteen minutes. At the end of that time the Rabbi realized that his little girl had become a woman, that fathers play but an insignificant *rôle* in the drama of love, that Stella possessed an adamant will of her own, that the same sun that was sinking in the twilight of his life was rising in the dawn of his daughter's—in brief, he acquired a liberal education in matters that he had never pondered upon before. It is always a shock to others.

That night Benjamin and Stella were sitting upon the steps of the house. It was a moonlit night, the balm of spring was in the air and Benjamin's heart was beating wildly. Stella suddenly turned to him.

"Is everything really over between you and that red-haired girl?" she asked. Benjamin laughed and drew from his pocket an envelope from which he took a letter.

"I meant to show you what she wrote me," he said. "Let me read you a part of it." He held up the page so that the light from the parlor lamp shining through the window fell upon it.

"I never want to see you again," he read. "For a minute I thought I liked you but that was when I thought you were a gentleman. No gentleman would ever make fun of a lady." He held out letter and envelope to Stella.

"Read it for yourself," he said. "No one could take Minnie seriously."

"There's another letter in the envelope," said Stella. "Shall I read that, too?"

"Sure," replied Benjamin. "I guess that's the letter I wrote her which she sent back to me." Stella took the letters into the house and read them in the parlor. And Benjamin waited. He waited nearly half an hour. Then the serving-woman came to the door and handed him the envelope.

"Miss Stella says she thinks she has made a mistake. She's gone to bed and wants you to excuse her."

It was a sorely puzzled Benjamin that lay awake most of that night trying to figure out what had happened. He could recall almost every word of the red-haired girl's letter and not one of them afforded the slightest clue to Stella's odd behavior. The next day he called at the house, but Stella would not see him. To her father she had said:

"I think you are right about Benjamin. I've changed my mind."

Her father, too, tried to fathom her motives but the task was too bewildering. For a whole week Benjamin exhausted every scheme he could devise to induce Stella to meet him or tell him what his fault was.

Then he wrote her a letter.

"This is the last time I shall write," he wrote. "To-night I am coming to see you and if you do not at least tell me what I have done to offend you I shall become a confirmed drinker. In order that you will know I am in earnest I shall bring a bottle with me and drink it on your doorstep."

He had selected an evening when he knew the Rabbi would be at his synagogue. There was no response to the doorbell, but a slight flicker in the shadow which the parlor lamp threw upon the steps betrayed the fact that Stella was near the parlor curtains. Benjamin seated himself upon the steps and sat for a while with his face buried in his hands. Then he took a large black bottle from his pocket and slowly drew the cork. He smelled its contents and shut his eyes as if the odor were ravishing. He put it to his lips—and the door opened.

"Don't you think this is very silly?" she asked. For answer Benjamin set down his bottle, folded his arms and stood silently before her.

"Well? What is it?" she asked, stamping her foot.

"Temper, eh?" said Benjamin. "Now do you mind telling me what I have done?"

"Won't you please go away?" she asked.

"Not until you have told me," he replied. Stella's hands became tightly clenched.

"You ought to remember what you wrote in your own letter to—to that girl," she blurted out. Benjamin looked nonplused.

"My letter? I never thought of that. What did I say?"

Stella hesitated for a moment and then, with burning cheeks:

"You wrote to her that she could easily change the color of her hair to light brown which you thought every girl ought to have. You said light-brown hair was the most beautiful in the world. So as long as I haven't got light-brown hair I don't see why you want to bother about me. You can easily find a girl with that kind of hair."

For a moment it seemed to Benjamin as if his mind had become a hollow space in which no thought could exist. All the viewpoints of life and of reason seemed suddenly to have disappeared. In that moment he felt as if he could have floated tranquilly through space. Then, slowly, his feet came to earth and he found himself staring in bewilderment at the pretty creature before him who was now pressing a handkerchief to her eyes.

"But, my darling," he pleaded, "I was only teasing her. I would have said green hair if I had thought of it. You know that I love your hair more than that of any other girl in the world."

"You do not," she sobbed.

"But I do."

"You don't!"

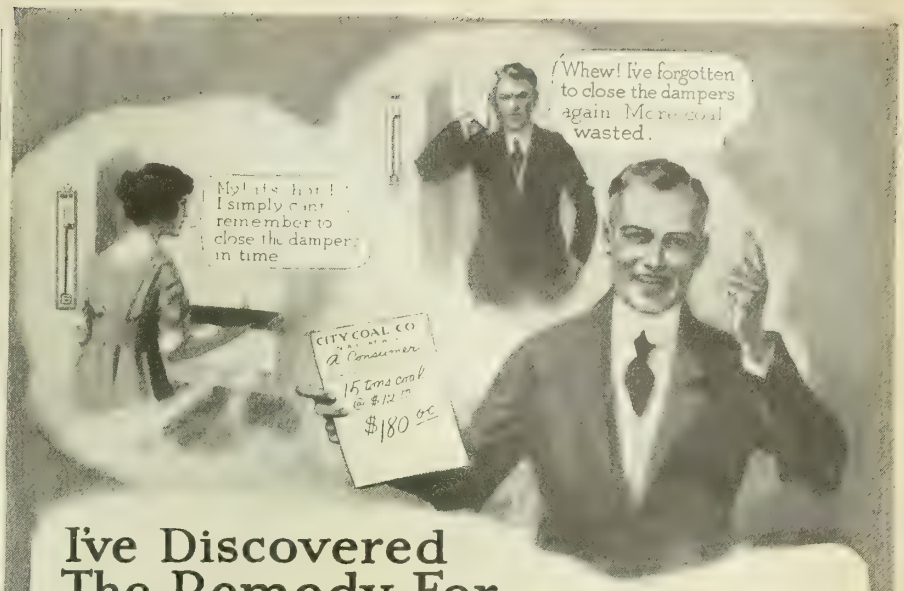
"I do so." Stella shook her head with a sad smile that implied he could never convince her even though he repeated his assertion through eternity. But she was no longer weeping. She pointed to the bottle.

"What's in that?" she asked.

"Sarsaparilla," said Benjamin. "Let's get a couple of glasses and drink it."

With a glance of infinite scorn Stella drew herself to her full height and went into the house.

But she did not shut the door!



I've Discovered The Remedy For This Big Coal Bill!

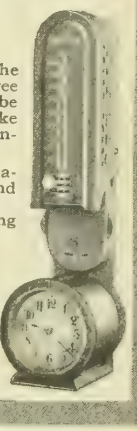
Thousands of home owners are daily realizing that every time the dampers are forgotten and left open too long several shovelfuls of coal are wasted. No matter how careful you are to watch the dampers you will frequently forget them until the 80 degree temperature reminds you.

The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR

Whether your home is old or new you should have a "Minneapolis." Then the dampers will be automatically closed the moment the temperature reaches the degree you want. When the temperature falls below the desired degree the dampers will be immediately opened so that the heating plant won't have to work overtime to make the rooms warm again. Eliminates the bother and worry of damper tending. Insures comfort, economy, health and safety.

The clock attachment enables one to secure automatically exact changes of temperature at any pre-determined hour—sets for a lower temperature for the night and comes back to the daytime warmth at any morning hour you desire.
Works perfectly with any kind of heating plant, burning coal or gas. Your heating contractor or hardware dealer handles the "Minneapolis."

Write us for booklet showing all models, explaining details, and quoting prices.



Minneapolis Heat Regulator Company
General Offices
2748 Fourth Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

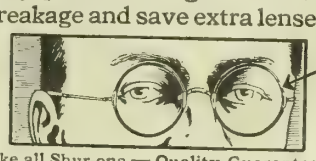
Boston	Syracuse	Cleveland	St. Louis	Chicago
77 Summer St.	218 E. Washington St.	1335 E. 105th St.	1412 Syndicate Trust	231 Insurance Exchange



Economy + Style

Shelltex Shur-on
TRADE MARK
EYEGLASSES & SPECTACLES

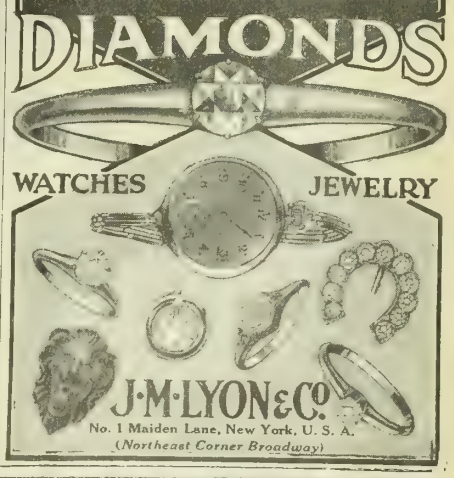
Economical, besides being comfortable and stylish, for they protect the glasses from breakage and save extra lenses.



Like all Shur-ons — Quality Guaranteed. At most high-grade optometrists, opticians and oculists, or write us. Look for the name Shur-on or Shelltex in the bridge.
E. KIRSTEIN SONS CO., 246 Andrew Street
Trademark Est. 1864 Rochester, N. Y.

Terms as low as $1 a month

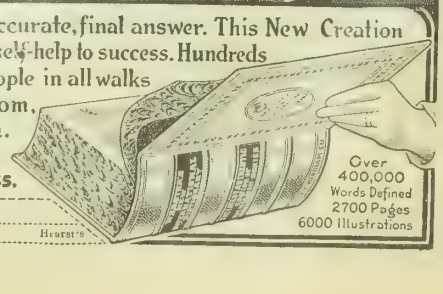
Charge accounts opened with any honest person on very liberal terms. No security required. Goods sent prepaid to your bank or express subject to examination and approval. If not perfectly satisfied do not accept them. We have been established since 1843 and have thousands of satisfied customers. Write for our catalog No. 14 showing full line of fine Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry. Sent free.



J·M·LYON & Co.
No. 1 Maiden Lane, New York, U. S. A.
(Northeast Corner Broadway)

Whatever Your Question;—be it the pronunciation of a new name, the spelling of a puzzling word, the location of Flanders, the meaning of futurism, airsick, Diesel engine, etc.

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY contains a clear, accurate, final answer. This New Creation is an indispensable self-help to success. Hundreds of thousands of people in all walks of life use, profit from, and enjoy this vast fund of information.
REGULAR AND INDIA-PAPER EDITIONS.
G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Springfield, Mass.



Please send me specimen pages and FREE POCKET MAPS
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
Hearst's



–for mother . . .

"*She labored and loved and was happy*"—what would *we* not do to make her life's autumn free from sorrow and sickness! Yet how frequently our efforts are misdirected—so few of us realize that it is often mainly a matter of *proper nourishment.*

To store up strength and energy against life's ebbing tide, yet permit the fullest enjoyment of each passing day, the nerve and body-cells require more than the nutriment from the regular diet. They require *special* food—they require above all, albumen and organic phosphorus—which Sanatogen offers in such a perfect chemical union that the weakest constitution can assimilate them.

Physicians the world over recognize this. For example, King Edward's physician, **Dr. Ernest Ott,** writes, "The results I have obtained from Sanatogen have been notably good in the case of elderly people when it was desirable to build up the strength, to stimulate bodily functions and to improve the circulation of the blood."

Hon. Wm. E. Chandler, former Secretary of the Navy, writes, "Sanatogen strengthens without irritating and promotes vitality in feeble folks."

A kindly help for failing strength is Sanatogen. Is not a trial worth the slight expense—*for Mother?*

Sanatogen is sold by good druggists everywhere, in three sizes: $1.00 and up.

* * *

Send for "The Art of Living" a charming little book by Richard LeGallienne, the popular poet-author, touching on Sanatogen's kindly help and giving other interesting aids in the quest for contentment and better health. This book is FREE. address THE BAUER CHEMICAL CO., Inc., 34M Irving Place, New York.

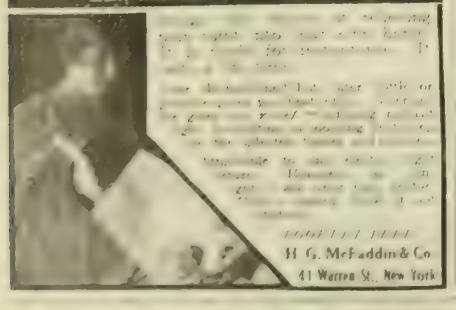
SANATOGEN

ENDORSED BY OVER 21,000 PHYSICIANS

THE FOOD TONIC

Thermolite

LIGHT AND HEAT INFUSER



H. G. McFaddin & Co.

41 Warren St., New York

Cleans, brightens and preserves your finest furniture

25¢ to $3.00 at your dealers



O-Cedar Polish

CHANNELL CHEMICAL CO.

Chicago - Toronto London

SPRING-STEP RUBBER HEELS



2 Packs Playing Cards

Champ Clark's Autobiography

(Continued from page 366)

white oak post about two feet square in the center to hold up the roof. I would cuddle down behind the post and when the long sermon was too dry to interest my youthful mind or too full of theological technicalities for me to assimilate, I would get my big-little book out of my pocket and go to work to commit its precious contents to memory. It was a fine mental exercise and laid a broad foundation for understanding the genius of our free institutions, though it did nothing to promote my religious training.

I believe that those three books—the Bible, Wirt's "Life of Patrick Henry" and my little red book—did more to influence my life than all the other books I have read put together.

Attendance at that old Glen's Creek meeting-house—for in that far-away day that is what country folk called a church building—had an influence on me in practising law. On a front seat Sunday after Sunday sat a somewhat aged person with a head bald as a billiard-ball. Three things fixed my boyish attention upon him: his shining poll; the fact that he shed tears copiously during every sermon; and the further fact that he always put a silver dollar in the hat when passed around—a liberal contribution in that day and place. What puzzled me most was his habitual weeping. One Sunday, going home through the woods from church, I asked my father what old man John Yoakum—for that was his name—was always crying so much about. He said: "I do not know what the old wretch is crying about; but I know what he ought to be crying about—how he killed his own son!" Then he gave me a blood-curdling account of that revolting crime—one of the vilest I have ever read or heard of. It is said that early impressions are never effaced, and most assuredly it was true in this case. The horrible story related to me by my father of that bloody butchery made such a profound impression on me, and it has so rested on me all my life, that during my long and active practice at the bar nothing would have induced me to defend a man who had killed his own son. The thick beechwoods through which we were walking, my father's vibrant voice and his flashing eyes, are as clear to my mental vision to-day as they were to my physical vision fifty-five years ago.

Old Yoakum killed his son at the beginning of the Civil War. The times were sadly out of joint, everything was topsy-turvy, and in some way, through some sinister influence, he went unwhipped of justice though he richly deserved to stretch hemp. He was a prominent citizen, a big farmer, and what Senator Thomas Hart Benton would have characterized as "a jackleg lawyer." He claimed to be a strong Union man and had the unspeakable impudence to run for county attorney. In 1863 I heard him and others speak at the first barbecue I ever attended. Among other things he said: "You men ought to vote for me because the only son I have is in the Army of the Cumberland fighting bravely in defense of our country and our flag." A half-drunken young fellow leaning against a dogwood sapling right in front of the speakers' stand bawled out in stentorian voice: "You infernal old scoundrel, you would have had another son if you hadn't killed him!"—whereupon the crowd set up a mighty yell and old Yoakum's political goose was cooked brown. I was delighted and did a good deal of yelling myself in a boyish treble. It is pleasant even yet to remember that outburst of righteous indignation; and delightful to recollect that old Yoakum was beaten out of his boots, and that, too, by the biggest fool that ever held that office in any county in Kentucky or in fact in all America.

My parents named me James Beauchamp Clark. Clark is the seventh most widely diffused surname in America. It is a corruption of the old Latin word *clericus*, which means "a scholar."

In the early days of our history "clerk" was often pronounced "clark," and in the extreme backwoods occasionally a very old person is found who pronounces it that way to this day—as is the habit in England.

Years ago I read a story to this effect: "When they were young lawyers and Illinois was in the raw, Abraham Lincoln, who was six feet four, and his lifelong friend and competitor, Stephen A. Douglas, who was about five feet tall, got lost on the open prairie and, night coming on, they applied for lodgings at a cabin. At bedtime the landlady, judging their relative importance by their stature, told Lincoln that he could sleep in the loft and his little 'clark,' as she designated Douglas, could sleep in the trundle-bed with the children." That cabin, if still in existence, should be treasured as a historic relic.

Strange to relate, the Honorable David Lubin, the enthusiastic agricultural economist, came into my office a few days after the foregoing was written and I was surprised to observe that invariably he pronounced "clerk" as "clark."

J. B. is one of the most common combinations in Christian names—John B., James B., Julian B., Joseph B., and so forth. On the average there is perhaps one J. B. Clark at every post-office in America. As long as I was a boy that fact did not bother me, but when I became old enough to receive letters I was always getting mixed up with somebody else. Finally, when I was twenty-four years old, I went to visit my uncle, a lawyer, at Bowling Green, Kentucky. I ordered my mail forwarded to me there. There was a man of the name of James B. Clark living in that city. He was unusually dense. He not only opened my letters, which was reasonable, but he sent them all back to the places from which they came, which was not only unreasonable but annoying; so I made up my mind that I would not keep a name which was owned by so many other people. I first lopped off the James, but that left me with a name which nobody but a Frenchman could pronounce correctly and Americans pronounced it in a half-dozen different ways, all wrong. I would have liked very much to retain it, as it was my mother's name. It means "fair field" and is a beautiful name, but it could not be pronounced in this country correctly. By the way, "Campbell" is the same name as Beauchamp. "Camp" and "champ" mean the same thing, being the old Latin word *campus*, and "belle" is the feminine of "beau." I cut Beauchamp in two in the middle and retained the last half. Governor Hoadley of Ohio, one of my old law-professors, used to say that a man had as much right to cut off part of his Christian name as to trim off part of his hair. I state this small event correctly because it has been stated so often incorrectly.

My surgical operation on my name had one unexpected and beneficial effect—it caused my name—Champ Clark—to be printed in full in the newspapers, whereas other Representatives were generally referred to only by their surnames. That grew out of two facts: One was that I was the only Clark in America who bears the Christian name of Champ, and the other was that my Christian name and surname, taken together, contain only ten letters.

WHEN the war began I was working for a man named John Call, near Mackville, Washington County, Kentucky. He was one of the best farmers that I ever knew and his wife was one of the kindest women in the world. She treated my sister and myself just as well as she treated her own children. Call lived sixty miles from Louisville. On account of bad health, especially weak eyes, he could not read fine print, so he made me a proposition that he would take George D. Prentice's "Louisville Daily Journal" if I would read it to him at night. He was not trying to do me a kindness, as he wanted the paper read for his own information, but in having me read him the paper he conferred on me a great benefit. I doubt very much whether he could have devised a better scheme by which I would learn good English, for George D. Prentice was one of the greatest masters of English prose that this country has ever known; he was also a poet of high rank, and I have always believed, and do now believe, that if, instead of spending his time as the editor of a daily newspaper, he had devoted himself to writing books he would have stood at the very head of the literary characters in America. I believe he was fully as great an editor as Horace Greeley, although the palm is generally conceded to Greeley. I read the "Daily Journal" to Call every night for more than three years. I profited greatly thereby. The old "Journal" was afterward merged with the "Democrat" and the "Courier," the three papers becoming the celebrated "Courier-Journal,"

managed by the Haldermans and edited by "Marse" Henry Watterson. I learned practically all the politics I ever knew from my father and from "Marse" Henry. Though I have never seen Colonel Watterson more than a dozen times in my life, I entertain for him a deep filial affection.

Colonel Watterson taught me a most valuable lesson in speechmaking. As a very young man, without any official connection with the St. Louis Tilden Convention, I was there as a mere looker-on in Vienna, and I am glad I was, for I was enabled to see and hear a remarkable set of men, most of whom have gone the way of all flesh. General John A. McClernand, Henry Watterson, Senator Kernan, "Sunset" Cox, John Morrissey, John Kelly, Senator Doolittle, Governor Dorsheimer, General Tom Ewing, Governor Walker of Virginia, Dan W. Voorhees, "Blue-Jeans" Williams, Wade Hampton, James B. McCreary, then, as thirty-six years later, Governor of Kentucky, and scores of others famous in their day, some of them still famous.

Colonel Watterson was temporary chairman and General McClernand permanent chairman. It was a most distinguished assembly.

A year or two after that, Colonel Watterson came to Louisiana, Pike County, Missouri, where I then lived, to lecture. I introduced him to the audience and after the lecture went with him to his hotel and sat up with him to wait for his midnight train. To me it was a most delightful and valuable evening. I told Colonel Watterson that I heard and greatly admired his speech as temporary chairman. He said: "Young man, I will tell you something few people know about that speech which may aid you in your public career. I was notified unexpectedly that I was to be temporary chairman. I had scarcely time to write my speech, not enough to commit it to memory. I did not want to read it, as that would have killed the effect and, moreover, my poor eyesight forbade my trying to read it, so I had a man sit behind me on the stage and read it to me sentence by sentence as I delivered it." I studied about that and practised on it until I formulated for myself a rule as follows: If I write a speech to be delivered to a large audience I allow twice as much time for its delivery as it would take to read it intelligibly to one or two persons; and if the audience is to be a very large one and outdoors, I allow three times as much. It works out according to my rule. In fact, in speaking to an extraordinarily large audience, the speaker is compelled not only to rest between sentences, but he must enunciate each word with such distinctness and so slowly that much more time is consumed than in reading or speaking to a small company. I owe much to Marse Henry for that valuable lesson in the difficult art of public speaking.

The first whole dollar I ever had in my life I made in this peculiar manner: Four of us were binding wheat after an old-fashioned drop-reaper. I was a fast hand at that sort of work. Consequently, I had some leisure moments every time the reaper went round the field. The wheat had much rye in it and the rye had a great deal of ergot on it. I put in the moments which I could spare from the wheat binding to pulling the ergot off the rye and putting it in the big pockets of my linen trousers. I finally accumulated a pound of it, which I sold to the village doctor for a dollar which looked to me big as a flapjack. I spent it for a multi-colored necktie and for a daguerreotype picture of myself—the first ever made of me. I have had many dollars, neckties, and pictures of myself since then, but none that I so highly prized.

The last work that ever I did on a farm in Kentucky I bound wheat twelve days for a man named David Best. I received twenty-four dollars for that labor, which I spent going to school to a man named Frank Logsden.

It goes without saying that the children from 1850 to 1860 had neither the abundance nor quality nor variety of toys which children have now. Nevertheless and notwithstanding we found sources of amusement. We did not have any firecrackers of any sort, either small or giant, with which to make noises at Christmas or Fourth of July, but we devised noise-making methods of our own. We could make popguns of alder stalk, and whistles of pawpaw limbs. When hog-killing time came—and in the country hog-killing was a great and enjoyable social function—we would blow up the bladders, tie strings around the necks of them and put them away to dry. When the proper time came we would jump on them and there would be considerable of an explosion; all healthy children enjoy making a noise.

We had no beautiful sleds such as children of this day have, but we would take pieces of plank and make sleds of our own which answered every purpose of getting down the hill swiftly, which is the great desideratum in sledding. We wrestled, ran foot-races, turned handsprings, played leapfrog, jumped, swam, climbed trees and alas! sometimes we fought! The word "mollycoddle" was not in the bright lexicon of Kentucky youth. We caught fish by every method known to the rural districts of the time, with hook, with seine, and with our hands. If a big fish got under a rock and we could not get him any other way we would break the rock and catch him. In the winter we would spear them. There were no game and fish laws then to pester boys—and men. Occasionally we caught a mud turtle, which makes fine soup. In passing, it may be apropos to state that the humble and despised mud turtle has been promoted to the ranks of the aristocracy among crustaceans and is now shipped in carload lots from our Western creeks and rivers to New York, Boston, and other Eastern cities where he is made to do duty at fancy prices as genuine diamond-back terrapin.

We learned to shoot, and hunted such game as there was. Everybody in Kentucky could shoot when I was a boy, generally with a rifle. Shotguns were not much in vogue. If a man had any reputation as a rifle-shot, he scorned to shoot a squirrel anywhere except in the head. It was the Kentucky and Tennessee squirrel-hunters who wrought such fearful havoc in Pakenham's army at New Orleans on the ever-glorious 8th of January. Any man who would kill game with a shotgun was considered a sort of disreputable pot-hunter. We hunted squirrels, rabbits, raccoons, 'possums, and occasionally a fox. A lot of us caught six raccoons in one tree one night, a feat which was the talk of the neighborhood for a good while. There were plenty of 'possums, and the 'possum when cooked in the right way, baked with sweet potatoes, is the best eating in the world—a dish fit to set before a king or anybody else. We had no shows and theaters to attend, but we had candy-pulling and spelling-bees.

It was a delight to get out at night in the woods with a pack of hounds and chase the game until we were so tired we could hardly drag ourselves to bed. It was always a great event in the life of a country boy when he was considered old enough to go out with the hounds. He knew then that he was verging close on manhood. Lord Byron says:

> "'Tis sweet to hear the watchdog's honest bark
> Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home."

He was entirely correct, and he might have added truthfully that there is no sweeter music to a healthy boy's ear than the voice of a pack of hounds in full cry at night in a forest primeval.

My first great sorrow, when I was a small boy, was that some of the neighbors took my dog "Ranger," part shepherd and part bull-terrier, and shot him to death on a trumped-up charge of killing sheep. I was utterly disconsolate for many days and never did forgive those men.

Many years after they killed my dog I had the pleasure of securing an opinion from the St. Louis Court of Appeals, after a hot fight, to the effect that a man in Missouri can be compelled to pay damages for killing a valuable dog. That's the rule in Missouri now, and it gave me a vast deal of pleasure to secure that decision. It avenged my dog, slain when I was a barefoot boy in Kentucky.

A Kentucky boy who would not run a horse-race when he had a chance was considered too slow and spiritless to ever amount to much and was dubbed a "sissy." There was no talk among the boys with whom I associated about "athletics." We were athletes by force of circumstances and gloried in the fact when life was young. Though our heads are blossoming as the almond-tree, we glory in the recollection of it yet.

Judge William H. Biggs, of the St. Louis Court of Appeals, gave this philosophical explanation of the reason why preceding generations were stronger and robuster than the men and women of to-day, as follows: "In the old times, children were reared under such hard conditions that all the weak and delicate ones died and only the fittest and strongest physically survived." Perhaps the Judge was correct. Who knows?

Whether Judge Biggs was right or wrong, the Kentucky boys who survived grew into lusty, strapping big men. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, in his "Life of Colonel Thomas Hart Benton," says that by actual measurement the Kentuckians were the largest men in the Union army. The chances are that they



"Yes, it certainly has cleared my skin"

Resinol Soap

"After years of experimenting with all sorts of things for my skin, I began to use Resinol Soap. In a very few days I could see a marked improvement.

"It seems impossible that anything so simple as washing my face twice a day with hot water and a delightful toilet soap can have done more good than all those tedious, expensive treatments, but the fact remains that now my complexion is clear, with the natural glow of health and youth that I feared it had lost for good."

If *you* are having trouble with your complexion, if you find that an unattractive skin is a handicap in your social or business life, think what it would mean to have your problem solved so easily!

The soothing, healing Resinol medication in it reduces the tendency to blotches and oiliness, soothes irritated pores, offsets the effects of neglect or improper treatment, and brings out the real beauty of the complexion.

Resinol Soap is excellent, too, for the hair and for a baby's tender skin. Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment are sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods. Made by the Resinol Chem. Co., Baltimore.

Short-Story Writing

A COURSE of forty lessons in the history, form structure, and writing of the Short Story taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, for years Editor of Lippincott's.



Dr. Esenwein

One student writes: — "Before completing the lessons, received over $1,000 for manuscript sold to Women's Home Companion, Pictorial Review, McCall's and other leading magazines."

Also courses in Photoplay Writing, Versification and Poetics, Journalism. In all over One Hundred Courses, under professors in Harvard, Brown, Cornell, and other leading colleges.

150-Page Catalog Free. *Please Address*

The Home Correspondence School

Dept. 200, Springfield, Mass.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

Franklin H. Sargent, Pres.

The Standard Institution of Dramatic Education

Connected with Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre and Companies

For catalogue address the Secretary

Room 163 Carnegie Hall, New York

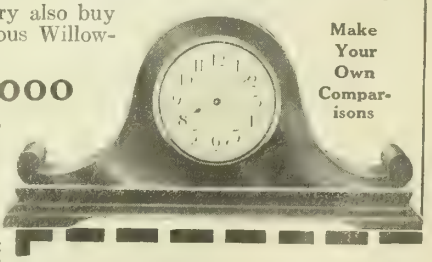
Buy Your Household Supplies the Larkin Way

Make the money that stocks your pantry also buy your Christmas Gifts such as this famous Willow-ware or the Mahogany Clock.

Send for Book of 1000 Christmas Gifts

You owe it to yourself to investigate the great savings you can make by Larkin Factory-to-Family Dealing. Send for our Catalog and realize the truth.





Make Your Own Comparisons

Mail Coupon Today to Nearest Address

Larkin Co. Buffalo Peoria Chicago

Please send me your Fall Catalog No. 48

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

G P. 360 . . . . . .

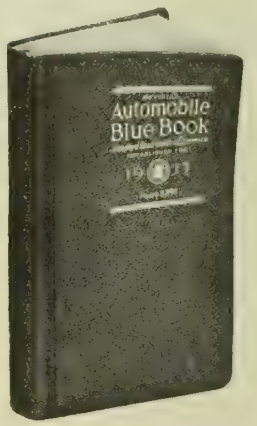
They're Here!

EVERY motorist has been waiting for the new 1917 Automobile Blue Books. 400,000 miles of the best motor roads in the country are covered by this largest edition of the "Standard Road Guide of America." They're here!

Don't follow the crowd. Get out into the country. Discover new roads, new scenery, new pleasures in motoring. The Blue Book will unfold a new world to you, right near your home or anywhere in the United States.

You don't have to ask any questions when you drive with a Blue Book on your lap. It guides you from anywhere to everywhere and, by keeping you on the good roads, it saves you money in gasoline, tires, wear and tear on your car.

The Blue Books are used by more than 250,000 motor tourists in every part of the country.



Buy Your Copy Today
Price $3.00 Per Volume

On sale at all leading bookshops, automobile supply houses, garages, hotel news-stands—or sent direct upon receipt of $3.00.

THE AUTOMOBILE BLUE BOOK PUBLISHING COMPANY

Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. | 900 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. | 243 West 39th Street, New York City

How the Retailer Can Profit from the War

Conditions right now are awfully uncertain for you—aren't they? Prices are going up. People are buying less.

You don't know what is going to happen next. But the wise retailer can profit tremendously from this situation. Three articles in the next issue of The Modern Retailer all tell you how.

MODERN RETAILER

is a little right-up-to-the-minute magazine, full of ideas as to how the city and suburban retailer can save money and make money by having the latest retail knowledge and following the latest retail ideas. It is not a trade paper, but a little manual on retail selling, in touch with the biggest retail merchants and ready to hand you their latest and most successful ideas.

I am en-

Special Short Time Offer

The regular price of The Modern Retailer is $2 a year but if you will write us telling us your problems, what types you are most interested in now, we will send you the next eight issues for only 25c. Send stamps or cash to

8 *Issues for* 25c

The Modern Retailer
Dept. F, 119 West 40th St., New York

were also the largest among the Confederates. Limestone accounts for it. They eat it, drink it, breathe it.

THE first really great man I ever saw was Colonel John Marshall Harlan, later Mr. Justice Harlan of the Supreme Court of the United States, one of the most eminent of all the Justices of that high tribunal.

In 1863, when in the flower of his years and the prime of his splended powers, he was candidate for Attorney-General of Kentucky, to which office he was elected. He was as magnificent a specimen of a physical man as one would have found in a month's journey—standing six-feet-three in his stockings, weighing two hundred avoirdupois, without an ounce of surplus flesh; red-headed, blond as any lily, graceful as a panther, he was the typical Kentuckian in his best estate.

His mental and educational equipment was superb. On a glorious day in October, at a great picnic in Henry Isham's sugar grove in the outskirts of Mackville, Colonel Harlan and Colonel Thomas E. Bramlett, candidate for Governor, spoke to a great concourse of people. I played hookey to hear them speak. Governor Bramlett was a large, handsome man and made a good speech; but Harlan easily overtopped him mentally, physically and oratorically. Chunk of a boy as I was, I could see that Harlan was the greater man and I thought that therefore he ought to have been running for the greater office, the correct theory surely. That night I poured out my thoughts to my father, whereupon he kindly gave me my first lesson in practical politics, explaining "the availability" of men and other things unnecessary to mention.

He exploded my theory of the biggest man being entitled to the biggest office, but I mourn for that theory yet. I regret that I was disillusioned.

Colonel Bramlett had a large Roman nose and he carried the first pair of *pince-nez* spectacles I ever saw. He was a widower, and when he began his speech he clapped his *pince-nez* on his prominent proboscis, looked the audience over with a quizzical smile, and remarked: "I hope the ladies will not think my heart is as old as my eyes are!"—a skilful and delicate hint which pleased his female auditors immensely and which is all that I recollect of his speech.

In that same sugar grove on an improvised platform in September, 1864, I made my first appearance "in public on any stage." Call told me I could go to the picnic in the afternoon *provided* I would cut and put up eleven shocks of corn, sixteen hills square, before noon—which was a good day's work for a grown man, and I was only fourteen, but I accomplished the heavy task. I was in such a hurry that I accidentally chopped a piece of bone out of my left shin with a corn-knife. I tied a rag saturated with Mexican mustang liniment around my wounded leg and after dinner went to the picnic. The folks set me up on the platform and I declaimed Webster's glowing peroration in the "Reply to Hayne." It was a memorable day in my life.

One company of Harlan's regiment, the Tenth Kentucky Union Infantry, was raised in the community where I lived. I knew almost every man in it. When the soldiers came home from the war they had divers tales to tell of their beloved colonel. Among other things they said he could outrun, outjump and outwrestle any man in the regiment. They told with much glee how, before they were ever in battle, the colonel would make them speeches about how bravely they should perform under fire and how after their first engagement—the Battle of Mill Springs—the colonel told them frankly that if any of them felt like running he did not blame them, for all that prevented him from fleeing was his shoulder-straps.

They told another story which I quoted every time I caught Mr. Justice Harlan in congenial company when anecdotes were in order. His men said that he had a very bellicose chaplain, a Baptist preacher named Vince Ash. At the battle of Chickamauga, so they claimed, when the Union forces were hard pressed, Chaplain Ash, instead of being in the rear administering the comforts of religion to the dying and aiding the wounded, was in front, rushing up and down the lines encouraging the soldiers, believing that some swearing was necessary, and not being willing to swear himself, he would yell: "Boys, give them hell as Colonel Harlan says!"

As Mr. Justice Harlan was a staid and rigid old-school Presbyterian elder, that excerpt from his martial history always plagued him a little—but it tickled his friends.

One of the strangest events in Harlan's long and distinguished career was that in the last years of his life he sat side by side with Mr. Justice Lurton, an ex-Confederate Tennessee soldier, on the bench of the Supreme Court. These two grave and reverend seigniors had fought face to face on several bloody fields. That is one of the innumerable evidences of the generosity of the American people. Not only was Mr. Justice Lurton a Confederate soldier, but Mr. Chief-Justice White, whom all men delight to honor, fought four years under the Stars and Bars. Their patriotism is no more questioned than is that of Mr. Justice Holmes, who fought four years under the Stars and Stripes and who bears honorable scars as testimonials to his valor.

I witnessed only one battle during the Civil War. A line in General Basil W. Duke's entertaining book, "Morgan and His Men," is all that is vouchsafed to it in the literature of the war; but surely it was the most astounding martial caper ever cut since Nimrod invented the military art, and it fully illustrates the Kentuckian's inherent and ineradicable love of fighting. I saw seven Home Guards charge the whole of Morgan's Cavalry—the very flower of Kentucky chivalry—down a broad gravel road with no ambush about it.

I was working as a farmhand for John Call, who was the proud owner of several fine horses of the famous "copper-bottom" breed. Morgan had, perhaps, as good an eye for a "saddler" as was ever set in a human head, and during those troublous days his mind was sadly mixed on the *meum et tuum* when it came to equines—a remark applicable to many besides Morgan, on both sides at that.

Call, hearing that Morgan was coming, and knowing his penchant for the noblest of quadrupeds, ordered me to mount "in hot haste" and "take the horses to the woods."

Just as I had climbed upon a magnificent chestnut sorrel, fit for a king's charger, and was rounding up the others, I looked up and in the level rays of the setting summer sun saw Morgan's Cavalry in "all the pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war" riding up the gravel road on the backbone of a long, high ridge, half a mile to the south. Fascinated by the glittering array, boylike I forgot Call and the peril of his horses and watched the gay cavalcade.

Suddenly I saw seven horsemen emerge from the little village of Mackville and ride furiously down the turnpike to within easy pistol-range of the Confederates and open fire. I could hear the crack of the revolvers and see the flash and smoke, and when Morgan's advance-guard fell back on the main body, I observed that one riderless horse went back with them and that only six Home Guards rode back to Mackville in lieu of the seven who had ridden forth to battle.

Morgan's command halted, deployed in battle line, and rode slowly up the hill, while I rode a great deal faster to the woods. My anxiety to witness that battle came near losing Call a bunch of extra-fine horses.

The Home Guards had shot one man out of his saddle and captured him, and Morgan had captured one of them. Next morning the Home Guards, from their forest fastness, sent in a flag of truce and regularly negotiated an exchange of prisoners according to the rules in such cases made and provided.

Of course Morgan would have paid no attention to the seven men, but he supposed that even his own native Kentucky never nurtured seven daredevils so reckless as to do a thing like that unless they had an army back of them.

I have often thought of that matchless deed of daring, and can say in the language of the French General Canrobert, who witnessed the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava: "*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre*"—"It is magnificent, but it is not war."

Years afterward one of the seven was sending his children to school to me. After I became well acquainted with him, one day I said to him: "Gibson, I have always wanted to know what made you seven fellows charge Morgan at Mackville."

"Oh," he replied, "we were all full of fighting whisky"—an explanation that explained not only that fight but thousands more.

If that splendid feat of arms [illegible] performed in New England by New [illegible]ders the world could scarcely conta[illegible]ooks which would have been writte[illegible]ont it. It would have been chronicled [illegible]history and chanted in song as an i[illegible]ible theme.

(To be Continued)

"Laugh and Live"

(*Concluded from page 387*)

expenses that require credit, and if we have so ordered our lives that when the pinch comes *we have no credit established* the fact that we pay out our last dollar and go hungry to bed does not bring us much sympathy. Thus it would seem that to be able to say: 'I pay as I go,' or, 'I owe no man a dollar,' or, 'I never live beyond my means' is not much of a boast, when, after a death in the family, or other unforeseen circumstances, we find ourselves broke and nowhere to turn for accommodation.

"Credit in business is worth more than money because it allows for expansion, whereas money in the bank is only good *as far as it goes*. Many a merchant who bought and sold for cash all his life found when he came to enlarge his business that one thing was lacking—*credit*. The fact that he had always paid cash threw a doubt upon his financial condition when he proposed to borrow. He had neglected to build up a credit as he went along. The business world only knew him as a man who paid cash and exacted cash. Taken at his fullest inventory he had 'scalped' a living out of the world for which he had done but little to make happier or better. One calamity might easily scuttle his prospects forever—for instance, a fire, or a bank failure. And without credit it would be difficult to start over again.

"*Get busy and profit by experience*, is about all the advice one man can give to another man.

"People are divided into two classes—*those who profit by experience and those who do not*. The unfortunate part of it all is that the latter class is always by far the larger of the two.

"THE man of vigorous purpose, fine constitution, and the full knowledge of self, sees through an experience as clearly as through a window. The glass may be foggy, but he knows What lies beyond. Self-reliant and strong he seeks knowledge through experience, while the weak man, the unhealthy-minded, the inefficient, stands aside and gives him the right of way. In later years, however, they bitterly complain that they were not given the same chance to succeed in life.

"When we say: 'Why shouldn't we all be successes?' we do not mean that everybody in the world must be greedy for money, nor for power and position. It does not mean that we should be selfish and eager to take everything away from the other fellow. On the contrary, it means that, with energy, we shall be successful *according to our brain tendency*.

"Wholesome personality is the fulfillment of self-development—physically, mentally and spiritually. But all personality is not wholesome for it often shows in the face of the man *who is a rogue at heart*. Therefore, all personality is not for the good of the world. It is only of the wholesome kind that we speak. To such as possess it the goal is divine. Personality could never be perfected without living a *life of preparedness* backed up by our most earnest and honest convictions. The leaders of society in the broader sense are those *who win the faith of the average man*.

"We must correct our failings as we go along or we will slip down into the rut and stay there. It is a simple matter to be good natured and full of the zest of life if we poise ourselves right — *keep ourselves simply democratic*.

"It is this great soul quality which brings us true friends and boosts us into the fulfillment of our ambitions.

"THESE are busy days for all of us. We go in a gallop most of the time, but there comes the quiet hour when we must sit still and 'take stock.' I know this from the letters that come to me asking my opinion on all sorts of subjects. People believe I am happy because my laughing pictures seem to denote this fact—*and it is a fact!* In the foregoing I have told why. Man alive, if you are not in the habit of laughing, *get the habit!* This does not mean that we are to carry round a ready-to-wear grin which we wear only as we are ushered into the presence of another. *A real smile, or a hearty laugh, is not to be counterfeited.* We easily know the genuine from the spurious."

32 years old and President of a $1,000,000 corporation



© U. & U

The story of his success and how he achieved it

Three years ago a studious-looking young man—he was twenty-nine then—came to New York City.

He had only a few dollars in his pocket. But his head was full of ideas and he knew business fundamentals. He entered the Pyrene Manufacturing Company as a salesman.

He wanted to grow—and he grew

He did not stay a salesman long. He wanted to grow. Because he knew business principles, he did grow. In six months he was Sales-Manager. Then he was put in charge of advertising.

Early last year, the President of the Pyrene Company, a million dollar corporation, resigned. The Board of Directors elected the studious-looking young man president. He had been with the company less than two years.

Why Mr. Allen made good

This is the story of C. Louis Allen's rise from no job to the presidency of a huge corporation.

"He knows the principles that underlie all big business," said the directors. That is why he is an executive today, while thousands of other thirty-two-year-old men are worrying over details in their own narrow departments.

It is this broad grasp of business that the Alexander Hamilton Institute will give you. It is giving a training in big business principles to more than 60,000 wide-awake men in America today.

What Mr. Allen thinks of the Course

He says: "Several of our department and branch managers are studying your Course at my suggestion. They are the men who are creating bigger jobs in this country and fitting themselves to fill them. From reading your Course, I am convinced that it will help every man who is filling his present job and reaching for another."

Based upon the experience of thousands of successful men

The Institute collects, classifies and transmits thru the Modern Business Course and Service, the best thought and practice in modern business. It gives you a thoro and sound training in the fundamental principles underlying *all* departments of business.

In our national crisis today the need for this broad executive training is rapidly increasing.

Men in all branches of business are being called upon to assume the work of others and to fill more responsible positions. The demand for trained executives will be even greater in the coming struggle for world markets. For men as well as for women who are prepared, there will be more opportunities than ever before to succeed in a big way.

Advisory Council

Business and educational authority of the highest standing is represented in the Advisory Council of the Institute.

This Council includes Frank A. Vanderlip, President, National City Bank of New York; Judge E. H. Gary, head of the U. S. Steel Corporation; John Hays Hammond, the eminent engineer; Joseph French Johnson, Dean of the New York University School of Commerce; and Jeremiah W. Jenks, statistician and economist.

"Forging Ahead in Business"

An interesting book, "Forging Ahead in Business," will be sent to you free. It tells in detail what the Course and Service is, what it has done for others, and what it will do for you. Simply send the coupon below for your copy.

Alexander Hamilton Institute
413 Astor Place **New York City**



Send me "Forging Ahead in Business"—FREE

Name .....
Print Here

Business Address .....
City *State*

Business Position .....

Gifts!



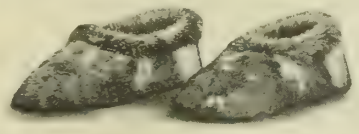
Quaint and curious—the kind you cannot get elsewhere—for men, women and children, are beautifully illustrated (many in actual colors) and accurately described in this fascinating "Book of a Thousand Gifts" which is mailed postpaid on request.

Write Now for Your Free Copy

The edition is limited. See what "delightfully different" gifts may be obtained at Vantine's for a few cents or a few dollars, and learn how you may do your Christmas shopping by mail pleasantly and profitably in the privacy of your own home. Send now, your name and address on a postal will do. Address Dept. 70.

·Vantine's Gift Suggestions

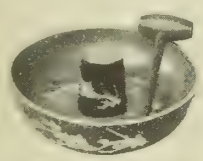
We deliver free mail orders of $1 and over with few exceptions and refund your money if articles purchased are not perfectly satisfactory.



No. 18195-R. Men's or women's imported Japanese slippers of genuine monkey or martin skin, white or spotted rabbit fur. Fur-lined, strong one-piece leather sole. Warm, comfortable slippers for indoor wear or when ordered in larger sizes may be used as overshoes to keep the feet warm, when motoring in cold weather. (In ordering state size of shoes, or over-shoes worn, and fur or skin desired.) **Price prepaid, $4.75.**



No. 15248-K. Artistic Japanese lacquered cabinet decorated in gold, with two glass-stoppered bottles of Vantine's famous Oriental perfumes—one each of Wisteria and Flowery Kingdom. Cabinet is lush lined with separate compartment for each bottle. Makes a most unique inkstand when perfume has been emptied or jewel cabinet when the partition is taken out. **Price prepaid, $1.00.**



No. 12316-R. Japanese hand-carved wood nut set consisting of bowl 7½" in diameter with removable solid wood anvil on which to crack the nut, and mallet. Artistically finished in mission brown with hand-carved floral design. By simply taking the anvil out the bowl may be used for general purposes. **Price prepaid, $1.00.**

·A·A·VANTINE·&·CO·Inc·
Fifth Avenue & 39th Street, New York



Rest for the Feet

[illegible] can secure both comfort and a

Plastic Shoes for MEN WOMEN CHILDREN

[illegible] SHOES will relieve foot troubles, as well as

Send for Booklet

[illegible] on Plastic Shoes.

[illegible]

THAYER McNEIL COMPANY
19 West Street Boston, Mass.

NEW RUSSIA IN THE MAKING

(Continued from page 351)

reason to think the men's feelings about this were wrong, unless we are willing to repudiate all records and assume it isn't true after all that the bully is also the coward.

But the bully in the army or the bully in the navy had at least this excuse—that whenever he carried his atrocities upon the defenseless he was strictly upholding the favorite traditions and practices of his Government.

Here is where most of the difficulty lies in getting the United States and Russia straight with each other. It is psychological. We are willing to admit, in a general way, that the old *régime* in Russia was pretty bad, but it is the kind of thing that we cannot really sense and feel unless we have seen it, and as for describing it, nobody can do that because there are no words in use among men that seem to apply to it.

It was not merely a form of government belonging to an age in human history long gone by, and it was not merely a frozen horror crushing down upon the hearts and lives of men. It was also a vast and curious foundation for that government, carefully, cunningly built and developed by generations of astute minds.

In the end the base became one of the most astounding products of man's tireless ingenuity infinitely more wonderful than the thing it held up.

Every year, you might say, the governmental system of Russia demanded of depravity a greater skill to keep it going. The task was to maintain a primitive despotism in an age moving swiftly toward complete democracy. The faster the rest of the world forgot the Stone Age the harder the task became to preserve a social system suited to nothing else. For some generations the character of the sovereign, big, brutal and callous, helped out. When the throne fell to a half-witted little man, as weak in will as in body, nothing is more wonderful than the expedients to which the real masters of Old Russia were driven to keep it afloat.

The two chief assets in the vast, elaborated and scientific business they built up for the minute supervision of people's lives were terror and ignorance. By maintaining Russia in a state of perpetual perdition for all persons that were suspected of favoring freedom it was possible to hold over all such minds an unchanging fear of a still worse perdition—which was Siberia.

People that know freedom and were born in it can no more grasp the meaning of this than a blind man can grasp the tones of a sunset.

Russia lived with a huge iron heel upon her breast. This was the marvelous police system, divided into three main organizations.

There was, first, the mounted *gendarmerie*, heavily armed, ready to ride down any manifestation of disorder.

Then there was the acknowledged city police, black-suited and menacing, chosen for physical strength and aptitude for cruelty. These were known and (with reason) feared of all men. There was scarcely a block in a city or town that was not patrolled by them.

But the true wonder, of course, began with the third division, or secret police, whose strange network of espionage wound itself around every hearthstone in Russia, peeped in at every window, listened at every keyhole. It was this that chiefly kept the czar's crown on his head and his head on his shoulders, year after year.

Let me see if by some examples I can convey to those that have never known anything but freedom an outline of life as it was under the Russian police.

[illegible] that there were two friends among the Intelligentsia, the class most suspected and persecuted. In the[illegible] rode down town in a trolley-car of a morning, going to work or business, they never dared to exchange more than formal salutations and sometimes not even these. If the car conductor were not a police agent in disguise there was sure to be a police agent hiding among the passengers. Almost any innocent remark dropped by either friend might be reported as of sinister import, entered against them in the colossal records that the police maintained, and used at any time as a fingerpost to Siberia.

In restaurants you must guard every word with the greatest care; the waiter is probably a disguised policeman. Be careful about your [illegible] many police agents have lately taken to driving cabs. A beggar solicits alms at your door; he may have been sent to overhear a disloyal expression or take note of your callers. Write your letters with scrupulous attention; they will probably be opened and read. Be most discreet about your telephone conversations; it is well known that every wire is tapped.

Every educated man was particularly likely to be an object of suspicion. The mere fact that he was educated proved that he must know something about the outside world of progress and its opinion of Darkest Russia; he could not know that without some degree of discontent. Such a man could never be sure any moment of the day or night that the eye of a police-agent was not watching from some undiscovered hole, that the ear of a police-agent was not listening at an unsuspected cranny.

If such a man seemed to be of careful and unobjectionable walk, this sometimes served to make the police administration only the more suspicious of him, and then the *agents provocateurs*, the worst of all the instruments of evil, were loosed upon him. Someone in apparent distress begged his help and told a pitiful story of injustice or of police cruelty in the hope that he might drop an expression of sympathy. Canvassers tried to get him to subscribe for suspected journals, book-agents tried to sell him proscribed books, and visitors dropped upon his premises revolutionary literature that it might be found there and used against him.

He was likely to find at any time that his private papers at his home or office had been mysteriously rifled and yet he could never detect the stealthy person that rifled them.

The *agents provocateurs* were in cunning and wickedness not less than human devils. Their business was to get up outbreaks or overt acts that suspected leaders of the people might be trapped and the rest might be terrorized with the spectacle of a swift and terrible retribution. They wormed their way into all clubs, societies and organizations, even when these were of the most innocent or benevolent character, that they might take advantage of men off their guard and discover usable evidence. Among the secret revolutionary and propaganda leagues they believed they had always members. These sometimes spent ten years in one organization before they were able to pull off the thing they were after. Very often they themselves would suggest, plan and help to carry out the assassination or bomb explosion with which they dragged down their quarry.

Most plausible, ingenious, skilful men and wonderful actors they must have been. When brother suspected brother and son suspected father they still managed to pass undetected (sometimes) in the most active revolutionary circles. The world read with incredulity the confession of Azof, one of their masterminds. Yet it is quite true that, as he said, he had worked at the same time with the police and with the revolutionists, and had betrayed both. To win the confidence of the revolutionists he revealed to them the secret plans of the police, and then when time was ripe revealed to the police the secret plans of the revolutionists. He cleverly avowed that he suggested, planned and took active part in the killing of the Grand Duke Sergius and then revealed to the police all the revolutionists that had helped him in the killing.

He was but a type. There is not a question that the hideous system developed and maintained by Russian monarchy developed in turn new abysms of turpitude in human nature and new kinds of skill to carry out new and revolting inventions in crime. Compared with the horrible wretches that this system spawned and trained, Titus Oates and all the other historic scoundrels look almost respectable. Treachery was everywhere; men inhaled it with every breath; they ate of it and lodged with it and went hob and nob with it along the streets. Life became literally blackened, cursed and poisonous with suspicion, and generations of freedom must pass before the human heart in Russia throws off the last of the most detestable poison with which every vein has been clogged so long.

Turn then to the fact that in the midst of all these conglomerate horrors the revolutionary doctrine was spread, the revolutionary plans were laid, the doctrines of advanced freedom and democracy were steadily promulgated, until Russia was at last made free, and you will agree with me that here is a truly wonderful people—so wonderful, so admirable, that no man may in prophecy or otherwise set a bound in his imagination to their achievements in democracy.

The Russians that spread revolution in these years, very often obscure and unrecorded heroes, worked always under the shadow of a fate that was worse than death. When a spy's revelations had come, or the bomb had been thrown, those that were hanged were usually the most fortunate. The others, if they were leaders, faced shocking tortures first and Siberia afterward, and when Siberia meant the "cold *katorga*" death was always far more merciful.

Exile to Siberia had a wide variety of meanings. Thousands of men and women were termed exiles that suffered no greater hardship than to be turned loose in a wild, remote country and allowed nine cents a day for food, clothing and shelter. Because this was not quite unendurable and because of the stories of the amusements of the rich exiles at Irkutsk, the notion has spread about the world that Siberian exile meant no more than to be separated from one's home and familiar haunts. Some writers, who must have gone soft upstairs, have even tried to shed a romantic halo about it, as if Siberia to a Russian revolutionist was about like France to a Jacobite. It was the men and women no more than suspected of revolutionary sympathies that drew Irkutsk and exile within the fringes of civilization. Those that had actually raised their hands against the existing order fared very differently, and learned with lashes on their backs as they were driven into the mines or herded in huts in the Arctic Circle what kind of revenge unhampered monarchy takes on those that dispute its divine right.

There was, for instance, a camp just inside the mouth of the Lena River, reserved for the most detested offenders, where the tortures were so exquisite and fiendish that the principal business of the guards was to prevent the maddened victims from finding release in suicide. The place was so close to the North Pole that the Arctic night lasted for months. In this gloom the prisoners were not allowed to have anything to read nor enough artificial light to enable them to find in work any distraction for their minds. The demon that devised this torment certainly shot far beyond all the inventors of racks and thumbscrews, for the place was reserved exclusively for men and women of refinement and education upon whom its horrors would weigh most heavily. He judged aright, whoever he was; most of the victims went insane.

Looking calmly into the face of such a destiny, the revolutionists, harassed by the police and surrounded by spies, went on with their propaganda and saturated the greater part of Russia with it, and I do not believe the history of liberty has anything finer or prouder to show. Thousands of her patient, unselfish soldiers perished in that long fight and left not even the shadow of a name.

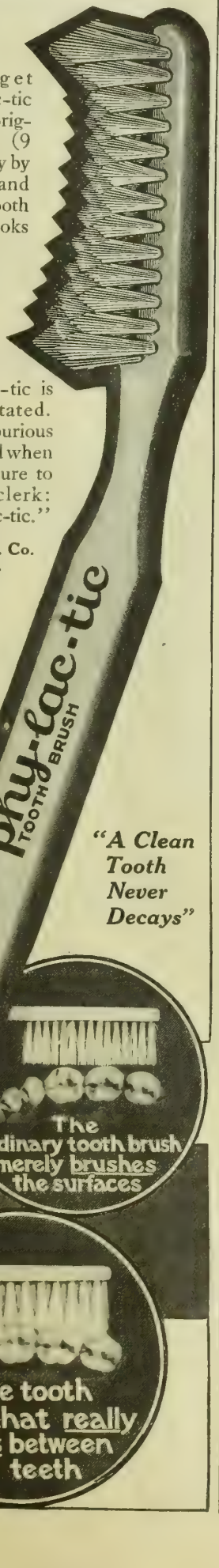
Every trace of them was annihilated by the iron heel that crushed out their lives.

The world may take Siberia lightly; to anyone that knows the Russian history it will always be a word of tragic import. In seventy years there passed through one Siberian town on the sorrowful highway more than 900,000 exiles. You may judge from this fact how extensive was the police business of manufacturing terror. When the sunlight of the Revolution broke upon this wilderness of despair every political exile and prisoner in Siberia was at once decreed to be free. There were more than 120,000 of them in Siberia and of these 20,000 were in camps and places so remote from the world of men that by July they had not yet been reached with the glad tidings. You may judge from this fact how truly Siberian exile was a living tomb.

Russians are among the most generous of people, tolerant, kindly and almost singularly free from any vindictive impulse. The day came when the men that had been responsible for all this red world of pain and misery, this "draining of eyelids, wringing of drenched hands, sighing of hearts and filling up of graves," fell into the power of the people they had wronged and tormented. Not one of the red-handed murderers, from the Czar down, was injured in a hair of his head. The

Brush your Teeth Up and Down

Not This Way



You can get Pro-phy-lac-tic quality and original features (9 of them) only by asking for and getting the tooth brush that looks like this and comes in the Yellow Box.

Pro-phy-lac-tic is widely imitated. Beware of spurious imitations and when you buy be sure to say to the clerk: "Pro-phy-lac-tic."

Florence Mfg. Co.
208 Pine Street,
Florence, Mass.

Sole Makers of Pro-phy-lac-tic and Florence Keepclean Toilet Brushes

"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"

The ordinary tooth brush merely brushes the surfaces

The tooth brush that really cleans between the teeth

worst that has happened to any of them is to be confined in a palace or a fortress. Even when indubitable high treason was added to their other crimes they escaped the firing-squad they had earned.

All except the police. It was the hated police that fought the Revolution. It was the police that mounted the rapid-fire guns on the roofs of the houses and mowed down the people in the Nevsky Prospekt. All those buildings by the canals, around the Ministry of Agriculture, along the Morskaja and elsewhere that are pitted now with bullet marks, got their ornamentation because the people in the streets must fire at the police on the roofs. Those green graves in the midst of the sandy waste of the Field of Mars are filled every one with the victims of the police, and it was the police that the crowd beat to death and flung into the canals when the tide of the Revolution rose high enough to overflow the vicious old system at last and deliver the oppressors into the hands of the oppressed.

The day of retribution had come. But it was only upon the police that the vengeance of the people fell. The hated black uniform had disappeared from the streets. When the battle on the housetops began to go in favor of the popular cause the rotten old police structure fell with a crash. The people insatiably hunted black uniforms in the ruins. Next day the ice in the canals was covered with the bodies of policemen, and all those still left alive had fled in disguise or were locked up in that island fortress to which they had dragged so many of their victims.

And the great, wonderful system of interwoven espionage, the great army of spies, listeners, lurkers, eavesdroppers, weasels, ferrets, hyenas, Black Hundreds, police-hounds, dirty dogs, human wolves, wire-tappers, and the rest—what became of all that?

It sounds like a tale of unreality or magic, but the whole thing dissolved like a mirage. One moment it was oppressing all men's hearts with its scowling and unassailable front. The next, it had ceased to be, and the wolves, ferrets and hyenas it had nourished were in full flight. The fear of God must have come upon them; very few have ever been found. Some got over the border in safety, to Sweden or Germany; many in disguise still hide in unsuspected holes; some have, under assumed names, enlisted in the army.

One at least, even in the terror of those hot hours, did not lose his cunning. With one exception the only buildings the crowd destroyed were police-stations; to-day every police-station in Petrograd is black ruins. A crowd with torches was marching from one station to another.

"Comrades! Comrades!" shouted a man, springing upon a doorstep. "On to the Justice Hall, on to the Justice Hall!"

So he led them to the great white building, the hated place whence so many patriots had been sent to Siberia, and they burned it to the ground and it contained all the secret records of the police spies, who they were and where they lived and on whom they had spied.

The wolves, ferrets and hyenas breathed freely again. Their identity will never be made known now.

That was the limit to which the violence reached; the tidal wave of chaos normally due from so great a convulsion never arrived. Petrograd and all Russia lapsed into a state of acquiescent good order and good nature. The people had destroyed the old autocratic government; they took no interest in punishing the elegant thieves and scoundrels that had conducted it.

It was probably the worst government that ever existed on this earth. Autocracy is always rotten and always a curse; this was rotten beyond all previous records of autocracy and a curse that made the plagues of Egypt seem negligible. It contained men that had stolen the money appropriated for rifles and sent unarmed Russian armies to the front to be slaughtered. It contained men that for a price had betrayed Russian armies into places where they were caught and shot down like rabbits in a trap. It contained men that had stolen food from soldiers' lips and clothing from soldiers' backs. It contained men that had stolen cartridges from soldiers' belts and shells from great guns. It contained men that wallowed in millions they had stolen from taxes wrung from peasants and half-starved workers. It contained men that had agreed to sell their country to Germany.

Not one of these was hanged.

The evil they did lives after them and will live. They and their kind crippled, broke down or ruined every part of the Russian Government machine. They made it inefficient and incompetent beyond anything men have seen since the final impotency of the Roman Empire; they corrupted and stole and rotted and perverted until the thing stank and was nothing but the putrid shell of carrion.

Since the Revolution new men have arisen of character and high purpose. So great was the destruction wrought by their predecessors that the new men must erect practically a new machine. They cannot erect it in a day; they are still hobbled with a million fragments of the old *régime;* and from that fact alone comes a black flood of troubles.

Then there is the German propaganda, able, adroit, marvelously organized, marvelously handled, equipped with unlimited quantities of counterfeit money that many persons cannot tell from the genuine. There is the great army of German agents always secretly spreading poison. There are the Millennium people that believe the Russian Revolution ushered in the New Jerusalem and the Pearly Gates and furiously reject anything less. There is the large and active element that is against everything and doesn't know why. There are anarchists and syndicalists from New York that have nothing to do but to raise trouble and are adepts at that crop. There are puzzling problems in finance, all the difficulties caused by the old *régime* when it looted the railroad system, the persistent attempts of reactionaries and pessimists to prejudice the outside world against the new democracy.

With courage and patience the men of the new order confront all these difficulties. If they have any kind of fair show they will win over all—over the treasonable elements at home and over the influences abroad, in America and elsewhere, that secretly hope they will fail.

It will not be because of the commanding and overawing genius of any one man that they will win. We seem determined in this country to have somebody hop up in Russia with "a rod of iron" and all that. There will be no such man; there would be nothing for him to do if there were one.

Because the strength of Russia and the power that will solve all her difficulties is not the superior gifts of any individual, but the great good sense and strong democratic impulse of the Russian people.

(Charles Edward Russell will continue this important series on the new Russia in the December Hearst's)

Blessings that War May Bring

(Concluded from page 386)

foresee—and openly express their perception—the permanence of the innovating financial and economic measures adopted by the Government. The former's ideas were voiced recently by Mr. F. A. Vanderlip, President of the National City Bank, who perceived "we are sailing, not drifting, to government ownership of the railways. . . . Fundamental changes are taking place in our economic structure which will abide."

And then also Mr. E. P. Ripley, the President of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railway (who is in his seventy-second year) is sure "I shall live to see Congress pass a law to take over the railways. . . . We are headed for a certain form of Socialism."

AND yet there is nothing basically new under the economic sun.

What Mr. William Randolph Hearst proposed as early as 1899 had been realized sooner or later. The war fortuitously accelerated a realization which was already in process of fruition. It was, so to speak, in the American air.

Abroad, some of the phases of the supposed new political economy are in practice. Practically every European government save Great Britain is a railway controller or owner. Most all the Continental municipalities or governments own tramway, electric and gas organizations. In parts of Russia, Austria and the Balkan States there have been for decades municipal stores that vend food and

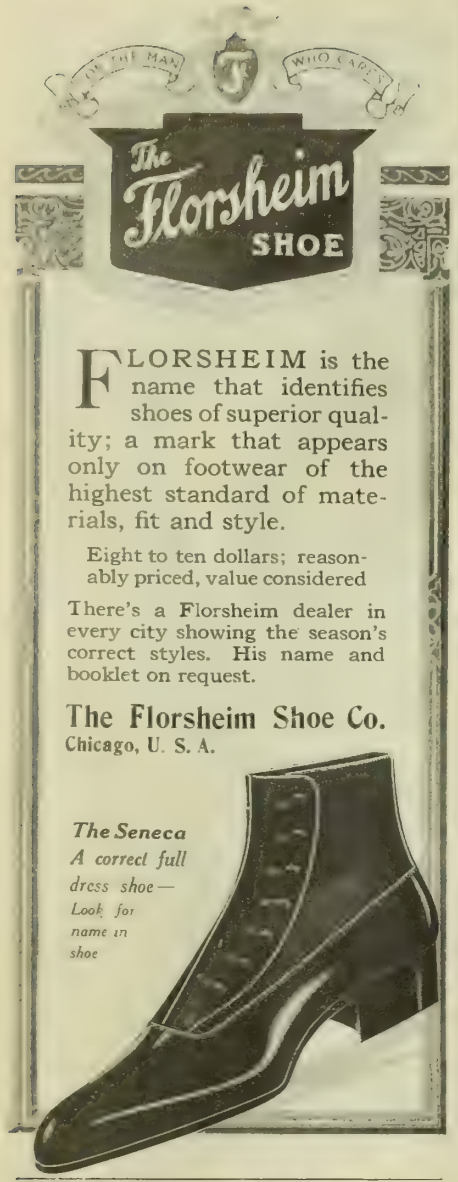


Come to California this winter "Santa Fe all the way"

Following Exclusive advantages:
- Santa Fe de-Luxe weekly in winter
- Fred Harvey meal service
- Visit Grand Canyon enroute
- And four fast trains daily, including the

California Limited

Ask for California Travel Booklets.
W. J. Black Pass. Traffic Agt. ATeSF Ry
1074 Railway Exchange Chicago



FLORSHEIM is the name that identifies shoes of superior quality; a mark that appears only on footwear of the highest standard of materials, fit and style.

Eight to ten dollars; reasonably priced, value considered

There's a Florsheim dealer in every city showing the season's correct styles. His name and booklet on request.

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.

The Seneca
A correct full dress shoe—Look for name in shoe

DIVERSIFIED INVESTING
is the key to Success

¶ As specialists universally recognized in all matters pertaining to stocks and bonds, we impart information through the following hand-books, any of which will be sent free upon request for 54-HS, stating numbers:

3. Independent Oil Book
4. Sugar Stocks Handbook
6. Motor Stocks Handbook
7. Silver Stocks Handbook
8. Tobacco Stocks Handbook
9. Twenty Payment Plan Booklet

"Investment Opportunities"

¶ Also, by detailed replies to all correspondence, inquiries or information asked for through our

Statistical Department

SLATTERY & Co
Investment Securities
40 Exchange Place New York

Learn PAINT SIGNS and SHOW CARDS
EARN $18 TO $45 A WEEK
DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

raiment to the people as a matter of course

But price fixing, *per se*, is as old as civilization and indeed older. When prices for cardinal commodities became extortionate in Egypt the potentate intervened. The Greeks from time to time regulated prices. So did the Romans. The princes of the medieval age issued flats on grain and meat.

A concrete case in modern times was that of the British Parliament shortly after the Hundred Years' War. That prolonged conflict, together with the resultant bubonic plague ("the Black Death"), greatly weakened the labor power of the realm, which was still essentially an agricultural community worked on the manorial system.

The sudden disappearance of a third of the laborers, by which that system had been maintained, threw everything into disorder. The landowners found vacant thousands of the crofts on which their villeins had been wont to dwell, and could not fill them with new tenants. Even if they exacted the full rigor of service from the survivors, they could not get their broad demesne land properly tilled.

The landless laborers who might have been hired to supply the deficiency were so reduced in numbers that they could command, if free competition prevailed, double and triple rates of payment compared with their earnings in the days before the plague.

Hence there arose a bitter strife between the lords of manors and the working-class, both landholding and landless. The lords wished to exact all possible service from the former and to pay only the old two or three pence a day to the latter. The villeins, as hard hit as their masters, resented the tightening of old duties, which in some cases had already been commuted for small rents during the prosperous years preceding the plague.

The landless men formed combinations, disputed with the landlords, and asked and often got twice as much as the old rates, despite the objection of the employer.

After a short experience of these difficulties the king and council, whose sympathies were with the landholders, issued an ordinance forbidding workmen of any kind to demand more than they had been wont to receive before 1348. This was followed up by the Statute of Laborers of 1351, which fixed rates for all wages practically identical with those of the times before "the Black Death."

Those workmen who refused to accept them were to be imprisoned, while employers who went behind the backs of their fellows and secretly paid higher sums were to be punished by heavy fines.

Later additions to the statute were devised to terrorize the workman by adding stripes and branding to his punishment if he still remained recalcitrant or absconded.

Landowners were empowered to seize all vagrant able-bodied men, and to compel them to work at the statutory wages.

But there was sympathy with and compensation for artisans even in the quasi-dark fourteenth century. There were enough members of Parliament with a sense of fairness and determined courage to force the legislative body to fix prices on all prime commodities and manufactured articles, for these had risen immensely. Corn (the generic name for all edible grains), meat, all fundamental foods, needful articles and wearing-apparel were reduced in price by fully fifty per cent.

During desperate wars, in times ancient and modern, price-fixing has been unfailingly instituted, even as prices are now fixed pending this desperate war. The important difference between then and now is that the present plan promises to remain fixed instead of being intermittent—requisitioned expediently. The transition is natural. It should be easy.

THOUGHTLESS of the past, regardless of the lessons to be had from former ages, and fatuously rejecting the far-seeing advocacy of Mr. William Randolph Hearst, too many political economists have in the last eighteen years cast about for a remedy for the high cost of living.

Some have counseled the simple life, as if simplicity of consumption would lessen the price of simple commodities. Some have urged the population "Back to the Land," as if labor taken from the office, the shop and the mill and added to the farms would not only increase the price of things other than edible and thereby make the general living cost of the farmer as well as of the artisan by that much dearer.

Others would have efficiency of food distribution increased and conservation improved, quite meaningless superficialities. Others, again, who doubtless thought themselves original, have wanted the "medium of exchange changed"; otherwise, easy money; otherwise, change the gold standard to silver or nickel or copper.

Why metal at all? Why not paper, which is cheap and abundant? Has it ever occurred to these profound economists that the medium of exchange has been changed countless times in countless ages—and always found wanting?

Wheat, pease, eggs, camels, tobacco, tusks, slaves, salt, cloth, sack, wine—all have been tried as well as the metals baser than gold—and proved inefficient. They were anodynes, never remedies.

Then, out of Manchester, came the infallible panacea: "Supply and Demand." The cost and the demand would—must determine the price of everything. The natural supply which could be unnaturally suppressed (be reduced or cold-storaged); the natural demand which could be unnaturally curtailed by the inability of the masses to buy (at a high cost) what they needed. This was a dictum in full conformity with the hardest and most cruel school of economics the world has ever experienced.

The few of the myriads of modern theories on price-regulation that have been put into partial or complete practice have failed, and none so completely as that of the Manchester School. The latest war has again shown the only way—this time most convincingly.

Some pedantic and squeamish objections are heard. War—the objectors say—is arbitrary and peremptory. Things are ruthlessly done in wartime that cannot be done in times of peace—at least not in a completely liberated community like the United States.

In the free-for-all, competitive period of peace, how, the academicians ask, can you fix general prices on leading articles and commodities when cost of production is so varied? For examples, there are oil and copper. Irrespective of location and labor there is the question of exhaust charge. Some wells are well-nigh inexhaustible, others are near exhausted. Copper veins are long and short. How, then, can you determine fairly?

The answer should be obvious. How do oil and copper companies meet the market in ordinary times? Copper concerns mine their metal at costs ranging from seven to fourteen cents. Yet they take the market price, and profit according to the character of their veins. As with the red metal so with other products.

Freight and passenger rates are the same for all railways in the same territory, yet one road operates cheaper than the other. It is a matter of fiscal and operating efficiency. The Government cannot take cognizance of superior or inferior skill. Farmer Crossways has a more fertile soil and farms better than Farmer Briarbush. Both, however, get the same price for their cereals and livestock.

At bottom the impossibilities presented by the unprogressives are quibbles.

THE disadvantages of permanent price-fixing are technical, easily surmountable, the advantages incalculable. The idea is elementally necessitous and therefore humane.

From a purely business viewpoint it should prove beneficial. It will inhibit speculation, will obviate gently what the Europeans of old tried to prevent forcibly by putting extortioners in the pillory or nailing their ears to the town pump.

There will be no more corners, no storage conspiracies. Prices, in being fixed by Government, will be stabilized; one price for all, for producer and consumer. When prices are stabilized commerce knows where it stands always and can govern itself accordingly.

It will further commerce. An elemental proposition in political economy is that prosperity depends on the purchasing power of the people. Labor fully and profitably employed is only half of the premise. Prices of food, raiment, of manufactured necessaries, must be reasonable that the purchasing power may be completely exercised; indeed, when high prices prevail, the law of prosperity is nullified, though employment be plentiful.

Fair prices invite purchases. Consumption increases in proportion to the reasonableness of prices; increased consumption means expansion in production. Heavier production—larger total sales—makes for larger profits ultimately.



Harrison Fisher Pictures More Popular Than Ever

No. 139. When the Leaves Turn

Mr. Fisher's latest picture here shown has again proven by its sale that the public find in his work the ideal pictures for all classes and for all homes.

In Full Colors
11 x 14 inches 20 cents postpaid

We publish all the latest
Harrison Fisher Pictures

Before selecting Christmas Presents send postage for our 1918 Catalog containing over 200 pictures in miniature by Famous Artists.

Cosmopolitan Print Department
119 W. 40th Street, New York



Send for MINIATURE BOTTLE 20¢
Rieger's

You have never seen anything like this before
The most concentrated and exquisite perfume ever made. Produced without alcohol. A single drop lasts days. Bottles like picture, with long glass stopper, Rose or Lilac, $1.50; Lily of the Valley or Violet, $1.75. Send 20c silver or stamps for miniature bottle.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED
Rieger's Flower Drops

The above also comes in less concentrated (usual perfume) form at $1.00 an ounce at druggists or by mail, with two new extra odors, "Mon Amour" and "Garden Queen," which are very fine. Send $1.00 for souvenir box, five 25c bottles same size as picture, different odors. Send stamps or currency.

EXACT SIZE OF BOTTLE
PAUL RIEGER, 241 First St., San Francisco

LE PAGE'S GLUE HANDY TUBES
WILL MEND IT 10¢



$2.50 A MONTH Buys a Visible Writing L. C. SMITH
Perfect machines only of standard size with keyboard of standard universal arrangement—has Backspacer—Tabulator—two color ribbon—Ball Bearing construction—every operating convenience. **Five Days' Free Trial.** Fully guaranteed. Catalog and special price sent free.
H. A. SMITH, 506-231 N. 5th Ave, Chicago, Ill.

Wanted: An Idea

Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and list of Patent Buyers.

RANDOLPH & CO., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 43, Washington, D. C.

THE SANITARY "O.K." ERASER includes an Adjustable Metal Holder which keeps **Rubber Clean, Firm and Keen-edged; works better and lasts longer.**
Two Rubbers, the length of the Holder, are made, one for Ink, one for Pencil. By slight pressure, clean Rubber is fed down until used. Price 10c New Rubbers 5c each.
ALL STATIONERS
By mail 2c extra. Booklets free.
The most Practical Eraser for Everybody
THE O.K. MFG. CO., Syracuse, N. Y.
Makers of the famous Washburne "O.K." Paper Fasteners



THE YOUNG DIANA

(*Continued from page 354*)

reads Greek." "Reads Greek! How perfectly dreadful! A blue-stocking!"

"No! Really! It's *too* weird!" exclaimed the bridge-and-hunting lady. "I hope she's not an 'art' person?"

"No." And the gloomy man began to be cheerful, seeing that his talk had awakened a little interest. "No, not at all. She told me she liked pictures but hated artists. I said she couldn't have pictures without artists, and she agreed, but observed that fortunately all the finest pictures in the world were painted by artists who were dead. Curious way of putting it!"

"Going off it?" queried the Chivalrous Youth, having now drained his tumbler of drink.

"No, I don't think so. The fact is—er—she—well, she appeared to me to be rather—er—clever!"

Clever? Oh surely not! The county dames almost shuddered. Clever? She couldn't be, you know—not with that spoilt old-young sort of face! And her hair! All dyed of course! And her voice was very affected, wasn't it? Yes, almost as if she were trying to imitate Sarah Bernhardt! So stupid in a woman of her age! She ought to know better!

So the little, vicious, poisonous, gossiping mouths jabbered and hissed about the woman who was "left" like a forgotten apple on a bough to wither and drop unregarded to the ground. No one had anything kind to say of her.

"One can always leave her out of a dinner invitation," said one woman, thoughtfully. "It will be quite enough to ask Mr. and Mrs."

"Oh, quite!"

Thus it was settled; meanwhile Diana, happily unconscious of any discussion concerning her, went on the even tenor of her way, keeping house for her parents, reading her favorite authors, studying her scientific subjects, and working at her tapestry without any real companionship save that of books and her own thoughts, and the constant delight she had in the profusion of flowers with which the gardens of Rose Lea abounded. These she arranged with exquisite taste and effect in the various rooms, so artistically that on one occasion the vicar of the parish, quite a dull, unimaginative man, was moved, during an afternoon call, to compliment Mrs. Polydore May on the remarkable grace with which some branches of roses were grouped in a vase on the table. Mrs. May looked at them sleepily and smiled.

"Very pretty! Yes!" she murmured. "I used to arrange every flower myself, but now my daughter Diana does it for me. You see, she can give her time to it, she has nothing else to do."

The vicar smiled the usual smile of polite agreement to everything, a smile which always gives a touch of sickliness to the most open countenance, and said no more. Diana was not present, so she did not hear that her mother considered she "had nothing else to do" but arrange flowers. Even if she had heard it, she would hardly have contradicted it; it was one of those things which she would not have thought worth while arguing about. The fact that she governed all the domestic working of the house so that it ran like a perfectly-going machine on silent and well-oiled wheels, required no emphasis, at least not in her opinion; and though she knew that not one of the servants would have stayed in Mrs. May's service or put up with her vague, fussy, and often sulky disposition unless she, Diana, had managed them, she took no credit to herself for the comfortable and well-ordered condition of things under which her selfish old parents enjoyed their existence. That she "had nothing else to do but arrange flowers" was a sort of house tradition with Pa and Ma, through which they found all manner of excuse for saddling her with as much work as they could possibly give her in the way of constant attendance on themselves. But she did not mind. She was obsessed by the "Duty" fetish, which too often makes prisoners and slaves of those who should be free. Like all virtues, devotion to duty can become a vice if carried to excess, and it is unquestionably a vice when it binds unselfish souls to unworthy and tyrannical taskmasters.

The summer moved on in shining weeks of sunlight and still air, and Rose Lea lost nothing of its charm for Diana, despite the paint of the commonplace with which the eating and sleeping silkworm lives of her parents invested it. Now and then a few visitors came from London—men and women of the usual dull type, bringing no entertainment in themselves, and whose stay only meant a little more expenditure and a more lavish display of food. One or two portly club friends of James Polydore came to play golf and drink whisky with him, and they condescended to converse with Diana at meals because, perforce, they thought they must; but, meals being over, they gave her no further consideration except to remark casually one to another: "Pity old Polydore couldn't have got that daughter off his hands!" And the long, lovely month of August was nearly at its end when an incident happened which, like the small displacement of earth that loosens an avalanche, swept away all the old order of things, giving place to a new earth so far as Diana was concerned.

It had been an exceedingly warm day, and nightfall was more than usually welcome after the wide glare of the long, sunlit hours. Dinner was over, and Mr. and Mrs. Polydore May, fed to repletion and stimulated by two or three glasses of excellent champagne, were resting in a *dolce-far-niente* condition, each cushioned within a deep and luxurious armchair placed on either side of the open French windows of the drawing-room. The lawn in front of them was bathed in a lovely light reflected from the afterglow of the vanished sun and a pale glimmer from the risen moon, which hung in soft brilliance over the eastern half of the quiet sea. Diana had left her parents to their after-dinner somnolence, and was walking alone in the garden, up and down a grass path between two rose hedges. She was within call should she be wanted by either Pa or Ma, but they were not aware of her close proximity. Mr. May was smoking an exceptionally choice cigar; he was in one of his "juvenile" moods, and for once was not inclined to take his usual catnap or waking doze. He had been to a tennis party that afternoon and had worn, with a "young man's fancy," a young man's flannels, happily unconscious of the weird appearance he presented in that unsuitable attire, and, encouraged by the laughter and applause of the more youthful players, who looked upon him as the comic man of the piece, he had acquitted himself tolerably well. So that for the moment he had cast off the dignity and weight of years, and the very air with which he smoked his cigar, flicking off the burnt ash now and again in the affected style of a young blood about town, expressed the fact that he considered himself more than a merely well-preserved man, and that if justice were done him he would be admitted to be "a violet in the youth of primy nature."

His better-half was not in quite such pleasant humor; she was self-complacent enough, but the heat of the day had caused her to feel stouter and more unwieldy than usual, and inclined to wish "O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt, thaw, and dissolve itself into a dew!" When her husband lit his cigar she had closed her eyes, thinking: "Now there will be a little peace!" knowing that a good cigar to an irritable man is like the bottle to a screaming baby. But Mr. May was disposed to talk, just as he was disposed to admire the contour of his little finger whenever he drew his cigar from his mouth or put it back again.

"There were some smart girls playing tennis to-day," he presently remarked. "One of them I thought very pretty. She was about seventeen."

His wife yawned expansively. She made no comment.

"She was my partner," went on Mr. May, "as skittish as you please!"

Mrs. May cuddled herself together among her cushions. The slightest glimmer of a smile lifted the corners of her pursy mouth toward her parsimonious nose. Her husband essayed once more the fascinating flick of burnt ash from his cigar.

"They'd have been as dull as a sermon at tea-time if it hadn't been for me," he resumed. "You see, I keep the ball rolling."

"Naturally!—it's tennis," murmured his wife drowsily.

"Don't be a fool, Margaret! I mean I keep people amused."

"I'm sure you do!" his Margaret agreed, as she smothered another yawn. "You're the most amusing man I know!"

He Made
$1,270.00 in 3 months
with our plan.
This means over
$14.00 a day.



Mr. Arthur White of Mass.

WILL YOU GRASP THE SAME CHANCE?
—A REAL BROADENING—HEALTHY AND EXCEPTIONALLY PROFITABLE WAY TO SPEND THE VALUABLE HOURS THAT ARE SOMETIMES WASTED.

$1,270.00 is a neat profit for three months' work—at the same rate it means over $5,000.00 a year, an exceptional salary for any young man in his early twenties. These profits do not grow on trees—we do not say that—but Mr. White simply took advantage of the same offer that we are willing to make to you—worked, planned and used his brain, and is now making a decided success; becoming famous and incidentally making lots of money.

An interesting business of equal proportions, too, or even greater than Mr. White's, will be yours without a five cent investment on your part. We equip you with everything necessary to begin; we teach you how to do it, and we cooperate with you in every way until you become a money-maker for yourself and a producer for us.

The plan has no limits. Practically every day we are advancing our men to positions of management. These men we take from the ranks and promote according to merits.

At first we want only your spare time, or only the time that you can give. If you have other duties, or other plans at present, do not let these interfere with your getting in touch with us to learn the facts of this big opportunity.

No matter what your present income is, it can be doubled or tripled within the next few months. We say this, knowing it and meaning it. The coupon below properly filled in and returned to us will bring the facts promptly to you. Then, if you measure up to our requirements, we will place you on the road to sure success. But you must let us hear from you at once, as the number of appointments we are to make is limited, and we will most probably have our quota filled before the end of the month.

HEARST'S, 119 West 40th St., New York City

↓ CLIP HERE—FILL IN WITH INK—THEN MAIL

MAIL THIS
NOW
TOMORROW MAY BE
TOO LATE

I am sure that I can do what Mr. White has done—for I have tact, initiative, and a keen desire to make good. I want the facts and details of your plan and am glad to consider your proposition.

NAME_____

STREET AND NO._____

TOWN OR CITY_____ STATE_____

Grandma: Try good old Musterole

For sore muscles or lame back or for anybody's rheumatism, there is nothing quite like Musterole.

It brings quicker relief than a mustard plaster; and it makes no muss and brings no blister. You just take this clean, white ointment, made of oil of mustard, and rub it gently on the spot. Ah! What a sense of cooling, penetrating, delightful relief! First you feel a tingle, then there comes a delightful coolness that seems to penetrate 'way down. And usually the pain goes while you are using it.

There is neither bother, nor muss, nor blister, nor danger. For Musterole is simply made from oil of mustard and a few home simples. It penetrates and will not blister. Yet it will generate heat; and this disperses the congestion.

Peculiarly enough Musterole feels delightfully cool a few moments after you have applied it. Remember: as you rub it in usually the pain goes. Never be without a jar of Musterole.

Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole. 30c and 60c jars—$2.50 hospital size.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Would the Law Let You Marry?

Some States have been wise enough to insist upon a medical examination of the two contracting parties to a marriage before a license is issued. Through the adoption of a law whereby the physically unfit were barred from marriage in every State in the Union, there would indeed be a relatively small percentage of the population that would measure up to the standard.

WOULD YOU BE ONE OF THOSE

doomed to go through life alone, without the joys that go hand in hand with a loving wife and healthy children? Our first duty is to posterity. We are not put here by an all-wise Providence merely to live out our lives, and [illegible] are entrusted with the sacred duty of perpetuating the race.



LIKE BEGETS LIKE: A man who is torn and racked by physical ailments and excesses of all kinds will some day see these traits in his children. On the other hand the strong, virile man, who jealously safeguards his body and his health, will some day revel in the sight of [illegible] that are a picture of joyous, bubbling health.

YOU OWE IT MOST TO THAT GIRL

[illegible] girl in the world whom you would call wife [illegible] Do you realize the [illegible] of the follies that [illegible] Remember that STRONGFORTISM will restore to you the vitality of MANHOOD. [illegible] "Intelligence in Physical and Health Culture," which should be read by everyone [illegible] interested in themselves to wish for the best in life. It points the way to better health, a cleaner, happier life, and a splendid physique. Three [illegible] for mailing the [illegible] send for it NOW.

LIONEL STRONGFORT, Master of Physical Culture
[illegible] Building, Newark, N. J.

Know Kalamazoo Quality

Save Money By Buying at Wholesale Price

30 Days Trial



[illegible] Ask for Catalog No. 677

KALAMAZOO STOVE COMPANY, Mfrs.
[illegible]

A Kalamazoo Direct to You

"Glad you admit it!" he said captiously. "Not being amusing yourself, you ought to thank God you've got an amusing husband!"

This time Mrs. May emitted a bleating giggle.

"I do!"

"Now if it were not for Diana——"

His wife opened her eyes.

"What about Diana?"

"Well—Diana—put it how you like, but she's Diana. She'll never be anything else! Our daughter, oh yes!—I know all that!—hang sentiment! Everybody calls her an old maid!"

A light-footed figure pacing up and down the grass walk, unseen between the two rose hedges close by, came to a sudden pause—listening.

"She's in the way," repeated Mr. May, with somewhat louder emphasis. "Unmarried women of a certain age always are, you know. You can't class them with young people, and they don't like being parceled off with old folks. They're out of it altogether unless they've got something to do which takes them away from their homes and saves them from becoming a social nuisance. They're superfluous. 'How is your daughter?' the women here ask me, with a kind of pitying smile, as though she had the plague or was recovering from small-pox. To be a spinster over thirty seems to them a kind of illness."

"Well, it's an illness that cannot be cured with Diana now!" sighed Mrs. May. "Quite hopeless!"

"Quite." And her husband gave his chronic snort of ill-tempered defiance. "It's a most unfortunate thing—especially for *me*. You see, when I go about with a daughter like Diana, it makes me seem so old!"

"And me!" she interposed. "You talk only of yourself; don't forget me!"

Mr. May laughed—a short, sardonic laugh.

"*You!* My dear Margaret, I don't wish to be unkind, but really *you* needn't worry yourself on that score. Surely you don't suppose *you'll* ever look young again? Think of your size, Margaret—think of your size!"

Somewhat roused from her customary inertia by this remark, Mrs. May pulled herself up in her chair with an assumption of dignity.

"You are very coarse, James!" she said. "Very coarse indeed! I consider that I look as young as you do any day. I ought to, for you are fully eight years my senior—I daresay more, for I doubt if you gave your true age when I married you. You want to play the young man, and you only make yourself ridiculous. I have no wish to play the young woman, but certainly Diana, with the poor, thin face—getting so many wrinkles, too!—does make me seem older than I am. She has aged terribly the last three or four years."

"She'll never see forty again," said Mr. May tersely.

"Why *say* it?" she expostulated. "You only give yourself and me away! We are her parents!"

"I don't say it in public," he replied. "Catch me! But it's true. Let me see!—why, Diana was born in——"

His wife gave an angry gesture.

"Never mind when she was born!" she said, with a tremble as of tears in her voice. "You needn't recall it! Our only child—and she has spoilt her life and mine too!"

A faint whimper escaped her and she put a filmy handkerchief to her eyes. Mr. May took no notice. For women's tears he had a sovereign contempt.

"The fact is," he said judicially, "we ought to have trained her to do something useful. Nursing, or doctoring, or dressmaking or typewriting. She would have had her business to attend to, which would have kept her away from *Us*, and I—we—could have gone about free as air. We need never have mentioned that we had a daughter."

Mrs. May looked scrutinizingly at her lace handkerchief. She remembered it had cost a couple of guineas, and now there was a hole in it. She must tell Diana to mend it. With this thought uppermost in her always chaotic mind she said between two long-drawn sighs:

"After all, James, poor Diana does her best. She is very useful in the house."

"Stupid and non-effective! She does nothing at all! She spoils the servants, if that is what you mean—allows them to have their own way a great deal too much in my opinion! It amuses her to play at housekeeping."

"She doesn't play at it," remonstrated Mrs. May, weakly endeavoring to espouse the cause of justice. "She is very earnest and painstaking about it, and does it very well. She keeps down expenses and saves me a great deal of worry."

"Humph!" growled her husband. "It would do you good to be worried a bit! Take down your weight! Of course what can't be cured must be endured, but I've spoken the brutal truth: Diana, at her age, and with her looks, and all her chances of marriage gone, is *in the way*. For instance, suppose I go to a new neighbor's house, and I'm asked 'Have you any family?' I reply, 'Yes, one daughter.' Then some fool of a woman says: 'Oh, do bring your girl with you next time!' Well, she's not a 'girl.' I don't wish to say she's not, but if I do take her with me 'next time,' everybody is surprised. You see, when they look at *me*, they expect my daughter to be quite a young person."

Mrs. May sank gradually back in her chair as though she were slowly pushed by an invisible finger.

"*Do* they?" The query was almost inaudible.

"Of course they do! And upon my soul it's rather trying to a man! You ought to sympathize, but you don't!"

"Well, I really can't see what's to be done!" she murmured, closing her eyes in sheer weariness. "Diana cannot help getting older, poor thing, and she's our child——"

"Don't I know she's our child?" he snapped out. "What do you keep on telling me that for?"

"Why, I mean that you can't turn her out of the house, or say you don't want her, or anything of that sort. But I'm sure—" here, the round, pale eyes opened appealingly over the buff-colored cheeks—"I'm sure, James, that if you don't wish to take her out with you she'd never dream of expecting you to do so. She's very unselfish; besides, she's so happy with her books."

"Books—books! Hang books!" he exclaimed, irascibly. "There's another drawback! If there's one thing people object to more than another it's a bookish spinster! Any assumption of knowledge in a woman is quite enough to keep her out of society!"

His wife yawned.

"I daresay!" she admitted. "But I can't help it."

"You want to go to sleep, that's what *you* want!" said Mr. May contemptuously. "Well, sleep! I'm going over to the club."

She murmured an inward "Thank goodness!" and settled down in her chair to her deferred and much-desired doze. Mr. May threw on his cap—one of a jaunty shape, which he fondly imagined gave him the look of a dashing sportsman of some thirty summers—and stepped out onto the now fully moonlit lawn, crossing it at as swinging a pace as his little legs would allow him, and making for the high-road just outside the garden gates.

Not till he had disappeared did the figure which had stayed statuesquely still between the two rose hedges show any sign of movement. Then it stirred, its dark-gray draperies swaying like mist in a light wind. The bright moonlight fell on its uplifted face—Diana's face, pale always, but paler than ever in that ghostly radiance from the skies. She had heard all, and there was a curious sense of tightening pain in her throat and round her heart, as if an overflow of tears or laughter struggled against repression. She had stood in such a motionless attitude of strained attention that her limbs felt cramped and stiff, so that when she began to walk it was almost with difficulty. She turned her back to the house and went toward the sea, noiselessly opening the little white gate that led to the shore. She was soon on the smooth soft sand where the little wet pools glittered like silver in the moon, and, going to the edge of the sea, she stood awhile, watching wave after wave glide up in small fine lines and break at her feet in a delicate fringe of snowy foam. She was not conscious of any particularly keen grief or hurt feeling at the verdict of general tiresomeness which her parents had passed upon her; her thoughts were not in any way troubled; she only felt that the last thing she had clung to as giving value to life—her affection and duty toward the old people—was counted as valueless; she was merely "in the way." Watching the waves, she smiled, a pitiful little smile.

"Poor old dears!" she said tenderly, and again: "Poor old dears!"

Then there arose within her another impulse—a suggestion almost wildly beautiful—the idea of freedom! No one wanted her, not even her father or mother. Then was she not at liberty? Could she not go where she liked? Surely! Just as a light globe of thistledown is blown by the wind to fall where it will, so she could drift with the movement of casual things anywhere, so long as she troubled nobody by her existence.

"The world is wide!" she said, half aloud, stretching her arms with an unconscious gesture of appeal toward the sea. "I have stayed too long in one small corner of it!"

The little waves plashed one upon the other with a musical whisper as though they agreed with her thought and yet [illegible] there was something appalling in the utter loneliness of her heart. No one loved her, no one wanted her. She was in the way. Smarting tears filled her eyes, but they angered her by their confession of weakness, and she dashed them away with a quick, defiant hand. She began to consider her position coldly and critically. Her thoughts soon ranged themselves in order like obedient soldiers at drill under their commanding officer, each in its place and ready for action. It was useless to expect help or sympathy from anyone—she would not get it. She must stand alone. It is perhaps a little hard and difficult to stand alone when one is a woman; it used to be considered cruel and pitiful, but in these days it has become such a matter of course that no one thinks about it.

Slowly, and with a vague reluctance, Diana turned away from the moonlit sea, the murmur of the little waves followed her like suggestive whispers. A curious change had taken place in her mentality during the last few minutes. She, who was accustomed to think only of others, now thought closely and consistently of herself. She moved quietly toward the house, gliding like a gray ghost across the lawn, which showed almost white in the spreading radiance of the moon; the drawing-room windows were still open, and Mrs. May was still comfortably ensconced in her armchair, sleeping soundly and snoring hideously. Her daughter came up and stood beside her, quite unobserved. Nothing could have been more unlovely than the aspect she presented, sunk among cushions, a mere adipose heap, with her fat cheeks, small nose and open mouth protruding above the folds of a gray-woolen shawl which was her favorite evening wear, her resemblance to a pig being more striking than pleasing. But Diana's watching face expressed nothing but the gentlest solicitude.

"Poor mother!" she sighed to herself. "She's tired! And—and of course, it's natural she should be disappointed in me. I've not been a success! Poor dear mother! God bless her!"

She went out of the room, noiselessly, and made her way upstairs. She met Grace, the maid.

"I'm going to bed, Grace," she said. "I've got a tiresome headache and shall be better lying down. If mother wants to know where I am will you tell her?"

"Yes, Miss. Can I do anything for you?" Grace asked, for, as she often said afterward, she thought Miss Diana looked a bit feverish.

"No, thanks very much!" Diana answered in her sweet-voiced pleasant manner. "Bed is the best place for me. Good-night!"

"Good-night, Miss." And Diana, entering her own room, locked the door. She was eager to be alone. Her window was open, and she went to that and looked out. All was silent and calm; the night was beautiful. The sea spread itself out in gently heaving stretches of mingled light and shade, and above it bent a sky in which the moon's increasing splendor swamped the sparkling of the stars. The air was very still; not a leaf on any small branch of tree or plant stirred. The scent of roses and sweetbriar and honeysuckle floated upward like incense from the flower altars of the earth.

"I am free!" murmured Diana to the hushed night. "Free!"

And then, turning, she saw herself in the mirror, as she had already seen herself that day, only with a greater sense of shock. The evening gown she wore, chosen to please her father's taste, of dull dowdy-gray chiffon, intensified her worn and ageing look; the color of her hair was deadened by contrast with it, and in very truth she had at that moment a sad and deplorably jaded aspect.

"Free!" she repeated, in self-scorn. "And what is the use of freedom to me at my age, and with my face and figure!"

She shrank from her own pitiful double in the glass; it seemed asking her why she was ever born! Then she put away all doleful thoughts that might weaken her or shake her already formed resolution: "Nothing venture, nothing have!" she said. And, shutting her window, she drew the blinds and curtains close, so that no glimpse of light from her room might be seen by her father when he should cross the lawn on his return from the club. She had plenty to do, and she began to do it. She had a clear plan in view and, as she said to herself, a trifle bitterly, she was old enough to carry it out. And when all her preparations were fully made and completed she went to bed and slept peacefully till the first [illegible] dawn.

To be continued



"I have always considered the study of

LAW

as an essential part of the liberal education of every American. I am in it to the finish."

J. Adam Bede

J. Adam Bede, ex-congressman, public speaker, man of affairs, so deeply realized the importance of a training in law that he enrolled with the LaSalle Extension University and is actively pursuing this study by mail.

The law trained man is today the man who is needed—not only in courts and legislatures—but in BUSINESS. The legal expert is found in every large commercial organization as confidential adviser to officers and managers. The man who knows law is naturally preferred for the important executive positions. He often becomes one of the highest officials. The presidents of many of our largest corporations are men who won advancement through knowledge of law.

And now any ambitious man can obtain, in his leisure hours, a thorough, practical

University Training in Law By Mail

The La Salle course in Law gives you instruction by men whose reputations are international. You receive a university training in law by daily lesson "talks," quizzes, lectures, text books, and examinations by men who have held or are now holding professorships in the law departments of Yale, Harvard and other famous institutions. Under the laws of Illinois, we are authorized to confer upon you the degree of LL.B. We bring the university to you. We enable you to obtain a law training while you hold your present position.

Actual reports show that our graduates pass bar examinations with unusually high averages. Many are successful practitioners while others occupy responsible business positions where their knowledge of law is a daily asset. La Salle graduates are practicing Law in nearly every state in the union. The moderate cost of the course can be paid for a little each month if you wish.

La Salle Students and Graduates

from our several specialized departments can now be found employed in the executive departments of practically all the large railroads, business houses and commercial organizations in the United States.

Pennsylvania R. R.	*913*	*Armour & Company*	*162*
American Telegraph & Telephone Co.	*259*	*Chicago&N. W.R.R.*	*362*
		Ford Motor Company	*122*
U.S.SteelCorporation	*250*	*Swift & Company*	*187*
Baltimore&Ohio R.R.	*564*	*Standard Oil Co.*	*140*

The La Salle organization consists of 800 people, including a staff of 300 business experts, professional men, text writers, special lecture writers, instructors and assistants. Over 20,000 new students now enroll annually.

Free Consulting Service

As a La Salle student, you will also be entitled to the free use of our business Consulting Service which gives you the privilege of calling on our staff of experts in any of our several departments at any time when you need special help or counsel. This is a distinctive service not given by any other correspondence institution.

WRITE Your request will bring full information about our course, fees, terms, etc. Also our valuable inspirational book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One." One Chicago executive said: "Get this book even if it costs you $5.00 a copy." Learn how you can get this law training in your spare time. Mail the coupon



LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
"The World's Greatest Extension University"
Dept. 1147-F Chicago, Illinois

Please send your Law Catalog and complete information on your University training in Law and your Consulting Service free to LaSalle Students. Also your book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One" for ambitious men. This without obligation upon me.

Name.....

Address.....

Present position.....

M Y A R T

(*Concluded from page 360*)

intelligently printed and producing an unusual and unphotographic result. However, this is a point of view even beginners have gradually outgrown, but in the days when my photographic career started, and most people, including myself, had all the wrong standards about photography, one laid oneself open to tremendous admiration by producing anything which looked unlike the sharp and perfect results as turned out by the leading professional photographers.

My sister's camera very soon became a source of absorbing interest to me, and it was not long before I myself was the possessor of a camera all my own—experimenting and gaining experience as well as encouraging results. What impressed me principally were the possibilities. Instinctively, I seemed to feel the very extensive field an intelligent artist could make his own, and I meant to take advantage of this. In those days, some twenty-five years ago, one encountered but little to act as an incentive photographically—at least, very little that I saw interested me particularly. Photographic exhibitions in the different cities were very much in vogue; the London show, under the auspices of the Royal Photographers' Society, being in those days easily the best of its kind.

There is no doubt I derived no end of benefit from working very strenuously in view of these exhibitions. I've always found that public criticism of one's work, especially in print, has an excellent effect on one. The mere fact of reading about oneself in a newspaper, being often mercilessly abused by an absolutely ignorant critic, who is nevertheless doing his very best professionally for the sake of keeping a good job, makes one consider the criticism very seriously.

I have, even to this day, made it a rule to consider impartially and very carefully all criticism. If, after full consideration, I decide my point of view to be the better one, of course I keep to it, but if I realize too close a view of the matter has blinded me to some extent, I gratefully accept intelligent criticism as showing me a way toward improvement.

Portrait work and figure study have always been my particular field, though still-life, and especially flower studies, have been a special hobby of mine. I may safely say that I was the first to give a satisfactory, even if at times unbotanical, rendering of flowers in photography; and I probably never had any very serious rivals in this particular field. Circumstances of light and atmosphere have helped me in producing these particular pictures, and I should never care to attempt any work on these lines unless I found myself during the sunniest summer months either in Italy or California.

I have, of course, done my share of landscape work; thousands of negatives have been exposed by me all over the world; I've traveled with a 10-by-8 camera in India, in China, Japan, Egypt and over most of the European continent, everywhere doing views, buildings, or people. This, however, was in earlier days, when the enthusiasm of the more youthful photographer, hunting for subjects, gave the impression that the unusual and exotic must necessarily be the better subject. Lately I've found it more interesting to spend a couple of months in Spain, for instance, or in Turkey, specializing on native types, selected certainly, but not faked or dressed up for the occasion. I have a studio in London, situated in Chelsea, the old-fashioned artist quarter, and neighboring a very poor part of the town. Charwomen seem to make their homes in these streets; and at one time some of these old ladies, with their bonnets and shawls, were among my favorite models! They were, most of them, absolutely unselfconscious—the photographic results being, to them, of minor importance—the small compensation for coming to the studio being the interesting factor. These portraits are among my very best work.

My photographic activities can almost be classed in two distinct periods—the first including all the years before my coming to America, and the second dating from my first summer spent in this country, some fourteen or fifteen years ago. My entire point of view underwent a considerable change after this first visit. America contained the leading photographic artists in those days—she does still, as a matter of fact; and their point of view, their standards, their methods, were so thoroughly new to me, at the same time so entirely congenial, that I realized I had here found the basis for new developments. I returned to Europe with new ideas, a fresh outlook, and a distinct American flavor in my work.

This new departure of mine brought instant criticism. I was accused of following the then very-much-discussed American School as against British methods, and of simply copying some of my American friends—Mrs. Kasebier in particular. Perhaps I was. Mrs. Kasebier, who has done pioneer work over here, was almost the first of the American workers with whom I came in contact; she took great interest in my photography—was even enthusiastic, and helped me very considerably by her encouragement. Her influence, photographically speaking, lasted just a short few weeks, and it can hardly be said, by even the most blinded critic, that my work resembles Mrs. Kasebier's in any way.

Such men as Clarence White, E. Steichen, Alvin Coburn, and principally Alfred Stieglitz, have all been important factors in my photographic career!

At one time, in London, Coburn and I did a good deal toward furthering recognition of Photography as a means of artistic expression. We persuaded art dealers, controlling important galleries, to give Photography a chance by including it in some of their current exhibitions and to give us special shows, devoted entirely to this newer process. During several years Coburn and I organized a series of "one-man" shows at the Goupil Galleries. These caused considerable stir in art circles, and were certainly instrumental and helpful in gaining recognition for Photography in England as a legitimate expression in Art.

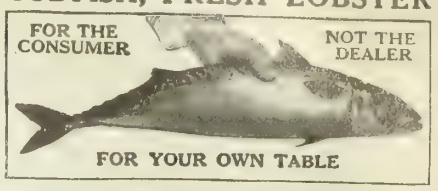
The "Photographic Salon," an organization having largely derived its importance by the contributions from America, had, some years previously, come to grief over trivial questions of international jealousies: Coburn and I felt, therefore, very strongly, that unless we kept up the interest of the public and the standards of Photography, as representative exponents of the by then securely affirmed American School, a good deal of what had been established toward recognition might get lost. Naturally, with the advent of world wars and turmoil in every country, our activities came to an end; and I dare say no one in England cares much, at the present time, from which angle the public views the merits of Photography and its place among the Arts.

The one person, however, all we photographers ought to erect a permanent monument to is Alfred Stieglitz! His twenty-five years of struggle in New York, battling for the artistic recognition of Photography, have been the outstanding factor for anyone's individual success. Years of struggling, crowned gloriously by the full achievement of his aims. Without his instinct, his perception in helping along the individual talent; proffering help, in some cases even materially; always guided by unbounded enthusiasm and belief in the cause he advocated, there would be no Art in Photography as recognized in America at this present time.

I am often asked what camera and lens I use, and what my methods are? People are greatly surprised when they hear I've not had a new camera for ten years; and that the Smith lens I use has been the same for the last fourteen or fifteen years. It has proved excellent, and what I can't do with it I deliberately avoid. I use it for portraits, flower studies, landscapes, as well as for autochrome work, and its services have been excellent.

As to methods, I tackle any subject, and give it the best lighting I know of—I work with sunlight principally, but also by artificial light, often blending the two—using mirrors and reflectors of any kind to produce desired effects. I particularly detest so-called "artistic results" achieved by faked sentiment or purposely blurred images. They are, to my way of thinking, neither straightforward Photography nor good Art. A photograph must have all the wonderful and amazing photographic qualities a real photograph should have, and should never, under any circumstances, look like anything produced by some other medium.

Salt Mackerel
CODFISH, FRESH LOBSTER



FAMILIES who are fond of **FISH** can be supplied **DIRECT** from **GLOUCESTER, MASS.,** by the **FRANK E. DAVIS COMPANY,** with newly caught, **KEEPABLE OCEAN FISH,** choicer than any inland dealer could possibly furnish.

We sell **ONLY TO THE CONSUMER DIRECT,** sending by **EXPRESS RIGHT TO YOUR HOME.** We **PREPAY** express on all orders east of Kansas. Our fish are pure, appetizing and economical and we want **YOU** to try some, payment subject to your approval.

SALT MACKEREL, fat, meaty, juicy fish, are delicious for breakfast. They are freshly packed in brine and will not spoil on your hands.

CODFISH, as we salt it, is white, boneless and ready for instant use. It makes a substantial meal, a fine change from meat, at a much lower cost.

FRESH LOBSTER is the best thing known for salads. Right fresh from the water, our lobsters simply are boiled and packed in **PARCHMENT-LINED CANS.** They come to you as the purest and safest lobsters you can buy and the meat is as crisp and natural as if you took it from the shell yourself.

FRIED CLAMS is a relishable, hearty dish, that your whole family will enjoy. No other flavor is just like that of clams, whether fried or in a chowder.

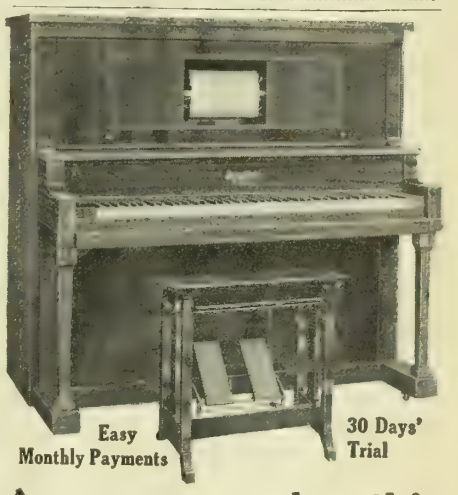
FRESH MACKEREL, perfect for frying, **SHRIMP** to cream on toast, **CRABMEAT** for Newburg or deviled, **SALMON** ready to serve, **SARDINES** of all kinds, **TUNNY** for salad, **SANDWICH FILLINGS** and every good thing packed here or abroad you can get direct from us and keep right on your pantry shelf for regular or emergency use.

With every order we send **BOOK OF RECIPES** for preparing all our products. *Write for it.* Our list tells how each kind of fish is put up, with the delivered price so you can choose just what you will enjoy most. Send the coupon for it now.

FRANK E. DAVIS CO.
230 Central Wharf
Gloucester Mass.

Frank E. Davis Co.
230 Central Wharf
Gloucester, Mass.
Please send me your latest **Fish Price List.**

Name.....
Street.....
City.....*State*.....



Anyone can play this Symphonic Player Piano

Without the necessity of taking a long tiresome course of music lessons. Young and old, pianists and all others quickly learn how to play the most entertaining music with this Symphonic. Think of the delightful times you and your family will have with such an instrument. You'll be able to play the best Popular, Patriotic, Classical, Dance, Sacred, Operatic pieces. You'll always be ready to entertain anyone at a moment's notice. This Player Piano with other beautiful styles of Symphonic Pianos and GRAND Pianos all shown in actual colors in our Piano Catalog.

Ask Today for Your Piano Book

Sent FREE on request. Gives our liberal offers. Easy payments and over four years' time to pay while enjoying your instrument. Write for your copy today. Please state whether interested in the Player Piano, in the Piano or in the GRAND Piano.

Larkin Co. **DESK H-1117, BUFFALO, N. Y.**

"PINK and BLUE"



LINGERIE TAPE

This charming young lady carries the neatest package of lingerie tape (10 yards) you ever saw. In a Pohlson Gift box with careful doing up, this Christmas gift expresses personality and represents value far beyond its cost. Sent **postpaid to any address for 40c or two for 75c.** Our unique and peerless catalog of 1000 merry Christmas suggestions—a book of 72 helpful pages—comes with Miss Pink and Blue. It will answer all your gift questions. Book alone 6c in stamps. Write for it. Address,

The Pohlson Gift-Shops,
57 Bank Bldg., Pawtucket, R. I.

Save Time, Trouble and Expense this Christmas—Shop through Harper's Bazar

DON'T go through another hectic session of Christmas shopping. Life is too short. The task is too arduous—and so unnecessary.

You know what it means. You make up a list of people for whom you must buy presents. You cudgel your imagination in an effort to decide what to buy for whom. Then, with a few tentative notes, you sally forth.

The streets are crowded. The shops are almost bulging with other unhappy gift hunters. It takes hours to get served. Salespeople are harassed and fretful. (And no one can blame them.) The stocks have been picked over. Many of the nicest things have gone. You travel all over town, first to one store and then to another. You get a headache. You become disgusted. You give it up till tomorrow. And tomorrow everything is worse.

Finally, you stay at home. And two days before Christmas you call up the florist and tell him to send potted plants to your friends and relatives.

Buy the Christmas Harper's Bazar It will spare you all this—and save you money too

The December number of the Bazar will be simply chock-full of the most fascinating gifts you ever saw. Long before you even began to think of Christmas our shopping experts were busy making selections for you. They went everywhere, saw everything. New York's great stores and clever specialty shops took them behind the scenes. They spent weeks and weeks, searching, pricing, comparing.

In the Christmas Bazar you will reap the benefit of all this work. It will contain pages and pages of gifts—new, useful, out of the ordinary. Everyone has been thought of. There are things for babies, for little girls and boys, for débutantes and their mothers, grandmothers, fathers, brothers and soldiers.

It would take you many a weary day to find such a variety of gifts. And, then, too, they are so moderate in cost. They appeal to that sensible spirit of economy which is the keynote of the day. They enable you to remember your friends handsomely yet not expensively. This year more than ever before, our shoppers have concentrated their energy on discovering really unusual values.

Shopping through the Bazar is Easy, Economical and Swift

Take one copy of the December Harper's Bazar. Settle yourself on your chaise longue, with a box of chocolates on one side and a check book and pen on the other. Add a sheet of notepaper and envelope and your shopping list.

Look through the special Christmas gift pages in the December number. Look also through the many pages of interesting advertisements. In both sections of the magazine you will find, pictured, described and priced, suitable presents for everybody. You can choose at leisure and have no repentance.

Having given you an ample assortment from which to choose, the Harper's Bazar Personal Shopping Service stands ready to buy for you—at no extra charge—anything shown in the magazine.

You need not stir from your house. The gifts will be sent you almost by return, if you simply jot down the page-numbers and names of the articles you want—draw a check, payable to Harper's Bazar, for their total cost—and then send both list and check to Miss Jane Jarvis, Director, Harper's Bazar Personal Shopping Service, 119 West Fortieth Street, New York.

To be sure of Securing the Christmas Bazar

There are seldom enough issues of the Bazar to go 'round. Every edition is [illegible] your newsdealer an advance order, or become a regular subscriber. Harper's Bazar costs 25 cents a copy. But if you will pin a dollar to this coupon and mail it at once we will send you six big issues—November, December, January, February, March and April—all containing [illegible] $1.50 worth for only $1.

HARPER'S BAZAR, 119 West 40th Street, New York

Please send me five issues of Harper's Bazar, beginning with November. I agree to send you one dollar ($1) on receipt of your bill.

( ) ( ) I enclose one dollar ($1). Please send me six issues of Harper's Bazar, beginning with November.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

State .....

MY REVELATIONS AS A SPY

(Concluded from page 385)

seventeen years, I took a six weeks' vacation in June and July of 1914. The consequences of this careless step I ought to have foreseen. Yet I took such precautions as I could. "Do you think," I asked, "that you can preserve the *status quo* for six weeks, merely six weeks, if I stop spying and take a rest?" "We'll try," they answered. "Remember," I said, as I packed my things, "keep the Dardanelles closed; have the Sandjak of Novi Bazaar properly patrolled, and let the Dobrudja remain under a *modus vivendi* till I come back."

Two months later, while sitting sipping my coffee at a Kurhof in the Schwarzwald, I read in the newspapers that a German army had invaded France and was fighting the French, and that the English expeditionary force had crossed the Channel. "This," I said to myself, "means war." As usual, I was right.

It was during the third year of the war that I received a peremptory summons from the head of the Imperial Secret Service at Berlin, Baron Fisch von Gestern. "I want to see you," it read. Nothing more. In the life of a Spy one learns to think quickly and to think is to act. I gathered as soon as I received the dispatch that for some reason or other Fisch von Gestern was anxious to see me, having, as I instantly inferred, something to say to me. This conjecture proved correct.

The Baron rose at my entrance with military correctness and shook hands.

"Are you willing," he inquired, "to undertake a mission to America?"

"I am," I answered.

"Very good. How soon can you start?"

"As soon as I have paid the few bills that I owe in Berlin," I replied.

"We can hardly wait for that," said my chief, "and in any case it might excite comment. You must start to-night!"

"Very good," I said.

"Such," said the Baron, "are the Kaiser's orders. Here is an American passport and a photograph that will answer the purpose. The likeness is not great but it is sufficient."

"But," I objected, abashed for a moment, "this photograph is of a man with whiskers, and I am, unfortunately, clean-shaven."

"The orders are imperative," said Von Gestern, with official hauteur. "You must start to-night. You can grow whiskers this afternoon."

"Very good," I replied.

"And now to the business of your mission," continued the Baron. "The United States, as you have perhaps heard, is making war against Germany."

"I have heard so," I replied.

"Yes," continued Von Gestern. "The fact has leaked out, how we do not know, and is being widely reported. His Imperial Majesty has decided to stop the war with the United States." I bowed.

"He intends to send over a secret treaty of the same nature as the one recently made with his recent Highness the recent Czar of Russia. Under this treaty Germany proposes to give to the United States the whole of equatorial Africa and in return the United States is to give to Germany the whole of China. There are other provisions, but I need not trouble you with them. Your mission relates, not to the actual treaty, but to the preparation of the ground." I bowed again.

"These then are your instructions," said the Baron, speaking slowly and distinctly as if to impress his words upon my memory. "On your arrival in the United States you will follow the accredited methods that are known to be used by all the best spies of the highest diplomacy. You have no doubt read some of the books, almost manuals of instruction, that they have written?"

"I have read many of them," I said.

"Very well. You will enter, that is to say, enter and move everywhere in the best society. Mark specially, please, that you must not only *enter* it but you must *move*. You must, if I may put it so, get a move on." I bowed.

"You must mix freely with the members of the Cabinet. You must dine with them. This is a most necessary matter and one to be kept well in mind. Dine with them often in such a way as to make yourself familiar to them. Will you do this?"

"I will," I said.

"Very good. But this is only a part. You are expected also to familiarize yourself with the leaders of the great financial interests. You are to put yourself on such a footing with them as to borrow large sums of money from them. Do you object to this?"

"No," I said frankly, "I do not."

"Good! You will also mingle freely in Ambassadorial and foreign circles. It would be well for you to dine, at least once a week, with the British Ambassador. And now one final word—" here Von Gestern spoke with singular impressiveness—"as to the President of the United States——"

"Yes," I said.

"You must mix with him on a footing of the most open-handed friendliness. Be at the White House continually. Make yourself in the fullest sense of the words the friend and adviser of the President. All this I think is clear. In fact, it is only what is done as you know, by all the masters of international diplomacy."

"Precisely," I said.

"Very good. And then," continued the Baron, "as soon as you find yourself sufficiently *en rapport* with everybody—or I should say," he added in correction, for the Baron shares fully in the present German horror of imported French words, "when you find yourself sufficiently in *enggekrüfterverwandtschaft* with everybody, you may then proceed to advance your peace terms. And now, my dear fellow," said the Baron, with a touch of genuine cordiality, "one word more. Are you in need of money?"

"Yes," I said.

"I thought so. But you will find that you need it less and less as you go on. Meantime, good-by, and best wishes for your mission."

Such was, such is, in fact, the mission with which I am accredited. I regard it as by far the most important mission with which I have been accredited by the Wilhelmstrasse. Yet I am compelled to admit that up to the present it has proved unsuccessful. My attempts to carry it out have been baffled. There is something, perhaps, in the atmosphere of this republic which obstructs the working of high diplomacy. For over five months now I have been waiting and willing to dine with the American Cabinet. They have not invited me. For four weeks I sat each night waiting in the J. Hotel in Washington with my suit on ready to be asked. They did not come near me.

Nor have I yet received an intimation from the British Embassy inviting me to an informal lunch or to midnight supper with the Ambassador. Everybody who knows anything of the inside working of the international spy system will realize that without these invitations one can do nothing. Nor has the President of the United States given any sign. I have sent word to him, in cipher, that I am ready to dine with him on any day that may be convenient to both of us. He has made no move in the matter.

My attempts to approach them have been misunderstood—in fact, have led to my being invited to leave the J. Hotel. The fact that I was compelled to leave it, owing to reasons that I cannot reveal, without paying my account has occasioned unnecessary and dangerous comment. I connect it, in fact, with the singular attitude adopted by the B. Hotel on my arrival in New York, to which I have already referred.

I have therefore been compelled to fall back on revelations and disclosures. Here again I find the American atmosphere singularly uncongenial. I have offered to reveal to the Secretary of State the entire family history of Ferdinand of Bulgaria for fifty dollars. He says it is not worth it. I have offered to the British Embassy the inside story of the abdication of Constantine for five dollars. They say they know it and knew it before it happened. I have offered, for little more than a nominal sum, to blacken the character of every reigning family in Germany. I am told that it is not necessary.

Meantime, as it is impossible to return to Central Europe, I expect to open either a fruit store or a peanut stand very shortly in this great metropolis. I imagine that many of my former colleagues will soon be doing the same!

THE DWELLING-PLACE OF LIGHT

(*Continued from page 376*)

"I told Mrs. Maturin I'd read that new book to her. I couldn't go yesterday—I didn't want to go," she added, fearing he might think his work had kept her.

"Well, I'll walk over with you. She asked me to make a little design for a fountain, you know, and I'll have to get some measurements."

As they emerged from the shop and climbed the slope Janet tried to fight off the sadness that began to invade her. Soon she would have to be leaving all this. Her glance lingered wistfully on the old farmhouse with its great center chimney from which the smoke was curling, with its diamond-paned casements Insall had put into the tiny frames.

"What queer windows," she said. "But they seem to go with the house beautifully."

"You think so?" His tone surprised her; it had a touch more of earnestness than she had ever before detected. "They belong to that type of house—the old settlers brought the leaded glass with them. Some people think they're cold, but I've arranged to make them fairly tight. You see, I've tried to restore it as it must have been when it was built."

"And these?" she asked, pointing to the millstones of different diameters that made the steps leading down to the garden.

"Oh, that's an old custom, but they are nice," he agreed. . . . "I'll just put this precious manuscript inside and get my foot-rule," he added, opening the door, and she stood awaiting him on the threshold, confronted by the steep little staircase that disappeared into the wall half-way up. At her left was the room where he worked, and which once had been the farmhouse kitchen. She took a few steps into it, and while he was searching in the table drawer she halted before the great chimney over which, against the panel, an old bell-mouthed musket hung. Insall came over beside her.

"Those were trees," he said. "That panel's over four feet across; I measured it once. I dare say the pine it was cut from grew right where we are standing, before the land was cleared to build the house."

"But the gun?" she questioned. "You didn't have it the night we came to supper."

"No, I ran across it at a sale in Boston. The old settler must have owned one like that. I like to think of him, away off here in the wilderness in those early days."

She thought of how Insall had made those early days live for her, in his story of Basil Crelott. But to save her soul, even with such an opening, she could not speak of it.

"He had to work pretty hard, of course," Insall continued, "but I dare say he had a fairly happy life—no movies, no Sunday supplements, no automobiles or gypsy moths. His only excitement was to trudge ten miles to Dorset and listen to a three-hour sermon on everlasting fire and brimstone by a man who was supposed to know. No wonder he slept soundly and lived to be over ninety!"

Insall was standing with his head thrown back, his eyes still seemingly fixed on the musket that had suggested his remark—a pose eloquent, she thought, of the mental and physical balance of the man. She wondered what belief gave him the free mastery of soul and body he possessed. Some firm conviction, she was sure, must energize him—yet she respected him the more for concealing it.

"It's hard to understand such a terrible religion!" she cried. "I don't see how those old settlers could believe in it, when there are such beautiful things in the world, if we only open our eyes and look for them. Oh, Mr. Insall, I wish I could tell you how I felt when I read your story, and when Mrs. Maturin read me those other books of yours!"

She stopped breathlessly, aghast at her boldness—and then, suddenly, a barrier between them seemed to break down, and for the first time since she had known him she felt near to him. He could not doubt the sincerity of her tribute.

"You like them as much as that, Janet?" he said, looking at her.

"I can't tell you how much, I can't express myself. And I want to tell you something else, Mr. Insall, while I have the chance—how just being with you and Mrs. Maturin has changed me. I can face life now; you have shown me so much in it I never saw before."

"While you have the chance?" he repeated.

"Yes." She strove to go on cheerfully. "Now I've said it, I feel better; I promise not to mention it again. I knew—you didn't think me ungrateful. It's funny," she added, "the more people have done for you—when they've given you everything, life and hope,—the harder it is to thank them." She turned her face away, lest he might see that her eyes were wet. "Mrs. Maturin will be expecting us."

"Not yet," she heard him say, and felt his hand on her arm. "You haven't thought of what you're doing for me."

"What I'm doing for you!" she echoed. "What hurts me most, when I think about it, is that I'll never be able to do anything."

"Why do you say that?" he asked.

"If I only could believe that some day I might be able to help you—just a little—I should be happier. All I have, all I am, I owe to you and Mrs. Maturin."

"No, Janet," he answered. "What you are is *you*,—and it's more real than anything we could have put into you. What you have to give is—yourself." His fingers trembled on her arm, but she saw him smile a little before he spoke again. "Augusta Maturin was right when she said that you were the woman I needed. I didn't realize it then—perhaps she didn't—but now I'm sure of it. Will you come to me?"

She stood staring at him, as in terror, suddenly penetrated by a dismay that sapped her strength, and she leaned heavily against the fireplace, clutching the mantel-shelf.

"Don't" she pleaded. "Please don't—I can't."

"You can't! . . . Perhaps, after a while, you may come to feel differently—I didn't mean to startle you," she heard him reply, gently. This humility, in him, was unbearable.

"Oh, it isn't that—it isn't that! If I could, I'd be willing to serve you all my life—I wouldn't ask for anything more. I never thought that this would happen. I oughtn't to have stayed in Silliston."

"You didn't suspect that I loved you?"

"How could I? Oh, I might have loved you, if I'd been fortunate—if I'd deserved it. But I never thought; I always looked up to you—you are so far above me!" She lifted her face to him in agony. "I'm sorry—I'm sorry for you—I'll never forgive myself!"

"It's—someone else?" he asked.

"I was—going to be married to—to Mr. Ditmar," she said slowly, despairingly.

"But even then——" Insall began.

"What will you think of me? Mrs. Maturin was to have told you, after I'd gone. It's—it's the same as if I were married to him—only worse."

"Worse!" Insall repeated uncomprehendingly. . . . And then she was aware that he had left her side. He was standing by the window.

A thrush began to sing in the maple. She stole silently toward the door, and paused to look back at him, once—to meet his glance. He had turned.

"I can't—I can't let you go like this!" she heard him say, and fled from him, out of the gate and toward the Common. . . .

WHEN Janet appeared, Augusta Maturin was in her garden. With an instant perception that something was wrong, she went to the girl and led her to the sofa in the library. There the confession was made.

"I never guessed it," Janet sobbed. "Oh, Mrs. Maturin, you'll believe me—won't you?"

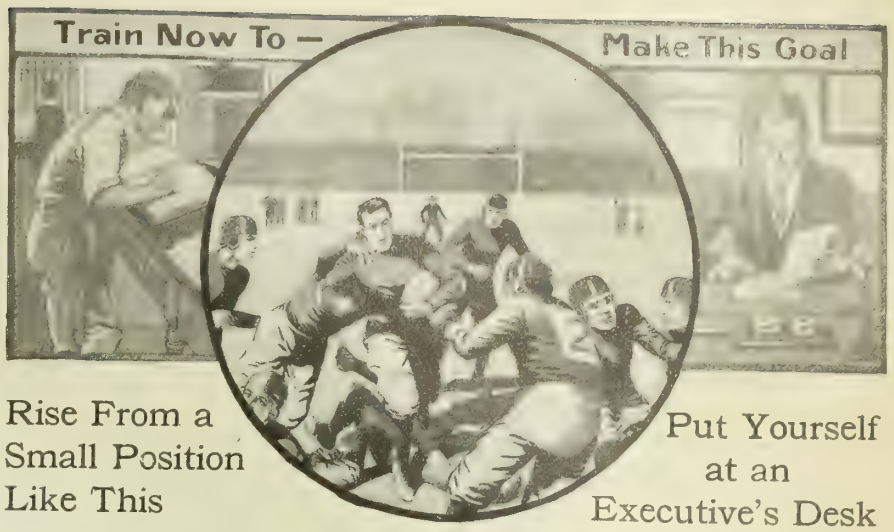
"Of course I believe you, Janet," Augusta Maturin replied, trying to hide her pity, her own profound concern and perplexity. "I didn't suspect it either. If I had——"

"You wouldn't have brought me here, you wouldn't have asked me to stay with you. But I was to blame, I oughtn't to have stayed, I knew all along that something would happen—something terrible—that I hadn't any right to stay."

"Who could have foreseen it!" her friend exclaimed hopelessly. "Brooks isn't like any other man I've ever known—one can never tell what he has in mind. Not that I'm surprised as I look back upon it all!"

"I've hurt him!"

Augusta Maturin was silent awhile. "Remember, my dear," she begged, "you haven't only yourself to think about from now on."



Rise From a Small Position Like This

Put Yourself at an Executive's Desk

Buck the Line to Win!

Are you in the "game" or merely on the "side-line"? Are you going to be a star or a stick? You can't "get on," while "looking on." In business as well as in athletics the big stakes, the touch-downs, the goals and high scores are won by **trained** men. When you play, go in to **win** or stay out. It is easy to win when you have been trained by the best coaches in the game.

You can begin your training NOW for a high-salaried accounting position. More than 500,000 firms need expert accountants; yet there are only 2,000 Certified Public Accountants in America. You can qualify for a position in a comparatively short while. Let us show you how you can do this by home study.

La Salle Students and Graduates

can now be found employed in the executive departments of practically all the large railroads, business houses and commercial organizations in the United States. Many prominent business concerns can be named in each of which 100 to 900 or more LaSalle students or graduates from our several specialized departments are employed in responsible positions. For instance—

Pennsylvania R.R.	*913*
American Telegraph & Telephone Company	*259*
U. S. Steel Corporation	*250*
Baltimore & Ohio R.R.	*564*
Armour & Company	*162*
Chicago & N.W. Ry.	*392*
Ford Motor Company	*122*
Swift & Company	*187*
Standard Oil Company	*140*

Among the numerous firms and corporations employing 50 to 100 or more LaSalle students or graduates are the following:

Western Electric Company
International Harvester Co.
B. F. Goodrich Company
Wells Fargo Express Company
Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co.

and every important railroad company in the United States.

More than 125,000 men in active business life including a large number of corporation officials have been enrolled and are reaping the benefits of LaSalle training and service. Over 20,000 new students now enroll annually. The LaSalle organization consists of 800 people, including a staff of 300 business experts, professional men, text writers, special lecture writers, instructors and assistants. LaSalle students and graduates occupying responsible positions can be found throughout the entire English speaking world.

Free Consulting Service

As a LaSalle student, you will also be entitled to the free use of our Consulting Service which gives you the privilege of calling on our staff of experts in any department at any time when you need special help or counsel. LaSalle Extension University is a clearing house of business information and through its many highly specialized departments is organized and equipped to render a practical and distinctive service which cannot be supplied by any other institution of similar character.

Learn Higher Accounting By Mail

. Our staff of experts in the Science of Accounting will give you their direct personal instruction by mail, guiding you step by step until you have mastered this paying profession. You will study text books, lectures and accounting methods prepared by authorities—men who are actually employed or retained as expert advisers by leading industries. The underlying principles and the most modern methods of Business Analysis and Organization, and the Principles of Accounting, Auditing, Commercial Law and Scientific Management all made clear. You will be given special preparation for the C. P. A. examinations and made ready to command a higher salary or to enter business as a Consulting Accountant—you can get all this in your spare time while you hold your present position.

Easy Terms

No large fees. No large sum to pay down. This instruction is offered on our convenient monthly payment plan. Our courses are for the ambitious man wherever he may be, or no matter how small his present income.

Mail the Coupon Today

Make the knowledge of these LaSalle experts yours. At least send for information about this course which has helped so many men to rise quickly to positions of greater profit and prestige and which you can easily master this system of home study.

LaSalle Extension University can put you on the road to greater success. This has been proved by the record of its students and graduates. The information we will send will tell you just what knowledge you require to become proficient in Higher Accounting and how we will teach you in the shortest possible time. It will point out the possibilities that are wide open to the man who has the training demanded by large business organizations. We will also send a valuable book "Ten Years' Promotion In One." Mail coupon.

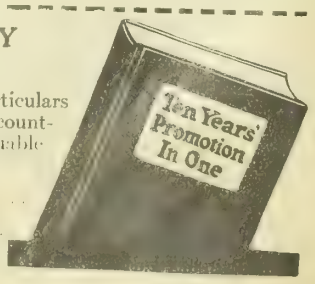
LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
"The World's Greatest Extension University"
Dept. 1147-H Chicago, Illinois

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me particulars regarding your Home Study Course of Training in Higher Accounting and your Consulting Service. Also a copy of your valuable book for ambitious men, "Ten Years' Promotion in One."

Name.....

Present Position.....

Address.....





Don't Grope for Words

Give Grenville Kleiser (famous Speech Specialist) 15 minutes daily and

He Will Give You a Mastery of Words

There are no old-fashioned wearisome rules of grammar to memorize. By an entirely new plan you absorb and immediately apply the fruits of years of teaching experience which are comprest into twenty intimate home lessons.

If you will devote 15 minutes daily to this original Course you will quickly and surely learn to

Enlarge Your Stock of Words—
Use the Right Word in the Right Place—
Write Tactful, Forceful Letters, Advertisements, Stories, Sermons, Treatises, Etc.—
Become an Engaging Conversationalist—
Enter Good Society—
Be a Man of Culture, Power, and Influence in Your Community.

Booth Tarkington

Distinguished Novelist and Short-Story Writer, Author of "Monsieur Beaucaire," "Seventeen," etc.



"Your course is almost painfully needed by many professional writers and speakers. A student who intelligently follows your course will know what he is talking about when he talks or when he writes. His audience will certainly know it, because he will talk well, no matter what his subject

Mary Roberts Rinehart

Eminent Novelist, Dramatist and War-Correspondent, Author of "K," "Kent," "Queen and Pawn," etc.

"Your lessons seem to me ex-



FREE

"How to Become a Master of English"

SIGN AND MAIL THIS COUPON
Or Copy it on a Post-Card

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY

Please send Booklet and full information regard

Name .....

Street and No. or R. F. D.

1,400 Jobs to Choose From

How to Choose the Right Vocation

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
Dept. 102 New York

But comfort was out of the question, the task of calming the girl impossible. Her weeping became hysterical. The doctor was sent for, and Janet put to bed and given a sedative.

Augusta Maturin spent an agonized, sleepless night, a prey of many emotions; of self-reproach, seeing now that she had been wrong in not telling Brooks Insall of the girl's secret; of sorrow and sympathy for him; of tenderness toward the girl, despite the suffering she had brought; of unwonted rebellion against a world that cheated her of this cherished human tie for which she had longed—the first that had come into her life since her husband and child had gone. And there was her own responsibility for Insall's unhappiness—when she recalled with a pang her innocent sayings that Janet was the kind of woman he, an artist, should marry! And it was true if he must marry. He himself had seen it. Did Janet love him? or did she still remember Ditmar? Again and again, during the summer that followed, this query was on her lips, but remained unspoken. . . .

The next day Insall disappeared. No one knew where he had gone, but his friends in Silliston believed he had been seized by one of his sudden, capricious fancies for wandering. For many months his name was not mentioned between Augusta Maturin and Janet. By the middle of June they had gone to Canada. . . .

IN order to reach the camp on Lac du Sablier from the tiny railroad station at Saint Hubert, a trip of some eight miles up the *décharge* was necessary. The day had been when Augusta Maturin had done her share of paddling and poling, with an *habitant* guide in the bow. She had foreseen all the needs of this occasion, warm clothes for Janet, who was wrapped in blankets and placed on cushions in the middle of a canoe, while she herself followed in a second, from time to time exclaiming, in a reassuring voice, that one had nothing to fear in the hands of Delphin and Hervé, whom she had known intimately for more than twenty years. It was indeed a wonderful, exciting, and at moments seemingly perilous journey up the forested aisle of the river: at sight of the first roaring reach of rapids Janet held her breath—so incredible did it appear that any human power could impel and guide a boat up the white stairway between the boulders! Was it not courting destruction? Yet she felt a strange, wild delight in the sense of danger, of amazement at the woodsman's eye that found and followed the crystal paths through the waste of foam. . . . There were long, quiet stretches, hemmed in by alders, where the canoes, dodging the fallen trees, glided through the still water. No such silent, exhilarating motion Janet had ever known. Even the dipping paddles made no noise, though sometimes there was a gurgle, as though a fish had broken the water behind them; sometimes, in the shining pools ahead, she saw the trout leap out. At every startling flop Delphin would exclaim: "*Un gros!*" From an upper branch of a spruce a kingfisher darted like an arrow into the water, making a splash like a falling stone. Once, after they had passed through the breach of a beaver dam, Hervé nodded his head toward a mound of twigs by the bank and muttered something. Augusta Maturin laughed.

"*Cabane de castor*," he said, a beaver cabin. And the beaver made the dam we just passed. Did you notice, Janet, how beautifully clean those logs had been cut by their sharp teeth?"

At moments she conversed rapidly with Delphin in the same *patois* Janet had heard on the streets of Hampton. How long ago that seemed!

On [illegible] occasions, when the falls were [illegible] they had to disembark and walk along [illegible] portages through the green raspberry [illegible]. The prints of great hoofs in the black silt betrayed where wild animals had paused to drink. They stopped for lunch on a warm rock beside a singing waterfall, and at last they turned an elbow in the stream and with suddenly widened vision beheld the lake's sapphire expanse and the distant circle of hills. "*Les montagnes*," Hervé called them as he flung out his pipe, and this Janet could translate for herself. Eastward they lay lucent in the afternoon light; westward, behind the generous log camp standing on a natural terrace above the landing, they were in the shadow. Here indeed seemed peace, if remoteness, if Nature herself might bestow it.

Janet little suspected that special preparations had been made for her comfort. Early in April, while the wilderness was still in the grip of winter, Delphin had been summoned from a far-away lumber camp to Saint Hubert, where several packing-cases and two rolls of lead pipe from Montreal lay in a shed beside the railroad siding. He had superintended the transportation of these, on dog sledges, up the frozen *décharge*, accompanied on his last trip by a plumber of sorts from Beaupre, thirty miles down the line; and between them they had improvised a bathroom, and attached a boiler to the range. Only a week before the arrival of Madame, the spring on the hillside above the camp had been tapped, and the pipe laid securely underground. Besides this unheard-of luxury for the Lac du Sablier there were iron beds and mattresses and little wood stoves to go in the four bedrooms, which were more securely chinked with moss. The traditions of that camp had been hospitable. In Professor Wishart's day many guests had come and gone, or pitched their tents nearby; and Augusta Maturin, until this summer, had rarely been here alone, although she had no fears of the wilderness, and Delphin brought his daughter Delphine to do the housework and cooking. The land for miles round about was owned by a Toronto capitalist who had been a friend of her father, and who could afford as a hobby the sparing of the forest. By his permission a few sportsmen came to fish or shoot, and occasionally their campfires could be seen across the water, starlike glows in the darkness of the night, at morning and evening little threads of blue smoke that rose against the forest; "*becane*," Delphin called it, and Janet found a sweet, strange magic in these words of the pioneer.

The lake was a large one, shaped like an hourglass, as its name implied, and Augusta Maturin sometimes paddled Janet through the wide, shallow channel to the northern end, even as she had once paddled Gifford. Her genius was for the helpless. One day, when the waters were high, and the portages could be dispensed with, they made an excursion through the Riviére des Péres to the lake of that name, the next in the chain above. For luncheon they ate the trout Augusta caught; and in the afternoon, when they returned to the mouth of the outlet, Hervé, softly checking the canoe with his paddle, whispered the word "*Arignal!*" Thigh deep in the lush grasses of the swamp was an animal with a huge gray head, like a donkey's, staring foolishly in their direction a cow moose. With a tremendous commotion that awoke echoes in the forest she tore herself from the mud and disappeared, followed by her panic-stricken offspring, a caricature of herself. . . .

By September the purple firewood that springs up beside old camps, and in the *bois brulé*, had bloomed and scattered its myriad, impalpable thistledowns over crystal floors. Autumn came to the Laurentians. In the morning the lake lay like a quicksilver pool under the rising mists, through which the sun struck blinding flashes of light. A little later, when the veil had lifted, it became a mirror for the hills and crags, the blue reaches of the sky. The stinging air was spiced with balsam. Revealed was the incredible brilliance of another day, the [illegible] green of the spruce, the red and gold of the maples, the yellow of the alders bathing

Roland Pertwee is a short-story writer new to Hearst's. In our December issue he will have a delightfully naïve and clever tale called "Parsons' Children." Don't miss it—on all newsstands November 29. The story will be illumined with some exquisite photographic illustrations in duotone. Hearst's will be the best magazine buy for December.

Were You One of the Hundreds

who purchased the October and wrote for future copies of our wonderful new series of

PENRHYN STANLAWS'

cover pictures on

HEARST'S

"The Girls of Allied Nations"

The first cover entitled

©



No. 308. FRANCE

"FRANCE"

appeared on the October Magazine. Thousands purchased. Hundreds wrote to send the series.

IF YOU ARE NOT INCLUDED ORDER AT ONCE TO SECURE THE MOST ADMIRED PICTURES YET PUBLISHED BY US.

The second cover

"The United States"

as appearing on this issue is ready —so include this in your order.

©



No. 309. THE UNITED STATES

A GLANCE AT THIS CATCHY COVER, WITH ITS BEAUTIFUL COLORING, WILL CONVINCE YOU —EDITION LIMITED.

SIZE 11 x 14 INCHES
20 cents each, postpaid

A Work of Art for Postage. 1918 Catalog of over 200 pictures by Famous Artists in miniature sent on receipt of postage.

We guarantee deliveries in perfect condition. If outside of the United States, add 10 cents for registration

HEARST'S PRINT DEPARTMENT
119 West 40th Street New York City

LUCKY STRIKE

Guaranteed by

The American Tobacco Co.

INCORPORATED

YOU must always think of our guarantee on every package of Lucky Strike Cigarettes as a direct personal message from The American Tobacco Company to you—not as a mere business formality.

Read it; this is what it says:

GUARANTEE

If these cigarettes are not in perfect condition, or if they are not entirely satisfactory in every way, return the package and as many of the cigarettes as you have not smoked, to your dealer and he will refund your money.

The American Tobacco Co.

You couldn't ask for anything more complete, sweeping or unreserved, could you? You are protected, the dealer is protected: everyone who pays his money for Lucky Strike Cigarettes is given the squarest deal that plain English can define.

Isn't it a satisfaction to you to buy goods in which the manufacturer's confidence is so completely expressed, and the dealer's confidence so thoroughly backed up. It gives you confidence; brings us all together—a complete circle of confidence. Lucky Strike is the real Burley cigarette; you'll enjoy it immensely: the new flavor: the new idea:

It's Toasted

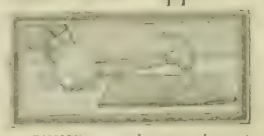


Copyright by The American Tobacco Company, Inc., 1917.

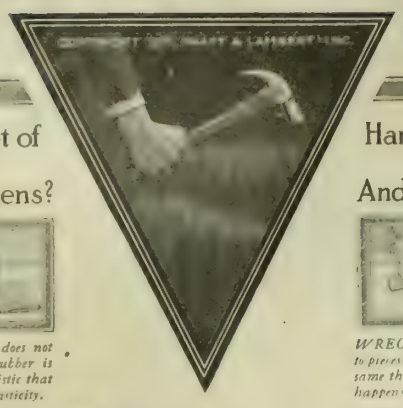
LUCKY STRIKE

LUCKY STRIKE

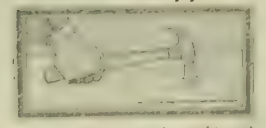
Hammer a Sheet of *Rubber*- And What Happens?



NOTHING—your hammer does not harm the rubber because rubber is elastic. It is this characteristic that makes "61" so durable—elasticity.



Hammer a Sheet of *Glass*- And What Happens?



WRECKAGE—the glass is shivered to pieces because it is brittle. And this same thing in a lesser degree, is what happens to ordinary varnishes.

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

Test It With a Hammer

"You may dent the wood but the varnish won't crack."

THIS durability, this *elasticity*, this *toughness*, is the paramount quality found in "61" Floor Varnish—much more important than resistance to water, hot or cold or mere surface beauty, which are characteristics of any good varnish. The varnish that can stand your hammer can best endure your heel. Try this test yourself.

Send for Booklet and Sample Panel

finished with "61" and prove its durability to your own satisfaction in an instant.

Although famed as the finest type of interior finish, the durability of Vitralite, *the Long-Life White Enamel*, is extreme. Whiteness, smoothness and waterproof qualities are the common heritage of any good enamel, and these are combined in Vitralite with an endurance so great that Vitralite is *guaranteed for three years outdoors*, as well as indoors. Inside, it lasts indefinitely.

Vitralite THE LONG-LIFE WHITE ENAMEL

Send for Booklet and Sample Panel

finished with Vitralite, and examine the tough, lustrous finish, which *lasts longer than paint.*

OUR GUARANTEE: If any Pratt & Lambert Varnish Product fails to give satisfaction you may have your money back. Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects and sold by paint and hardware dealers everywhere.

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC. VARNISH MAKERS 68 YEARS

131 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 75 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario





SILENCE

Even the beautiful tones of a piano cannot drown the sound of flushing water nor still the noise made by the operation of the ordinary water closet. In houses where good taste prevails such nuisances have become memories.

THE TRENTON POTTERIES CO.

SI-WEL-CLO

SILENT CLOSET

cannot be heard outside the closed door. It has removed what was frequently the only source of dissatisfaction with the new house.

The Si-Wel-Clo is built on the most sanitary principles of china, vitrified and glazed so that soil will not cling to its surface. It performs its functions faithfully and without the frequent need of the plumber for repairs. All-Clay products are the most economical ultimately because of the satisfaction and service they give and the elimination of repair bills.



"Bathrooms of Character" tells you why. Ask for Booklet P-6

THE TRENTON POTTERIES COMPANY

TRENTON, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.

World's Largest Makers of Fine All-Clay Plumbing Fixtures

in the shallows, of the birches, whose white limbs could be seen gleaming in the twilight of the thickets. Early, too early, the sun fell down behind the serrated forest edge of the western hills, a ball of orange fire. . . . One evening Delphin and Hervé, followed by two other canoes, paddled up to the landing. New visitors had arrived, Dr. McLeod, who had long been an intimate of the Wishart family, and with him a buxom, fresh-complexioned Canadian woman, a trained nurse whom he had brought from Toronto. . . .

There, in Nature's wilderness, Janet knew the supreme experience of women, the agony, the renewal and joy symbolic of Nature herself. When the child was bathed and dressed in the clothes Augusta Maturin herself had made for it, she brought it into the room to the mother.

"It's a daughter," she announced.

Janet regarded the child wistfully. "I hoped it would be a boy," she said. "He would have had—a better chance." But she raised her arms, and the child was laid in the bed beside her.

"We'll see that she has a chance, my dear," Augusta Maturin replied, as she kissed her.

TEN days went by, Dr. McLeod lingered at Lac du Sablier, and Janet was still in bed. Even in this life-giving air she did not seem to grow stronger. Sometimes, when the child was sleeping in its basket on the sunny porch, Mrs. Maturin read to her; but often, when she was supposed to rest, she lay gazing out of the open window into silver space, listening to the mocking laughter of the loons, watching the ducks flying across the sky; or, as evening drew on, to mark in the waters a steely angle that grew and grew—the wake of a beaver swimming homeward in the twilight. In the cold nights the timbers cracked to the frost, she heard the owls calling to one another from the fastnesses of the forest, and thought of life's inscrutable mystery. Then the child would be brought to her. It was a strange, unimagined happiness she knew when she felt it clutching at her breasts, at her heart, a happiness not unmixed with yearning, with sadness, as she pressed it to her. Why could it not remain there always, to comfort her, to be nearer her than any living thing? Reluctantly she gave it back to the nurse, wistfully her eyes followed it. . . .

Twice a week, now, Delphin and Hervé made the journey to Saint Hubert, and one evening, after Janet had watched them paddling across the little bay that separated the camp from the outlet's mouth, Mrs. Maturin appeared, with an envelope in her hand.

"I've got a letter from Brooks Insall, Janet," she said, with a well-disguised effort to speak naturally. "It's not the first one he's sent me, but I haven't mentioned the others. He's in Silliston—and I wrote him about the daughter."

"Yes," said Janet.

"Well—he wants to come up here, to see you, before we go away. He asks me to telegraph your permission."

"Oh no, he mustn't, Mrs. Maturin!"

"You don't care to see him?"

"It isn't that. I'd like to see him if things had been different. But now that I've disappointed him—hurt him, I couldn't stand it. I know it's only his kindness."

After a moment Augusta Maturin handed Janet a sealed envelope she held in her hand.

"He asked me to give you this," she said, and left the room. Janet read it, and let it fall on the bedspread, where it was still lying when her friend returned and began tidying the room. From the direction of the guides' cabin, on the point, came the sounds of talk and laughter, broken by snatches of *habitant* songs. Augusta Maturin smiled. She pretended not to notice the tears in Janet's eyes, and strove to keep back her own.

"Delphin and Hervé saw a moose in the *décharge*," she explained. "Of course it was a big one, it always is. They're telling the doctor about it."

"Mrs. Maturin," said Janet, "I'd like to talk to you. I think I ought to tell you what Mr. Insall says."

"Yes, my dear," her friend replied, a little faintly, sitting down on the bed.

"He asks me to believe what—I've done makes no difference to him. Of course he doesn't put it in as many words, but he says he doesn't care anything about conventions," Janet continued slowly. "What I told him when he asked me to marry him in Silliston was a shock to him, it was so—so unexpected. He went away to Maine, but as soon as he began to think it all over he wanted to come and tell me that he loved me in spite of it, but he felt he couldn't, under the circumstances that he had to wait until now. Although I didn't give him any explanation, he wants me to know that he trusts me, he understands—it's because, he says, I am what I am. He still wishes to marry me to take care of me and the child. We could live in California at first—he's always been anxious to be there, he says."

"Well, my dear?" Augusta Maturin forced herself to say at last.

"It's so generous—so big, so like him!" Janet exclaimed. "But of course I couldn't accept such a sacrifice, even if——" She paused. "Oh, it's made me so sad all summer to think that he's unhappy because of me!"

"I know, Janet, but you should realize, as I told you in Silliston, that it isn't by any deliberate act of your own; it's just one of those things that occur in this world and that can't be foreseen or avoided." Augusta Maturin spoke with an effort. In spite of Janet's apparent calm, she had never been more acutely aware of the girl's inner suffering.

"I know," said Janet. "But it's terrible to think that those things we unintentionally do, perhaps because of faults we have previously committed, should have the same effect as acts that are intentional."

"The world is very stupid. All suffering, I think, is brought about by stupidity. If we only could learn to look at ourselves as we are. It's a stupid, unenlightened society that metes out most of our punishments and usually demands a senseless expiation." Augusta Maturin waited, and presently Janet spoke again.

"I've been thinking all summer, Mrs. Maturin. There was so much I wanted to talk about with you, but I wanted to be sure of myself first. And now, since the baby came, and I know I'm not going to get well, I seem to see things much more clearly."

"Why do you say you're not going to get well, Janet? In this air, and with the child to live for!"

"I know it. Dr. McLeod knows it, or he wouldn't be staying here, and you've both been too kind to tell me. You've been so kind, Mrs. Maturin—I can't talk about it. But I'm sure I'm going to die. I've really known it ever since we left Silliston. Something's gone out of me, the thing that drove me, that made me want to live—I can't express what I mean any other way. Perhaps it's this child, the new life—perhaps I've just been broken, I don't know. You did your best to mend me, and that's one thing that makes me sad. And the thought of Mr. Insall's another. In some ways it would have been worse to live—I couldn't have married him, I couldn't have ruined his life. And even if things had been different, if the child hadn't come, I didn't love him in *that* way; it's queer, because he's such a wonderful person. But I haven't been able to forget the other one."

"Mr. Ditmar?"

"Yes. I think it's because he needed me more; he didn't have as much as Mr. Insall has. He had the mill, he lived for it before I came into his life, but it wasn't enough, he was beginning to feel that it wasn't enough. Perhaps he was too old to change entirely, he never would have seen all of what you have tried to teach me to see—the light, as you say—and it's such a beautiful word." She smiled at Mrs. Maturin. "But maybe he would have seen a little of it, and I could have given him something of what you've given me. I could have learned more, perhaps, to help him, after you had shown me the way. I'm sure now, after what you've told me about life, that his faults were just—blindness. He really wanted to do right—and he was so strong." She was silent a moment, and then went on again. "You see, Mr. Insall is an artist, and though my heart aches when I think of him, he has so much——"

"Yes, it's true," Augusta Maturin assented wonderingly.

"I'd like to live for the child, if only I had the strength, the will, left in me—but that's gone. I could work, I could improve myself, I could be something to her, if people would have let me. And maybe I could save her from—what I've been through."

Augusta Maturin took Janet's hand in hers.

"Janet," she said, "I've been a lonely woman, as you know, with nothing to look forward to. I've always wanted a child since my little Edith went. I wanted you, my dear, I want your child, your daughter—as I want nothing else in the world. I will take her, I will try to bring her up in the light, and Brooks Insall will help me. . . ."

THE END

A New Alaska Serial by Rex Beach

Hearst's

For December
20 Cents





PAINTED FOR LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

The more [illegible] eaded a man is, the surer he is to rea[illegible] time how well cigarettes fit in as part o[illegible] day's smoking. Because the cigarette is [illegible]uch *milder* than other forms of smoking.

That Fatimas are so [illegible]ll thought of by such men simply indicat[illegible] common-sense *comfort* of Fatima's well-balanced Turkish blend —a comfort which is particularly noticeable *after* smoking.

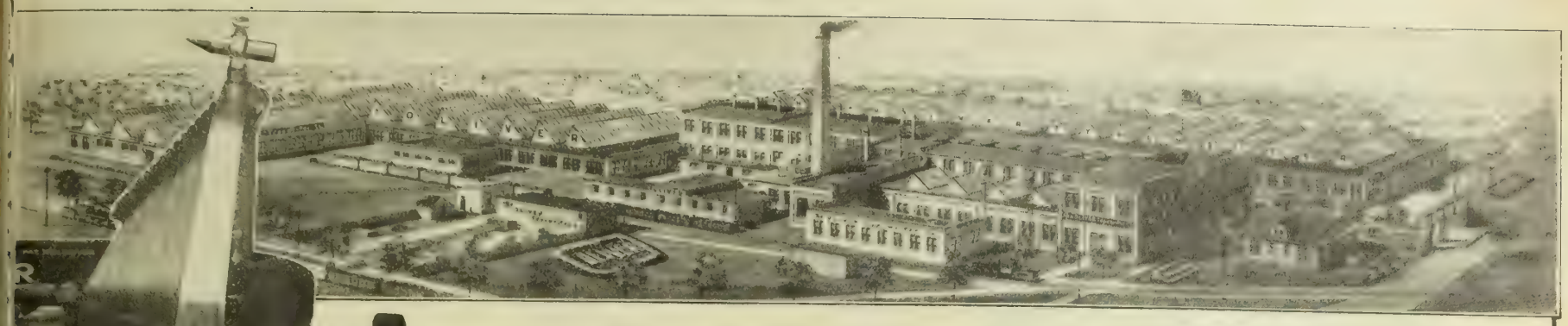
Send HIM the Box of 100. Fatimas are now packed in neat metal boxes of 100 cigarettes. If your dealer cannot supply, we will send a box prepaid to any address in the United States (training camp, etc.) upon receipt of $1.

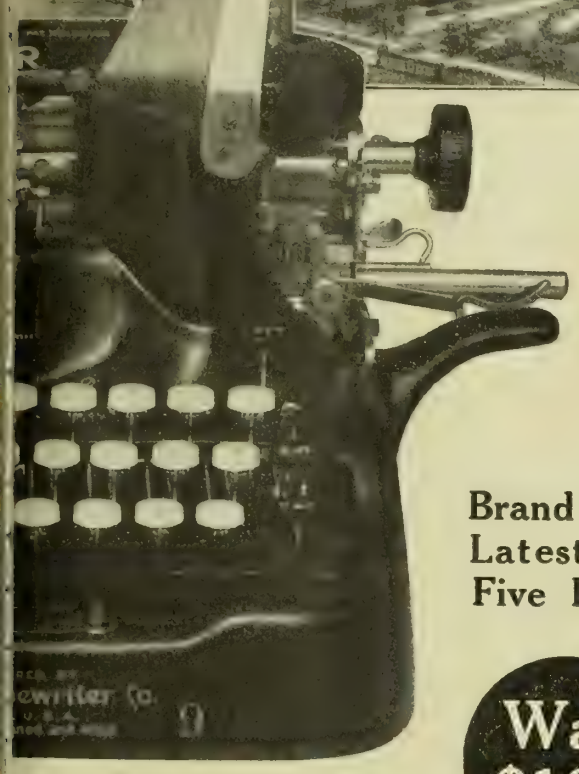
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. 212 F[illegible]

FATIMA

A Sensible Cigarette







Direct From The Factory

To Save You $51

Brand New Oliver Typewriters for Half What They Used to Cost. Latest and Best Model. Sold Under a New Money-Saving Plan. Five Days' Free Trial. No Money Down—Over a Year to Pay.

Was $100 **OLIVER** **Now $49**

Over 600,000 Sold

This is the offer of The Oliver Typewriter Company itself—a $2,000,000 concern.

The Oliver Typewriter Company gives this guarantee: The Oliver Nine we now sell direct is the exact machine—our Model No. 9—which was formerly priced at $100.

We do not offer a second-hand nor rebuilt machine—so do not confuse this new $49 Oliver with other offers.

The $51 you now save is the result of new and efficient sales methods.

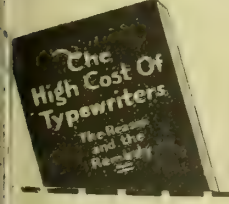
Formerly there were over 15,000 Oliver salesmen and agents. We had to maintain expensive offices in 50 cities. Other costly and roundabout sales methods kept the price of typewriters around $100.

By ending all these wastes and adopting a new plan we save the American public millions of dollars.

The entire facilities of the company are devoted exclusively to the production and distribution of Oliver Typewriters.

* * * * * * * * * *

Take Your Choice



Check the coupon for the Free Trial Oliver or for the Book. Mail today. You are not obligated to buy.

FREE TRIAL

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
1209 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days' free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay $49 at the rate of $3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is .....

This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters. The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalog and further information.

Name .....

Street Address .....

City ..... *State*

How to Save

This is our plan: You may have an Oliver for free trial by answering this advertisement.

Or if you wish further information, check the coupon.

We will send you an Oliver Nine direct to your office or home for five days' free trial; it does not cost you a cent. Nor are you under the lightest obligation to buy.

We give you the opportunity to be your own salesman and save $51. You are the sole judge. There are no salesmen to influence you.

If you decide to keep the Oliver, pay us at the rate of $3 per month. If you do not wish to keep it, we even refund the transportation charges. That is all there is to our plan. It is simplicity itself.

A Favorite

This standard keyboard, visible Oliver has long been the world's model. If you remember, Oliver introduced visible writing.

Year after year, Oliver inventors have set the pace. Today's model—the Nine—is their greatest achievement.

Any stenographer may turn to the Oliver and operate it like any other machine. In fact, its simplicity recommends it to people who have never used a typewriter before.

This Oliver Nine is the finest, the costliest, the most successful model we have ever built. If any typewriter is worth $100, it is this handsome machine—the greatest Oliver triumph.

Regardless of price, do not spend one cent upon any typewriter—whether new, second-hand, or rebuilt—do not even rent a machine until you have investigated thoroughly our proposition.

It is waste, and therefore unpatriotic, to pay more than $49 for a brand new, standard typewriter.

The Oliver Typewriter Company, by this great, money-saving, price reducing plan is entitled to your first consideration.

Note the two-way coupon. Send at once for the free-trial Oliver, or for our startling book entitled "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy."

This amazing book exposes the follies of the old selling plans and tells the whole story of the Oliver Rebellion. With it we send a new catalog, picturing and describing the Oliver Nine.

Don't turn over this page without clipping the coupon.

Canadian Price, $62.65

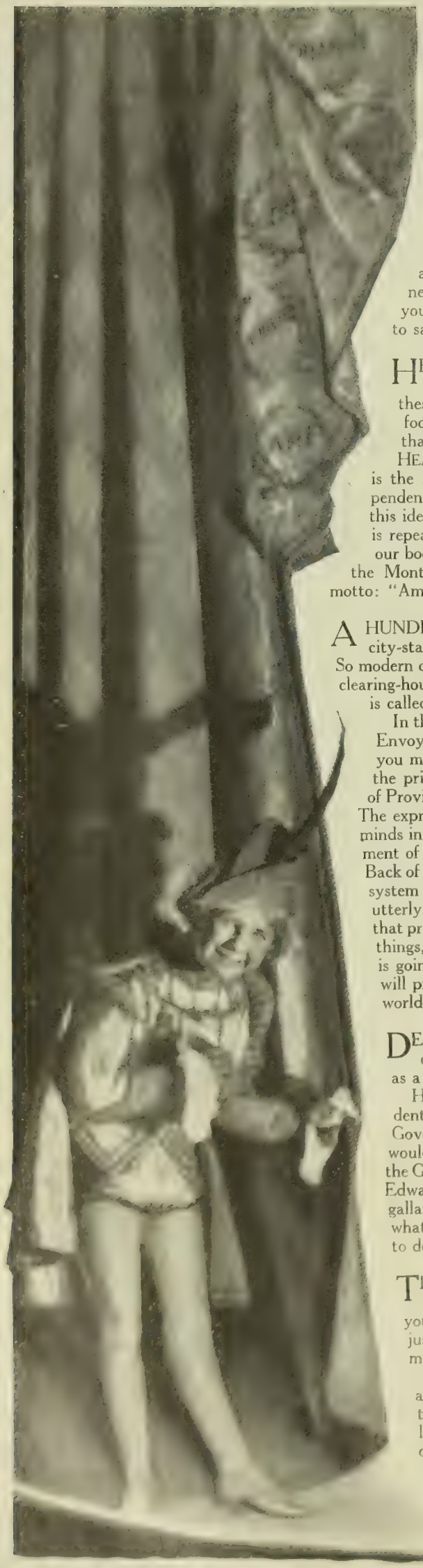
The Oliver Typewriter Company

1209 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Used By Big Business

It is the same commercial machine used by U. S. Steel Corporation; National City Bank of New York; Montgomery Ward & Co.; Curtis Publishing Co.; Pennsylvania Railroad; Hart, Schaffner & Marx; Morris & Company; Baldwin Locomotive Works; Ward Baking Company; Jones & Laughlin Steel Company; Western Clock Company—"Big Ben"; Encyclopaedia Britannica; and a host of others. Over 600,000 have been sold.

This Coupon Is Worth $51



Hearst's

THIS is a talk on HEARST'S MAGAZINE for 1918.

There is no prophecy to-day of war's end that will stand. Only this thing is sure: When war does close, a new world will spring up before you like the crack of dawn. And then you will look to your neighbor and say "Whither?" And you will look inward to your soul and say "Whither?" For this is true talk: you are to-day in the pivotal years, if not of an epoch, certainly and absolutely of your own three-score years and ten. You are going to be dazzled by the dawn of the new age unless you are able to think straight and, doing so, are thinking with your race, with your America, with a good idea of what *is* well with the world. And this leads to what we want to say about the 1918 program of this magazine.

HEARST'S is the magazine of ideas those ideas that made the past and those ideas that will fashion the future like a god standing over chaos and old night. In the past, five years ago, in these very pages, Mr. Hearst for public welfare advocated closer Federal supervision of railroads, foodstuffs, and manufactures; now, in the future, public welfare, backed by war, is bringing to life that very suggestion.

HEARST'S is the magazine of ideas because it is the representative magazine of America, which is the land of ideas. You or your ancestors came here because of an idea. The Declaration of Independence was a charter of them, signed and fought for. Brave men, living and dead, gave their lives that this idea, under God, might not perish from off the face of the earth. Lincoln said it. President Wilson is repeating it. The echo of those words has soonest been caught by the swifter-responding parts of our book; Angela Morgan's poems; Dr. Crane's editorials; the excerpts of the plays we use in our Play of the Month Department. E. Phillips Oppenheim is now running a rattling good serial with this timely motto: "America first, America only, America always."

A HUNDRED million American citizens cannot get together in one place to exchange ideas. A small city-state like Athens or an early American colonial settlement might do it, but not a powerful nation. So modern conditions have created the need for the magazine of ideas. And HEARST'S is the answer: the clearing-house of ideas. It gets together, not the citizens, but what they think. This is why HEARST'S is called a magazine with a mission.

In the pages of HEARST'S you will meet all our best people, like Speaker Champ Clark, Secretary Baker, Envoy Charles Edward Russell, Author Rex Beach or Marie Corelli, President This or Chairman That; you meet, in short, the whole group of HEARST'S contributors, the best by popular demand as becomes the principles of true democracy. The editors of HEARST'S do not pretend to any special dispensation of Providence in wisdom or prophecy. We are the executive-board of the clearing-house of ideas, HEARST'S. The expression of idea in article, editorial, fiction, appeals to us, but we do not write and sign; the dominant minds in every department of national, nay international, thought do this. What, for instance, is the agreement of best opinion on prison reform? Rupert Hughes told you in his story, "The Oompah Oompah." Back of the fiction, suffusing it with deeper meaning, was the remedial influence of the right kind of a prison system that remakes men instead of wreaking vengeance. Or again, is City Bossism in politics to be ranked utterly bad without a mark to its sociological credit? May not the Boss be a remnant of the old tribal feeling that prompted some promethean spirit, seeing a little more clearly the divine plan behind the dark scheme of things, to take leadership of his helpless, polyglot people and lead them upward? It may be, and Dana Gatlin is going to show you how in the near future in her story in HEARST'S "The Irish King." And HEARST'S will print other stories like these, as well as the illuminating article. You've got to check up on what the world is thinking, feeling, and doing; the world-leaders write these checks and sign them in HEARST'S.

DEMOCRACY brings this HEARST'S policy right home to you. For you men— and soon every one of you women will have to vote on the big ideas or the men who stand for them, or meet them as a new condition in your environment.

Here's the idea: Last month two national figures like President Ripley of the Santa Fé and President Vanderlip of the National City Bank were quoted in our Financial Department as agreeing that Government operation of railroads was to be expected almost any day. This is Socialism. Now, wouldn't it be a fine magazine thing if a big man who knows should tell us readers of HEARST'S how the Government might go about this gigantic proposition? Or suppose we could send a man like Charles Edward Russell to France to come back to tell us of the fundamental and practical regeneration of that gallant mistress of the world's heart, just as he is telling us about Russia and her miracle. You see what you get: The brush with great minds, the touch with greater ideas! This is what HEARST'S tries to do for you and will continue to try to do for you in 1918.

THUS and not otherwise the autobiographical policy of HEARST'S. We mean this Champ Clark autobiography, for instance, so richly telling the tale of our last fifty or more years, and introducing you to every Tom, Dick and Harry behind the curious pageant, and introducing you, moreoever, in just that hearty man-to-man way. HEARST'S will go on with this "hall-of-fame stuff." There is many another figure in our public life HEARST'S will bring into your library to swap yarns with you.

We know one man who won't read fiction because it isn't, like these autobiographies, the actual fact. He forgets that every writer is a live fact; that he or she, like a Rex Beach in untrammeled Alaska the romantic; or like a Marie Corelli in England, with its war and its restless feminism on its way to a fairer, squarer life; forgets that he or she is a come-back from the conditions that surround them. This makes every piece of good fiction a comment upon some vital fact or idea in life, and HEARST'S prints only that kind. Striking examples of the right kind of fiction are two serials which will run through 1918 "The Winds of Chance," by Rex Beach, and "The Young Diana," by Marie Corelli. The ores of American life-forces are rich; these fiction writers are our prospectors; as we [illegible] out the budget for

Program for 1918

1918 we see the need for every ounce of bullion that these writers can unearth. You can't get anything out of life unless you pay for it; in other words, unless you think.

THE free-lancing fictionist is not our only prospector. Like the big mining syndicate, we have a staff of literary prospectors, who know what you want and go seek it: There is Montrose J. Moses who knows the stage as you know your own living-room, as his work for our theatrical biographies showed; he knows, too, those important folk who sit in the boxes, as his work on our various Federal undertakings will show. There is Gardner Teall in art; there are Col. John Temple Graves and James J. Montague, sometimes poets, sometimes cruisers in the wilderness of politics; there is B. C. Forbes in Wall Street and beyond. "Give me a place to stand, and with a lever I could move the world," said the Greek philosopher. America is about to hand the Red Cross a lever to move the world of débris left by the war, and make it the world's biggest reconstruction corporation. B. C. Forbes will be down in Washington to find out how about this.

WE have called your attention to these high-water marks of the HEARST'S policy because they come first to our minds as they would to yours; because, like a Billy Sunday conversion or an earthquake, they are dramatic in their vitalic thrust to a new living or their smashing of an outworn idea. This has been the peculiar quality of our Winston Churchill series of novels, so disturbing alike to the professions they attacked and their laity. It is the triumphant note in the Russian articles by Russell; the ring in Governor Whitman's recent words on prohibition in HEARST'S.

BUT there are other features in this magazine with a mission just as important and just as expected as your breakfast or the first boast of a new father, "It's a boy!" These features are our Departments. The world moves on regularly; but the movement is not guaranteed. Dr. Henry Smith Williams's medical articles telling of new developments in medicine have surprised even our alert family physicians, for among the three or four thousand letters of inquiry we received there were some from doctors asking further particulars. What better evidence than this of the pace we set? Dr. Williams will continue his remarkable articles throughout 1918. So if you never can tell when something new is going to happen you are continually forced to be on the outlook to mark every contribution to science, to finance, to drama and literature, to art our Departments.

WITH world-wide interests and limited time at your disposal the direct value of a regular department that carefully selects the best of the month, and of that best the most interesting part, is apparent. It was but the other day that a public reader, "somewhere in Indiana" wrote: "I find the reviews of your plays very helpful to me." The best play of the month, its best book, its best pictures, splendidly printed, are presented. America, with most of the active capital of the world in its hands, faces new problems in finance; B. C. Forbes and Boersianer, financial experts, will help you. Just as America, with a world of new problems dumped upon its shores, will find mental balance and orientation in the humor and satire of Stephen Leacock.

IN HEARST'S for 1918 all the fields you are interested in will be set down, and some others too. You take your choice. You are offered more than you wish because, out of the three or four million readers, somebody else will like what you don't. Common humanity, in spite of aberrations, can be counted on to appeal to every reader, and HEARST'S is full of common humanity's appeal.

Food for thought is in HEARST'S You are not asked to conserve it; you are asked to use all you can of it. Only so can you go into 1918 and meet its problems fairly and squarely. HEARST'S is going with you, all the way!

Some Hearst's Features for 1918

SERIAL NOVELS

Rex Beach, "The Winds of Chance."
Marie Corelli, "The Young Diana."
E. Phillips Oppenheim, "The Pawns Count."

SHORT STORIES BY

Edwin Balmer; Donn Byrne; Rupert Hughes; Melville Davisson Post; Sinclair Lewis; Richard Washburn Child; Dana Gatlin; Robert W. Chambers; Joseph C. Lincoln; Frederick Irving Anderson; W. W. Jacobs; Wallace Irwin; Gouverneur Morris; Roland Pertwee; Cosmo Hamilton; Virginia Terhune Van de Water; L. B. Yates; George Randolph Chester; Bruno Lessing; Frank R. Adams; Arthur Stringer; Larry Evans.

SPECIAL ARTICLES BY

Chas. Edward Russell; Champ Clark; Henry Smith Williams; Woods Hutchinson; Scott Nearing; Frank Crane; Boersianer; B. C. Forbes; Stephen Leacock.

Vol. XXXII

CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER

No. 6

VIVID AND VIRILE SERIAL NOVELS

REX BEACH — The Winds of Chance — HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY 440
MARIE CORELLI — The Young Diana — ANDRE CASTAIGNE 453
E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM — The Pawns Count — ARMAND BOTH 466

ILLUSTRATED SPECIALS FOR DISCUSSION

CHAMP CLARK — Autobiography — HISTORIC SCENES AND PORTRAITS 444
CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL — New Russia in the Making — OFFICIAL PICTURES 460
HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS — Why Die Before Your Time? II. The Great White Plague — SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS 476
SCOTT NEARING — Sermonette: The Avenues of Mastery — CHARLES A. WINTER 437

BEST SHORT STORIES OF THE MONTH

ROLAND PERTWEE — Parsons' Children — LEJAREN A. HILLER 449
DONN BYRNE — An Infringement of the Decalogue — M. LEONE BRACKER 473
W. W. JACOBS — The Substitute — EVERETT SHINN 463
RUPERT HUGHES — The Nineteen Guns — JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG 446
ARTHUR STRINGER — The Wall Safe — G. PATRICK NELSON 457

HUMOR, FINANCE, LITERATURE, EDITORIAL

STEPHEN LEACOCK — Merry Christmas — F. STROTHMANN 478
"BOERSIANER" — Government Ownership of Railroads Inevitable — W. FLETCHER WHITE 481
EDWIN MARKHAM — Two Great Novelists as Prophets of Religion — BOOK OF THE MONTH 480
EDITORIAL — "The Winds of Chance" — VINCENT ADERENTE 438

THEATER, ART, VERSE AND DUOTONE FEATURES

BOOTH TARKINGTON AND JULIAN STREET — "The Country Cousin" — REPERTOIRE AND STAGE PICTURES 470
JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES — Armageddon — W. T. BENDA 469
GARDNER TEALL — A Young Painter Among the Masters — ANTONIO BARONE 451
COVER IN COLORS — Under Allied Flags. III.—"Scotland Forever!" — PENRHYN STANLAWS

HEARST'S, 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y. George L. Willson, President, S. S. Carvalho, Treasurer; W. G. Langdon, Secretary. Copyrighted, 1917, by International Magazine Co. Published monthly by International Magazine Co. Trade Mark registered. Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second-class mail matter. Single copy, 25 Cents. Yearly subscription, $3.00. Foreign Postage, $1.00 Additional. Canadian Postage 50 cents.



Sunlight can be kind or cruel

Strong sunlight is the real proof of your skin's beauty. At night, under soft shaded lights, you may succeed in making your skin appear attractive, but how does it look by day?

CAN you face the strong sunlight with confidence?

Is your skin so fine in texture, so soft and clear that you do not hesitate to be seen with your face bathed in sunshine? Scientists say, strong sunlight is a thousand times stronger than ordinary electric light.

No matter what artifices you use—sunlight reveals the real condition of your skin. If you have blemishes, pimples, blackheads or enlarged nose pores, sunlight reveals them conspicuously. It shows up a rough, scaly skin, a shiny nose or a pallid, sallow complexion.

You can look well in daylight, too

There is no reason why your skin should not be clear and lovely, *always*. Do not dread to meet your friends in the daytime. Begin now to make your complexion as lovely from nine o'clock to six as it is from six to twelve.

The Woodbury treatments are based on this fundamental fact: every day a change takes place in your skin. The old skin dies, new forms. This new skin, when treated by the lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap, can be rendered delightfully clear, smooth and free from all blemishes.

The Woodbury treatments cleanse the tiny pores of the skin, bring the blood to the surface, and improve its circulation. They stimulate the small muscular fibers. As the new skin forms, you are surprised at its clearness, its smoothness, its glowing color!

Follow these directions carefully

If you want to know how beautiful your skin can be—not only at night—but in the daytime, too—just try the following treatment tonight.

Just before retiring, wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Work up a good soapy lather in your hands and rub thoroughly into the pores, using an upward and outward motion. Do this until the skin feels somewhat sensitive. Rinse well in warm water, then in cold. If possible, rub your skin for five minutes with *a piece of ice* and dry carefully.

In ten days, or a week even!

This Woodbury treatment, used nightly, should produce a marked improvement in a week or ten days. If kept up regularly, it will soften and beautify the very texture of your skin—and give you a complexion you will be proud of!

You can secure Woodbury's Facial Soap at your druggist's, or at any counter where toilet preparations are sold. It "lasts" remarkably well, one 25c cake being sufficient for a month or six weeks.

Send for this booklet and sample cake

We have given only one treatment here. The many Woodbury treatments for the various troubles of the skin are all given in the booklet, "A skin you love to touch." This booklet is wrapped about every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. For 4c we will send you this booklet and a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of any Woodbury treatment. Write today! Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., 412 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.**

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 412 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

For sale wherever toilet goods are sold.

How to make your skin lovely by daylight, too

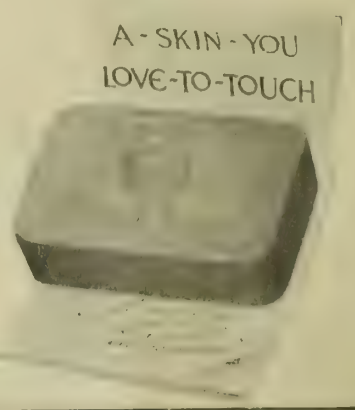


First, work up a good, creamy lather with the hands and rub into the skin with upward and outward movement

Rub the lather in well, always with the upward and outward movement

After rinsing in warm water and then cold, dry your face for a minute with a piece of ice

Even the first treatment brings a ruddy glow and leaves the skin smoother and clearer





"Job owning, built upon an automatic self-drive principle, enables the job owner to exact an immensely valuable return from the job holder that neither slavery nor serfdom ever made possible."

The Avenues of Mastery

By Scott Nearing

Decoration by Charles A. Winter

A YEARNING for liberty is one of the most potent of human impulses. Some men are dominated by its power. Others are able to ignore its urge in the rush of everyday life, but when the issue is squarely presented and clearly seen men love liberty as dearly as they love anything else in the world. Offer any man in modern Western society double, treble, or quadruple his wages if he will sell himself or his children into slavery. A few will accept, but the great majority will refuse immediately and unquestioningly.

Perfect liberty may never be attained. There may be no such thing for the human race as absolute justice. Liberty and justice, in their finality, exist in the human heart, but they are none the less real. There is no society, however primitive, which does not present a picture of the individual, demanding, and in general receiving, a square deal from his fellows.

The human yearning for liberty and justice, so powerful in the case of the individual, becomes a dynamic, positive force in human life.

Thus democracy was organized to insure liberty. The early Americans pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor to the guarantee of liberty and justice—to the overthrow of unjust mastery. And here, in the United States, democracy has maintained herself, but through the years there have developed new forms of authority, special privilege and vested power, until it becomes necessary to ask, "What is mastery?"

Historically, there have been a number of stages in the development of mastery. First there was the ownership of the body. A man owned another man, and he took a whip to him, if necessary, saying: "You work for me, you toil, and work and earn bread, and I will eat it." That was the first form of economic mastery. There the master owned, not the tools of production, but the human element in production.

Then, in another stage, the owner of the land, the feudal baron or the landlord, said to the tenant, who worked on his land: "You toil and work and stay on my land. You create bread, and I will eat it." That was the feudal stage under which the nobility and the clergy exercised a mastery over the rest of the community.

Now we have passed the ownership of the land; we have come to another stage, where the owners own the land, and the rights to the land, called franchise, and the tools with which men work, called capital, and, owning the land, and owning the franchises, and owning the capital, they have control, through their title-deeds, of the means by which their fellow-men earn a living—they own the job. That is capitalism. And the capitalists say to those driven by hunger and ambition: "You toil and work and earn bread, and we will eat." They own the job! They own the right to work. They have it in their power to say: "You may work; you may not work." Therefore, owning the jobs, controlling the means to a livelihood, they are in a position where they can exact as their share a part of the product of those who work at the jobs without themselves rendering any service, in any particular, to their fellow-men.

Job owning is the largest and probably the most complete system of mastery ever perfected. It is marvelous in its thoroughgoing effectiveness.

Job ownership owes its effectiveness to a subtle, psychological power that overwhelms the unconscious victim, making him a tool, at once easy to handle and easy to discard. The job holder has been taught that he must "get ahead" in the world; that if he practices the economic virtues—thrift, honesty, earnestness, persistence, efficiency—he will necessarily receive great economic reward; that he must support his family in the standard set by the community, and that to do all of these essential things he must take a job and hold on to it. Having taken the job he finds that, in order to hold it, he must be faithful to the job owner, even if that involves faithlessness to his own ideas and ideals. In other words, to keep his body comfortable and his family respectable, he must prostitute his mind and frequently barter away his soul.

The driving power in slavery was the lash. Under serfdom it was the fear of hunger. The modern system of job ownership owes its effectiveness to the fact that it has built upon the most potent driving force in all the world—the driving force of a man's ambition—the driving force that comes within the man himself. Thus job owning, built upon an automatic self-drive principle, enables the job owner to exact an immensely valuable return in faithful service that neither slavery nor serfdom ever made possible. Job owning is thus the most thorough-going form of mastery yet devised by the ingenuity of man.

A Magazine With a Mission



DRAWN BY V. ARGENTI

"A romantic glamour attaches to the North Country and it has a peculiar lure for those individuals who surrendered themselves to circumstances and were swept away by its rushing tide," says Mr. Beach, in connection with his new novel. The author of "The Spoilers" has given us a story that stiffens the backbone, that sounds for all the timid and despondent the Bugle-Call of Victorious Battle.

Mr. Beach Reminds Us that We are Being Born Again—That there is a New Fire in our Souls

"THE WINDS OF CHANCE," a stirring new novel by Rex Beach, the serial publication of which begins in this issue, is going to grip its readers as with hooks of steel, not merely on account of its thrilling interest, of which it is full, but because its brilliancy serves as a searchlight to show us some of the basic facts and laws of life.

"Hearst's" policy is to present the work of authors who get into their stories some good purpose, some high and worthy aim; in a word, something more than the story. The story must justify itself; and the justification can only be found in the fact that its influence helps men and women to win the victories that are really worth while.

Mr. Beach has more than realized this idea. He has given us a masterful picture of actual conditions during the early days of the Klondike; he has, with the hand of the true artist that he is, given us character-sketches that are as true as they are inimitable; and, to come to the main point, he has given us a book that stiffens the backbone, that puts fire into the heart and resolution into the soul, and that sounds for all the timid and despondent the Bugle-Call of Victorious Battle.

Now, it is the chief merit of this story by Mr. Beach that it is brimful of the Mental Ozone, this cheerful, confident feeling of triumph, the love of battle, the will to win. The thing that kills the dumps and the blues; that makes a fellow, as it were instinctively, turn his face toward the light; that puts courage into the soul; and to the miserable old question, "What's the use?" it answers "Everything's the use! Be ashamed of your despair, turn your back on the shadows and face the Sun that makes every shadow in the world."

The old Romans called it "Gaudium Certaminis." Farragut expressed it in his "Damn the torpedoes. Go ahead!"

Witness the resolution of Pierce Phillips, the limelight character in the great story.

Young, practically penniless, alone, friendless, away out on the "very edge of the world," beset by difficulties that seemed insuperable, Phillips said, more to himself than out loud:

"I'm up against it hard. Most fellows would quit and go home, but I sha'n't. I'm going to win out, somehow, but this is the real thing. This is life, adventure. It will be wonderful to look back and say, I did it."

It is just possible that Phillips got some of his soul-courage from "'Poleon," the wonderful—perhaps we ought to say the immortal—French Canadian, one of the most interesting characters in the book, and whose unsophistical optimism is worth a thousand sermons.

'Poleon, when asked by Phillips what his "business" was, replied: "My business? Just livin';" an answer that makes wonderfully strange the undoubted fact that in all the "civilized" [illegible] the great majority of people are so devilish busy making a [illegible] that they have no time left to live in!

[illegible] in' was 'Poleon's *business*—all the time, and so brave and

A Magazine With a Mission

cheerful was he that his whole life might very well be described in the motto above the old sun-dial: "I record only the sunny hours."

A natural man, unpoisoned by the "inventions" and discoveries of civilization, unweakened by the drugs and menus, the "morality" and "religion," of "advanced" Society, 'Poleon, like the ancient Greek, is a great big boy, so close to old Nature, his Mother, that her heart-beats are trembling through him all the time.

Speaking of the ancient Greeks brings to mind this story of Hercules and Antæus, a story the moral of which we would do well to think about much oftener than we do.

It will be remembered how the demigod, thinking to destroy Antæus, got him in his powerful grasp, and, holding him well up from the earth, was just about to shake the life out of him. But Antæus turned the tables on the demigod. And how? He wriggled and twisted until he managed to *touch the earth with his toes, and the earth-touch gave him the strength* to endure until he had tired out Hercules and was saved.

The Earth! The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's, the dear, blessed old Mother of us all, we do not love her half as much as we ought to. Oftener than otherwise we do not love her at all. On the other hand, we hate her, and get as far away from her as we can.

Our so-called civilization produces, as a rule, Mush instead of Manhood. It robs the soul of its courage and the will of its push. It turns the back-bone into jelly. It makes the muscles soft and flabby. It thins the blood, taking out of it the red corpuscles, leaving it, not the blood of a victorious man, but of a docile, unresisting sheep.

It was not "Barbarism," from the North or from any other point of the compass, that wiped out the ancient states from Egypt to Rome. It was the *inherent weakness of body and soul*, induced by the artificiality born of their aloofness from Nature, that did the business.

Antæus could not touch the earth, or at least did not touch it, and his strength grew less and less, his resisting-power kept on dwindling, and presently, the demigod, Artificiality, strangled him to death.

And as it was with the old Nations so is it beginning to be with the New. We are severing ourselves from Nature, and we are paying the penalty. We have ceased to live with the Old Mother, and, bereft of Her healing, strengthening touch, we are dying of inanition.

Sometimes we are half inclined to believe in "Special Providence." Take, for instance, the Great World-War, in the throes of which the Nations of the Earth are being shaken like so much wreckage in a tempest!

Was it not greatly needed? If it had not come would not something very much worse than the war have overtaken us?

Were we and by "we" is meant all the civilized peoples of the earth not drifting too far away from the old primeval sources of physical and moral healthfulness? Were we not, in a word, getting ready to perish of anemia and dry-rot?

But the mighty struggle to which we have been summoned is putting the grit between our teeth and the wrinkles on our foreheads, red blood into our veins, and the old-time Viking fire into our very souls day by day.

As was the case with Phillips, and 'Poleon, and the rest of them during those terrible days in Alaska, we find ourselves face to face with the "raw" facts of Nature, and unless we want to perish we must conquer the terrible enemy or he will conquer us. We are already being re-born. A new life is tingling along our veins. Our blood is thickening and our cheeks are taking on the tinge of health.

We hear no more of "Degenerate France." Now it is "Glorious France!" No longer do we talk of the "dwindling manhood" of the shopkeepers and farmers of England.

And what did it all? What was it that worked the great transformation?

It was the Breath of the Morning-Time coming down from the Hills of God. It was the re-birth within us of the time when we were close to Nature, and full of her sincerity, her truth, her fearlessness, and her power.

In the Stone Ages there were no "dudes." Every Man was a Man, and every day of every Man's life was a battle, in which he fought, not for trifles, oh no! but for the eternal realities, among which was life itself.

It is no disparagement, no confession of retrogression, to say that it is the *Spirit of the Stone Age* that is now possessing us, arousing us, inspiring us,—the Spirit of the Old Eternal Nature of things, which never trifles, never dilly-dallies, which calls for realities and for real men to meet them.

We have given, in brief, the things that "The Winds of Chance" made us think about as we turned its pages and took in its characters and their fortunes.

It is a great, a wonderful, story. Its voice rings clear and true.

It is intensely, we may almost say wildly, interesting simply as a story. It is doubly interesting in its great and noble purpose.



MR. BEACH TELLS WHY HE WROTE "THE WINDS OF CHANCE."

TO THE EDITOR OF HEARST'S MAGAZINE:

You ask me how I came to write "The Winds of Chance," what sort of story it is, and why I revived 'Poleon Doret.

In a way I wrote it "by request." It is an Alaskan story and I didn't revive 'Poleon Doret. He revived himself—he wouldn't stay put.

When I first took up writing I was a young man just back from the North, and naturally I wrote about the life that had most vividly impressed me. I wrote a good many short stories and several novels, and in that way the damage was done. Later I went far afield and wrote better stories of other countries and other people, but it seems that I had stamped myself with a certain trademark and I remained, in the eyes of my readers, an Alaskan author. I resented that fact, for an author needs elbow-room, and I simply refused to be cooped up in any particular country, even one as large as Alaska. I also resented having my first work held up as a standard or as an example. Nevertheless, that is what happened to me; no sooner did I finish a novel in which there were no snowshoes, no long and snarly beards, no frozen mercury and chilblains, than my publishers said:

"Very nice. Now hurry and write another 'Spoilers,' or another 'Barrier' or another 'Silver Horde.' Dig up some of those characters and let's hear what happened to them."

They told me that they spoke for the "trade," which in turn spoke for that low-browed public which read my stuff, and that, together, those two voices sang a duet which no author could possibly fail to heed.

Now it is easy enough to write about the North Country, for I know it pretty well! A romantic glamour attaches to it and it has a lure peculiar to itself; but I have always found it necessary to write about something, not merely to write around something: it requires more than vivid color, more than incident, more than aimless adventure, to awaken sufficient interest in me to make story-writing possible. Nor was I in the business of body-snatching; having personally seen to the disposal of the literary remains of my characters I felt no desire to go grave-robbing. If their uneasy ghosts were awake they failed to trouble me. Likewise, I had covered the larger, the more dramatic, phases of the development of the far Northwest, and I balked at putting on Arctic socks and ear-muffs because I had them in my trunk and because they fitted me.

Accordingly I wrote rude letters and made curt answer to magazine editors and book publishers. 'Poleon Doret, for instance, was resting easily and minding his own business, an occupation which I recommended highly. I could see no reason to annoy him. As for Alaska, I had nothing in particular to write.

But all the time I was thinking about a moving drama that was enacted during the early days of the Klondike—one upon which I had never touched—and finally I saw a story in it. I saw that it offered the chance for something more than a tale of adventure, and that the background was a cross-section of real life as it existed once but will never exist again. Then I recognized the figure of that French Canadian in the cast, and I went to work. You see now why I say the story was written "by request."

We shall never again witness anything like the first mad stampede into that land of mystery and promise, and although the incidents connected therewith were extraordinary it is not primarily with them that I have dealt in "The Winds of Chance," but rather with their significance and their effect upon the individuals who surrendered themselves to circumstance and were swept away by that rushing tide.

I dare say you would call it a story of human character, a story of a man's development; anyhow, in writing it I aimed at something. If the labor of reading it is as pleasant as was the labor of telling it, if it does indeed do more than merely entertain, I shall be satisfied. Sincerely yours,

Rex Beach

Rex Beach's New Serial Begins on the Next Page.

Beginning a New Novel by the Author

The Winds

By Rex

Illustrated by



The Countess Courteau had a quick and capable way, therefore supper was not long delayed. The diners held their plates in their laps and either harpooned their food from the frying-pan or ladled it from tin cans—in all of which arts the lady was equally deft.

Life is Adventure, whether high or low, you decide. Something is sure to happen before your claim is staked in the Land of Great Desire. When it happens, laugh and go on to meet the big Adventure. It's good business, says your old Rex Beach friend, 'Poleon Doret, to live a little.

With an ostentatious flourish Mr. "Lucky" Broad placed a crisp ten-dollar bill in an eager palm outstretched across his fold[illegible]

[illegible] and the dealer's moans is [illegible] With practiced [illegible] Breathlessly [illegible] of them he deftly concealed a pellet about the size of a five-grain allopathic pill. It was the erratic behavior of this tiny ball, its mysterious comings and goings, that had summoned Mr. Broad's audience and now held its observant interest. This audience, composed of roughly dressed men, listened attentively to the seductive monologue which accompanied the dealer's deft manipulations, and was greatly entertained thereby. "Three tiny tepees in a row and a little black medicine-man inside." The speaker's voice was high-pitched and it carried like a "thirty-thirty."

"You see him walk in, you open the door and—you double your money. Awfully simple! Simpully awful! What? As I live! The gentleman wins ten more—ten silver-tongued song-birds, ten messengers of mirth—the price of a hard day's toil. Take it, sir, and may it make a better and a stronger man of you. Times are good and I spend my money free. I made it packin' grub to Linderman, four bits a pound, but—easy come, easy go. Now then, who's next? You've seen me work. I couldn't baffle a sore-eyed Siwash with snow-glasses."

Lucky Broad's three-legged table stood among some stumps beside the muddy roadway which did service as the main street of Dyea and along which flowed an irregular stream of pedestrians; incidental to his practiced manipulation of the polished walnut-shells he maintained an unceasing chatter of the sort above set down. Now his voice was loud and challenging, now it was apologetic, always it stimulated curiosity. One moment he was jubilant and gay, again he was contrite and querulous. Occasionally he burst forth into plaintive self-denunciations.

Fixing an hypnotic gaze upon a bland, blue-eyed bystander who had just joined the charmed circle, he murmured invitingly: "Better try your luck, Olaf. It's Danish dice—three chances to win and one to lose."

The object of his address shook his head. "Aye ant Danish, Aye ban Norvegen," said he.

"Danish dice or Norwegian poker, they're both the same. I'll deal you a free hand and it won't cost you a cent. Fix your baby blues on the little ball and watch me close. Don't let me deceive you. Now then, which hut hides the grain?"

Noting a half-dozen pairs of eyes upon him the Norseman became conscious that he was a center of interest. He grinned half-heartedly and, after a brief hesitation, thrust forth a clumsy paw, lifted a shell and exposed the object of general curiosity.

"You guessed it!" There was commendation, there was pleased surprise, in Mr. Broad's tone. "You can't fool a foreigner, can you, boys? My, my! Ain't it lucky for me that we played for fun? But you got to give me another chance, Lars; I'll fool you yet. In walks the little pill once more, I make the magic pass, and you follow me attentively, knowing in your heart of hearts that I'm a slick 'un. Now then, shoot, Kid, you can't miss me!"

The onlookers stirred with interest; with eager fingers the artless Norwegian fumbled in his pocket. At the last moment, however, he thought better of his impulse, grunted once, then turned his back to the table and walked away.

"Missed him!" murmured the dealer with no display of feeling, then to the group around him he announced shamelessly: "You got to head those birds; they fly fast."

One of Mr. Broad's boosters, he who had twice won for the Norseman's benefit, carelessly returned his winnings. "Sure!" he agreed. "They got a head like a turtle, them Swedes."

Mr. Broad carefully smoothed out the two bills and reverently laid them to rest in his bank-roll. "Yes, and they've got bony mouths. You got to set your hook or it won't hold."

"Slow pickin's," yawned an honest miner with a pack upon his back. Attracted by the group at the table he had dropped out of the procession in the street, and had paused long enough to win a

of "The Spoilers," etc

of Chance Beach

Howard Chandler Christy

bet or two. Now he straightened himself and stretched his arms. "These Michael Strogoffs is hep to the old stuff, Lucky. I'm thinking of joining the big rush. They say this Klondike is some rich."

Inasmuch as there were no strangers in sight at the moment, the proprietor of the deadfall gave up barking; he daintily folded and tore in half a cigaret paper out of which he fashioned a thin smoke for himself. It was that well-earned moment of repose, that welcome recess from the day's toil. Mr. Broad inhaled deeply, then he turned his eyes upon the former speaker.

"You've been thinking again, have you?" he frowned darkly. With a note of warning in his voice he declared: "You ain't strong enough for such heavy work, Kid. That's why I've got you packing hay."

The object of this sarcasm hitched his shoulders and the movement showed that his burden was indeed no more than a cunning counterfeit, a bundle of hay rolled inside a tarpaulin.

"Oh, I got a head and I've been doing some heavy thinking with it," the Kid retorted. "This here Dawson is going to be a good town. I'm getting readied up to join the parade."

"Are you now?" the shell-man mocked. "I s'pose you got it all framed with the Canucks to let you through? I s'pose the Chief of Police knows you and likes you, eh? You and him is cousins, or something?"

"Coppers is all alike; there's always a way to square 'em——"

"Lay off that 'squaring' stuff," cautioned a renegade crook, disguised by a suit of mackinaws and a week's growth of beard into the likeness of a stampeder. "A thousand bucks and a ton of grub, that's what the sign says, and that's what it means. They wouldn't let you over the Line with nine hundred and ninety-nine fifty."

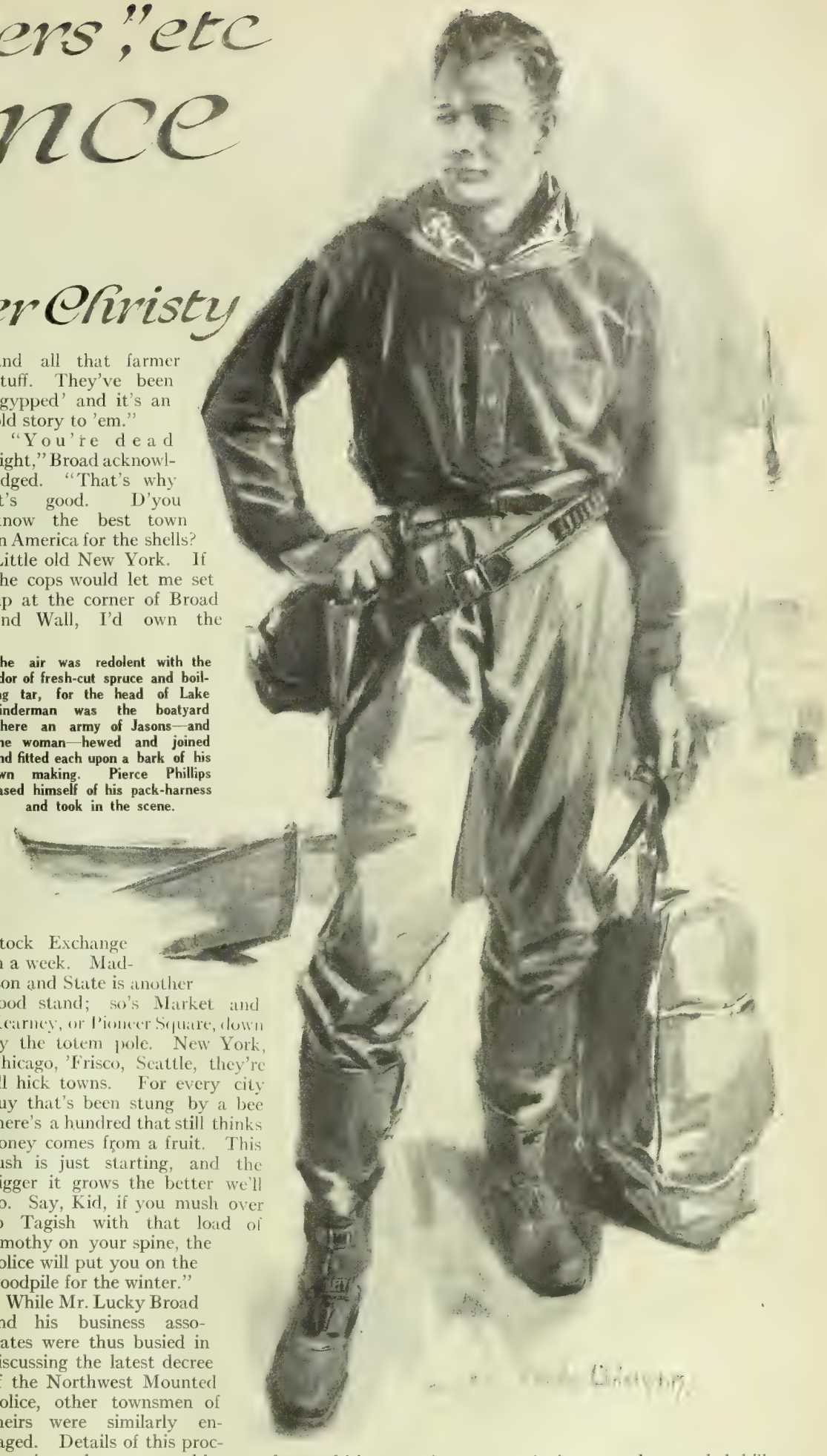
"Right!" agreed a third capper. "It's a closed season on broken stiffs. You can't monkey with the Mounted Police. When they put over an edict, it lays there till it freezes. They'll make you show your 'openers' at the Boundary. Gee! If I had 'em I wouldn't bother to go 'inside.' What's a guy want with more than a thousand dollars and a ton of grub, anyhow?"

"All the same, I'm about set to hit the trail," stubbornly maintained the man with the alfalfa pack. "I ain't broke. When you boys get to Dawson, just ask for Kid Bridges' saloon and I'll open wine. These wooleys can have their mines; me for a hootch-mill on Main Street."

Lucky addressed his bevy of boosters. "Have I nursed a serpent in my breast, or has the Kid met a banker's son? Gimme room, boys. I'm going to shuffle the shells for him and let him double his money. Keep your eye on the magic pea, Mr. Bridges. Three tiny tepees in a row——" There was a general laugh as Broad began to shift the walnut-shells, but Kid Bridges retorted contemptuously:

"That's the trouble with all you wiseacres. You get a dollar ahead and you fall for another man's game. I never knew a faro dealer that wouldn't shoot craps. No, I haven't met no banker's son and I ain't likely to in this place. These pilgrims have sewed their money in their underclothes, and they sleep with their eyes open. Seems like they'd go blind, but they don't. These ain't rubes, Lucky, they're city folks. They've seen three-ringed circuses and three-shell games and all that farmer stuff. They've been 'gypped' and it's an old story to 'em."

"You're dead right," Broad acknowledged. "That's why it's good. D'you know the best town in America for the shells? Little old New York. If the cops would let me set up at the corner of Broad and Wall, I'd own the Stock Exchange in a week. Madison and State is another good stand; so's Market and Kearney, or Pioneer Square, down by the totem pole. New York, Chicago, 'Frisco, Seattle, they're all hick towns. For every city guy that's been stung by a bee there's a hundred that still thinks honey comes from a fruit. This rush is just starting, and the bigger it grows the better we'll do. Say, Kid, if you mush over to Tagish with that load of timothy on your spine, the police will put you on the woodpile for the winter."



The air was redolent with the odor of fresh-cut spruce and boiling tar, for the head of Lake Linderman was the boatyard where an army of Jasons—and one woman—hewed and joined and fitted each upon a bark of his own making. Pierce Phillips eased himself of his pack-harness and took in the scene.

While Mr. Lucky Broad and his business associates were thus busied in discussing the latest decree of the Northwest Mounted Police, other townsmen of theirs were similarly engaged. Details of this proclamation—the most arbitrary of any hitherto—had just arrived from the International Boundary, and had caused a halt, an eddy, in the stream of gold-seekers which flowed inland toward the Chilkoot Pass. A human tide was setting northward from the States, a tide which swelled and quickened daily as the news of George Carmack's discovery spread across the world, but at Healy & Wilson's log store, where the notice above referred to had been posted, the stream slowed. A crowd of newcomers from the barges and steamers in the roadstead had assembled there, and now gave voice to hoarse indignation and bitter resentment. Late arrivals from Skagway, further down the coast, brought word of similar scenes at that point and a similar feeling of dismay: they reported a similar increase in the general excitement, too. There, as here, a tent city was springing up, the wooded hills were awakening to echoes of unaccustomed life, a thrill and a stir was running through the wilderness, and the odor of spruce fires was growing heavier with every ship that came.

Pierce Phillips emerged from the trading-post and, drawn by the force of gravitation, joined the largest and the most excited group of Argonauts. He was still somewhat dazed by his perusal of that Police edict, the blow to his hopes was still too stunning, his disappointment was still too keen to permit of clear thought.

"A ton of provisions and a thousand dollars!" he repeated blankly. Why, that was absurd, out of all possible reason; it would bar the way to fully half this rushing army, it would turn men back at the very threshold of the golden North. Nevertheless, there stood the notice in black and

white, a clear and unequivocal warning from the Canadian authorities, evidently designed to forestall famine on the foodless Yukon. From the loud arguments round about him Phillips gathered that opinion on the justice of the measure was about evenly divided; those fortunate men who had come well provided commended it heartily, those less-fortunate fellows who were sailing close-hauled were equally noisy in their denunciation of it. The latter could see in this precautionary ruling nothing except the exercise of a tyrannical power aimed at their ruin, and in consequence they voiced threats and promises of violence the which Phillips put down as mere resentful mouthings of no actual significance. As for himself, he had never possessed anything like a thousand dollars at one time, therefore the problem of acquiring such a prodigious sum in the immediate future presented appalling difficulties. He had come north to get rich, only to find that it was necessary to be rich in order to get north! A fine situation, truly! A ton of provisions would cost at least five hundred dollars and the expense of transporting it across summer swamps and tundras, then up and over that mysterious and forbidding Chilkoot of which he had heard so much, would bring the total capital required up to impossible proportions. The prospect was indeed dismaying. Phillips had been ashore less than an hour but already he had gained some faint idea of the country that lay ahead of him; already he had noted the almost absolute lack of transportation; already he had learned the price of packers, and as a result he found himself at an *impasse*.

One thousand dollars and two thousand pounds! It was enough to dash high hopes. And yet, strangely enough, Phillips was not discouraged. He was rather surprised at his own rebound after the first shock; his reasonless optimism vaguely amazed him, until in contemplating the matter he discovered that his thoughts were running somewhat after this fashion:

"They told me I couldn't make it; they said something was sure to happen. Well, it has. I'm up against it—hard. Most fellows would quit and go home, but I sha'n't. I'm going to win out, somehow, for this is the real thing. This is Life, Adventure. It will be wonderful to look back and say 'I did it. Nothing stopped me. I landed at Dyea with one hundred and thirty-five dollars, but look at me now!'"

Thoughts such as these were in his mind, and their resolute nature must have been reflected in his face, for a voice aroused him from his meditations.

"It don't seem to faze you much, partner. I s'pose you came heeled?" Phillips looked up and into a sullen, angry face.

"It nearly kills me," he smiled. "I'm the worst-heeled man in the crowd."

"Well, it's a darned outrage. A ton of grub! Why, have you seen the trail? Take a look; it's a man-killer, and the rate is forty cents a pound to Linderman. It'll go to fifty now—maybe a dollar, and there aren't enough packers to handle half the stuff."

"Things are worse at Skagway," another man volunteered. "I came up yesterday and they're losing a hundred head of horses a day—bogging 'em down and breaking their legs. You can walk on dead animals from the Porcupine to the summit."

A third stranger, evidently one of the well-provided few, laughed carelessly.

"If you boys can't stand the strain, you'd better stay where you are," said he. "Grub's sky-high in Dawson, and mighty short. I knew what I was getting into so I came prepared. Better go home and try it next summer."

The first speaker, one of the sullen group, turned his back, muttering resentfully:

"Another slick guy. They make me sick. I'd like nothing better than to go through anything."

"Don't try that," cautioned the man from Skagway. "If you got past the police they'd follow you to hell but what they'd bring you back. They don't mean guns."

Still meditating his plans, Pierce Phillips walked slowly down the street. It was not a street at all, except by courtesy, for it was no more than an open waterfront faced by a few log buildings and a meandering line of new white tents. Tents were going up everywhere and all of them bore painful evidence of their newness. So did the clothes of their owners for that matter—men's garments still bore their price-tags. The beach was crowded with piles of merchandise over which there was much wrangling, barges plying regularly back and forth from the anchored ships added hourly to the confusion. As outfits were dumped upon the sand their owners assembled them and bore them away to their temporary camp sites. In this occupation every man faced his own responsibilities single-handed, for there were neither drays nor carts nor vehicles of any sort.

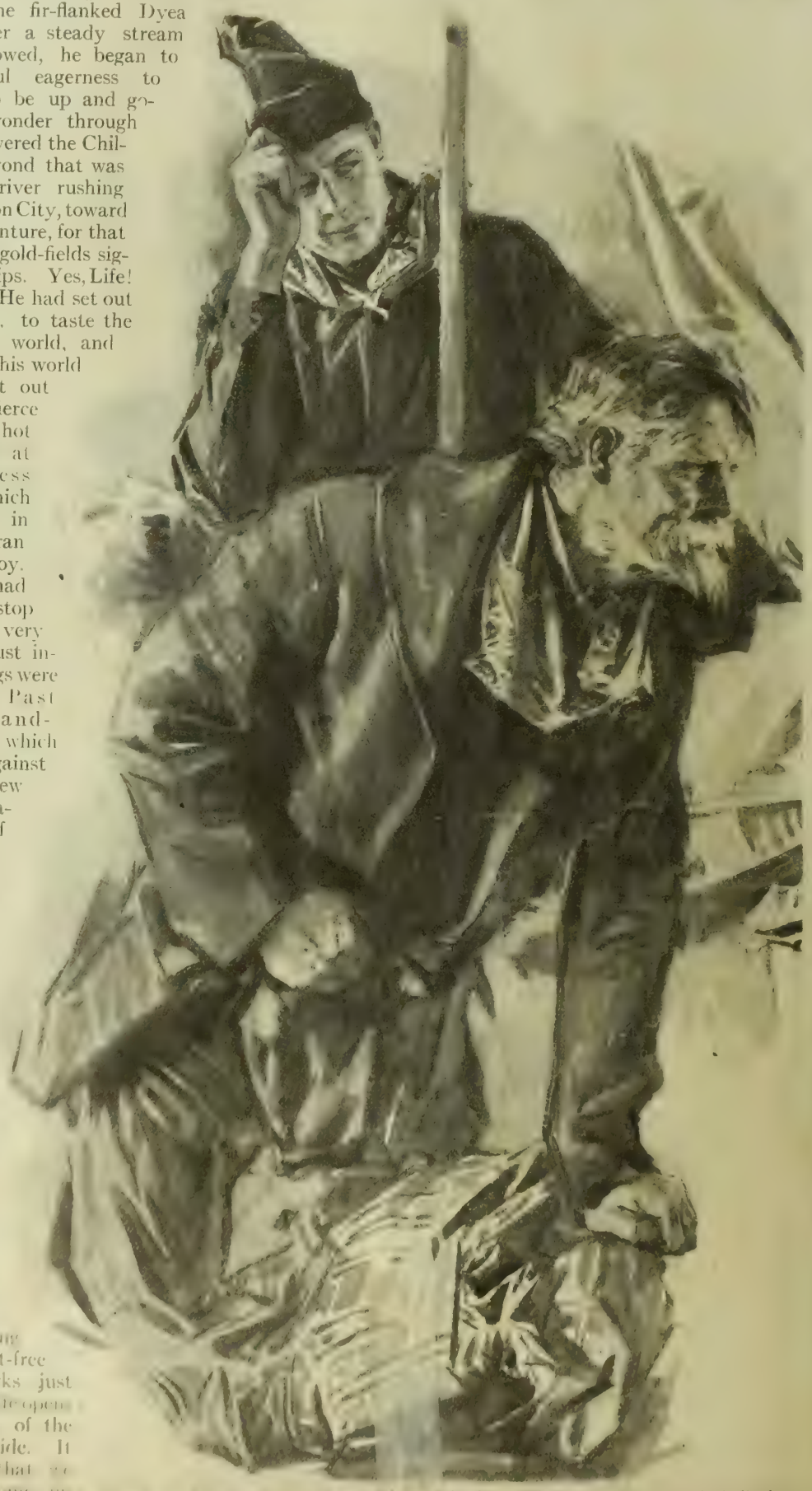
As Phillips looked on at the disorder along the water's edge, as he stared up the fir-flanked Dyea valley whither a steady stream of traffic flowed, he began to feel a fretful eagerness to join in it, to be up and going. 'Way yonder through those hills towered the Chilkoot, and beyond that was the mighty river rushing toward Dawson City, toward Life and Adventure, for that was what the gold-fields signified to Phillips. Yes, Life! Adventure! He had set out to seek them, to taste the flavor of the world, and there it lay—his world at least—just out of reach. A fierce impatience, a hot resentment at that senseless restriction which chained him in his tracks, ran through the boy. What right had anyone to stop him here at the very door, when just inside great things were happening? Past that white-and-purple barrier which he could see against the sky a new land lay, a radiant land of promise, of mystery and of fascination; Pierce vowed that he would not, could not, wait. Fortunes would reward the first arrivals; how then could he permit these other men to precede him? The world was a good place—it could not let a person starve.

To the young and the foot-free Adventure lurks just over the hill; Life opens from the crest of the very next divide. It matters not that we never quite come up with either that we never quite attain the summit whence our promises are realized, the ever-present expectation, the eager straining forward, is the breath of youth. It was that breath which Phillips now felt in his nostrils. It was pungent, salty.

He noted a group of people gathered about some center of attraction whence issued a high-pitched intonation:

"Oh, look at the cute little pea! Klondike croquet, the packer's pastime. Who'll risk a dollar to win a dollar? It's a healthy sport. It's good for young and old—a cheechil can understand it. Three Eskimo igloos and an educated pill!"

"A shell-game!" Pierce Phillips halted in his tracks and stared incredulously, then he smiled. "A shell-game, running wide open on the main street of the town!" This *was* the frontier, the



"I apologize, Miss," said the old man, [illegible] his hat. "We thought you were a thief. I've been suffering lately from the pangs of bereav[illegible]er some dear departed grub. You're—all alone?"

very edge of things. With an odd sense of unreality he felt the world turn back ten years. He had seen shell-games at circuses and fair-grounds when he was much younger, but he supposed they had long since been abandoned in favor of more-ingenious and less-discreditable methods of robbery. Evidently, however, there were some gulls left, for this device appeared to be well-patronized. Still doubting the evidence of his ears, he joined the group.

"The gentleman wins and the gambler loses!" droned the dealer as he paid a bet. "Now then, we're off for another journey. Who'll ride with me this time?"

Phillips was amazed that anyone could be so simple-minded as to squander his money upon such a notoriously unprofitable form of entertainment. Nevertheless, men were playing, and they did not seem to suspect that the persons whom the dealer occasionally paid were his confederates.

The operator maintained an incessant monologue. At the moment of Pierce's arrival he was directing it at an ox-eyed individual, evidently selected to be the next victim. The fellow was stupid, nevertheless he exercised some caution at first. He won a few dollars, then he lost a few, but alas, the gambling fever mounted in him and greed finally overcame his hesitation. With an eager gesture he chose a shell and Phillips felt a glow of satisfaction at the realization that the man had once more guessed aright. Drawing forth a wallet, the fellow laid it on the table.

"I'll bet the lump," he cried.

The dealer hesitated. "How much you got in that alligator valise?"

"Two hundred dollars."

"Two hundred berries on one bush!" The proprietor of the game was incredulous. "Boys, he aims to leave me cleaner than a snow-bird." Seizing the walnut-shell between his thumb and forefinger, he turned it over, but instead of exposing the elusive pellet he managed, by an almost imperceptible forward movement, to roll it out from under its hiding-place and to conceal it between his third and fourth fingers. The stranger was surprised, dumfounded, at sight of the empty shell. He looked on open-mouthed while his wallet was looted of its contents.

"Every now and then I win a little one," the gambler announced as he politely returned the bill-case to its owner. He lifted another shell, and by some sleight-of-hand managed to replace the pellet upon the table, then gravely flipped a five-dollar gold piece to one of his boosters.

Phillips's eyes were quick; from where he stood he had detected the maneuver and it left him hot with indignation. He felt impelled to tell the victim how he had been robbed, but thought better of the impulse and assured himself that this was none of his affair. For perhaps ten minutes he looked on while the sheep-shearing proceeded.

After a time there came a lull, and the dealer raised his voice to entice new patrons. Meanwhile, he paused to roll a cigaret the size of a wheat straw. While thus engaged there sounded the hoarse blast of a steamer's whistle in the offing and he turned his head. Profiting by this instant of inattention a hand reached across the table and lifted one of the walnut-shells. There was nothing under it.

"Five bucks on this one!" A soiled bill was placed beside one of the two remaining shells, the empty one.

Thus far Phillips had followed the pea unerringly, therefore he was amazed at the new bettor's mistake.

The dealer turned back to his layout and winked at the bystanders, saying: "Brother, I'll bet you ten more that you've made a bad bet." His offer was accepted. Simultaneously Phillips was seized with an intense desire to beat this sharper at his own game; impulsively he laid a protecting palm over the shell beneath which he knew the little sphere to lie.

"I'll pick this one," he heard himself say.

"Better let me deal you a new hand," the gambler suggested.

"Nothing of the sort," a man at Phillips's shoulder broke in. "Hang onto that shell, Kid. You're right, and I'm going down for the size of his bankroll." The speaker was evidently a miner, for he carried a bulky pack upon his shoulders. He placed a heavy palm over the back of Phillips's hand, then extracted from the depths of his overalls a fat roll of paper money.

The size of this wager, together with the determination of its owner, appeared briefly to nonplus the dealer. He voiced a protest but the miner forcibly overbore it:

"Say, I eat up this shell stuff!" he declared. "It's my meat, and I've trimmed every tinhorn that ever came to my town. There's three hundred dollars; you cover it, and you cover this boy's bet too." The fellow winked reassuringly at Phillips. "You heard him say the sky was his limit, didn't you? Well, let's see how high the sky is in these parts!"

There was a movement on the part of someone in the crowd, whereupon the speaker cried warningly: "Boosters stand back! Don't try to give us the elbow, or I'll close up this game!" To Pierce he murmured confidentially: "We've got him right; don't let anybody edge you out." He put more weight upon Phillips's hand and forced the young man closer to the table.

Pierce had no intention of surrendering his place, and now the satisfaction of triumphing over these crooks excited him. He continued to cover the walnut-shell, while with his free hand he drew his own money from his pocket. He saw that the owner of the game was suffering extreme discomfort at this checkmate, and he enjoyed the situation.

"I watched you trim that farmer a few minutes ago," Phillips's companion

(Continued on page 497)



"Yes, I'm alone," replied the flaxen-haired woman, Norse apparently, as she eyed old man Linton and Phillips less disdainfully. "Can you stow me away here for the night? You may name your own price. I'm not fleeing the law; I'm not a cache robber."

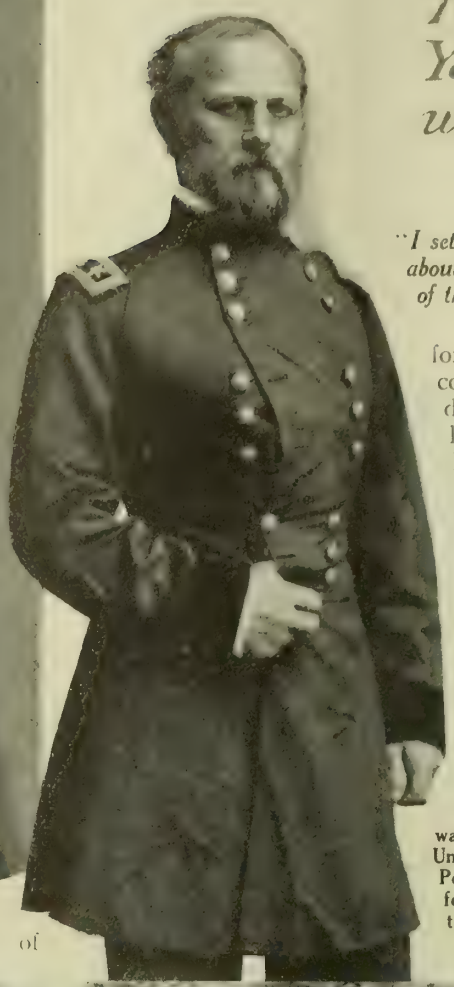
Champ Clark's

The Story of Fifty-odd Years of Unremitting Toil—with some Side-lights on Congress

"I set the truth down here because there have been certain slanders about me. There are assassins of character as well as assassins of the body, and the former are more degraded than the latter."



Champ Clark at the age of twenty-three when elected President of Marshall College—the youngest college president in America.



"Gen. Don Carlos Buell was in command of the Union army when the Perryville battle was fought within hearing of the farm on which I was working."

I WAS within hearing of the battle of Perryville—one of the bloodiest of the war. General Buell was the Union commander and General Bragg the Confederate.

The night before the battle, Rousseau's division of McCook's Corps of Buell's army camped on Call's farm where I was working—eight miles from Perryville. Mrs. Call and her colored woman cooked all night for the soldiers and I carried water for them. Next morning at break of day I heard the cannon's opening roar—first one gun, then more and more, and finally the rattle of small-arms. About an hour after sunrise a staff officer, his horse foam-covered and panting like a lizard, dashed up to General Rousseau's headquarters with orders from General McCook directing him to double-quick his men toward Perryville till he struck the Confederates.

As at the famous ball, given by the Duchess of Richmond to Wellington and his officers on the eve of Waterloo:

"Hark! hear you not the mingled sounds that come
And now you mutter in the muffled drum
The mustering squadron and the clattering car
Arm! gallant [illegible] and [illegible]
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war"

Rousseau's soldiers [illegible] suddenly that they threw away much of their impedimenta. After they quit their camps I picked up several brand new blouses and pairs of trousers which had never been worn and one new pair of sewed shoes, the first footgear of that sort I ever wore. I was only twelve years old, but large for my age and managed to wear the clothes. Good Mrs. Call insisted on dyeing them with the juice of the black walnut and cutting off the brass buttons before she would let me wear them, fearing that otherwise somebody would shoot me.

The soldiers did no harm to Call's property except that they burned some of his rails and ate a small [illegible] on the place, including walnuts and hickory nuts.

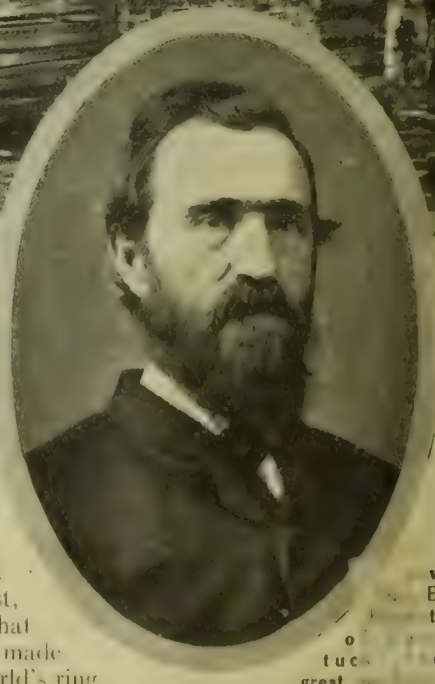
He had a pair of the largest, tallest and most rapid-traveling steers Buck and Darby—ever put under yoke. I plowed with them many a day and kept up with a good horse-team. The day after the battle, he told me to take the oxen and wagon and haul some rails down on the gravel road where the soldiers had burned his fence—which I proceeded to do. Just as I began to throw off the load of rails, on top of which I was standing beside the gravel road, a brass band came along. Buck and Darby looked at the musicians in amazement, bawled, stuck their tongues out, ran like mad through a thick beech-forest, scattered me and the rails along miscellaneously, and smashed that wagon into kindling wood [illegible] probably no such time was ever made before or since by any two [illegible]. If there had been a world's ring for race-steers I would have entered Buck and Darby, confident of winning the blue-ribbon. Luckily, after describing a parabola through space, I landed in a mud-hole from which a straggling soldier pulled me out unhurt but very much in need of a bath. I was delighted to escape from that hazardous wagon-ride alive and with a whole hide. It is not so famous a ride as Mazeppa's, John Gilpin's or Paul Revere's, but to me it was fully as dangerous and thrilling.

One amazing fact about the battle of Perryville was that, while at a distance of six or seven miles I could hear it from beginning to end, General Buell and his staff, who were not half so far away, did not hear it until it had been raging five or six hours. Perhaps the topography of the country and the direction of the wind were the reasons for this phenomenon.

The reign of terror which prevailed in Kentucky in 1865 6 7 and -8 was precipitated by a murder which occurred on the Perryville battlefield just at the close of the war. Part of that bloody field was a small, hilly



A typical log cabin in Anderson Co., Ky. In such a dwelling as this old Mrs. Bottom was robbed and murdered by the Taylor boys in 1865, when Lynch law was first beginning its orgies.



v. E. tt- o e tuc great

Autobiography

By Champ Clark

Speaker of the House of Representatives



John Cabell Breckinridge, once Secretary of War to the Confederacy, was he whom my father had told me about as the handsome man with the two-story-and-a-half head.



Champ Clark, Speaker of the House of Representatives — a present-day portrait.

farm owned by old Widow Bottom. On her farm was a big limestone spring which ran a stream several inches in diameter. The battle was fought about the middle of October at the end of a drouth of considerable length. The two armies fought like tigers for possession of that spring, and around it dead men, some in blue and some in gray, were piled up in great windrows.

In 1865 two men robbed old Mrs. Bottom. She claimed to recognize them as two of her neighbors named Taylor. There were so many Taylors in that community that some of them were nicknamed, and one of the accused was generally called "Splitfoot" Taylor by reason of a bad accidental ax-wound which he had inflicted on himself. They were both indicted for robbery. A few days before the term of court at which they were to be tried began, the two Taylors concluded that, as she was the sole witness against them, the surest way out for them was to murder her—which they proceeded to do. She lived alone in a log cabin with a loose board loft, so common in that day among the poorer folks. It seemed easy, but

"The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley."

So it was in this case. It happened that, on the night of the murder, her little granddaughter, some eight or nine years old, was visiting her and was sleeping in the loft. She was awakened by the noise and looking down through the cracks, betwixt the boards, saw them murder her grandmother and recognized them. So soon as they left she ran home and related the horrible story. A hue and cry was immediately raised. The whole countryside was aroused and the Taylors were soon caught and identified by the little girl. They were placed in the calaboose at Perryville to await their preliminary trial before a justice of the peace. Before the preliminary trial could be had the neighbors counseled together—the best citizens of that community, without regard to religious or political affiliations—and concluded to lynch them. They took from the calaboose the two Taylors and a colored preacher awaiting his preliminary trial for being too free with his neighbors' porkers, and in a thick beech-woods swung all three of them to the limbs of the trees. Now be it remembered by those not acquainted with beech-trees, that they make a shade dense almost as that of a cypress swamp. "Splitfoot's" rope broke and in the darkness he made his escape. He will reappear in a surprising manner in this story. The lynching of these men was the spark which exploded the powder-magazine which destroyed the lives of three or four score of what Colonel Roosevelt denominates "undesirable citizens," and, by the way, in his account of his life in Dakota, he looks with lenient if not approving eye on the summary process of lynch law, particularly where the crime is (*Continued on page 509*)



Transylvania University—once Kentucky University—at Lexington, where occurred the famous fracas between Champ Clark and a fellow student, for which Clark was expelled Oct., 1870.

The Nineteen Guns

By Rupert Hughes

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

Are you human like the rest of us? Do you want to get aft of the gun-metal buttons and into the uniform of the service? Here's Captain Hughes's humorous sidelight on the war-fever. They are working hard in the army: give 'em a chance



When the artillery officer shouted "Fire!" Mike plunged the plunger, and another stick of dynamite bit the dust. But there were complications—some of the sticks balked and had to be coaxed

"I DON'T mind it at all, my dear," said the Governor's wife to the Governor, "not at all. Honestly, honey!"

They were quite alone after the big review. He had ridden down the street at the head of the State army, lifting his silk tile to the sidelong multitudes who applauded him and cheered what followed. Just behind him ambled the wide array of his mounted and uniformed staff; and after them miles of soldiers in platoon front with bands and banners at intervals.

He had turned out at length, dismounted from his horse, mounted a reviewing-stand and stood there receiving the salute of line after line. Regiment succeeded regiment, each colonel and his retinue sliding past in high saddles with a collop-collop of horses' feet, followed by the plop-shuffle, plop-shuffle, of the hooves of men and men and men.

Governor Braisted had come home fagged, so fagged that he had let slip the fact that it hurt him not to have had a uniform on. It was a time when uneasy beat the heart that did not beat beneath the olive drab. His devoted spouse was trying to wife him through another of the black [illegible] about men on administrative [illegible]

"And you were the Commander-in-Chief of all of them!" she exclaimed for his solace.

"Yes," he sniffed, "a Commander-in-Chief in a [illegible]"

She had seen this coming and she was ready for it. "Lincoln was dressed like that when he went [illegible] and he didn't [illegible] compared with all those generals."

"Oh, yes, he did!" Braisted moaned. I know he did. Say what you will, there's something about a uniform [illegible]

"They may [illegible] democratic and dignified about a silk hat and a [illegible]

"Oh no, there isn't!"

"Oh yes, there is!" It was one of the times when it is a good wife's duty to contradict her husband. "There's just as important work to be done at home as on the firing-line. Anybody can sit in a trench and shoot a gun, but only you can be Governor of this great State."

It was the sort of thing that millions of women were saying to the men that were left behind for one reason or another.

But he knew that her heart longed for the trappings of soldiery as well as his, and their two grown daughters and their fifteen-year-old son were frankly insane over gun-metal buttons with almost anything aft. The Governor had fought for his army and for its equipment, its comfort and its efficiency, and he would hand it over to the National Government in fine shape to do with as it pleased.

He had given out the orders that put the little trinkets of rank on hundreds of shoulders. But there were none for him. He had signed his name incessantly to gold-sealed parchments that empowered hundreds of citizens to call themselves and to be called General, Colonel, Major, Lieutenant, to order other men to drill or dig or die.

But nobody signed a gold-sealed parchment to put the Governor into boots and spurs and patch-pockets and a belt and a cowboyish campaign-hat. And nobody enabled him to swagger along with a big revolver strapped to his right thigh and eat fire like a warrior. He was only an Honorable, or more usually plain "Hon." Formally he was His Excellency, but he rarely got that.

It was childish for grown men to take such pleasure in the national liveries that marked their surrender of individual liberty. But so long as men do men will covet them. Those little shoulder and collar tags meant preparedness for scientific death, and if they gave a certain foppish thrill it is well enough earned and need not be begrudged. "The rank is but the guinea's stamp," yet the guinea's stamp adds something to the gold for a' that and also for a' that. And so the Governor was famished for insignia.

He was the more forlorn because he was so tired. The war had brought an avalanche of extra labors and extra ceremonies. There were tremendous bills to be fought through, politicians to be curbed who sought cheap glory by advocating expensive measures. He had to remember that all this outlay meant [illegible] At the next election-day people would forget the cheers and curse the bills. The men in uniform would come home in glory and then go to the polls to vote for some man on horseback who had had all the fun. They would remember the equipment they didn't get, the mud they did. They would be glib with charges of graft against the men who "stayed at home and stole."

Foreseeing all this and being very human—he could not have won to where he was by his magnetism if he had not been human—the Governor found thistles of humiliation wherever he was supposed to find only clover. He groaned aloud, therefore, when the Adjutant-General, Brigadier-General Ingold, called him on his private telephone to say:

"By the way, Governor, the boys at Camp Braisted are wondering when you are coming down to give them the once-over."

"Any time, General, any time!" the Governor replied.

"Next Tuesday would suit them if it suits you, Governor."

"All right. Anything suits me, Ingold."

"Fine! We'll fix it for Tuesday. Good-by, Governor."

The Governor hung up the receiver and sighed. "More uniforms! I've got to make another long, hot trip and see another mob of uniforms go by. You'll not want to go along, I suppose?"

"Indeed I shall," his wife avowed. "It will be very interesting, and besides, it will be my first chance to hear you get your salute."

"My salute?"

"Yes, the nineteen guns that are your due. You'll come in like a warship and—do they give all the nineteen guns at once or one at a time?"

"I don't know. I've never had 'em. Nineteen, you say I get?"

"Nineteen."

"You've been looking up my privileges, eh?"

"Yes. With all this soldiering going on, I thought I'd see where you came in, so I asked your Military Secretary, and now we'll do the thing in style."

"They'll probably forget," the Governor said, a little excited in spite of his jaded mood.

"They'd better not!" said the Governor's wife, "or they'll hear from me!"

THE more the Governor pondered the matter, the more he hankered after that majestic salvo. Of course, he had to put it in his wife's name. What are wives for but to carry the blame for a man's unmanly whims?

The next day when Adjutant-General Ingold called on him with a list of special expenditures amounting to a paltry hundred thousand dollars, he said, as he gave his approval: "By the way, General, that visit of mine to the camp—Tuesday did you say it was?"

"Tuesday, Governor, if that meets your convenience."

"Perfectly. And as for the salute—"

"The salute, Governor?" the Adjutant-General faltered.

"Yes—the cannons, you know—however many the office entitles me to. Of course, personally, I don't care for that sort of thing. Fuss and feathers and pomp and circumstance never interested me, but Mrs.—er—my wife—you know how women are. She has her heart set [illegible] I suppose I'll have to grin and bear it."

"Yes, sir," the Adjutant-General laughed with

a graveyard glee in the front of his head while the rest of it was all a-scurry with perplexities and misgivings. He was new at the Adjutant-General job and he had never heard such a salute achieved. While he ransacked his mind, the Governor tossed the subject aside as into one of the wicker baskets where he dropped problems for other people to solve.

"It's only for my wife's sake, you understand. You know how women are." He believed he had already said that. Ingold laughed dismally again.

"I understand perfectly, Governor. I'm a married man, too."

He left the Presence wondering if there were not a few guns owing to himself; also how many guns a Governor got; also how many, if any, guns there were at the camp?

"Pass the buck," is the motto of all good military men and the Adjutant-General's main business was the gentle art of buck-passing. So he called up the Brigadier in command of the camp and said: "The boss expects his gubernatorial greeting next Tuesday."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the Brigadier or whatever Brigadiers say to Brigadiers. Then the Brigadier said to his own Adjutant-General who was also a Colonel:

"His Excellency wishes to be boom-boomed."

But this Adjutant-General said: "Good Lord, General, how can we give nineteen guns when we haven't got one? The field-battery has gone South and that horseless cavalry we're trying to whip into artillery hasn't seen the smell of a cannon and won't for a month. And if they had a hundred howitzers they wouldn't know a breech-block from a swabber."

The Brigadier did not believe in encouraging his subordinates to protest the impossible as an excuse.

"Colonel Fenno," he said, "you have your orders!"

The Colonel saluted with vicious precision, executed a formal about and proceeded to pass the buck to poor old Major Bodine.

Major Bodine had the unenviable reputation of always doing what he was told to do, therefore he was told to do all sorts of things. He got things done, therefore he got things to do. He knew more than anybody else and therefore his superiors promoted other people over him. He was too useful as a subordinate to be hoisted into an ornamental post. "When in doubt, ask Bodine," was a camp byword. So Fenno went to Bodine, smiled sweetly and said:

"Major, the Governor gets here Tuesday and the K. O. wants him to be saluted according to regulations."

The Major knew his regulations forwards, backwards, and inside out. He also knew that there was not a gun in camp, so he temporized: "You mean turning out the guard, and the drum ruffles, of course."

"Of course, but also," Colonel Fenno said, "also, the General particularly referred to the guns."

The Major ventured to expostulate:

"But, Colonel," he began. For Major Bodine to use the awful word "but" in answer to an order was equivalent to a mutiny in anyone else. Major Bodine's rash disjunction so astounded Colonel Fenno that his eyes widened horribly.

Major Bodine went no farther. He saluted and said, "Yessir!"

The Colonel snapped back a salute and passed on his way while the Major went inside his tent and cursed as best he could. He was one of those horrible men who never swear, smoke, drink, oversleep or procrastinate.

"Nineteen guns!" he muttered, "nineteen gosh-darn-its!"

HAVING filled the air with sulphur, the Major buckled down to his task. He knew his mission. The next thing was how to carry it out. He was quite sure that all the guns in the State had gone South with the artillery regiments. All the guns in all the adjoining States had gone South, too, no doubt. But the Major never assumed anything. He began to telephone to all the ordnance officers accessible. The field telephone in the camp had two faults: it took forever to get anybody and he could not be heard when got.

It took about twelve hours of cross-country telephoning to confirm the Major's worst fears.

In the meanwhile he had sent out calls for help to all the national and State arsenals within reach of telephone or telegram. It was the next day at noon—Saturday noon—before he had run to earth at the Ossawatomie Arsenal one relic of the Civil War times, a smooth-bore muzzle-loader recently re-chambered and breeched for just such salutations as Major Bodine required. He was assured that the veteran saluter would be shipped that night, but he was informed that blank ammunition was not to be had at Ossawatomie and would have to be procured by the Major somehow somewhere.

The Major kept all the neighboring tents awake for hours while he shrieked across the wires to various night-watchmen about the neighboring States, trying to run down some ammunition.

At one A.M. Colonel Fenno came out in his moonlit pyjamas to demand:

"What you trying to do—bring on rain? Why use the telephone at all? They can hear you in California."

The Major answered in a rag of voice:

"Do you wish to countermand the order about the salute, sir?"

The Adjutant-General-Colonel answered



The Governess, with fine tact, put out her pretty hand across the motor-door and grasped the Major's proud palm. "I thank you indeed, Major Poteen," she purred. "I never saw anything more beautiful than those brave fellows firing that gun!" "I'm glad you were pleased," the Major said, trying to get back his hand without an overt act of violence.

"Grmph!" and beat a retreat so hastily that he stepped on a tent-peg with one bare foot. He said something and, taking that foot into his two hands, went into his tent on the other.

The Chaplain held early field-mass that Sunday morning with some difficulty, owing to the antiphonal interruptions of the Major, who was asking a two-hundred-miles-distant watchman not to tell him of the night but to tell the officer in charge to get out of bed and come to the telephone. But the officer had had the foresight to disappear over Sunday without leaving his address.

Sunday afternoon the Major, being now quite speechless, invoked the assistance of a sergeant who howled what the Major huskily told him to howl. His vociferation finally brought forth the good news that in the Quassapaug Arsenal, one State removed, they had the "makin's" of a few shells, but that the only people there who could put them together had gone away.

The officer in charge graciously consented to send the empty shells, wads, primers, powder and other details by fast express to Camp Braisted Monday morning bright and early.

"By the way, how many do you want?" his thread-like voice demanded.

The Major thought fast. According to Regular Army regulations a Governor got only seventeen guns, but according to the State regulations its own Governor got nineteen. To give His Excellency less than the maximum would be like calling a captain lieutenant. The Major never made such blunders.

"Send me nineteen shells at least," he shrieked.

"*What's that?*" came in a faint tone.

The Major repeated his plea in italic and in capitals.

"*Nineteen!*"

"Nine or ten such?"

"Nineteen!"

"Ninety? We haven't got half so many!"

"I'll telegraph the number."

"What say?"

"Good-by."

The Major telegraphed the number received eventually [illegible]

[illegible] Major telephoned [illegible] boy at [illegible]

time in his thirty-two years in the National Guard. When the sunset gun sounded, he merely mumbled, "Louder, please!"

Monday morning the Major was up at reveillé, and the beginning of a perfect day was signalized by word from the railroad siding that an old whale of a blunderbuss had arrived from the Ossawatomie Arsenal.

The Major called for an unloading detail and the ten-ton truck and was about to set out for the cannon when an orderly brought him word.

"The Adjun-Gener'l pr'sents comps and wants speak Major B'dine on phome."

The Major hastened to respond and Adjutant-General Ingold's voice greeted him from the capital.

"Morning, Major! I was just wondering if there would be any hitch in the Governor's salute by any chance."

"Oh no, sir—no sir."

"That's fine, Major. When they told me that the matter had been entrusted to Major Bodine, I said, 'That's fine! As long as it's entrusted to Major Bodine, it's all right,' I said. But I just wanted to hear you say it yourself."

"Oh yessir. Rest assured, sir. The cannon is here, the shells on the way."

"That's fine! And the number of guns, of course, you know——" The Adjutant-General had looked it up, so he said: "Of course, you're familiar with the—er—number of guns."

"Oh yessir. It's prescribed in the book, sir. Twenty-two for the President and nineteen for the Governor. Oh yessir."

"Well, that's fine, Major. And how's the weather down there? It looks like rain up here."

"All clear and bright here, sir."

"Well, that's fine. I hope it will be nice to-morrow. Governors usually bring rain, but we'll —well—that's fine! Good-by, Major. See you to-morrow."

"Good-by, sir." The Major saluted the telephone and retired to the truck.

THE cannon weighed eight hundred and sixty-five pounds, not to mention its iron tripod of nine hundred and twenty-five avoirdupois. Even the baggage-smasher, Mr. Mulliken, at the station had been unable to bring that gun down. But the Major's crew slid it into the truck so handsomely that Mr. Mulliken took part in the unloading of the tripod. Perhaps that was why it fell. It banged off the flat car, struck a rail and cracked across.

It was probably on the strength of this achievement that Mr. Mulliken was later elected as Past-Grand-Smasher of the Baggage-Mishandlers Union, Local No. 7.

The Major was so vexed at the mishap that a violent "Well, I never!" broke from his lips to the consternation of the detail. Spurred on by this outburst, however, they boosted the tripod into the truck after a few hours of yo-heave-ho, and the truck arrived at the knoll selected for the cannon with no further mishap.

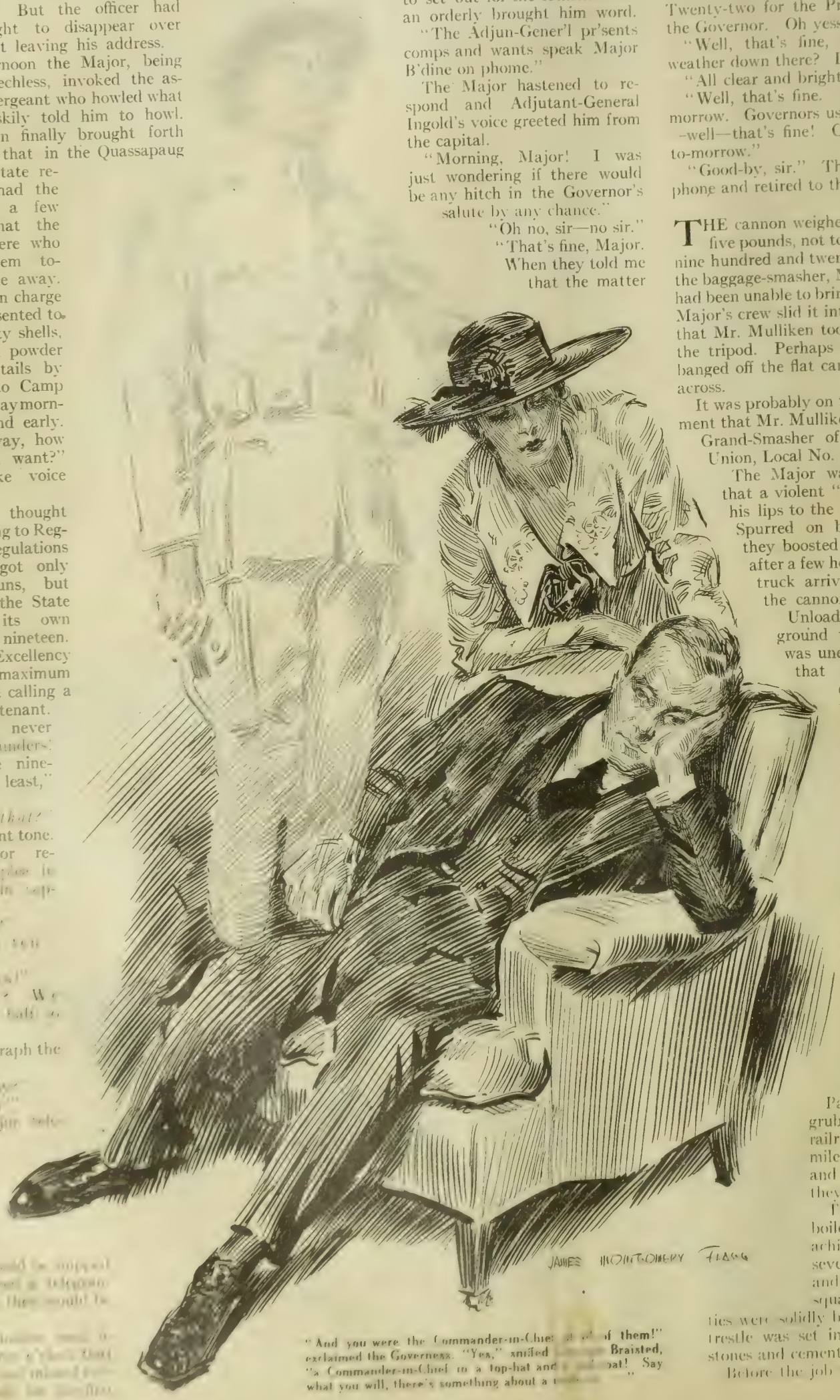
Unloading was not hard, as the ground was soft. But the Major was uneasy. Nineteen firings from that old bore were dangerous enough without risking anything from an infirm foundation, so he proceeded to forestall accidents. At his urgent request, the expert horseman who was Colonel of the newly foaled artillery regiment began to study the firing regulations so as to pretend to a raw crew that he knew enough to instruct others.

In the meanwhile the Major had called for a new detail. Twenty unfortunate men who had volunteered as soldiers in the hope of being able to soldier, found themselves attached to the picks, shovels and crowbars they had forsworn, and assigned to a bit of real work, good old-fashioned work.

Part of the detail was set to grubbing while the rest fetched railroad ties from a stack half a mile away, or rolled up [illegible]lers and smaller stones from [illegible]ver they chanced to lie.

The sun was ferocio[illegible] it boiled the sweat out [illegible]ose aching backs. By the [illegible] hole seven feet deep, seven [illegible] road and seven feet long [illegible] been squared in the ground, [illegible] road ties were solidly bolted together cross [illegible] This trestle was set in the trench and p[illegible] with stones and cement.

Before the job was done [illegible]



"And you were the Commander-in-Chief [illegible] of them!" exclaimed the Governess. "Yes," sniffed [illegible] Braisted, "a Commander-in-Chief in a top-hat and [illegible]oat! Say what you will, there's something about a t[illegible]"



She made the loveliest picture I had ever seen. There was a deep, black cave behind her—a most smugglerish cave. "I had to come out of the water," she explained, "'cos my toes were as parky as what-for"

Parsons' Children

By Roland Pertwee

Photographic Illustrations by Lejaren à Hiller

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?"
—BROWNING.

It's human to take all you can get when you reach your first goal; but it's gluttony. Mr. Pertwee shows you how wise it is to take stock and look beyond to the next goal. Roland Pertwee is a new writer; but most good new authors come to Hearst's sooner or later.

"PARSONS' children are always the worst!"

Old Mrs. Turpin, who kept the all-sorts shop, where the village leaves off for fear it will slip over the cliff and get drowned in the sea, was the first person I heard say that, and ever since all manner of people have thrown it at my head as though it were some particularly brilliant idea only they could have thought of.

What I can't understand is, why everybody doesn't try to be in love? When I came back from Exeter for my holidays I used to walk along the Ley Road with the sea on one side and the reedy lakes on the other and envy the village lovers who sat side by side on the pebbles in the moonlight. It's true what little I heard them say wasn't very loverlike. For the most part they said nothing at all or laughed and giggled in a silly way. Still, they were happy and satisfied, and that's why I envied them.

I don't want any one to believe I wasn't happy too—for I was—only I always felt there was heaps of room to be more so.

It's a funny thing about happiness—you never seem to get to the end of it—you never seem to arrive at a state when you can honestly say: "I'm perfectly happy now and couldn't be happier."

I believe I noticed that first when I had a real tophole steam-engine given me. I was about twelve at the time and I thought it was everything I could want; but within a few days I was disappointed with the measly little circular track it ran on. I longed for miles of rail to lay all round the garden. Not in a grumbly way, you know, but simply because I realized it would be better so.

My father had a Devonshire living offered him when I was about fourteen and we shifted there from a horrible smoky London suburb. I shall never forget the coach-ride from Dartmouth. Every little gray-stone village with the pink clambering geraniums and the great bunchy bushes of fuchsias made me gasp for joy. Then at last we came to one lovelier than all the rest. It seemed to climb from the sands and the cottages chased each other up a hillside which ran out into the sea. There were poppies, I remember, on the ledges of the cliff, and foxgloves too, and a heavenly old broken-down half-stone, half-timber stairway led from the beach to the most wonderful low-built house with whitewashed walls all round the garden. And I said to myself: "This is the village of all others I want to live in and that's the house!" And would you believe it, but it *was* the village and it *was* the house!

I was out of bed by five o'clock next morning, and when I smelt the flowers and heard the drone round the bee-skeps and saw the sunlight like a great white pencil on the pale-colored morning sea, I felt I had all and everything I could possibly desire.

At breakfast that morning I could hardly sit still at all and I found it frightfully difficult to make the right number of "Ohs" and "Reallys" to the various items of news my father read aloud from "The Times." They mostly dealt with the movements of the Bishop of London, and I couldn't for the life of me see how they mattered.

My father never really quite understood me.



"Isn't love just splendid, Gerald!" whispered Maisie. And when I had kissed her for answer we sat on the grass, my arms tight around her and her soft little face pressed to mine.

Certainly he didn't understand me as well as I understood him. He always struck me as being awfully nice, but just a bit—what's the word—joyless. He was what is called a recluse—I don't know exactly what a recluse is, but I'm sure it suited him very well. Most of the week he spent writing his Sunday sermons and I often wondered how they could take so long.

My mother was dead and Cousin Mary ran the house. Cousin Mary Elizabeth Pender was her full name, and only once did I see that she was really alive. She used to say "Good-morning" and "Good-night" in the right places, and very little else besides. There must have been a good deal more in Cousin Mary, though, than met the eye, for everything about the house was awfully well done—so well done that one didn't notice that it was being done at all.

She had certain actions and words for certain events, and never varied them. For instance, if the Sunday sirloin wasn't cooked enough she always said "Whips!" sucking in her breath as she said it. Then she would take up the dish and march off with it to the kitchen, and we knew that the meal was postponed for twenty minutes. I believe she had a thirst for knowledge, for she was always reading most extraordinary and dull books. When I asked her why she did so, she replied: "Well, they must have been a lot of trouble to write and it seems only polite for someone to read them." One in particular she worried over more than the rest. It was called "The Science and Significance of Curves," and the author set out to explain how everything from sound to cooking had its parallel in curves. Cousin Mary worried over it no end—especially the cooking part.

It was proved that the perfectly cooked dish was removed from the oven just a second before it reached the summit of its curve. If it actually reached the summit it was wrong, because then every curve led on the down-grade.

"I don't grasp it," said Cousin Mary, wrinkling her high forehead. "With a *soufflé*—yes—but how can curves affect a mutton-chop?"

I was always fond of Cousin Mary and I think she was fond of me. Often I used to try and lure her out for walks, but she never came and her reply never varied:

"I'll come another time, Gerald."

Then my father would say:

"You go, Mary—why not? Do you good!"

And she'd answer:

"I don't think I will, but thank you very much all the same."

I hope no one believes I am laughing at either of them—for I wouldn't do that for the world—but I just wanted to show that although everything was jolly nice at home it wasn't exactly exciting.

Partly for that reason I asked permission, on my second summer holiday from Exeter, to bring Carley back with me.

Old Carley wasn't really a great chum of mine, but he was the only chap who hadn't fixed up his holidays—so I invited him.

On the whole we got on pretty well together and had some tophole scrambles on the rocks and hunts for caves and heaps of other good picnicky jaunts. In some ways I disliked him, though. He had a cruel twist in his nature which showed when we came across a late brood of partridges who were too young to fly. They were such jolly little chicks, and when they saw us they scuttled off into the long grass on their wee bits of legs. Old Carley caught one and would have wrung its neck if I hadn't stopped him. We had some pretty hot words about it, too. I'm not a bit squeamish, and would be jolly glad to knock down a full-grown bird or a bunny in a sporting way, but I couldn't see any point in killing for killing's sake and I said so plainly. So we had a row and I won—at any rate the old mother partridge didn't have a loss in the family.

After that Carley was a bit sarcastic and I began to feel it wouldn't be a great grief to see him off at the railway station.

Then, one day, very early in the morning, the Great Adventure began.

We had crossed the beach to a place about a mile away, where there was a flat ledge of rock that jutted out about fifteen feet above the sea. I had spotted it some time before and we'd fixed on the place to practice diving.

Beyond the rock was a tiny cove we'd made up our minds to explore. It was only approachable from our side, except by swimming.

It didn't take us very long to strip—we were all by ourselves and hadn't brought bathing suits—then head first into the water we went, side by side.

By Jove! It was good in the sea that morning. The cool green water seemed to tingle all over one's body like an electric current.

"Come on, Carley!" I

(*Continued on page 484*)



"Barone's portraits and figures are endowed with the same excellence that attends his limning of children"—as witness his "Summer."

A Young Painter among the Masters—Antonio Barone

By Gardner Teall

HE was very young—the little son of the little Sicilian family of whom I shall tell you—so young one wonders that the frosts of the North did not freeze up those heartbeats from the South. But perhaps he was too young to grieve for that Valle d'Olmo of his first years, young enough to come to love the land of his adoption without a sense of that nostalgia which must, perforce, come to the elder ones now and then, even though they may have found greater happiness, truer comforts and the prosperity that had been denied their lot in the Old World.

Antonio Barone, not Signor Antonio, but Mr. Barone, if you please, American, enthusiastic American and—Italy's music is still song to him.

When the Barones arrived in the New World they settled in the little town of Le Roy, New York. I do not think it at all likely that they picked out the picturesque countryside thereabouts because any wise Sibyl had whispered to them that their little Antonio would one day become a fine painter, and therefore should imbibe the loveliness of the landscape as a draught that would nourish the gifts of his future. I suspect they thought of no such nectar, that instead they said, one to the other: "This is good land, this is rich land. Our little Antonio should grow up to be a great farm-owner some fine day!" And perhaps little Antonio himself looked out over the fields when the white of winter was gone and the golden buttercups were as bright as the broomflowers of the Valle d'Olmo and thought how nice it would be some day to have a little lamb of one's own to play with, to go fishing whenever one wanted to and to linger in the strawberry-patch, master of what one surveyed!



"Some painters of children portray the child and others portray childhood. In 'Emily' one has both child and childhood."

But pencil and paper can play pranks with the best-laid plans. Young Antonio could not help seeing things and at the same time wishing others to see what he had seen. Perhaps a slate at first, perhaps pencil and paper—I do not know—started it all. But one thing is certain: it "all" started. Yes, young Antonio should be an artist, because he *was* an artist. Could there have been a better reason! Already his fellow playmates considered him a Giotto, a Leonardo, the Alpha and Omega of art, or they would have considered him so if they had ever heard of Giotto, ever heard of Leonardo. If they hadn't it sufficed for them to say "Antonio can draw!" Thus Antonio had placed foot on the first round of his ladder.

The fame of such highly regarded prowess as Antonio's soon came to carry "You ought to see him!" with it, and one day one who knew good-naturedly rejoined: "I will." The One-Who-Knew had a surprise in store—Antonio *could!* Thus discovered, Antonio was given an opportunity to study the art he loved instinctively, the art through which he was expressing himself intuitively. Excellent instruction was at hand and Antonio embarked on his career. Later he studied in New York under Frank V. Du Mond, William M. Chase, F. Louis Mora and George Bridgeman. Then at the Art Students' League four scholarships and a cash prize came his way.

That is all I know about the beginning, all that they could tell me in Le Roy, and Antonio Barone does not talk about himself; he leaves that pleasant diversion to others. I suppose it is the privilege of others to be decently curious about a painter whose achievements have been marked with distinction, and in being curious one finds out things that may, peradventure, interest still others. I began being curious about the work of Antonio Barone when, a few years ago, the portrait of a child from his brush was brought to my attention. It was one of those portraits of a child that immediately reminds one of the saying of Novalis that "Where children are, there is the Golden Age." Barone had peeped into the kingdom of this Golden Age and had portrayed one of its little subjects with rare tenderness, sympathy, skill and beauty. Some painters of children portray the child and some portray childhood. In this portrait by Barone one had both child and childhood. That to me seemed wonderful; few painters of to-day can do that. That heaven that lies about us in our infancy too often eludes the artist's brush, leaving but a portrait that seems just the name, the suggestion, the substance perhaps but not the spirit. There is told the story of Sir Godfrey Kneller's tailor who, impressed with the wealth his patron had acquired by painting, urged Sir Godfrey to accept his son as a pupil, although the son had never shown the slightest predilection for art. "What!" cried Sir Godfrey, "dost thou think I can make your son a painter? No, God alone makes painters!" Surely Antonio Barone is a God-made painter. It has been said that the charm of simplicity undeniably is one of the chief glories of the primitive painters, and it is a sweet simplicity that marks the strength of the greatest of their followers. In Barone's portraits of children one finds this beautiful simplicity, a simplicity that endears one to such works as the "Age of Innocence," by Sir Joshua Reynolds, for instance. Victor Hugo was wont to say that "Paradise is a place where the parents are always young and the children always little." Perhaps one may think of painters as parents of their portraits, and in such parentage Barone will be perennially youthful, the little children he paints are always little. In regarding the moods of his young sitters Antonio Barone is an optimist. These portraits show that. Not a sinister suggestion of a possible unhappy to-morrow creeps into them. "To paint a good portrait," said Alfred Stevens, the great Belgian artist, "it is indispensable to enter into the spirit and the character of the model, and to compel one's self to depict him not only by exactly reproducing his features, but more particularly by interpreting his mind." And the child mind—how few can interpret it, how few painters there are who can truly enter into the spirit of childhood! With Barone the spirit of childhood is no mystery. The painters of old more than the painters of to-day found inspiration in child-portraiture, but we are returning to that old ideal of loveliness more and more.

And those old masters working so lovingly at their tasks learned too to find the divine in all childhood. The promise of Antonio Barone's student days has been amply performed. His art was made the richer by European study in the great galleries of Europe. After his return he won the Gold Medal of the Philadelphia Art Club, 1917, for his "Boy Asleep." But by no means is Barone's art confined to child-portraiture, for some of his etchings brought quick recognition.



"To paint a good likeness it is necessary to enter into the spirit and character of the model." What could be finer or more spirited and sympathetic than Barone's "Boy"—playing soldier?



"Men are as polygamous as monkeys," said the graceful little woman, "the only thing to do is to make them work." "Sophy dear!" protested Diana.

The Young Diana

An Experiment of the Future

By Marie Corelli

Illustrated by André Castaigne

From the depressing artificialities of life; from marriage that starves the soul of woman; from age that parades as youth; from youth that is slavey to selfish old age: break your bonds and save yourself; this is Marie Corelli's message.

SYNOPSIS—Diana May was the rapidly aging spinster daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Polydore May, a well-to-do middle-class English couple—resenting as a personal affront the fact that Diana "could not get a man." When she was a young and pretty girl she had become engaged to a dashing army officer who jilts her. So, condemned to be classed as an old maid, Diana devotes herself to looking after the comfort of her selfish parents, with scant thanks. True, she was tall, thin and flat-chested, with a wealth of fair hair; also she possessed a pair of glorious blue eyes and a wonderfully beautiful speaking voice. Also she was a fine pianist, a good linguist, and widely read in science and topics of the day. But all these accomplishments were wasted—she was an old maid, and even her parents tolerated rather than loved her. A letter from her friend Sophy Lansing sows the seeds of revolt in Diana May; she resolves to "disappear."

WHEN morning came it brought with it intense heat and an almost overpowering glare of sunshine, and Mr. James Polydore May, stimulated by the warm atmosphere, went down to breakfast in a suit of white flannels. Why not? A sportive and youthful spirit had entered into him with his yesterday's experience of tennis and his "skittish-as-you-please" partner of seventeen; and, walking with a jaunty step, he felt that there was, and could be, no objection to the wearing of white so far as he was concerned. But—had he not said on the previous day to his daughter "only very young people should wear white"? Ah, yes!—his daughter, as a woman, was too old for it! . . . but he—why, if the latest scientific dictum is correct, namely, that a man is only as old as his arteries, then he, James Polydore May, was convinced that, arterially speaking, he was a mere boy! True, his figure was a little "gone" from its original slimness, but plenty of golf and general "bracing-up" would soon put that all right, so that even the "skittish-as-you-please" young thing might not altogether despise his attentions. Whistling gaily the charming tune of "Believe me if all those endearing young charms," he contemplated the well-set-out breakfast-table with satisfaction. He was first in the field that morning, and his better half had not been at the fried bacon before him, selecting all the best bits, as was her usual custom. He sat down to that toothsome dish and helped himself bountifully; then, missing the unobtrusive hand which generally placed his cup of tea beside him, he called for the parlor-maid impatiently.

Copyright, 1917, by Marie Corelli in the United States. Copyright in Great Britain and the Colonies.

"Where's Miss Diana? Isn't she up?"

"Oh yes, sir. She was up very early—about six, I believe—and she went down to the cove to bathe, so she told Jenny."

"Not back yet?"

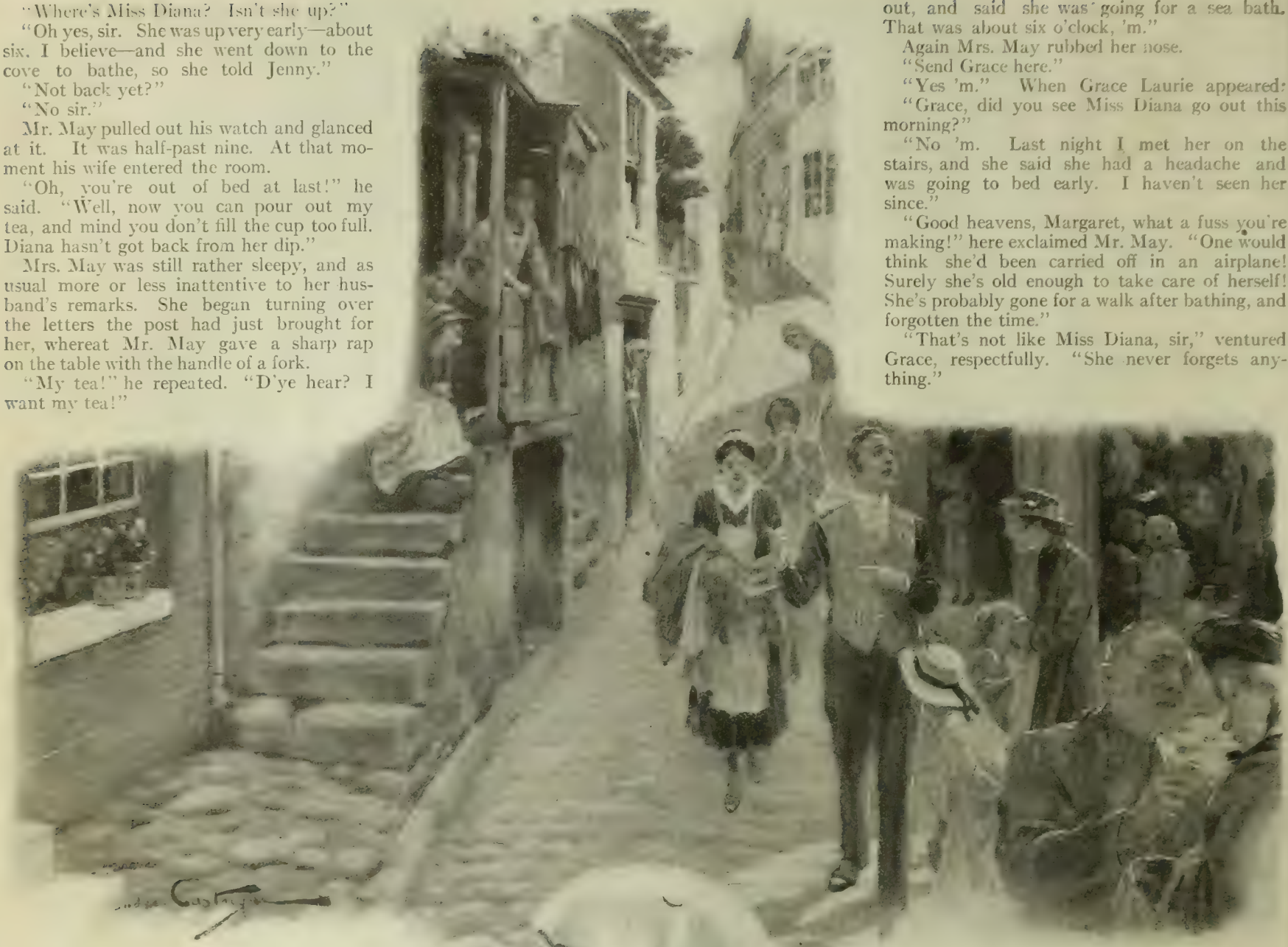
"No sir."

Mr. May pulled out his watch and glanced at it. It was half-past nine. At that moment his wife entered the room.

"Oh, you're out of bed at last!" he said. "Well, now you can pour out my tea, and mind you don't fill the cup too full. Diana hasn't got back from her dip."

Mrs. May was still rather sleepy, and as usual more or less inattentive to her husband's remarks. She began turning over the letters the post had just brought for her, whereat Mr. May gave a sharp rap on the table with the handle of a fork.

"My tea!" he repeated. "D'ye hear? I want my tea!"



Mrs. May rolled her pale eyes at him protestingly as she lifted the teapot.

I hear perfectly," she answered with an assumption of dignity. "And please be civil! You can't bully me as you bully Diana."

"I bully Diana! I!" And Mr. May gave a short, scornful laugh. "Come, I like that! Why, the woman doesn't know what bullying is! She's had a path of roses all her life—roses, I tell you! Never a care never a worry—no financial difficulties—always enough to eat, and a comfortable home to live in. What more can she want? Bully, indeed! If she had married that confounded officer for whom she wasted the best seven years of her life she'd have known something about bullying! Rather! And I dare say it 'ud have done her good! Better than losing an old maid outright."

"I wonder where she is?" she questioned plaintively. "I've never known her so late before."

"Went out at six," said Mr. May, with his mouth full of bacon. "The kitchen-maid saw her go."

Mrs. May rang a small handbell at her side. The parlor-maid answered it.

"Does Miss Diana know it's late?"

"No 'm."

Mrs. May rubbed her nose.

"Where did she go to?"

"The kitchen-maid, 'm. She was cleaning the doorstep when Miss Diana came out, and said she was going for a sea bath. That was about six o'clock, 'm."

Again Mrs. May rubbed her nose.

"Send Grace here."

"Yes 'm." When Grace Laurie appeared:

"Grace, did you see Miss Diana go out this morning?"

"No 'm. Last night I met her on the stairs, and she said she had a headache and was going to bed early. I haven't seen her since."

"Good heavens, Margaret, what a fuss you're making!" here exclaimed Mr. May. "One would think she'd been carried off in an airplane! Surely she's old enough to take care of herself! She's probably gone for a walk after bathing, and forgotten the time."

"That's not like Miss Diana, sir," ventured Grace, respectfully. "She never forgets anything."



Mr. Polydore May, assuming the burden of grief, turned away, and the group of sightseers dispersed, talking in hushed voices as though afraid the sea would hear.

"Another cup of tea, Margaret, and look sharp!" interposed Mr. May, testily.

Mrs. May sighed, and poured hot water into the teapot. Then she addressed Grace in a low tone.

"Ask the kitchen-maid just what Miss Diana said." Grace returned quickly.

"Miss Diana came down at about six this morning," she said, "and Jenny, the kitchen-maid, was the only one of us up. She was cleaning the doorstep, and moved her pail for Miss Diana to pass. Miss Diana had on her navy-blue serge and black-straw sailor hat, and she carried what Jenny thought were her bathing things hanging over her arm. She was very bright and said 'Good-morning, Jenny! I'm going for a dip in the sea before the sun gets too hot.' And so she went."

"And so she went—Amen!" said Mr. May, biting a hard bit of toast noisily. "And so she'll come back, and wonder what all the deuced fuss is about, as if a woman of her age couldn't go for a bathe and a walk without being inquired after as if she were a two-year-old! Are you going to have your breakfast, Margaret—or do you prefer to read your letters first?"

His wife made no reply. She was watching the boiling of an egg in a small ially constructed vessel for the pur-, which Diana had added to the con-ences of the breakfast-table. She was oyed that Diana herself was not there

to attend to it. Diana always knew when the egg was done to a turn. Grace still lingered in the room. Mrs. May, languidly raising her fish-like eyes, saw her.

"You can go, Grace."

"Yes, 'm. Shall I just run out to the shore and see if Miss Diana is coming?"

"Yes, do. And tell her to make haste back—I want her to do some shopping in the village for me."

Grace left the room, closing the door behind her. A clock on the mantelpiece gave several little sharp ting-tings.

"What time is that?" asked Mrs. May.

"Ten o'clock," replied her husband, unfolding the day's newspaper and beginning to read.

"Dear me! How very extraordinary of Diana to be out from six in the morning till now!" And with the aid of a spoon she carefully lifted the egg she had been watching as though it were the most precious object in life out of the boiling water, in mournful doubt as to whether, after all, it really was done perfectly. "It's so unlike her."

"Well, you may be pretty certain no one has run away with her," said Mr. May, ironically. "She's safe enough! The dear child has not eloped!"

Mrs. May ignored both his words and his manner. She looked at him meditatively over the lid of the silver teapot and permitted herself to smile—a small, fat, pursy smile.

"Those white flannels have got rather tight for you, haven't they?" she suggested.

He flushed indignantly.

"Tight? Certainly not! Do they *look* tight?"

"Well—just a little!—but of course white always makes one appear stout——"

"Stout! *You* talk about stoutness? *You!* Why, I'm a paper-knife compared to you—a positive paper-knife! I believe you actually grudge my wearing white flannels!"

His wife laughed.

"Indeed, no!" she declared. "It amuses me! I rather like it!"

"I should think you did!" he retorted. "Or, if you don't, you ought to!"

She surveyed him pensively with round, lack-luster eyes.

"What a long time it is!" she said. "What a long, long time since you were thin—really quite thin, James! Do you remember? When you proposed to me in father's dining-room and the parlor-maid came in and lit the gas, just as you were going to——"

"You seem very reminiscent this morning," interrupted her husband, sharply. "Do white flannels move you to sentiment?"

"Oh, no! Not at all—not now!" she replied with a small giggle. "Only one cannot but think of the change between then and now—it's almost humorous——"

"I should think it is!" he agreed. "It's more than humorous! It's comic! What d'ye expect? When I think of what *you* were! A nice little pink-and-white thing with a small waist, and see you *now!*"—here he snorted half contemptuously. "But there! We can't all remain young, and you're quite comfortable-looking—a sort of pillow of ease—you might be worse——"

Here their mutual personal compliments were interrupted by the hurried entrance of Grace Laurie looking pale and scared.

"Oh, 'm, I'm 'fraid some accident has happened to Miss Diana!" she said, breathlessly.



"Deuce take the woman!" sputtered Mr. May. "Don't stand there grizzling—what's the matter? Speak out!" Mrs. May goggled feebly like a fish on dry land. "You frighten me, Grace!" she stammered. "Yes'm, I know, but I can't help it," Grace gasped. "But they are all there on the rocks—Miss Diana's clothes—with her shoes and her hat and her towel."

"I've been all the way down to the cove, and—and——"

Here she suddenly burst out crying. Mr. May bounced up from his chair.

"Deuce take the woman! Don't stand there grizzling! What's the matter? Speak out!"

Mrs. May stared feebly, her mouth opening slowly like that of a fish on dry land.

"What—what is it, Grace?" she stammered. "You frighten me!"

"Yes, 'm, I know, but I can't help it!" Grace answered gaspingly. "But—but I've been down to the cove—and all round in every place, and there's Miss Diana's clothes all put together on the rocks, with her shoes and hat and bathing towel, but—but—there's no Miss Diana!" Here her emotion got the better of her and she gave a small scream. "Oh, oh! I'm sure she's drowned! Oh, Miss Diana, poor thing! I'm sure she's drowned! She's been carried off her feet by the waves! There was a high tide this morning, and I know she's drowned! She's drowned, she's drowned!"

Her voice rose to a high, shrill pitch, and she wrung her hands. Mrs. May struggled weakly out of her chair and then dropped heavily into it again.

"Drowned! Diana! Don't be foolish, Grace! It's not possible!"

Mr. May seized his cap and threw it on his head.

"Here, I'll soon put a stop to all this nonsense!" he said. "Let *me* get down to the cove! What's the good of a parcel of silly fools of women shrieking and crying before they know what's happened!" He marched up to Grace Laurie and grasped her by the shoulder. "Now, be calm! *Can* you be calm?"

Grace caught her breath, and wriggled herself away from the nip of his fingers.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then repeat what you said just now. You went down to the cove and saw——"

"Miss Diana's clothes, all put by on the rocks, just as she always puts them out of the way when she's going to bathe," said Grace. "And her bathing-towel—that hasn't been used. And her shoes and stockings. But Miss Diana's gone!"

"Oh dear, oh dear!" moaned Mrs. May. "What dreadful, dreadful things you are saying! What *are* we to do! Oh, I feel so ill! My sweet Diana! My only only precious child! Oh, James, James!"

And with her face suddenly working up into all sorts of lines and creases as though it were an india-rubber mask pulled from behind, she began to weep slowly and tricklingly like a tap with a stoppage in its middle.

"Be quiet!" shouted Mr. May fiercely. "You unnerve me with all this sniveling, and I won't be unnerved! I'm going myself to the cove. I'll soon clear up this business! I don't believe anything has happened to Diana; it's a fine morning and she's probably enjoying a swim. She can swim like a fish—you know she can—she *couldn't* drown!"

And with a half-suppressed oath he trotted out, all fuss and feathers, like an angry turkey-cock, his whole mentality arrayed against fate and circumstance, resolved to show that he was stronger than either.

By this time the ill news had spread, and the

servants, the gardeners, and a few of the villagers went running down to the cove. It was true there had been a high tide that morning; there was yet the glistening trail of the loftiest wave on the rocks where the freshly tossed seaweed clung. Safe out of all possible reach of the water, and neatly piled together on a ledge of rock, were Diana's simple garments, as Grace had said, with her hat, stockings and shoes and the unused bathing-towel. A veteran sailor had joined the group of onlookers, and now, drawing his pipe from his mouth, he asked:

"What time did the leddy coom down 'ere?"

Mr. May had by now lost a little of his self-assertiveness and was feeling distinctly uncomfortable. He was not a man of sentiment; though he could often feign emotion successfully enough to deceive the very elect. But just now he was, as he would himself have said, very much upset. He knew that he ought to appear to his own servants and to the villagers like a fond father distracted with anxiety and suspense, and he was aware that his dumpy figure in tight white flannels did not dress the part. He replied curtly:

"She was here a little before six, I'm told——"

"Ah, poor thing, then she's been carried out of her depth!" said the old salt. "There's a main deal o' suction wi' th' sea in this 'ere cove when th' full tide cooms in——"

"She's an excellent swimmer," said Mr. May, gazing at the sea in a vaguely disappointed way, as though he thought each wave that swept slowly in ought to bring Diana riding triumphantly on top of it.

"Ay, ay! That may be! But swimmin' winnot allus save a woman what's light weight an' ain't got the muscles of a man. There's a force o' water 'ere sometimes as 'd sweep a cart an' 'oss off like a bit o' straw! Ay, ay! She's gone for sure! an' mebbe her poor body'll never come nigh—leastways not 'ere—it might lower down the coast."

Here Grace Laurie, who was with the other servants watching, began to cry bitterly.

"Oh, Miss Diana!" she sobbed. "She was so good and kind! Oh, poor dear Miss Diana!"

The old sailor patted her gently on the shoulder.

"Now don't ye fret, don't ye fret, my girl!" he said. "We're all swept off our feet sooner or later when the big tide cooms in! Some goes first and others last, but 'tis all the same! Now you just pull yerself together an' take the poor leddy's clothes back 'ome, and I an' my mates will watch all along shore, an' if we hears anythin' or finds anythin'——"

Mr. May coughed noisily.

"I am the father of the unfortunate lady," he said stiffly. "I cannot yet believe or realize this—this awful business; but anything you can do will be suitably rewarded, of course——"

"Thanky, sir, thanky! I makes no doubt on't! But I'll not worrit ye with the hows an' whens in yer sorrer, for sorrer ye must 'ave for all ye looks so dry. What we 'ears we'll let ye know an' what we finds too——"

And he subsided into silence, watching Grace, who, with choked sobs and tears, took up Diana's clothes as tenderly as if they were living objects. Some of the other servants wept too out of sympathy, and Jonson, the butler, approached his master with solemn deference.

"Will you take my h'arm, sir?" he said.

Mr. May stared at him angrily, then, remembering the circumstances, assumed a melancholy and resigned air.

"No, Jonson, thank you!" he answered. "I will walk home alone." Then, after a pause: "You and Grace had better see to Mrs. May—prepare her a little—it will be a terrible blow to her——"

He turned away, and as he went the group of sightseers went also, slowly dispersing and talking about the fatality in hushed voices as though they were afraid the sea would hear.

The old sailor remained behind, smoking and watching the waves. Presently he saw something on the surface of the water that attracted his attention, and he went to the edge of the breaking surf and waited till the object was cast at his feet. It was a woman's white canvas bathing-shoe.

"Ay! T'other'll mebbe *(Continued on page 490)*



"Ah, poor thing," said the old salt. "There's a main deal o' suction wi' th' sea in this 'ere cove when th' full tide cooms in——" "She's an excellent swimmer," said Mr. May, gazing at the sea in a vaguely disappointed way



"You're not trying to open that safe," announced the voice behind the gun. "If it comes to a show-down I'll drop you first, as quick as I'd kill a fly, for there's one too many of us in this game! If there's any talking from now on this gat of mine's going to do it!"

The Wall Safe

By Arthur Stringer

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

Ever decide between your own good name and your duty to your employer's interests? Such a moment comes to Miss Rymal in this rapid-action detective story. Clever fiction like this makes the brain and hand nimble.

FOR the essential oil of *ennui*, commend me to a combination of country house, faded decorations, and guests awaiting the down-train the day after a big wedding! Excitement, keyed immoderately high, brings its inevitable backswing of dullness. The busy ripples of color run out, leaving only the mud-flats of lethargy—like a beer-glass the morning after, as Toosey inelegantly expressed it.

"Miramar" after the Obden-Belpont wedding, at any rate, reminded me that excessive glory is only too apt to be followed by excessive weariness. "Ichabod!" I had whispered to Ferrie as the last motor rolled away. For that stately pile of desolation made me think of New Orleans the morning after *Mardi Gras*, or a Broadway theater about the time the ushers begin to hump up the orchestra-chairs. We were a small but a plainly bored group who after dinner that night sat about the big windows of the *Salon de Terrasses*, which boasted of none too immediate ancestry from the Château de Brugieres.

Winkie was there, and Rear-Admiral Trevor Ferris was there, and Gwendolyn de Haven and Miss Blanchan and the taciturn Obden-Belpont himself, with Reserve written across his front as plainly as "Miramar" was written across his gate-pillar. They all seemed rather tired and self-immured and just a little relieved. And I shared that feeling, for my work, I knew, was over. Mrs. Obden-Belpont, finally released from the calls of generalship, had taken a bromide and a hot bath and had gone to bed, though a residuary scattering of workmen, both out on the terrace and in the house itself, were quietly yet industriously removing the last of the decorations. They made me think of tent-men busy under their gasoline flares on a circus-lot at midnight.

The only occupied person in our own group I noticed, as I sat back and studied them, was the cumbersomely expeditious Miss Blanchan. From the city afternoon papers she was carefully clipping and pinning together sensationally labeled photographs and ingeniously elaborated descriptions of the great wedding and its gifts, descriptions, by the way, which had appeared in print a considerable time before the ceremony itself had even started. These extracts, which obviously were to be perused later by the triumphant mistress of "Miramar," read like a Tiffany blue-book. Indeed, as I sat there idly watching the woman with those garnered sheaves of recorded glory, I couldn't help speculating as to what other eyes might be perusing the same unabashed exploitations of splendor. Among them, I told myself, there would be some that were covetous, and some that were designing, and some that were rebellious; for, as one woman reporter had expressed it, "never, since the days of the Romanoffs and the Durbars of India, had jewels been so showered on a young and beautiful daughter of earth's nobility!" I wasn't quite sure what this meant, but I knew that it sounded well. It sounded too well, in a way, since I couldn't help remembering that the gentry who make a profession of jewel stealing had the habit of watching the society pages as closely as does the latest climber trying to enfilade the Social Register. I couldn't help wondering if this stood as an explanation of why the reticent William Obden-Belpont had offhandedly suggested that I stay over for a day or two. For I remembered that these same jewels had yet to be transferred from "Miramar" to the safety-deposit vaults where they would be duly stored to await the return of their owner.

I had plenty of time to do my thinking, since there was little else to do. So I sat there, as impersonally idle as the rest of them, a victim of that ebb-tide of lassitude which made the huge gray house an unbroken gray pall of *ennui*.

Then, all of a sudden, the universal gray blankness of things was shot through by one bewildering stroke of light. It came suddenly, and it came unexpectedly, as sharp as a pistol-shot in the quietness of midnight, as conspicuous as a splash of blood across a sheet of virginal white. For as I sat there wrapped in my own thoughts, looking idly out on a world which had neither interest nor appeal to me, I had made a discovery.

As I sat there abstractedly watching the last



"What have you got there?" demanded old Ferrie, for he plainly caught sight of my pillow-slip dangling against my kimono. "About half a million dollars' worth of jewelry," I replied, without turning a hair.

of the workmen dismantling the glories of that noonday spectacle, I let my eyes dwell on what I had accepted as a florist's assistant quietly engaged in removing the last of a bank of orchid-tinted hydrangeas and winding up the ultimate yards of what had once seemed endless bolts of cream-colored ribbon. He worked silently, and he worked methodically. But it wasn't this that suddenly attracted my attention to him. It was some vaguely reminiscent line about the drooping shoulders, some undefined familiarity about the pensive and funereal figure so frugally occupied in gathering up the relics of another world's vanished merrymaking. As he crossed the terrace and stepped into the house itself his face was suddenly turned toward me. It was at the exact moment I caught a glimpse of those features, lit up by the bunch-light swung out over the close-clipped turf, that the flash had struck out of the grayness of things, like a *minnie-wafer* over a No-Man's Land, sending a tingle along my nerve-ends and a warning message back from the observation-posts of instinct. For in that sedentary workman, so monotonously winding up the last of his weary day's work, I saw Curate Sam, *alias* Sad Sam Everson, one of the trickiest and most audacious gem thieves

I set [illegible] doing my best to digest that dis- [illegible] Then I tried to tell myself that it was [illegible] absurd, a trick of the imagination. I [illegible] my first quick impulse to take the [illegible] company [illegible] my co- [illegible] a move would only serve to make [illegible] Curate [illegible] under the roof of the fifth wealthiest [illegible] America. No such enemy could [illegible] that [illegible] terraced [illegible] respectability. No thief would ever take such a risk. And I glanced reassuringly about that tranquil assembly, trying to persuade myself that outlawry could never invade so orderly a circle. Yet I was disturbed, even though I hated to admit the fact to my own mind. And even as I sat there while this silent debate went on under the threshold of consciousness, I at last felt the need for action, for any kind of action.

So I got up languidly from my chair, crossed the huge room, and began a surreptitious survey of the ground-floor of the house.

I carried out that reconnaissance with a fine parade of leisureliness. I wandered on, with apparent aimlessness, until I came to the private study of Obden-Belpont, at one end of which the wall-safe stood. There I came to a stop, listening for a moment or two. Then I switched on the lights, looked carefully about, and crossed to the panel of heavily carved mahogany which screened the front of the wall-safe itself. I released this panel by the secret spring which held it in place, swung it back, and examined the safe front.

Everything there was in order. It wasn't until I stooped down and looked over the contact-mat which I had wired and connected with the buzzer in my bedroom that anything in any way disconcerting presented itself. Then I made the somewhat disturbing discovery that this mat had been cut loose from its carefully hidden wires.

I stood there for some time, pondering this discovery. Then I crossed to the bell-button and pushed it. I waited two full minutes, and rang again. As there was still no answer to that summons, I finally concluded that the circuit leading to the servants' quarters had also been tampered with. This prompted me to try the ground-floor telephones—only to find the wires dead. And that persuaded me it was about time to get busy.

But I still kept perfect control of my movements. I sauntered leisurely back to the *Salon de Terrasses*. There I found Evans, the footman, quietly closing and locking the long French windows.

"Where is Mr. Obden-Belpont?" I asked as the man in uniform crossed the room to switch out the lights.

"He has just retired, madam," was the servant's answer.

"For the night?"

"Yes, madam."

"And where are the others?" I demanded, doing my best to combat a wayward sense of desolation.

"They have retired, madam," was that dead-eyed servitor's punctiliously impersonal reply.

I hesitated a moment before putting the next question to him.

"Are there any strangers in this house to-night?" I casually inquired.

"Strangers, madam?" It was obvious that he didn't quite understand my question.

"Is there any outside help sleeping in this house who didn't sleep here last night? Is there any new servant, I mean, or even a workman?"

"None whatever, madam," he said with decision.

I must have stood there for some time, trying to carpenter together a plan of action.

"Will that be all, madam?" asked the plainly wearied Evans, still mechanically polite.

"That will be all," I said as I turned and left him to switch out the lights. But I went straight up through the silent house to my room, where I locked myself in. There I first tried my extension-'phone, but, as I had expected, was unable to get any answer. This in some way deepened my earlier feeling of desolation to one of desertion. I would have given a good deal even to have had the loquacious Toosey Attrill there with me. So, remembering I might have to act alone, I unearthed my automatic service-pistol from its hiding-place in my walrus handbag, and made sure that the clip was full. Then I crossed to the bed and pulled one of the heavily monogrammed pillow-slips from its pillow. At this point I stopped to survey myself in that absurdly *décolleté* dinner-gown of mine, and realized that it would never do. So I scrambled out of my clothes, slipped on a night-dress, even as *Lady Macbeth* had done before me, and poked my toes into my heliotrope-tinted bedroom-slippers. Then I laced on my chamois gun-holster and nested the cold-metaled automatic in its hiding-place close in against my floating ribs. Then over the night-dress I flung my accordion-pleated *negligé* of briar-rose pink *crêpe de chine* hanging from a sleeveless yoke-body with a kimono cape of Georgette crêpe. For this, I realized, was more to the purpose. In the first place, it carried an air of innocent unpreparedness. And in the second place, its ample folds made an altogether satisfactory screen for anything I might wish to carry in the pillow-slip. Then I folded up that same pillow-slip, tucked it under my arm, and switched out my lights again. Then I crept forth on my soft-soled slippers to the hallway, closed the door, and made my way silently down through the deserted house.

I didn't stop until I came to the study that held the wall-safe. Once there, I closed the door, threw on the lights, swung back the carved mahogany panel, and spun the dial of the combination lock which held shut the ponderous inner door of the vault.

Everything there, I saw, as soon as the safe was open, remained still undisturbed. Benchley, I remembered, had taken charge of the bulkier wedding-gifts, the more cumbersome silver and cut-glass and plate. But the jewels were still in the wall-safe. They were stored away there in as orderly rows as though they had been put away in a Pharaoh's tomb to await the trump of doom, instead of merely resting over-night until William Obden-Belpont could motor them in to their safety-deposit vault in the city. But if Curate Sam had entered that house, I knew, he had entered it for only one purpose. And remembering his purpose, I knew that it would [illegible] same wall-safe to which he would [illegible]

attention. And the very meaning of the word "safe," before a cracksman of his skill and experience, faded almost into a mockery.

So I carefully and silently lifted those orderly jewels, one by one, and case by case, out of the vault and dropped them into my pillow-slip. When the safe was quite empty I closed and locked the door again, and swung shut the carved panel. Then, with one hand on the cool-feeling stock of my firearm, I made my way silently and guardedly back through those ghostly rooms of stillness. Once I had safely reached the stairway that cascaded like a widening white waterfall down into the main hallway, I felt easier in mind. And once I had piloted my way to the hall of the guest-wing I felt still surer of myself, for at the end of this hall I could see the relieving soft glow of the night-light.

That night-light, I remembered, would serve as a buoy to guide me back to the harborage of my own door. My gaze, in fact, was on that door as I started down the shadowy hall, on it about the same as a sailor's eye is on a mole-light at his journey's end. Then something occurred which took the sustaining thought of harborage out of my head.

For as I stared down the half-lighted hallway I saw that door of mine quietly open and the figure of a man, crouching low, essay to step out. But without even lifting his head, as far as I could see, he became conscious of my advance. So just as quietly and just as stealthily he withdrew again, softly closing the door after him.

I had not seen that man's face. I hadn't seen enough of him to make sure of his identity. But I knew that no honest man comes out of a room in any such manner, nor slinks back under cover when seen, as this man had slunk back. And, what proved even more disturbing, I remembered the value of what I was carrying in that pillow-slip which swung under my kimono cape of Georgette crêpe.

But I had no intention of standing there and letting the grass grow under my feet. When I acted, I did so without hesitation. Why I did as I did I don't exactly know, for I had the choice of at least two courses before me. On my left, I remembered, was Winkfred Ealand's room, not twenty steps away. I knew it was his. Even though I had been uncertain of that fact, I could have verified it by the white buckskin Oxfords tipped with Russian calf which he'd put outside his door, after the manner of the English, since my Winkie had no valet of his own.

On my right, almost opposite Winkie's door, was Admiral Trevor Ferris's. And I knew it was his, for my earlier investigations of that house had pretty thoroughly acquainted me with the disposition of its inmates. Instinct, in such a moment of peril, should have driven me straight to my Winkie. But it didn't. It didn't even make me hesitate. For, without stopping a minute, I stepped silently to Ferris's bedroom door, quietly turned the knob, and stepped inside.

I stood there for a second or two, staring through the darkness.

Then I closed the door behind me. This, apparently, was not accomplished in utter silence, for the next moment I found myself challenged by a voice from the bed.

"What's that?"

I stood there, wondering how to explain.

"It's me!" I finally and weakly admitted, thanking my stars I'd decided on that silver-haired old officer, fortified with the tone of time, instead of breaking in on poor, straightlaced, heavy-headed Winkie and probably shocking him out of a year's growth.

"Who are you?" a none-too-gracious voice was demanding. And I had to take a deep breath before I could quite make the words come out.

"I'm Miss Rymal," I answered in a very timorous and childish sort of pipe. This reply, I noticed, was followed by several moments of silence. They gave every evidence of being very cogitative moments.

"What's wrong?" was the next question through the darkness. But it was the sort of question I could afford to feel very grateful for. It brought things down to brass tacks, as the saying is.

"Something very serious," I replied, as steadily as I could. I heard the faint squeak of the box-springs and then the sharp click of a button-switch. The next moment I found myself blinking at the unexpected light. And in the center of that light, sitting up in bed with a cream-colored suit of pajamas making his ruddy face look ruddier than ever, was Ferrie himself, blinking back at me with rather solemn eyes. It was some time before he had taken me entirely in. Then he asked a sudden question:

"What have you got there?" he demanded, for he had plainly caught sight of the pillow-slip dangling down beneath my kimono cape.

"About half a million dollars' worth of jewelry," I told him, without turning a hair.

"Whose?"

"The bride's, of course."

"The bride's?" he repeated. He plainly wasn't quite himself yet.

"Yes, her wedding-gifts, from the wall safe downstairs."

"And what are you doing with them?"

"Trying to take care of them," was my answer.

"Why?"

It was easier than I had imagined it would be. That is one of the advantages of turning to a man of sixty, who is also a man of affairs, when you're in trouble. He's able to keep down to the point at issue.

"Because one of the cleverest gem thieves in America is planning to carry them off!"

"Eh?" he piped, incredulous.

So I repeated my statement.

"How do you know that?" demanded the old officer.

I told him about catching sight of Curate Sam, about the 'phone-wires being

(*Continued on page 493*)



Gagged and trussed on that alcohol-soaked bed I could see Curate Sam straighten up with the flaming match still between his fingers. "D'you want to live?" he dispassionately inquired

New Russia in the Making

Third of a Series of Articles on the Birth of a Democracy

By Charles Edward Russell

Member of the American Commission

In this article Mr. Russell portrays the Russian peasant as he really is—not as romancists and fiction writers would have him. There are eighty millions of him; he was and is the backbone of the Revolution. He and his women vote; they are in the vast majority. In short, the Peasant is now the Boss.

LET a man have so much as an average gift of imagination, and let him come of a sudden and for the first time upon a typical Russian village, and if he be as optimistic as the lark the heart is likely to sink within him; all the more if the weather be gray.

Drearier place of habitation, he will say, is not known to man; even an American prairie town of forty years ago was not more dismal. A jumble of ancient roofs, partly in disrepair; a jumble of unpainted, uncompromising timber huts, gone gray like the sky; barn and dwelling, outhouse and toolhouse, askew along a lane of quag mires and deep, ancient ruts; superfluous indications of unkempt barnyard offending three senses; and over all an air that strikes the Westerner like a blow in the face, an air of seeming unthrift and neglect; that is his first impression and sometimes his last.

Hence, the average traveler from the West, being told that seventy-five per cent. of Russia is peasant and nearly all of peasant Russia lives much like this, gives up in despair. Build a nation of such materials in such conditions! You might as well go build cathedrals of rushes!

But of course to the rigid Western sense everything in Russia is so wrong end to and so upside down that it should be read from right to left like Hebrew text. Poor looks the village, gloomy, forlorn and as without hope; yet it contains the very heart of Russia; it is the ceaseless dynamo of Russian political activity, it made the Revolution possible, it will make the Republic and make it great.

You see, everything in Russia depends upon the peasant. Sixty years ago he was a slave that owned not so much as his own hard and toiling hands. To-day behold him in the seats of the mighty, shaping destiny not only for his own country but for ours and all others. The fantastic whirligig of this, our human existence, may show some other upending like this, but I don't know where. I should think it was about the most stupendous thing that ever happened. From nothing to all in all went the peasant, almost in the turn of a hand. Other Russians may furnish much noise and hot-air currents, may parade with horrible banners and rattle conservatism with threats. This Russian alone will decide between Bolshevik and Menshevik, wild-eyed and sane, frantic and reasonable; and whatever he says will go.

He is greater than the Czar ever was; he isn't, in the old phrase, "tempered by assassination," nor restrained by anything else. So far as Russia is concerned, he is It.

He votes. He is the vast majority. He is the boss. And he lives in a down-at-the-heel village where you would think gray tones and dreariness would beat life flat, but where in spite of all he has learned the practical wisdom of it and been tutored in strange ways up to the job Fate has now laid upon him.

We have in this country a settled conviction that democracy was thrust suddenly upon Russia, that she had never heard of it before, that she was not at all prepared for it (as we were, for instance) and that hence democracy in Russia is impossible until, after a long period of tutelage, the people shall have been jackscrewed up to somewhere near our pinnacle.

This is a grand belief and full of comfort. It absolves us from active interest in the Russian struggle or the least support of it, and enables us, with a sweet content, to go back to our balance-sheets, our automobiles and our golf links. Since Russia



Prince Paul Troubetskoy's colossal statue of Czar Alexander III in Petrograd, depicting "the big, coarse, brutal Czar riding the Russian people," a witty sculptor's gigantic sarcasm. "All the tongues of mankind could not better express the situation."



"We have complacently assumed that Nihilism and revolt were the products of an unruly and half-savage race." Not so. This p… shows a group of Russian men under the old regime. After trial and condemnation in the notorious Justice Hall, following 1905, they have just been sentenced to Siberia. T… nothing savage or brutal in these faces.

is unfit for democracy anyway, why bother about it?

Far be it from me to disturb pleasant dreams. Yet, as a matter of strict fact, the notion that democracy is any novelty to Russians is merely preposterous. If they are not fitted for it, neither are we nor any other people on earth, and mankind went all wrong when it began to throw overboard its kings.

By faith and practice the Russians are among the most democratic peoples alive, and instead of being thumb-hand novices about democracy, they have had thorough and expert training in it.

Where? Why, in that same ugly village. It has educated a Russia that was without books and almost without schools or a public press. It has taken the place of newspapers and telegraph. It has scattered information and broadened the general mind. To people that could not read it has taught the rudiments of human knowledge. And above everything else, it stirred in them their innate love of liberty and made democracy more than a creed or a languid, remote and semi-fluid faith as often with us. It made democracy in them a passion. We ought to be slow to look down upon the dismal Russian village, because when it comes to the actualities of life the Russian village might very well look down upon the American farmhouse.



© UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Typical group of happy Russian peasant women engaged in cutting fodder. Note their well-nourished looks. Indeed, "these people seem to live rather well and, considering the poor materials they have, are the world's premium cooks."



© INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE

Either as an invention or an instrument of civilization, the village has the farmhouse beaten to bits. Society in the village may not be such as would stir enthusiasm in Park Lane and upper Fifth Avenue, but it is at least society. Men and women meet and exchange ideas, rub mind against mind, divide information, share and share alike, put into a common fund whatever wit may be in fifty minds, whatever of life may have been seen by a hundred eyes, whatever may have been experienced by fifty souls.

In the remote farmhouse, shut off from the world of men, marooned on a prairie island, single couples or single families lose all faculty for united effort and, driven in upon themselves, become the most hopeless individualists on earth. The thing works out as might be expected. Here, for instance, is this great coöperative movement that in the last twenty years has remade life for millions in Europe. Those immense and highly successful coöperative societies of Belgium (before she was bludgeoned), France, Italy, Switzerland, Serbia, have cheapened the cost of living and raised its standard until they have become among the greatest benefactors of the race.

In Russia, coöperation has been a conspicuous success. In America, after a thousand well-meant attempts and many ingenious devices, it remains a failure. Americans do not coöperate. Every man for himself—it is the sure reflex of solitary living and the isolated farmhouse.

Or, if you want another illustration, look at the way the United States, before the war, lagged behind the rest of the world in the development of communal enterprises and the communal spirit that, until scattered by the Iron Fist, was beginning to show a new era in the affairs of men.



© UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

The Russian peasant lives in a house like this, built of hewn squared logs, caulked with vegetable fiber, with double windows that are seldom opened, because in winter the outside temperature goes down to 60° or 70° of frost.



© UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Prince Luvof, sometime Prime Minister of the Provisional Government and now head of the National Union of Zemstvos. His was "a mind with wit enough to perceive that you couldn't rob the producers without impoverishing the nation."

Old King Vodka is dead and buried and will never be brought to life again. The women all vote and the women are dead against it. So are the men, since the Republic was born.



The Russian peasant lives in a gray, dingy, down-at-heel village, like that shown above, but wherein he has learned the practical wisdom of life. Below stands a group of farmers on their way to work in the fields. At night they go home to village community life.

In Russia there are no solitary farmhouses. The farmers always live in villages. An Anglo-Saxon seems to like to get away from his fellows; the Russian demands their company. As a rule, the land the Russian farmer tills lies close beside the village where he lives, but near or far, he goes forth to his day's work from his village home and returns thither when the day's work is done.

Amusement in that village, the interchange with his neighbors of ideas and experiences, the gossip and chatter, the disputes and arguments, may not be very exciting, but they have been something for him to look forward to all day, and enough, when they come, to prod his mind out of the ruts of drudgery and sometimes to spur it into the health of continued activity.

WHERE the system of communal land ownership prevails in Russia the peasant does not own the land he tills because all the land there belongs to the community of which he is a member, but he may own the house in which he lives, the tools with which he works, the horses, cows and chickens in his barnyard. He shelters his livestock unpleasantly near to his own place of abiding, but that is all one to him. He is used to it as his forbears were before him. Yet he is not a dirty person, as doubtless you have been led to believe; no more dirty than he is ignorant. Customs differ greatly in different parts of the country, but you often find in Russia the village bathhouse as much of an institution as the village church and more regularly visited, while some of the peasants' homes have their own bathing apparatus. Apparatus is the apt word, for the bath is always of steam that is raised artificially by a stove. He sits upon a shelf in a room dense with hot steam and there sweats and is rubbed with twigs and scrubbed in hot water and cold and goes home clean and content maybe for Sunday, for Saturday is a favorite bathing occasion.

In the old days he used in many cases to mark the day, religious or festal, by getting soused on it—there is no doubt of that although he was never so bad as he was painted. But now all that is changed with the rest. Prohibition came easy in Russia; the Government had a monopoly of the rum trade and cut it off with one blow of the ax by going out of the business. No doubt there is some illicit distilling, but it cannot be very extensive, because when I was in Russia I circulated among all kinds of people and saw only two men under the influence of liquor. After all, are there any fixed habits or customs? Vodka was supposed to be indispensable to the average Russian, yet in a day it was swept away from him and he didn't mind. To-day he doesn't care; he seems to have forgotten all about it;

(Continued on page 505)



News travels swiftly from village to village in Russia, being largely spread by ambulatory merchants like this handsome poultry peddler.



"Either as an invention or an instrument of civilization the Russian village has the solitary American farmhouse beaten to bits. Men and women meet to exchange ideas, and put into a common fund whatever wit may be in fifty separate minds, whatever may have been seen by a hundred eyes."

The Substitute

By W. W. Jacobs

Illustrated by Edmund Shinn

And the moral of it is: Don't interfere where it's none of your business; there will be complications, which are like small boys— some people have 'em and other people have the trouble of 'em.



"Oh, William," she says, "wot's the matter? Why didn't you meet me? Didn't you get my letter? Or 'ave you ceased to care for me?"

THE night watchman had just returned to the office fire after leaving it to attend a ring at the wharf bell. He sat for some time puffing fiercely at his pipe and breathing heavily.

"Boys!" he said at last. "That's the third time this week, and yet if I was to catch one and skin 'im alive I suppose I should get into trouble over it. Even 'is own father and mother would make a fuss, most like. Some people 'ave boys, and other people 'ave the trouble of 'em. Our street's full of 'em, and the way they carry on would make a monkey-'ouse ashamed of itself. The man next door to me's got seven of 'em, and when I spoke to 'im friendly about it over a pint one night, he put the blame on 'is wife.

"The worst boy I ever knew used to be office-boy in this 'ere office, and I can't understand now why I wasn't 'ung for him. Under-sized little chap he was, with a face the color o' bad pie-crust, and two little black eyes like shoe-buttons. To see 'im with his little white cuffs, and a stand-up collar, and a little black bow, and a little bowler 'at, was enough to make a cat laugh. I told 'm so one day, and arter that we knew where we was. Both of us.

"By rights he ought to 'ave left the office at six—just my time for coming on. As it was, he used to stay late, pretending to work 'ard so as to get a rise. Arter all the clerks 'ad gone 'ome he used to sit perched up on a stool yards too 'igh for him, with one eye on the ledger and the other looking through the winder at me. I remember once going off for arf-a-pint, and when I come back I found 'im with a policeman, two carmen, and all the 'ands off of the *Maid Marian*, standing on the edge of the jetty, waiting for me to come up. He said that, not finding me on the wharf, 'e made sure that I must 'ave tumbled overboard, as he felt certain that I wouldn't neglect my dooty while there was breath in my body; but 'e was sorry to find 'e was mistook. He stood there talking like a little clergyman until one of the carmen knocked his 'at over 'is eyes, and then he forgot 'imself for a bit.

"Arter that I used to wait until he 'ad gorn afore I 'ad my arf-pint. I didn't want my good name tiken away, and I 'ad to be careful, and many's the good arf-pint I 'ad to refuse because that little imitation monkey was sitting in the office drawing faces on 'is blotting-paper. But sometimes it don't matter 'ow careful you are, you make a mistike some fine day.

"There was a little steamer, called the *Eastern Monarch*, used to come up here in them days, once a week. Fat little tub she was, with a crew o' fat tish old men, and a skipper that I didn't like. He'd been in the coasting trade all 'is life, while I've knocked about all over the world, but to 'ear 'im talk you'd think he knew more about things than I did.

"'Education, Bill,' he ses one evening, 'that's the thing! You can't argufy without it; you only talk foolish, like you are doing now.'

"'There's eddication and there's common-sense,' I ses. 'Some people 'as one and some people 'as the other. Give me common-sense.'

"'That's what you want,' he ses, nodding.

"'And, o' course,' I ses, looking at 'im, 'there's some people 'asn't got either one *or* the other.'

"The office-boy came out of the office afore he could think of an answer, and the pair of 'em stood there talking, to show off their cleverness, till their tongues ached. I took up my broom and went on sweeping, and they was so busy talking long words they didn't know the meaning of to each other that they was arf choked with dust afore they noticed it. When they did notice it they left off using long words, and the skipper tried to hurt my feelings with a few short ones 'e knew.

"'It's no good wasting your breath on 'im,' says the boy. 'You might as well talk to a beer-barrel.'

"He went off, dusting 'imself down with his little pocket-'ankercher, and arter the skipper 'ad told me wot he'd like to do, only he was too sorry for me to do it, 'e went back to the ship to put on a clean collar, and went off for the evening.

"He always used to go off by hisself of a evening, and I used to wonder 'ow he passed the time. Then one night I found out.

"I had just come out of the Bull's Head, and stopped to look round afore going back to the wharf, when I see a couple o' people standing on the swing-bridge saying 'Good-by' to each other. One of 'em was a man and the other wasn't.

"'Evening, cap'n,' I ses, as he came towards me, and gave a little start. 'I didn't know you 'ad brought your missis up with you this trip.'

"'Evening, Bill,' he ses, very peaceful. 'Wot a lovely evening!'

"'Bee-utiful!' I ses.

"'So fresh,' ses the skipper, sniffing in some of the air.

"'Makes you feel quite young agin,' I ses.

"He didn't say nothing to that, except to look at me out of the corner of 'is eye; and stepping on to the wharf had another look at the sky to admire it, and then went aboard his ship. If he 'ad only stood me a pint, and trusted me, things might ha' turned out different.

"Quite by chance I happened to be in the Bull's Head a week arterwards, and, quite by chance, as I came out I saw the skipper saying 'Good-by' on the bridge again. He seemed to be put out about something, and when I said 'Wot a lovely evening it would be if only it worn't raining 'ard!' he said something about knocking my 'ead off.

"'And you keep your nose out o' my bisness,' he ses, very fierce.

"'Your bisness?' I ses. 'Wot bisness?'

"'There's some people as might like to know that you leave the wharf to look arter itself while you're sitting in a pub swilling gallons and gallons o' beer,' he ses, in a nasty sort o' way. 'Live and let live, that's my motter.'

"'I don't know wot you're talking about,' I ses, 'but it don't matter anyways. I've got a clear conscience; that's the main thing. I'm as open as the day, and there's nothing about me that I'd mind anybody knowing. Wot a pity it is everybody can't say the same!'

"I didn't see 'im saying 'Good-by' the next week or the week arter that either, but the third week arter just calling in at the Bull's Head, I strolled on casual-like and got as far as the bottom of Tower Hill afore I remembered myself. Turning the corner, I a'most fell over the skipper, wot was right in the fairway, shaking 'ands with his lady-friend under the lamp-post. Both of 'em started, and I couldn't make up my mind which gave me the most unpleasant look.

"'Peep-bo!' I ses, cheerful-like.

"He stood making a gobbling noise at me, like a turkey.

"'Give me quite a start, you did,' I ses. 'I didn't dream of you being there.'

"'Get off!' he ses, spluttering. 'Get off, afore I tear you limb from limb! 'Ow dare you follow me about and come spying round corners at me? Wot d'ye mean by it?'

"I stood there with my arms folded acrost my chest, as calm as a cucumber. The other party stood there watching us, and wot 'e could 'ave seen in her, I can't think. She was dressed more like a man than a woman, and it would have taken the good looks of twenty like her to 'ave made one barmaid. I stood looking at 'er like a man in a dream.

"'Well, will you know me agin?' she ses, in a nasty cracked sort of voice.

"'I could pick you out of a million,' I ses—'if I wanted to.'

"'Clear out!' ses the skipper. 'Clear out! And thank your stars there's a lady present.'

"'Don't take no notice of 'im, Captin Pratt,' ses the lady. 'He's beneath you. You only encourage people like that by taking notice of 'em. Good-by.'

"She held out her 'and, and while the skipper was shaking it I began to walk back to the wharf. I 'adn't gorn far afore I heard 'im coming up behind me, and next moment 'e was walking alongside and saying things to try and make me lose my temper.

"'Ah, it's a pity your pore missis can't 'ear you!' I ses. 'I expect she thinks you are stowed away in your bunk dreaming of 'er, instead of saying things about a face as don't belong to you.'

"'You mind your bisness,' he ses, shouting. 'And not so much about my missis! D'ye hear? Wot's it got to do with you? Who asked you to shove your oar in?'



"Why didn't you tell me you'd got a lady-friend here?" ses the boy, shaking his head at me. "Lady-friend," says the skipper, with a start. "Oh, Bill, I *am* surprised!"

"'You're quite mistook,' I ses, very calm. 'I'd no idea that there was anything on as shouldn't be. I was never more surprised in my life. If anybody 'ad told me, I shouldn't ave believed 'em. I couldn't. Knowing you, and knowing 'ow respectable you 'ave always purtended to be, and also and likewise that you ain't no chicken——'

"I thought 'e was going to 'ave a fit. He opped about, waving his arms and stuttering and going on in such a silly way that I didn't like to be seen with 'im. Twice he knocked my 'at off, and arter telling him wot would 'appen if 'e did it agin, I walked off and left him.

"Even then 'e wasn't satisfied, and, arter coming on to the wharf and following me up and down like a little dog, he got in front of me and told me some more things he 'ad thought of.

"'If I catch you spying on me agin,' he ses, 'you'll wish you'd never been born!'

"'You get aboard and 'ave a quiet sleep,' I ses. 'You're wandering in your mind.'

"'The lady you saw me with,' he ses, looking at me very fierce, 'is a friend o' mine that I meet sometimes for the sake of her talk.'

"'Talk!' I ses, staring at 'im. 'Talk! Wot, [illegible] enough for you? Is your missis dumb? or wot?'

"'You don't understand,' he ses, coking [illegible] intellectual woman full of eddication and information. When my missis talks, she talks about the price o' things and says [illegible] money. Or else 'e tali about things I've done, or sometimes things I 'aven't done. It's all one to her. There's no pleasure in that sort o' talk. It don't *help* a man.'

"I [illegible] did,' I [illegible]

"'I don't suppose you did,' he ses, sneering-like. 'Now, to-night, fust of all we talked about the House of Lords and whether it ought to be allowed; and arter that she gave me quite a little lecture on insecks.'

"'It don't seem proper to me,' I ses. 'I 'ave spoke to my wife about 'em once or twice, but I should no more think of talking about such things to a single lady——'

"He began to jump about agin as if I'd bit 'im, and he 'ad so much to say about my 'ed and blocks of wood that I pretty near lost my temper. I should ha' lost it with some men, but 'e was a very stiff-built chap and as hard as nails.

"'Beer's your trouble,' he ses, at last. 'Fust of all you put it down, and then it climbs up and soaks wot little brains you've got. Wot you want is a kind friend to prevent you from getting it.'

"It was about three weeks arter that, and I was standing alone by the gate one evening, when I saw a woman coming along carrying a big bag in her 'and. I 'adn't seen 'er before, and when she stopped in front of me and smiled I was on my guard at once. I don't smile at other people, and I don't expect them to smile at me.

"'At last!' she ses, setting down 'er bag and [illegible]ing me another smile. 'I thought I was never going to get 'ere.'

"[illegible]oughed and backed inside a little bit on [illegible]n ground. I didn't want to 'ave that little beast of a office-boy spreading tales about me.

"'I've come up to 'ave a little fling,' she ses, [illegible]ooking a[illegible]'er than ever. 'My husband don't know I [illegible] He thinks I'm at 'ome.'

"I think I went back pretty near three yards.

"'I come up by train,' she ses, nodding.

"'Yes,' I ses, very severe, 'and wot about going back by it?'

"'Oh, I shall go back by ship,' she ses. 'Wot time do you expect the *Eastern Monarch* up?'

"'Well,' I ses, 'ardly knowing wot to make of 'er, 'she ought to be up this tide; but there's no reckoning on wot an old washtub with a engine like a sewing-machine inside 'er will do.'

"'Oh, indeed!' she ses, leaving off smiling very sudden 'Oh, indeed! My husband might 'ave something to say about that.'

"'Your 'usband?' I ses.

"'Captain Pratt,' she ses, drawing 'erself up. 'I'm Mrs. Pratt. He left yesterday morning, and I've come up 'ere by train to give 'im a little surprise.'

"You might ha' knocked me down with a feather, and I stood there staring at her with my mouth open, trying to think.

"'Take care,' I ses at last. 'Take care as you don't give 'im too *much* of a surprise!'

"'Wot do you mean?' she ses, firing up.

"'Nothing,' I ses. 'Nothing, only I've known 'usbands in my time as didn't like being surprised, that's all. If you take my advice, you'll go straight back home agin.'

"'I'll tell 'im wot you say,' she ses, 'the moment 'is ship comes in.'

"That's a woman all over; the moment they get into a temper they want to 'urt somebody; and I made up my mind at once that, if anybody was going to be 'urt, it wasn't me. And, besides, I thought it might be for the skipper's good—in the long run.

"I broke it to 'er as gentle as I could. I

didn't tell 'er much, I just gave her a few 'ints. Just enough to make 'er ask for more.

"'And mind,' I ses, '*I* don't want to be brought into it. If you should 'appen to take a fancy into your 'ead to wait behind a pile of empties till the ship comes in, and then slip out and foller your 'usband, and give 'im the little surprise you spoke of, it's nothing to do with me.'

"'I understand,' she ses, biting 'er lip. 'There's no need for 'im to know that I've been on the wharf at all.'

"I gave 'er a smile—I thought she deserved it—but she didn't smile back. She was rather a nice-looking woman in the ordinary way, but I could easy see 'ow temper spoils a woman's looks. She stood there giving little shivers and looking as if she wanted to bite somebody.

"'I'll go and hide now,' she ses.

"'Not yet,' I ses. 'You'll have to wait till that little blackbeetle in the office 'as gone.'

"Blackbeetle?' she ses, staring.

"'Office-boy,' I ses. 'He'd better not see you at all. S'pose you go off for a bit and come back when I whistle?'

"Afore she could answer the boy came out of the office, ready to go 'ome. He gave a little bit of a start when 'e saw me talking to a lady, and then 'e nips down sudden, about a couple o' yards away, and begins to do 'is bootlace up. It took 'im some time, because 'e 'ad to undo it fust, but 'e finished it at last, and arter a quick look at Mrs. Pratt, and one at me that I could 'a' smacked 'is 'ead for, 'e went off whistling and showing 'is little cuffs.

"I stepped out into the road and watched 'im out o' sight. Then I told Mrs. Pratt to pick up 'er bag and foller me.

"As it 'appened there was a big pile of empties in the corner of the ware'ouse wall, just opposite the *Eastern Monarch's* berth. It might 'a' been made for the job, and arter I 'ad tucked 'er away behind and given 'er a box to sit on, I picked up my broom and began to make up for lost time.

"She sat there as quiet as a cat watching a mouse'ole, and I was going on with my work, stopping every now and then to look and see whether the *Monarch* was in sight, when I 'appened to turn round and see the office-boy standing on the edge of the wharf with 'is back to the empties, looking down at the water. I nearly dropped my broom.

"'Ullo!' I ses, going up to 'im. 'I thought you 'ad gorn 'ome.'

"'I was going,' 'e ses, with a nasty oily little smile, 'and then it struck me all of a sudden 'ow lonely it was for you *all alone 'ere*, and I came back to keep you company.'

"He winked at something acrost the river as 'e spoke, and I stood there thinking my 'ardest wot was the best thing to be done. I couldn't get Mrs. Pratt away while 'e was there; besides which I felt quite sartain she wouldn't go. The only 'ope I 'ad was that 'e'd get tired of spying on me and go away before 'e found out she was 'iding on the wharf.

"I walked off in a unconcerned way—not too far—and, with one eye on 'im and the other on where Mrs. Pratt was 'iding, went on with my work. There's nothing like 'ard work when a man is worried, and I was a'most forgetting my troubles, when I looked up and saw the *Monarch* coming up the river.

"She turned to come into 'er berth, with the skipper shouting away on the bridge and making as much fuss as if 'e was berthing a liner. I 'elped to make 'er fast, and the skipper, arter 'e 'ad 'ad a good look round to see wot 'e could find fault with, went below to clean 'imself.

"He was up again in about ten minutes, with a clean collar and a clean face, and a blue necktie that looked as though it 'ad got yeller measles. Good temper 'e was in, too, and arter pulling the office-boy's ear, gentle, as 'e was passing, 'e stopped for a moment to 'ave a word with 'im.

"'Bit late, ain't you?' 'e ses.

"'I've been keeping a eye on the watchman,' ses the boy. 'He works better when 'e knows there's somebody watching 'im.'

"'Look 'ere!' I ses. 'You take yourself off; I've 'ad about enough of you. You take your little face 'ome and ask your mother to wipe its nose. Strickly speaking, you've no right to be on the wharf at all at this time.'

"'I've as much right as other people,' 'e ses, giving me a wicked look. "I've got more right than some people, p'r'aps.'

"He stooped down deliberate and, picking up a bit o' coke from the 'eap by the crane, pitched it over at the empties.

"'Stop that!' I ses, shouting at 'im.

"'What for?' 'e ses, shying another piece. 'Why shouldn't I?'

"'Cause I won't 'ave it,' I ses. 'D'ye 'ear? Stop it!'

"I rushed at 'im as 'e sent another piece over, and for the next two or three minutes 'e was dodging me and chucking coke at the empties, with the fool of a skipper standing by laughing, and two or three of the crew leaning over the side and cheering 'im on.

"'All right,' 'e ses, at last, dusting 'is 'ands together. 'I've finished. There's no need to make such a fuss over a bit of coke.'

"'You've wasted pretty near 'arf a 'underdweight,' I ses. 'I've a good mind to report you.'

"'Don't do that, watchman!' 'e ses, in a pitiful voice. 'Don't do that! 'Ere, I tell you wot I'll do. I'll pick it all up again.'

"Afore I could move 'and or foot 'e 'ad shifted a couple o' cases out of 'is way and was in among the empties. I stood there dazed-like while two bits o' coke came flying back past my 'ead, then I 'eard a loud whistle and 'e came out agin with 'is eyes rolling and 'is mouth wide open.

"'Wot's the matter?' ses the skipper, staring at 'im.

"'I—I—I'm sorry, watchman,' ses that beast of a boy, purtending 'e was 'ardly able to speak. 'I'd no idea—'

"'All right,' I ses, very quick.

"'Wot's the matter,' ses the skipper agin; and as 'e spoke it came over me like a flash wot a false persition I was in, and wot a nasty-tempered man 'e could be when 'e liked.

"'Why didn't you tell me you'd got a lady-friend there?' ses the boy, shaking 'is 'ead at me. 'Why, I might 'ave 'it 'er with a bit o' coke, and never forgiven myself!'

"'*Lady-friend!*' says the skipper, with a start. 'Oh, Bill, I *am* surprised!'

"My throat was so dry I couldn't 'ardly speak. 'It's my missis,' I ses, at last.

"'Your missis?' ses the skipper. 'Wot's she 'iding behind there for?'

"'She—she's shy,' I ses. 'Always was, all 'er life. She can't bear other people. She likes to be alone with me.'

"'Oh, watchman!' ses the boy. 'I wonder where you expect to go to?'

"'Missis my grandmother!' ses the skipper, with a wink. 'I'm going to 'ave a peep.'

"'Stand back!' I ses, pushing 'im off. 'I don't spy on you, and I don't want you to come spying on me. You get off! D'ye hear me? Get off!'

"We had a bit of a struggle, till my foot slipped, and while I was waving my arms and trying to get my balance back 'e made a dash for the empties. Next moment 'e was roaring like a mad bull that 'ad sat down in a sorsepan of boiling water, and rushing back agin to kill me.

"I believe that if it 'adn't 'a' been for a couple o' lightermen wot 'ad just come on to the jetty from their skiff, and two of 'is own 'ands, 'e'd 'a' done it. Crazy with passion 'e was, and it was all the four of 'em could do to 'old 'im. Every now and then 'e'd get a yard nearer to me, and then they'd pull 'im back a couple o' yards and beg of 'im to listen to reason and

(*Concluded on page 507*)



"Well, will you know me agin?" she says, in a nasty cracked voice. "I could pick you out of a million," I told her, "if I wanted to!"

The Pawns Count

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrated by Armand Both

Can a man or his nation plot and scheme to make you accept his offers and can he keep those offers "sincere and heartfelt" at the same time? This is the hopelessly complicated personality that Mr. Oppenheim here dissects for us.

SYNOPSIS "America first, America only, America always!" was the motto of Pamela Van Teyl, a pretty and clever New York girl, rich in her own right, well-educated and well-traveled. During several years' residence abroad in various European capitals Pamela has kept both eyes and ears open, and the Great War finds her in possession of certain valuable data. The scene opens in Henry's fashionable London restaurant, where she is bidden to lunch with several friends, among them Captain Richard Holderness and John Lutchester, who has also seen service at the front. London is full of spies. Another expected guest is Captain Sandy Graham, discoverer or inventor of a very deadly explosive. In fact, as he greets his friends in the crowded foyer he announces loudly that the formula is complete. The statement is overheard by Oscar Fischer, a wealthy German-American whose sympathies are all for the Fatherland and against the United States. Then Sandy Graham mysteriously disappears! Miss Van Teyl suspects Joseph, the leader of the hotel orchestra, and Hassan, a waiter, whom she has reason to think are German spies. After the meal she visits each in turn and frightens them into confession. Captain Graham has been drugged and robbed of his precious formula; from his predicament he is rescued by Pamela and John Lutchester. On an Atlantic liner Pamela begins to feel the heavy hand of Oscar Fischer, although he makes hot love to her.



"To the woman who was my pledged wife," said Fischer earnestly, "I would tell everything." "Please go now," Pamela begged. "I will send to you when I am ready."

PAMELA'S first look of surprise did not readily pass. In the first place, John Lutchester's appearance in America at all was entirely unexpected. In the second, by what possible means could he have arrived at this particular moment?

"You—you astonish me," she faltered a little helplessly. "Mr. Lutchester!"

He smiled as he shook hands. Nikasti had hurriedly removed from Pamela made no effort to detain him. She had a curious feeling that the things which had passed between them concerned their two selves only. She had no desire whatever to hand him over to [illegible]

"I am surprised," Lutchester observed [illegible]

"So far as my presence here is concerned, I knew quite well that I was coming, some time ago, but it was one of those matters, you understand, Miss Van Teyl, that one is scarcely at liberty to talk about. I am here in connection with my work."

"Your work," she repeated weakly. "I thought that you were in the Ministry of Munitions?"

"Precisely," he admitted. "I have a traveling inspectorship. You see, I don't mind telling you this, but it is just as well, if you will forgive my mentioning it, Miss Van Teyl, that these things are not spoken of to any one. My business over here is supposed to be a secret. I am going round some of the factories from which we are drawing our supplies."

She drew a long breath and began to feel a little more like herself.

"Well, after this," she declared, "I shall be surprised at nothing. I have had one shock already this evening, and you are the second."

"The first, I trust, was not disagreeable?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Without flattering you," she answered, "I think I could say that I prefer the second."

"I had an idea," Lutchester remarked diffidently, "that my arrival seemed either opportune or inopportune—I could not quite tell which. Were you in any way troubled or embarrassed by the presence of the little Japanese gentleman?"

"Of course not," she replied. "Why, he is Jimmy's valet."

"How absurd of me!" Lutchester murmured. "By-the-by, if Jimmy is your brother—Mr. Van Teyl—I have a letter to him from a pal in town—Dicky Green. It was to present it that I found my way up here this evening. I was told that he might put me in the way of a little golf during my spare time over here."

He produced the note and laid it upon the table. Pamela glanced at it and then at Lutchester. He was carefully dressed in dinner-clothes, black tie and white waistcoat. He was, as usual, perfectly groomed and immaculate. He had what he could only describe to herself as an everyday air about him. He seemed entirely free from any mental pressure or the wear and tear of great events.

"Golf?" she repeated wonderingly. "You expect to have a little spare time, then?"

"Well, I hope so," Lutchester replied. "One must have exercise. By the by," he went on, "is your brother in, do you happen to know? Perhaps it would be more convenient if I came round in the morning? I am staying in the hotel."

"Oh, for goodness' sake, don't go away," she begged. "Jimmy will be here presently, for certain. To tell you the truth, we have been rather playing hide-and-seek this evening, but it hasn't been altogether his fault. Please sit down over there—you will find cigarets on the sideboard—and talk to me."

"Delighted," he agreed, taking the chair opposite to her. "I suppose you want to know what became of poor Graham?"

A sudden bewilderment appeared in her face. She leaned toward him. Her forehead was knitted, her eyes puzzled. There was a new problem to be solved.

"Why, Mr. Lutchester," she demanded, "how on earth did you get here?"

"Across the Atlantic," he replied amiably. "Bit too far the other way round."

"Yes, but what on?" she persisted. "I went straight on to the *Lapland* after we parted last week, and only arrived here an hour or so ago. There was no other passenger steamer sailing for three days."

"I was a stowaway," he told her confidentially—"helped to shovel coal all the way over."

"Don't talk nonsense!" she protested a little sharply. "I dislike mysteries. Look at you! A stowaway, indeed! Tell me the truth at once!"

He leaned forward in his chair toward her. An ingenuous smile parted his lips. He had the air of a schoolboy repeating a mischievous secret.

"The fact is, Miss Van Teyl," he confided, "I don't want it talked about, you know, but I had a joy-ride over."

"A what?"

"A joy-ride," he repeated. "A cousin of mine is in command of a destroyer, and she was under orders to sail for New York. He hadn't the slightest right, really, to bring a passenger, as she was coming over on a special mission, but I had word about the trip over here, so I slipped on board late one night—not a word to any one, you understand—and—well, here I am. A more awful voyage," he went on impressively, "you couldn't imagine. I was sore all over within twenty-four hours of starting. There's practically no deck on those things, you know, for sitting out or anything of that sort. The British Navy's nowhere for comfort, I can tell you. The biggest liner for me, going back!"

Pamela was still a little dazed. Lutchester's story did not sound in the least convincing. For the moment, however, she accepted his account of himself.

"Tell me now," she begged, "about Captain Graham?"

"You haven't heard, then?"

"I have heard nothing. How should I hear?"

"I took him straight back to my rooms after we left you," Lutchester began. "He was in an awful state of nerves and drugs and drink. Then I put him to bed as soon as I could and rang up a pal of mine at the War Office to take him in hand."

"Do you believe," she asked curiously, "that he had really been robbed of his formula?"

Copyright, 1917, by The Curtis Publishing Company. Copyright in Great Britain.

"Those amiable people who were interviewing him in the chapel seemed to think so," Lutchester observed.

"But you? What do you think?" she persisted.

He smiled in superior fashion.

"I find it rather hard to bring myself to believe that any one would take the trouble," he confided. "I have heard it said in my department that there have been thirty-one new explosives invented since the beginning of the war. Two of them only are in use, and they're not much better than the old stuff."

Pamela nodded understandingly.

"All the same," she remarked, "I am not at all sure that that was the case with Captain Graham's invention. There were rumors for days before that something wonderful was happening on Salisbury Plain. They had to cover up whole acres of ground after his last experiments, and a man who was down there told me that it seemed just as though the life had been sucked out of it."

"Where did you collect all this information?" her visitor inquired.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"One hears everything in London."

Lutchester was sitting with his fingertips pressed together. For a moment his attention seemed fixed upon them.

"There are things," he said, "which one hears, too, in the far corners of the world—on the Atlantic, for instance."

"You have had some news?" she interrupted.

"It is really a private piece of information," he told her, "and it won't be in the papers—not the way the thing happened, anyway—but I don't suppose there's any harm in telling you, as we were both more or less mixed up in the affair. Graham was shot the next day, on his way up to Northumberland."

"Shot?" she exclaimed incredulously.

"Murdered, if you'd like the whole thrill," Lutchester continued. "Of course, we didn't get many particulars in the wireless, but we gathered that he was shot by some one passing him in a more powerful car on a lonely stretch of the Great North Road."

Pamela shuddered. She was for the moment profoundly impressed. A certain air of unreality which had hung over the events of that night was suddenly banished. The whole tragedy rose up before her eyes. The effect of it was almost stupefying.

"Gave me quite a shock," Lutchester confided. "Somehow or other, I had never been able to take that night quite seriously. There was more than a dash of melodrama in it, wasn't there? Seems now as though those fellows must have been in earnest, though."

"And as though Captain Graham's formula," she reminded him gravely, "was the real thing."

"Whereupon," Lutchester observed, "our first interest in the affair receives a certain stimulus. Some one stole the formula. To judge from the behavior of those amiable gentlemen connected with Henry's restaurant, it wasn't they. Some one had been before them. Have you any theories, Miss Van Teyl?"

"I can tell you who has," she replied. "Do you remember when we were all grouped around that notice—*Méfiez-vous! Taisez-vous! Les oreilles ennemies vous écoutent?*"

"Of course I do," he assented.

"Do you remember Baron Sunyea making a remark afterward? He had been standing by and heard everything Graham said."

"Can't say that I do," Lutchester regretted, "but I remember seeing him about the place."

"You promise to say or do nothing without my permission, if I tell you something?" she went on.

"Naturally!"

"See, then, how diplomacy or Secret Service work, or whatever you like to call it, can gather the ends of the world together! Only a quarter of an hour ago, that Japanese valet of my brother's, having searched my rooms in vain, demanded from me that formula!"

"From you?" Lutchester gasped. "But you haven't got it!"

"Of course not. On the other hand, Sunyea pitched upon me as being one of the possible thieves, and cabled his instructions over."

"Have you got it?" he asked abruptly.

"If I had," she smiled, "I should not tell you."

"But come," he expostulated, "the thing's no use to you."

"So Baron Sunyea evidently thought," she laughed. "We'll leave that, if you don't mind."

Lutchester was still looking a little bewildered.

"I had an idea when I came in," he muttered, "that things were a little scrappy between you and the Japanese gentleman."

She was suddenly serious.

"Now that I have told you the truth," she said, "I really ought to thank you. You certainly seem to have a knack of appearing when you are wanted."

"Fluke this time, I'm afraid," he acknowledged, "but I rather like the suggestion. You ought to see a great deal of me, Miss Van Teyl. Do you realize that I am a stranger in New York, and any hospitality you can show me may be doubly rewarded? Are you going to take me round and show me the sights?"

"Are you going to have any time for sightseeing?"

"Well, I hope so. Why not? A fellow can't



"Make it a deal, Miss Van Teyl," Fischer persisted. "Hand over the pocket-book. Here is the forged transfer. There is your brother's freedom and the honor of your name in exchange!"

do more than a certain number of hours' work in a day."

She looked at him curiously.

"And yet," she murmured, "you expect to win the war!"

"Of course we shall win the war," he assured her confidently. "You haven't any doubt about that yourself, have you, Miss Van Teyl?"

"I don't know," she told him calmly.

Lutchester was almost horrified. He rose to his feet and stood looking down at his companion.

"Tell me what on earth you mean?" he demanded. "We always win in the long run, even if we do muddle things about a little."

"I was just contrasting in my mind," she said thoughtfully, "some of the Germans whom I have met since the war with some of the Englishmen. They are taking it very seriously, you know, Mr. Lutchester. They don't find time for luncheon-parties or sight-seeing."

"That's just their way," he protested. "They turn themselves into machines. They are what we used to call suckers at school, but you can take my word for it that before next autumn they'll be on the run."

"You call them suckers," she observed. "That's because they're always working, always studying, experimenting. Supposing they got hold of something like this new explosive?"

"First of all," he told her, "I don't believe in it, and secondly, if it exists, the formula isn't in their hands."

"Supposing it is in mine?" she suggested. "I might sell it to them."

"I'd trust you all the time," he laughed lightheartedly. "I can't see you giving a leg up to the Huns. . . Will you lunch with me at one o'clock to-morrow, please?"

"Certainly not," she replied. "You must attend to your work, whatever it is."

"That's all very well," he grumbled, "but every one has an hour off for luncheon."

"People who win wars don't lunch," she declared severely. "Here's Jimmy—I can hear his voice—and he's brought some one up with him. I'll—I'll not know about lunch."

The door opened. James Van Teyl and Fischer entered together.

THE first few seconds after the entrance of the two men were monopolized by the greeting of Pamela with her brother. Fischer stood a little in the background, his eyes fixed upon Lutchester. His brain was ever used to [illegible] but he found himself here confronted by an unfamiliar problem.

"Say, this is Mr. Lutchester, isn't it?" he inquired, holding out his hand.

The same Lutchester assented politely. "We met at Henry's some ten days ago, didn't we?"

"Mr. Lutchester has brought us a letter from Dicky Cross, Jimmy," Pamela explained as she withdrew from her brother's arms. "Quite unnecessary, as it happens, because I met him in London just before we sailed."

"Very glad to meet you, Mr. Lutchester," James declared, wringing his hand with American cordiality. "Dicky's an old pal of mine—one of the best. We were graduated in the same year from Harvard."

Conversation for a few minutes was platitudinal. Van Teyl, although he showed few signs of his recent excesses, was noisy and



"Jimmy" said Pamela "you're a fool and you've been drinking! You can't settle accounts like this!" She dashed water in Fischer's face

boisterous, clutching at this brief escape from a situation which he dreaded. Fischer, on the other hand, remained in the background, ominously silent, thinking rapidly, speculating and theorizing as to the coincidence, if it were coincidence, of finding Lutchester and Pamela together. He listened to the former's polite conversation, never once letting his eyes wander from his face. All his thoughts were concentrated upon one problem. The mysterious escape of Sandy Graham, which had sent him flying from the country, remained unsolved. Of Pamela's share in it he had already his suspicions. Was it possible that Lutchester was the other and the central figure in that remarkable rescue? He waited his opportunity, and, during a momentary lull in the cheerful conversation, broke in with his first question.

"Say, Mr. Lutchester, you haven't any twin brother, have you?"

"No brother at all," Lutchester admitted.

"Then how did you get over here? You were at Henry's, weren't you, on the night the *Lapland* sailed? You didn't cross with us, and there's no other steamer due for two days."

"Then I can't be here," Lutchester declared. "The thing's impossible."

"Guess you'll have to explain, if you want to save me from a sleepless night," Fischer persisted.

Lutchester smiled. He had the air of one enjoying the situation immensely.

"Well," he said, "I have had to confess to Miss Van Teyl here, so I may as well make a clean breast of it to you. To every one else I meet in New York I shall say that I came over on the *Lapland*. I really came over on a destroyer."

Fischer's face seemed to become more set and grim than ever.

"A British destroyer," he muttered to himself.

"It was a kind of joy-ride," Lutchester explained confidentially; "a cousin of mine who was in command came in to see me and say good-by, just after I'd received my orders from the head of my department to come out here on the next steamer, and he smuggled me on board that night. Mum's the word, though, if you please. We asked nobody's leave. It would have taken about a month to have heard anything definite from the Admiralty."

"A British destroyer come across the Atlantic, eh?" Mr. Fischer muttered. "She must have come out on a special mission, then, I imagine."

"That is not for me to say," Lutchester observed, with stiff reticence.

Pamela suddenly and purposefully intervened. She turned toward Fischer.

"Mr. Lutchester brought some rather curious news," she observed. "He got it by wireless. Do you remember all the fuss there was about the disappearance of Captain Holderness's friend from Henry's?"

"I heard something about it," he admitted grimly.

"Well, Captain Graham was in my party, so naturally I was more interested than any one else. To all appearance he entered Henry's restaurant, walked up the stairs and disappeared into the skies. The place was ransacked everywhere for him but he never turned up. Well, the very next day he was murdered in a motor-car on his way to Northumberland."

"Incredible!" Fischer murmured.

"Seems a queer set-out," Lutchester remarked, "but it's quite true. He was supposed to have discovered a marvelous new explosive, the formula of which had been stolen. He was on his way up Northumberland to make fresh experiments."

"For myself I have little faith," Fischer observed, "in any new explosives. In Germany they believe, I understand, that the limit of destructiveness has been attained."

"The Germans should

(Continued on page 484)

ARMAGEDDON

The Last Hope of The Church and The World

By John Temple Graves

"In the last days grievous times shall come."—2 Tim. 3:1.

"And ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars. . . . Nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom, and there shall be famines and earthquakes in divers places."—Matt. 24:6,7.

"And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in the whole world for a testimony unto all the nations; and then shall the end come."—Matt. 24:14.

O Prince of Peace, who once didst rise
In splendid triumph to the skies,
Before the rapt disciples' eyes,
Lord Jesus quickly come!
For Thy appearance all things pray,
All Nature sighs at Thy delay,
Thy people cry "No longer stay"—
Lord Jesus quickly come!

Hear, Thou, the whole creation's groan,
The war-swept nations' plaintive moan,
The lands made deserts all forlorn;
See signals of distress unfurled
By states on stormy billows hurled;
Thou Pole-star of a shipwrecked world,
Lord Jesus quickly come!

Hush the fierce blast of war's alarms,
The tocsin's toll, the clash of arms.
Incarnate Love, exert Thy charms—
Lord Jesus quickly come!
Walk once again upon the face
Of this sad earth's tempestuous seas
And still the waves, O Prince of Peace—
Lord Jesus quickly come!

Lo, Thy fair Church with garments torn,
Of her celestial radiance shorn,
Upturns her face with watching worn;
Her trickling tears, her piteous cries,
Her struggles, fears and agonies
Appeal to Thy deep sympathies—
Lord Jesus quickly come!

By doubts and sorrows inly pressed,
By foes beleaguered and oppressed,
Hear the strong cry of world unrest!
Hope of the sacramental host;
Their only glory, joy and boast,
Without Thy advent all is lost—
Lord Jesus quickly come!

Flush the dark firmament afar,
Above the crimson cloud of war,
Shine forth, O lustrous Morning Star—
Lord Jesus quickly come!
Break through these lowering clouds of night,
Put these sepulchral shades to flight—
Flash out, O resurrection light—
Lord Jesus quickly come!

Come with Thy beauteous diadem,
Come with embattled cherubim,
Come with the shout of seraphim.
Come on Thy seat of radiant cloud,
Come with archangel's trumpet loud,
Come, Saviour, let the heavens be bowed—
Lord Jesus quickly come!

And when the astonished heavens shall flee,
When powers of earth and hell to Thee
Shall bend the reverential knee—
In that great day of doom,
Be ours the happy lot to stand
Among the white-robed, ransomed band
And hear Thee say with outstretched hand—
"Ye blessed children, Come!"



The Country Cousin

By Booth Tarkington

PRESIDENT WILSON saw "The Country Cousin" and then he sat down and wrote that it was "thoroughly worth while," but characteristically ex-President Roosevelt went further. He rose up in his box on its opening night and declared: "It emphasizes the lesson I have been trying to teach for a long time." In it, Booth Tarkington and Julian Street dramatically arrange the meeting between East and Middle West, and both sections learn something to their advantage. What they learn seems to go beyond the Colonel's lesson, "universal military training;" seems, in short, to broaden out to just this: Meet Mr. Stranger, your fellow-citizen, from out there; you two ought to know each other better; when you do, get together; you both have something big in common or you wouldn't be here, and you have a big job ahead of you; go to it.

In the play the audience gets the first introduction to the rather young *Mr. Sam Wilson* and to *Cousin Nancy Price*.

Sam—Miss Price, I know how Eleanor and her mother—Mrs. Howitt—look up to you and depend on your advice and——

Nancy—(*amused and surprised*) No! Do they?

Sam—Never heard of 'em bein' sick, or worried about anything, they didn't some of 'em say: "Send for Cousin Nancy." This whole community looks up to you. I guess it's because you're only a woman, but been makin' a farm *pay*.

Nancy—(*gravely*) Sam, are you just practicing being a politician or do you want me to do something for you?

Sam—(*promptly*) I certainly do.

Nancy—All right!

Sam—When ole Skinny Ben—I beg pardon—I mean, when your Uncle Ben died last year he left Eleanor quite some money in her own right, didn't he?

Nancy—Yes.

Sam—Well, I believe that a man ought to earn as much as his wife's got before he marries her. What I want you to do first is to please tell me how much Eleanor's uncle left her, because I expect to earn that much before—well, before we consider things settled. A man mustn't be a dependent on a woman, must he?

Nancy—No.

Sam—Well, how much is Eleanor worth?

Nancy—(*gently*) About four hundred thousand dollars.

Sam—(*swallowing*) What?

Nancy—I think it's a little *over* four hundred thousand.

Sam—(*recovering himself*) Well, of course that's goin' to take me some time. I don't expect to start right out and make that much in a few months. All I want is to know that when I *do* have it, there won't be any family opposition.

Nancy—(*gently*) I'm sure there wouldn't—by then.

Sam—But anyhow, *you'll* be for me?

Nancy—(*gently*) You mustn't count on it—not till you're worth four hundred thousand dollars——

Above: *Nancy Price* (Alexandra Carlisle) just from Centerville, Ohio—"a curious little place—such odd people, with their wicker suit-cases!"

Maud: "Archie, this is my party, isn't it?" *Archie*: "Why yes." *Maud* (indicating *Nancy*): "Then this young lady isn't invited! She's been traveling from the West and she's too tired!" Moment of triumph this, "East" over prim "West," but there comes the moment after, of defeat. See opposite page, with "West" in at the death.

By permission of Klaw & Erlanger and Geo. C. Tyler, Producers, and Booth Tarkington and Julian Street, Authors.

The Play of the Month and Julian Street

Sam—Well, I mean if things looked like I *was* going to be pretty certain to get it I wouldn't believe in waiting any longer to ask Eleanor to marry me.

Nancy—(*estimating him*) I imagine you wouldn't.

Sam—(*change of tone*) See here, Miss Price, it's a delicate subject, but Eleanor's father wouldn't have anything to say about her marrying, would he?

Nancy—(*gravely*) Possibly he might.

Sam—(*surprised and troubled*) I thought Mrs. Howitt got a divorce from him when Eleanor was only three years old, and he never *saw* her from that time.

Nancy—Eleanor's of age now. She might decide to take her father's advice before marrying.

Sam—How could she, when she never sees him?

Nancy—He'd have a right to see her, now that she's of age.

* * * * * *

Stanley Howitt decides to act upon his right. He comes West for *Eleanor*, but ahead of him he sends an emissary, one *George Tewkesberry Reynolds III.*, a rare little bit of the East. *Nancy* does the honors.

Nancy—You'll have only a few moments to wait. The fastest trotters in the country have gone for Eleanor and she isn't far away. Of course she can't get very far in Centerville!

George—No, I suppose not. *What* name was it—Center——?

Nancy—(*astonished*) Centerville.

George—Yes, I remember. That's the name of this place, Centerville. Ah—what *State* is it in?

Nancy—Good gracious! Don't you know? Ohio!

George—Oh yes, of course. I motored out from New York, you see, but I didn't hold the map. I—ah—drove. When one's driving oneself one has so many things on one's mind, and your States out this way do seem rather mixed up. Centerville in the State of Ohio. Yes, of course. Curious little place—such odd people!

Nancy—(*dryly*) Are we? Of course we don't seem odd to *us!*

George—Oh, very worthy! Quite so! I've only been here a couple of hours, you see! I mean—what a strange life it must be.

Nancy—(*thoughtfully*) I suppose so.

George—Funny old natives and all that, I dare say.

Nancy—(*a little wistfully*) We're all natives here. I understand you've never been here before, but first impressions of a place aren't *always* the best ones. When the apple-trees are in bloom in everybody's yard, why it's very—it's very pleasant.

George—(*dryly*) I see. Depend on apple-trees blossomin' for entertainment! Must be a lively place in autumn!

Nancy—(*smiling faintly*) Oh, well—we have our thoughts—sometimes they come into blossoms too!

George—(*somewhat bored*) Oh, no doubt! They'd have plenty of time to out here so far away from things. However, I saw several Fords on the principal street going rapidly and there must have been at least nine men in their shirt-sleeves sitting in chairs in front of the hotel — gesturing — oh, quite noisy.

Nancy—Yes, they are lately, since there's a chance of our entering the war. They're talking about the prospect of rousing the country, if it has to be roused, as it was in '61. We'll find the place lively enough if it comes to that.

George—(*bored*) 'Stremely interestin' all this to me! Always heard people out this way great on writing essays for "literary clubs" or reading something "deep" and making political orations. Hadn't got over Daniel Webster yet!

Nancy—(*gently*) Perhaps it's only because we're so eager to be part of the world.

George—(*superior and amused, yet bored*) The "world"? Well, that does seem rather a trip—from here.

Nancy—(*with feeling*) You mean we're provincial—and you're

Mrs. Howitt (Julia Stuart): "You said if Eleanor did lose her mind enough to think of marrying a man like that—" *Nancy:* "I'd go! If she got that bad I'd go and bring her back—even to Sam Wilson!"

Archie Gore: "I did land him one, but I didn't get it in right! Think I'll stand any other man pawing over my best girl!" *Maud:* "You've had a little too much, Archie, and it's made you ugly!" From left to right: *Eleanor Howitt* (Marion Coakley), *Nancy Price* (Alexandra Carlisle), *Athalie Wainwright* (Louise Prussing), *George Tewkesberry Reynolds III* (Eugene O'Brien), *Maud Howitt* (Grace Elliston), *Stanley Howitt* (Arthur Forrest), *Cyril Kinney* (Donald Foster), *Mrs. Kinney* (Eleanor Gordon), *Commodore J. Archie Gore* (Charles Mackay), *Pruitt* (George Wright, Jr.).

Nancy: "Eleanor, please! Don't go! Just stay here with me this evening. But I'll go if you want me!" *Maud:* "I've just ruled that Miss Price is too tired to-night. We won't let you into the motor!" *Eleanor:* "Maud's right. You wouldn't enjoy it—and if you want me to be frank, nobody else would either!"



Miss Alexandra Carlisle who plays the part of "The Country Cousin" (*Nancy Price*), "and who unselfishly thinks more of *Eleanor* than she does of herself."

right—we are. No, we haven't got over Daniel Webster yet! You see, we can only write club essays about the things *you* have and do. We have so little and you have everything. You have living opera and we have opera sung by a needle! You have picture-galleries—we have picture-shows.

George—Rather think you have the advantage there.

Nancy—Ah, but the shops! We know the names of them, even though we've never seen them, and we know that great skyline of yours—striking up from the river—so high that clouds break against it.

George—(*vaguely surprised and superior*) Oh, yes, very much so, and so forth. But we rather take our skyline as a matter of course. One doesn't notice it often, you see.

Nancy—(*mastering a sudden indignation with him*) If you *should* persuade Eleanor to go with you, I hope you won't keep *her* from "noticing it"!

George—I'm sure *I* don't care what she notices!

Nancy—(*astonished*) You don't?

George—Why, I think she may be very charming, but as I've never seen the young woman in my life I don't know how I—

Nancy—(*interrupting*) Why, you saw her when she was a *baby!*

George—(*doubtfully*) I think it impossible; she must have been a baby when I was a boy in prep. school, and *no*body brings babies to show 'em to prep.-school boys.

Nancy—(*exclaiming*) Aunt Ellen said her husband was "well-preserved," but I thought you spilled the description a little too well!

George—What a remarkable remark!

Nancy—(*with decision, assuringly*) You're not Mr. Howitt! (*stares at him angrily*)

George—Certainly not! I was going to take a motor trip, didn't care where and he said: Why not motor him out West? He's sitting out in the car in front. Naturally he didn't want any awkward encounters in this house, so he sent me in to see. . . .

Nancy—(*staggered*) "Sent" you? Are you his chauffeur?

George—(*quickly and compassionately, though stung*) No. No, I'm not his chauffeur. It's my car. There's a chauffeur in it, too. He sits behind when I drive. I'm an acquaintance of Howitt's. I play golf and bridge with Howitt, but I'm *not* Howitt and I'm not even his chauffeur.

Nancy—(*mortified and nettled*) I thought you were Eleanor's father! That's why I talked to you about—East and West!

So *George* calls in *Mr. Howitt* to meet his daughter again. Of course, *Eleanor* is all eagerness to get away from Centerville and *Sam Wilson;* the right of choice lies with her. The outlook is not nearly so pleasant to *Mrs. Howitt*, however.

Mrs. Howitt (*brokenly*) But think: Her father might get Eleanor to do such foolish things. If I ask you to you've got to promise me you'll go to save her. . . .

Nancy—(*shaking her head*) I? There won't be any need, dear, and I couldn't leave my farm.

Mrs. Howitt—He might want her to marry one of *his* friends—like that foolish young man George that's with him.

Nancy—(*vehemently*) Then I'd go! If she got *that* bad I'd go and bring her back—(*Sam's voice is heard calling Eleanor off*)—even to Sammy Wilson!

Mother's fears are well-grounded, for in the next act we find *Nancy* in the East; her first questions are to the point:

Nancy—Eleanor, you wrote your mother about "somebody" your father liked and *you'd* "never seen anybody nicer," but you didn't mention his name. That's part of what frightened her. She was *afraid* it *might* be, but I *couldn't* believe it without hearing it from *you!* It isn't—don't tell me—*don't* tell me it's George the Third!

Eleanor—(*defiantly*) It *is!*

Nancy—(*incredulous*) What!

Eleanor—And Maud, papa's present wife, says he's the greatest catch in——

Nancy—(*seizing her hands*) Eleanor! You can't *care* for him!

Eleanor—(*superior and hostile*) It doesn't matter whether I do or not! Don't be provincial! Among people of the world marriages are *arranged.*

Things provincial are going to bother *Nancy:* when *George* offers *Eleanor* a cocktail she gets her first taste.

Nancy—(*speaks in a low but clear voice*) Eleanor, you don't want that!

George—(*offended—to Nancy*) You mean *I* shouldn't give it to her?

Nancy—I mean she shouldn't take it.

George—Good heavens! I'm not a corrupter of youth! (*Eleanor stands holding the cocktail in her hand, much troubled*)

Maud, the new Mrs. Howitt—What *is* the disturbance? Doesn't Eleanor like the cocktails? And I thought I was such a good mixer!

(*Continued on page 488*)

An Infringement of the Decalogue

By Donn Byrne

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

"Honor thy father and thy mother!" But suppose a father is utterly without honor—what then? There is something unusual in this story and something to think about.



"There's something I wanted to say," he began. It was the most unromantic of times. "You see," he went on, "I've never been married . . ." He stopped; she was smiling tenderly and her eyes were full of tears.

WHEN Bertrand Lacy, gambler, wastrel, and blackguard generally, deserted his wife, Nan, aged eighteen, and his son, Norman, aged three months, in New York, there was no limit to the pity people extended to her.

"And he left her without a cent in the world!" they whispered in the boarding-house. "He even pawned her jewelry!"

"Of course she will go back to her people in Ireland," the wiseacres decided for her. "She has them to fall back on."

But here the wise erred. She had not them to fall back on. When Bertrand Lacy came to Galway, hardly over a year before, and when he and Nan Burke-Keogh had met, had liked each other, had fallen in love with each other, and had courted, they had done everything surreptitiously. From New York had Lacy come, according to himself, in a haze of glory. His business in New York was vague and his pedigree vaguer. The man knew horses. He knew the points of flat and steeplechase racing, of hunting, of harriers. These things he might have picked up about racecourses and about dog-shows, to be sure, but the impression he gave was that he had been accustomed to them as a sportsman, not as a mere hanger-on.

At Baldoyle he had met some of the newer generation of gentility, honest tradesfolk who should have been harvesting the fruits of commerce in place of squandering it on a sport they could neither afford nor understand. His knowledge of horses stood him in good stead. It provided him with a comfortable sum for summer expenses, some introductions, and an invitation to spend a month in Galway.

"We'll show you sport the like of which you never saw in America when we get you after the harriers," his host, a wealthy brewer, told him. And so Lacy went.

In Dublin it would have been impossible for him to have met, without a proper investigation of his antecedents, Nan, daughter of Sir Michael Burke-Keogh, that fierce old fox-hunter with the most terrible temper in Ireland. But Galway is a sleepy city, basking like a kitten in the sun, with boats drowsing along the stone quays, and strange, silent country people coming in from the purple Connaught hills. Life is empty there, and social barriers are not strictly kept. At the hunt Lacy met her, and later at the houses around, where he had secured a casual entry. Her father he never met, nor wished to meet. The old man's bushy eyebrows and granite eyes beneath, as he saw them in the distance, warned him that here was an examiner who could probe like a lancet.

The very surreptitiousness of it all captured her, as well as his appearance and his potent way with women. Not a tall man, by any means, but stocky and well-built; a clear face with waving ruddy hair and chestnut eyes; a cleft chin and a voice that was soothing like music—and there was an eternal, quizzing smile on his face that hinted at superior knowledge of the world, of women, of life.

I think he must have been very much in love with her, or taken with her, as the case might be better put. She was a very small and lithe woman, with quick, incisive gestures. Her hair was misty black, and her eyes were nearly too large for her face, and very gray. Her nose and nostrils had the clean cut of race. Her mouth might have been cut by a sculptor's scalpel, so well shaped and firm it seemed, and she only seventeen. She was a very beautiful woman then, was Nan Burke-Keogh of Galway, and she is now, twenty-three years later, and she will be until the day she dies.

They met. They rode and boated together. They danced together at the hunt balls. He swept her off her feet by the impetuousness of his love-making.

"I love you, Nan, little Nan," he told her. They were on the terrace of the club, and from where they stood they could see the glistening Atlantic waves shimmering under the harvest-moon. The dancers within were waltzing rhythmically, a delicate kaleidoscope of frocks and uniforms and red hunting-coats. The band breathed out a dreamy waltz of Strauss, and mingling with the rippling music came the languorous murmur of the waves.

"Little Nan, will you come away with me to America? Will you marry me, and fly over? Will you, little Nan?"

"What will father say?" she was fearful.

"Listen, little Nan," he pressed eagerly. "We won't tell him until everything is over. Let's not have a wedding with a crowd at church. Let's go off. I want to sweep you away. I want to carry you off in my arms, right here, right now. . . ."

"But father!" she hesitated.

"Your father will come around," he told her. "Don't fear. Come, little Nan, little Nan!"

She thought for an instant, and by some measure of intuition she knew that her father would never give his consent to her marriage with this man; and that if she loved him, and wanted him, she must listen to his wooing now.

"My father will never come around," she said simply. She swept about to him, and her hands went out. "But I will come with you and follow you to the end of the world. And you will be good to me, and take care of me, won't you, Bertrand, won't you?"

"I will take care of you and cherish you until the end of the world!"

"Then I will come," she decided.

That very night she came, and on the morrow they were married in Dublin, and on the next day were flying toward America. There was not much reason to fly, however, for Sir Michael Burke-Keogh had no intention of following them. He contented himself with a terrible outburst of temper, in which he cursed her solemnly by bell, book, and candle; disinherited her; erased her name from the family records. Then his mouth closed forever into a grim, thin line. When a priest came to inform him of the marriage, he turned on the father with a roar as of a maddened bull.

"My daughter married!" he shouted. "My daughter! If you mean the slut who ran away with somebody's cast-off groom, let me tell you, sir, that she is no daughter of mine. No woman of our house has ever done a thing like that before, and when she does, she is dead!"

LITTLE by little she came to understand the manner of man she had married, and, loyal heart that she was, might have condoned his way of livelihood had he kept up his love for her. Imperceptibly it waned until it was no longer there. They traveled about the race-tracks of the South and West for nearly a year. Luck deserted him, and he grew irritable. They were in New York when their son was about to be born, and at their lowest ebb for money.

"Cable to your father, Nan," was his eternal plea. "If he knows, he'll be glad to help you out."

He reasoned, he cajoled, he threatened, and about this time her lips began to curl into a faint sneer as she heard him whine. She could have borne much in him, his dissoluteness, his dishonesty even; but one thing she could not bear, and that was the appeal, the whine, the cowardice of him.

Their son was born. As he lay in her arms a few days after, the father made an attempt to bluster.

"Now, look here, Nan!" he told her. "You've got to be sensible. You'll send that cable. Tell him he has a grandson. That will soften him."

She said nothing. She looked at him searchingly, probingly, with her great blue-lined eyes standing out in her wan, white face like dead stars. At last he saw the futility of it. He paced about the room.

"Curse you!" he raved. "If it hadn't been for you, I'd have never been in this mess. If I hadn't married you, I'd have been having a good time now, instead of being broke in this dump." He paced about more and suddenly he quailed before the glance in the haggard, shadowy eyes. "What are you looking at me like that for?" he ended weakly. "Take your eyes off me!"

A fortnight after that he left her. He had gone out in the morning, and returned about eleven—two hours later. He walked into the dingy room, carelessly humming a tune, but there was something tense and nervous about him. He glanced at her, and he glanced at the child sleeping on the bed.

"I think I'll drop around to the corner for a couple of minutes before lunch," he hazarded. He opened the bureau drawer and extracted the last few dollars from it. "Ahum! Yes! I think I'll drop around." And he sauntered out.

And that was the last Nan saw of Bertrand Lacy, living or dead.

HER heart was broken. It had been broken long before this, although she had said nothing. But if her heart was broken, her spirit wasn't. It was as vital in her at that moment as it had been in any of the Burke-Keoghs who had sailed out of Galway into Spain, resilient as whalebone, strong as steel.

She sat and she thought for a while in that grim and sordid room, with the child sleeping peacefully on the bed; and her brain operated as clearly then as it has ever operated since, clearer than it had ever done before. Here she was, an abandoned wife, with a child not a month old, with not a cent of money, and with little that was pawnable. What was she to do? She couldn't go back to her father—he would have her whipped from the gates. And what was more, she wouldn't, if she could, for she had made her own bed and she would lie on it! Below, the people of the house might extend her charity, but she suspected shrewdly how impatient and overbearing charity can be. Besides, she would have nothing of it were it the kindest thing in the world.

She put on her coat with quick decision. She put her hat on. She requested a fellow-lodger—a hard-faced little circus woman whose heart belied the aggressive glint in her eyes—to mind the baby until she returned.

"I'll be a half-hour at most," she said, and she went down the dingy brownstone steps with her head high, as a queen might descend the steps of a throne.

There was a great department-store about the corner, and she swept into it. Because she was a lady, and because she had that firm commanding way of the Burke-Keoghs, when she asked to see the manager she was led to him. A kindly, shrewd-eyed, hook-nosed, fleshy man, he took in every detail about her, from the well-worn but well-brushed suit to the proud tilt of her head and the firm command in her eyes. He noticed too, in an impersonal way, how beautiful she was, even with her features as wan and haggard as they now were.

"What can I do for you, madam?" he asked courteously.

"You can give me something to do," she told him. "I want work."

"Yes," he said, without apparent surprise. "Is there any particular thing you could do?"

"I know a great deal about lace," she answered. "I was once told I knew more about it than any person in Europe."

Which was true, large as it sounds. As far back as Nan Burke-Keogh's mind could go, she could remember her mother's pride in it, and how the dear dead lady tried to instil a love into her for the filmy web-like fabrics. At the convent in Malines the sisters had encouraged her in the study of it. When other children were deep in the delights of innocuous love stories, she was following with an appreciative eye the stars and circles, the whorls, the lunes, the bars, the arabesques of laces done by the delicate fingers of dead noblewomen, and the fresh products of patient peasants. Those were Nan's two accomplishments—her knowledge of laces and her horsemanship.

"Would you mind telling me," she was asked, "why you want to work?"

"A very private matter," she answered proudly. "and because I have to."

He sent for a silent, dapper man, who talked to her of work, questioning her minutely, without seeming to do so, about what she knew. The fleshy manager rose.

"I think we might arrange something," he decided.

THIS is not the chronicle of Nan Lacy's success in the business world. I know nothing about business and I care less. I am not interested in the various steps by which she rose from a twenty-dollar-a-week position to a salary of fifteen thousand a year. It suffices me that she did so. She rose to danger like a thing of race and smashed all obstacles aside, like a blooded hunter at the touch of the spur.

And this was not the only obstacle in her way. There was the question of Norman Lacy, aged



"Well?" the manager man snapped. "What do you want? Money?" "Yes, you pup!" he was answered boldly now. "That's what I want and I want a lot of it. Understand! Now go home and have a family party."

M LEON.
BRACK

one month. What was to become of him, now that she was earning her own living? She could not keep him by her. In that one electric day of clear thought she accomplished everything. She found a pair of ladies in Sheepshead Bay who were delighted to take care of him, for a nominal board bill, so empty their lives were. For two years she lived out there with him, looking after him at night, and leaving him in the morning to come in to her business. At the age of two he began to show signs of wilfulness that filled the old ladies' hearts with dread, much as they loved him.

"God grant he won't be a heart-sore to her when he grows up!" they prayed fervently.

There came the time later when her rise had been such as to warrant the leasing of an apartment and the hire of cook and nurse. At five the qualities he had shown at two had strengthened and diversified. He seemed full of ebullient, uncontrollable spirits that nearly always resulted in mischief. He was ready with fists and feet. He had a mania for breaking things.

"It's little comfort he'll be to his mother," the cook thought. She had come to know by some means or other the tragic story of the marriage. "She'll have as much trouble with him as she had with her husband."

She was twenty-five now, and yet, except for the quietness of her eyes that should have been sparkling with laughter, she seemed little older than the day she had left Galway. The color had never gone from her cheeks, and she took an honest, womanly pride in her beauty, though the thought of another husband had never entered her mind—and moreover, there was always the possibility of the first turning up again, and claiming her. If he did, her eyes glinting with sudden savageness, she would thrash him with her riding-crop until he screamed for mercy, and she would cast him out into the street, like the most unfaithful of mongrel dogs!

So, unmindful of any man, save the first, and for him she had nothing but the utmost loathing, she went her way, sufficient unto herself. She took care of her beauty and took care of her health. She could ride now that the yoke of want had been raised from her neck, and Saturday afternoon and Sunday would see her whirling through Westchester on a great hunter, like an Amazon going into battle. She walked through the streets with her head high, her shoulders straight, her stride swinging and rhythmic. And there was no man she knew who did not admire her, and there were many who loved her, but there were none who dared speak to her of it because of that aloof and magnificently chaste expression of her eyes.

"My word!" Bahr, the advertising manager, used to mutter to himself. "To think that that woman was married, and had a child by a scoundrel! She looks like one of Diana's attendants, like Diana herself, begad!"



Here she was, an abandoned wife, and a child not a month old, with not a cent of money. What was she to do? She couldn't go back to her father—he would have her whipped from the gates. She wouldn't go if she could. Nan came to a quick decision.

SHE understood the boy, and she felt, in a queer intuitive way, that the boy understood her. There were very few demonstrations of affection between them, but there was a bond, a sort of friendliness, a manner of comradeship. Those about her did not understand this. At eight he was sent to a military school South. He shook hands with her in a manly way, and blushed when she stooped to kiss him. Then he was off.

"And not a tear in his eye!" a woman friend thought to herself. "The hard-hearted little beast! She need never depend on him when she grows old."

And so years slipped onward. For her they went by like one mellow day after another, sunset verging into sunrise, and the sands of the hour-glass rippling silverly until the sun dropped again. More intent still she became on her work, until there was nothing of space left in her time which was not taken up by business, and her riding and swimming, and the reading of letters from and reports of her boy at school.

From an educational point of view these reports were not very encouraging. "He is the sturdiest lad in the school," so they went, "honest and honorable, but nearly beyond control. His knowledge of books is disgraceful. The only interest he has is athletics. A great pity!" they ended, but she only smiled.

He would come home at the end of the year laden with athletic trophies, with cups and medals. These he distributed about the apartment. He never formally gave them to her, or mentioned them, but she knew they were for her.

At eighteen she broached to him the subject of college. He shook his head.

"I'm not keen on it," he said casually. "I've been casting about for

(*Continued on page 500*)

Why Die Before Your Time?

Scientists Experimenting with a new and Promising Weapon in the Fight against the Great White Plague

By Henry Smith Williams, M.D., LL.D.



The deadly Pneumonia bacillus, Pneumococci, seen through a microscope and greatly magnified.

The second of a series of articles in which are made public for the first time some remarkable discoveries in medical science that are vital to all human kind.

THIS article directly concerns the lives and welfare of twenty million Americans.

That is another way of saying that twenty million people are now living in the United States who will ultimately die of one or the other of the two chief types of lung diseases pneumonia and tuberculosis—unless medical science deals more effectively with these maladies in the future than it has been able to do in the past.

Twenty million victims! A colossal sacrifice. Of course, the entire number will not be claimed in a year or a decade. In fact, only about 300,000 will die in any given twelve-month—something less than six thousand per week. But even that is a large number of people to die of maladies that are for the most part preventable.

If report were to come from "somewhere in France" that six thousand American soldiers had been killed outright in the current week, we would all listen with bated breath. But the death of a corresponding number here at home—this week and last week and every week, year in and year out—causes no comment whatever. Even so inherently ghastly an event as the weekly killing of six thousand of our friends and neighbors becomes a commonplace [illegible] occurs with unfailing [illegible]

Nevertheless I hope to interest a certain number of readers because I shall tell of a new line of treatment that promises to aid in retarding the progress of the deadly maladies under consideration; in particular I shall present the first popular account ever published of a new method of combating the "Great White Plague." The half million individuals who are already in the toils of this malady should find the presentation of more than passing interest.

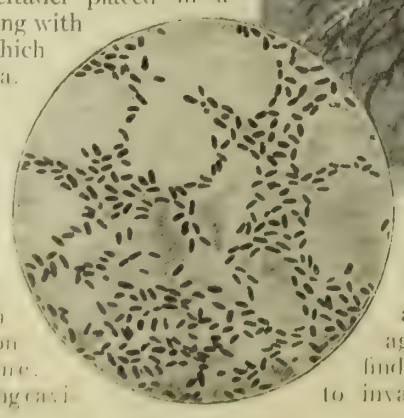
I shall tell in detail of the new treatment presently, but first let us consider the bodily conditions associated with the development of the fatal lung maladies.

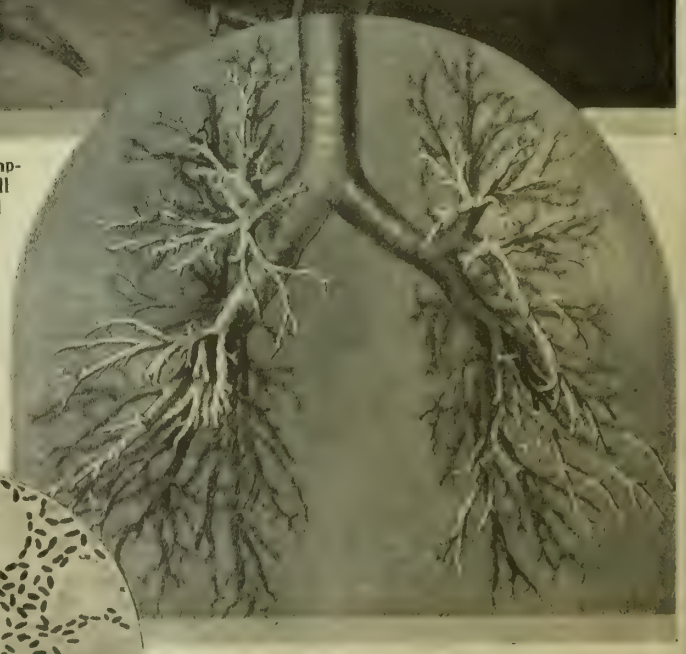


Mountain Sanitarium for the treatment of consumption, showing out-door sunning arrangements. All these little ones are tuberculous patients. Cold air is particularly advantageous.

To get a clear view of the matter, we must think of the human body as a fortified citadel placed in a territory swarming with hostile forces which we term bacteria. This citadel has three main battle fronts, each fortified in a different way. First, the body surface, every inch of which is obviously on the firing-line. Secondly, the lung cavities, to which invading hosts may come by the air route. Third, the digestive tract, to which come legions of microbic enemies masked by the substances taken as food and drink.

The body surface is protected by a Chinese Wall called the skin, which is proof against bacterial invasion under all ordinary circumstances. The lung surfaces and the digestive surfaces are given a large measure of protection by being placed in the interior of the body; but on the other hand their fortifying walls are necessarily thin and pervious, as compared with the skin, in order to permit the ingress of substances from the outer world of which the organism has need. And it could hardly be expected that a membrane should be thin, pervious, and absorptive, and at the same time entirely proof against the invasions of bacterial hosts. So we find that the bodily citadel is much more subject to invasion along the lines of those surfaces than





On the left: Another group of the pneumonia germ. Above: One of the three points of attack for certain disease parasites—the air passages, of the lungs.

to invasion through the skin. A very large percentage of bodily ills are due to the relative inadequacy of the fortifying membrane of the lungs and digestive tract.

In the present article we have to do with the lungs only. And here we are chiefly concerned with invading forces of two types—namely, the germs of pneumonia and of tuberculosis.

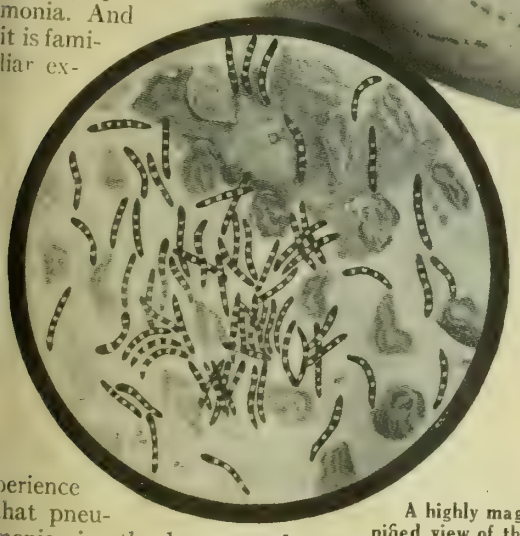
It is a matter of statistics that these two types of bacterial germs are responsible for not far from one-fifth of all deaths. They claim upward of five million victims in the world at large each year. Maladies with such a record may without exaggeration be said to constitute a racial menace. Questions as to their prevention and treatment take precedence over most other questions of public policy and individual welfare.

Fortunately a good deal may be said, in the light of recent medical progress, that is both helpful and inspiriting.

The pneumonia germ—or family group of germs—is of the type known as micrococcus, and is called specifically a pneumococcus. Under the microscope this germ appears as a tiny bullet-shaped affair, not clearly distinguishable in appearance from a good many allied tribes, including those that cause the most familiar types of blood poisoning. But it has been found that there are several groups of these microbes that are instrumental in causing pneumonia; each group differing somewhat from the others in the grade of its malignancy.

The commonest type of pneumonia germ is so abundant that it may be said to be partially domesticated in the human mouth and pharynx. Multitudes of individuals in perfect health go about carrying myriads of these germs in their mouths without being made aware of the fact. Even should some of the microbes find their way into the lungs, under normal conditions, no harm would result. But if your vitality chances to be lessened, and in particular if your body temperature is below the normal, these seemingly harmless germs may take on undue activities.

It was found a good many years ago that a chicken forced to stand with its feet in cold water is likely to develop pneumonia. And it is familiar ex-



A highly magnified view of the Tuberculosis bacteria.

perience hat pneumonia in the human subect usually follows exposure o the elements; more especially exposure of the haracter calculated to lower the temperature, s, for example, sitting for a prolonged period vith wet clothes or in a damp, chilly atmosphere.

Under such circumstances, the bodily defenses re weakened, but it would appear that the neumonia germs, on the contrary, are stimulated o unwonted activity, since they may then mulply rapidly in the lungs, producing an irritation

A typical dark tenement, gas-lighted even at midday. Thousands of people live thus.

Lack of fresh air and sunlight make these quarters favorite breeding-grounds for Tuberculosis.



Wet feet may so lower the body's resisting power that pneumonia germs are stimulated to unwonted activity. Even a hen will develop pneumonia if forced to stand in cold water for any length of time.

that leads to an inflammation of the lung tissue, which constitutes the disease "pneumonia."

It should be explained that an inflammation, with the accompanying rise of temperature, is in itself an evidence of Nature's attempt to combat an invading microörganism. A cardinal symptom of inflammation is the presence of an excessive quantity of blood, conveying the blood corpuscles that are the direct agents in fighting the disease germs. But unfortunately it happens that such an accumulation of blood cannot take place in the lung without unfitting that structure for its usual purpose of extracting oxygen from the air; so it may come to pass that the inflammation which might otherwise be salutary or curative may cause the death of the patient from suffocation.

To meet this condition the physician places the pneumonia patient in a well-ventilated room, or, better yet, out in the open. Cold air is particularly advantageous, not only because it supplies oxygen in more concentrated form, but because cold stimulates the production of white blood corpuscles, thus reënforcing the defending armies of the body. In extreme cases, resort is had to the tank of pure oxygen, inhalation of which may serve to sustain the patient over a crisis until a portion of the damaged lung tissue is in better working order.

Supplementary measures in the treatment of pneumonia include applications to the chest, varying in quality from ice-bags to hot fomentations and mustard plasters, and the use of heart stimulants and other supporting medicaments. These measures are by no means without importance, but latterly they have been supplemented, and in certain cases to a large extent superseded, by the use of vaccines and serums intended to antagonize directly the disease germs or their toxic products.

A vaccine, in the modern sense of the word, consists of a mass of dead bodies of toxic germs, injected hypodermically. The most familiar example is the antityphoid vaccine, the use of which has practically banished typhoid fever from the armies of the world. In all previous wars, since history began, bacterial plagues have claimed ten or a dozen lives for every life claimed by bullets; but the vaccine method is changing all that. In the present instance, the vaccines employed have been made from a combination of bacteria; it having been found that in most cases of pneumonia there is what is termed "mixed infection," sundry other microbes having joined forces with the pneumococcus.

It will be obvious that the use of a vaccine as a curative agent involves the introduction of an additional quantity of the bacterial poisons from which the patient already suffers. This does not seem logical, and in practice it is of somewhat doubtful utility. The impression is gaining ground among physicians that the observed benefits of vaccines in treating pneumonia, for example, are probable due to the protein (albuminous) content of the bacteria and the medium in which they are developed rather than to the specific germs employed; that this is, in other words, a case of non-specific protein medication.

If such interpretation is valid, it would appear probable that vaccines, as curative agents, may advantageously be substituted by non-specific proteins containing no toxic property. In the case of typhoid fever, this (*Concluded on page 482*)

Merry Christmas

By Stephen Leacock

Illustrated by F. Strothmann

Christmas belongs to the children; give it to them, pleads Mr. Leacock, and hide the war from them till they can understand what its sacrifices meant to the betterment of the world.



"Shall I come in?" appealed Father Christmas, all draggled, as if no house had sheltered him these three years of war. "Or has the world forgotten?" Apprehensive and apologetic, his face had such a look as is stamped by the world upon its outcasts.

"MY dear Young Friend," said Father Time, as he laid his hand gently upon my shoulder, "you are entirely wrong."

Then I looked up over my shoulder from the table at which I was sitting and I saw him.

But I had known, or felt, for at least the last half-hour, that he was standing somewhere near me.

You have had, I do not doubt, good reader, more than once that strange, uncanny feeling that there is some one unseen standing beside you—in a darkened room, let us say, with a dying fire when the night has grown late, and the October wind sounds low outside, and when, through the thin curtain that we call Reality, the Unseen World starts for a moment clear upon our dreaming sense.

You *have* had it? Yes, I know you have. Never mind telling me about it. Stop! I don't want to hear about that strange presentiment you had the night your Aunt Eliza broke her leg. Don't let's bother with *your* experience. I want to tell mine.

"You are quite mistaken, my dear young friend," repeated Father Time, "quite wrong."

"*Young* friend," I said, my mind, as one's mind is apt to in such a case, running to an unimportant detail. "Why do you call me young?"

"Your pardon," he answered gently—he had a gentle way with him, had Father Time—"the fault is in my failing eyes. I took you at first sight for something under a hundred."

"Under a hundred?" I expostulated. "Well, I should think so!"

"Your pardon again," said Time, "the fault is in my failing memory. I forgot. You seldom pass that now-a-days, do you? Your life is very short of late."

I heard him breathe a wistful, hollow sigh. Very ancient and dim he seemed as he stood beside me. But I did not turn to look upon him: I had no need to. I knew his form, in the inner and clearer sight of things, as well as every human being knows by innate instinct the unseen face and form of Father Time.

I could hear him murmuring beside me: "Short—short, your life is short," till the sound of it seemed to mingle with the measured ticking of a clock somewhere in the silent house.

Then I remembered what he had said.

"How do you know that I am wrong?" I asked. "And how can you tell what I was thinking?"

"You said it out loud," answered Father Time, "but it wouldn't have mattered anyway. You said that Christmas was all played out and done with."

"Yes," I admitted, "that's what I said."

"And what makes you think that?" he questioned, stooping, so it seemed to me, still further over my shoulder.

"Why," I answered, "the trouble is this: I've been sitting here for hours, sitting till goodness only knows how far into the night, trying to think out something to write for a Christmas story. And it won't go. It can't be done—not in these [illegible]

"Yes; you see, Father Time," I said, glad with the [illegible] one something that I thought enlightening, "all the Christmas stuff, stories and jokes and pictures, are all done, you know, in October."

I thought it would have surprised him. But I [illegible]

However, he said, "not till October. What a rush! How well I remember in ancient Egypt—as I think you call it—seeing them getting out their Christmas things, all cut in hieroglyphics, always two or three years ahead."

"Two or three years!" I exclaimed.

"Pooh," said Time, "that was nothing. In Babylon they used to get their Christmas jokes ready all baked in clay—a whole solar eclipse ahead of Christmas. They said, I think, that the public preferred them so."

"Egypt?" I said. "Babylon? But surely, Father Time, there was no Christmas in those days, I thought."

"My dear boy," he interrupted gravely, "don't you know that there has always been Christmas?"

I was silent. Father Time had moved across the room and stood beside the fireplace, leaning on the mantel. The little wreaths of smoke from the fading fire seemed to mingle with his shadowy outline.

"Well," he said presently, "what is it that is wrong with Christmas?"

"WHY," I answered, "all the romance, the joy, the beauty of it has gone, crushed and killed by the greed of commerce and the horrors of war. I am not, as you thought I was, a hundred years old, but I can conjure up, as anybody can, a picture of Christmas in the good old days of a hundred years ago—the quaint old-fashioned houses, standing deep among the evergreens, with the lights twinkling from the windows on the snow—the warmth and comfort within—the great fire roaring on the hearth—the merry guests grouped about its blaze and the little children with their eyes dancing in the Christmas firelight, waiting for Father Christmas in his fine mummery of red and white and cotton wool to hand the presents from the Yule-tide tree. I can see it," I added, "as if it were yesterday."

"It was but yesterday," said Father Time, and his voice seemed to soften with the memory of bygone years. "I remember it well."

"Ah," I continued, "that was Christmas indeed. Give me back such days as those, with the old good cheer, the old stage-coaches and the gabled inns and the warm red wine, the snap dragon and the Christmas tree, and I'll believe again in Christmas, yes, in Father Christmas himself!"

"Believe in him?" said Time quietly, "you may well do that. He happens to be standing outside in the street at this moment."

"Outside!" I exclaimed. "Why won't he come in?"

"He's afraid to," said Father Time. "He's frightened and he daren't come in unless you ask him. May I call him in?"

I signified assent, and Father Time went to the window for a moment and beckoned into the darkened street. Then I heard footsteps, clumsy and hesitant they seemed, upon the stairway. And in a moment a figure stood framed in the doorway—the figure of Father Christmas. He stood shuffling his feet, a timid, apologetic look upon his face.

How changed he was!

I had known in my mind's eye from childhood the face and form of Father Christmas as well as that of Old Time himself. Everybody knows, or once knew him—a jolly little rounded man, with a great muffler wound about him, a packet of toys upon his back, and with such merry, twinkling eyes and rosy cheeks as are only given by the touch of the driving snow and the rude fun of the North Wind. Why, there was once a time, not yet so long ago, when the very sound of his sleigh-bells sent the blood running warm to the heart.

But now how changed!

All draggled with the mud and rain he stood, as if no house had sheltered him these three years past. His old red jersey

was tattered in a dozen places, his muffler frayed and raveled.

The bundle of toys that he dragged with him in a net seemed wet and worn till the cardboard boxes gaped asunder. There were boxes among them, I vow, that he must have been carrying these three years past.

But most of all I noted the change that had come over the face of Father Christmas. The old brave look of cheery confidence was gone. The smile that had beamed responsive to the laughing eyes of countless children around unnumbered Christmas trees was there no more. And in the place of it there showed a look of timid apology, of apprehensiveness, as of one who has asked in vain the warmth and shelter of a human home—such a look as the harsh cruelty of this world has stamped upon the faces of its outcasts.

So stood Father Christmas shuffling upon the threshold, fumbling his poor tattered hat in his hand.

"Shall I come in?" he said, his eyes appealingly on Father Time.

"Come," said Time, and added as he turned to speak to me, "your room is dark. Turn up the lights. He's used to light, bright light, and plenty of it. The dark has frightened him these three years past."

I turned up the lights and the bright glare revealed all the more cruelly the tattered figure before us.

Father Christmas advanced a timid step across the floor. Then he paused, as if in sudden fear.

"Is this floor mined?" he said.

"No, no," said Time soothingly. And to me he added in a murmured whisper—"He's afraid. He was blown up in a mine in No Man's Land between the trenches at Christmas time in 1914. It broke his nerve"

"May I put my toys on that machine-gun?" asked Father Christmas timidly; "it will help to keep them dry."

"It is not a machine-gun," said Time gently. "See, it is only a pile of books upon the sofa,"—and to me he whispered—"they turned a machine-gun on him in the streets of Warsaw. He thinks he sees them everywhere since then."

"It's all right, Father Christmas," I said, speaking as cheerily as I could, while I rose and stirred the fire into a blaze, "there are no machine-guns here and there are no mines. This is but the house of a poor writer."

"Ah," said Father Christmas, lowering his tattered hat still further and attempting something of a humble bow, "a writer? Are you Hans Andersen, perhaps?"

"Not quite," I answered.

"But a great writer, I do not doubt," said the old man, with a humble courtesy that he had learned, it well may be, centuries ago in the Yuletide season of his northern home. "The world owes much to its great books. I carry some of the greatest with me always. I have them here——"

He began fumbling among the limp and tattered packages that he carried. "Look! The House that Jack Built—a marvelous deep thing, sir—and this, The Babes in the Wood. Will you take it, sir? A poor present, but a present still—not so long ago I gave them in thousands every Christmas time. None seem to want them now."

He looked appealingly toward Father Time, as the weak may look toward the strong for help and guidance.

"None want them now," he repeated, and I could see the tears start in his eyes. "Why is it so? Has the world forgotten its sympathy with the lost children wandering in the wood?"

"All the world," I heard Time murmur with a sigh, "is wandering in the wood." But out loud he spoke to Father Christmas in cheery admonition: "Tut, tut, good Christmas," he said, "you must cheer up. Here, sit in this chair—the biggest one—so—beside the fire—let us stir it to a blaze—more wood—that's better—and listen, good old friend, to the wind outside—almost a Christmas wind, is it not? Merry and boisterous enough for all the evil times it stirs among."

Old Christmas seated himself beside the fire, his hands outstretched toward the flames. Something of his old-time cheeriness seemed to flicker across his features as he warmed himself at the blaze.

"That's better," he murmured. "I was cold, sir, cold, chilled to the bone: of old I never felt it so; no matter what the wind, the world seemed warm about me. Why is it not so now?"

"You see?" said Time, speaking low in a whisper for my ear alone, "you see how sunk and broken he is? Will you not help?"

"Gladly," I answered, "if I can."

"All can," said Father Time, "every one of us."

Meantime Christmas had turned toward me a questioning eye, in which, however, there seemed to revive some little gleam of merriment.

"Have you, perhaps," he asked, half-timidly, "schnapps?"

"Schnapps?" I repeated.

"Aye, schnapps. A glass of it to drink your health might warm my heart again, I think."

"Ah!" I said, "something to drink?"

"His one failing," whispered Time, "if it is one. Forgive it him. He was used to it for centuries. Give it him if you have it."

"I keep a little in the house," I said, reluctantly perhaps, "in case of illness."

"Tut, tut," said Father Time, as something as near as could be to a smile passed over his shadowy face. "'In case of illness!' They used to say that in ancient Babylon. Here, let me pour it for him. Drink, Father Christmas, drink!"

Marvelous it was to see the old man smack his lips as he drank his glass of liquor neat after the fashion of old Norway.

Marvelous, too, to see the way in which, with the warmth of the fire and the generous glow of the spirits, his face changed and brightened till the old-time cheerfulness beamed again upon it.

He looked about him, as it were, with a new and kindling interest.

"A pleasant room," he said, "and what better, sir, than the wind without and a brave fire within!"

Then his eye fell upon the mantelpiece, where lay among the litter of books and pipes a little toy horse.

(*Concluded on page 503*)



"How well I remember in ancient Egypt," said Father Time, "seeing them getting out their Christmas things, all cut in hieroglyphics, always two or three years ahead!"

Two Great Novelists as Prophets of Religion

H. G. Wells, in "The Soul of a Bishop," is inspired by War, as Winston Churchill was by Industrial Conditions in "The Inside of the Cup," which was printed in "Hearst's Magazine."

Condensed by Edwin Markham.

The extracts from "The Soul of a Bishop" are used by courtesy of the Macmillan Co.



DID the English novelist, H. G. Wells, get from our American novelist, Winston Churchill, the germ of his new book, "The Soul of a Bishop?" Certainly Wells's novel bears a startling similarity of theme to Churchill's brilliant story, "The Inside of the Cup" which ran as a serial in "Hearst's Magazine" four years ago, and was published, like the Wells book, by the Macmillan Co.

"The Inside of the Cup," now in its twentieth edition, went with a thrill across the nation, quickening thought on the graver problems of life. And now Mr. Wells (whose war novel, "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," is still reverberating in our minds) appears with another remarkable story along the same religious line as Churchill's, a book destined also to deeply touch the awakened spirit of the age.

The inadequacy of the Church to meet the modern human problem is the theme in both novels; and the central action in each is the revolt of the clergyman from the trivialities and carnalities of his Church, in order to exercise a freer and truer Christianity of human love and service. "A fig-tree looking upon a fig-tree becomes fruitful," says an Arabian proverb. Did the Churchill book fructify the Wells book?

In Mr. Churchill's novel we find a young clergyman well on the way toward being made a bishop—the reward of a devout, dignified and undisturbing allegiance to creed. Mr. Wells's hero, somewhat older, yet able, assured, ecclesiastical, has already received his bishopric, the reward of his exemplary profession of belief in God, the Church, and the Royal Family.

Each hero is called from sedate, uneventful and beautiful surroundings to a raucous industrial center, populated by ill-mannered and ill-moraled work-folk who go to games on Sunday instead of to church; and populated also by self-important rich people who contribute to the church and try to control the pastor. Each clergyman comes to feel the hollowness of his old inherited Church shibboleths, and to realize the ineffectualness of the Church's appeal to thinkers, workers and to the questioning young. Each had in the serener past built up a misty, rose-tinted structure of faith; and each, tremblingly, sees this thing of fantasy topple over before the actual bombarding of reality in the seething life about him.

Each novel has in the background a second, yet somewhat dominating, clergyman, one more radical than the superior. Each novel has an important woman character, wealthy and worshipful, half-siren and half-sibyl, who, for a time, acts as a temptress in the clergyman's career. And in each novel a rebellious young woman, true and uncompromising, is the force that finally projects the anxious minister from the narrow arc to the full circle of his [illegible]

So far, it might seem that Mr. Wells had helped himself out of Mr. Churchill's pages. But in spite of these concordant points we are forced to say that Mr. Wells keeps his own individual note, and carries important differences. His book is preoccupied largely with the conduct of the Church in regard to the war, while Mr. Churchill's is more concerned with questions of industry. Mr. Wells [illegible] Mr. Churchill. Using an ingenious bit of scientific and literary machinery, Mr. Wells plausibly and powerfully forwards his story [illegible] ture from within, Mr. Wells's hero [illegible] urch entirely, regarding it as an ungrowing, [illegible]

[illegible] aling with similar ideas in the books will [illegible]

generation finds itself is this—We want to know what there is in Christianity we can lay hold of. All our education contradicts the doctrines most insisted on."

"But why," gently protests one of Churchill's conservative characters, "why can't we continue to just trust?"

"No," is the rejoinder of the rebel, "if God had not meant man to know something of his origin, differing from the account in Genesis, he would not have given us Darwin and his successors. Practically every great discovery since the Revival we owe to men who, by their very desire for truth, were forced into opposition to the tremendous power of the Church, which always insisted that people should 'just trust,' and take the mixture of cosmogony and Greek philosophy, tradition and fable, paganism, Judaic sacerdotalism, and temporal power wrongly called spiritual dealt out by this same Church as the last word on science, philosophy, history, metaphysics, and government.

"Nearly all the pioneers to whom we owe our age of comparative enlightenment were heretics. And if they could have been headed off, or burned, most of us would still be living in mud caves at the foot of the cliff on which stood the nobleman's castle; and kings would still be kings by divine decree, scientists—if there were any—workers in the black art, and every phenomenon we failed to understand a miracle."

IN Mr. Wells's book the identical distrust is expressed by the labor leader when the Bishop wants to know [illegible] the Church can't help the dispute between Labor and Capital. He has met first one side, and now the other, the [illegible] the same: the Church is remote and un[illegible]

"You [illegible]" says the labor leader, "the Church does not talk our language. I doubt if it understands our language. Of course if the Church had a plan, if it had a proposal to make, if it had anything more than a few pious platitudes to suggest that might be different. But has it?"

To this the Bishop found himself asking unprecedented and devastating questions—questions that implied the most fundamental shiftings of opinion. Why was the Church such a failure? Why had it no grip upon either masters or men amid this vigorous life of modern industrialism, and why had it no grip upon the questioning young? It was tolerated [illegible] as something to be left just as it was, as something to be tolerated. He too was a tolerated thing; a curious survival. . . . Something set by, as [illegible] questions: "What are you doing? Where are you going? Is it really well with the children? Is it really well with the Church? Is it really well with the country? Are you indeed doing anything at all? Are you anything more than an actor wearing a costume in an archaic play? The people turn their backs on you."

The ferment of rebellion, you see, is about the same in both books. But Mr. Wells's bishop puts the problem thus, for war, not industrialism, is the upsetting factor with him:

"These doctrinal and physical anxieties and distresses were at their worst in the spring and early summer of 1914. That was a time of great mental and moral disturbance. There was premonition in the air of those days. It was like the uneasiness sensitive people experience before a thunderstorm. The moral atmosphere was sullen and close. The whole world seemed irritable and mischievous. The Suffragettes became extraordinarily malignant; the democratic movement went rotten with sabotage and with the cant of being 'rebels'; the reactionary Tories and a crew of noisy old peeresses set themselves to create incurable confusion again in the healing wounds of Ireland, and feuds and frantic folly broke out at every point of the social and political edifice. And then a bomb burst at Sarajevo that silenced all this tumult. The unstable polity of Europe heeled over like a ship that founders. Through the swiftest, tensest week in history Europe capsized into war."

THE first effect of the war upon the mind of the bishop, as upon most imaginative minds, was to steady and exalt it. Trivialities and exasperations seemed swept out of existence. Men lifted up their eyes from disputes that had seemed incurable and wrangling that promised to be interminable, and discovered a plain and tragic issue that involved every one in a common call for devotion. For a great number of men and women who had been born and bred in security, the August and September of 1914 were the supremely heroic period of their lives. Myriads of souls were born again to ideas of service and sacrifice in those tremendous days.

"Black and evil thing as the war was, it was at any rate a great thing; it did this much for countless minds—that for the first time they realized the epic quality of history and their own relationship to the destinies of the race. The flimsy roof under which we had been living our lives of comedy fell and shattered the floor under our feet; we saw the stars above and the abyss below. We perceived that life was insecure and adventurous, part of one vast adventure in space and time. . . . Presently the smoke and dust of battle hid the great distances again, but they could not altogether destroy the memories of this revelation.

"One thing became vivid to the bishop: that he wasn't being used in any real and effective way in the war. There was a mighty going to and fro upon Red Cross work and various war committees, a vast preparation for wounded men and for the succor of dislocated families a preparation that proved to be needless for catastrophic unemployment. The war problem and the puzzle of German psychology ousted for a time all other intellectual interests; like every one else the bishop swam deep in Nietzsche, Bernhardi, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, and the like; he preached several sermons upon German materialism and the astonishing decay of the German character. He also read every newspaper he could lay his hands on like any secular man. He signed an address to the Russian Orthodox Church, beginning Brethren, and he revised his impressions of the Filioque controversy which relates to the belief of the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Son as well as the Father and had caused the separation between the Greek and Roman Church. The idea of a reunion of the two great State Churches of Russia and England had always attracted him. But hitherto it had been a thing quite out of scale, visionary, utopian. Now in this strange time of altered perspectives it seemed the most practicable of suggestions. The mayor and corporation and a detachment of the special reserve in uniform came to a great intercession service, and in the palace there were two conferences of local influential people people of the most various types, people who had never met tolerantly before, expressing now opinions of unprecedented breadth and liberality.

"All this sort of thing was fresh and exciting at first, and then it began to fall into a routine and became habitual and as it became habitual he (*Concluded on page 508*)

Government Ownership of Railways Inevitable

By Boersianer

FOR four years American railway securities have been in process of liquidation. Disposition of them began before Europe went to war. Domestic relinquishment was on long before America entered the conflict. Low and high net revenue, the selling continued. Though the gross and net receipts in the 1915-16 fiscal term were prodigious (in important instances the clear gains were from 75 to 100 per cent.), there was no abatement in the movement to be rid of railway securities, especially of the common stocks.

The shares of individual corporations, meanwhile, advanced dizzily and tumbled sheerly, again rose and fell, but the depreciation of the rails proceeded quite as inexorably as an incurable malady.

Explanations are myriadfold, most of them superficial, some plausible, few reasonable. Banking houses, investment firms, brokerage establishments are stocked with them. The solutions offered are so numerous and variegated that the real and what otherwise had been the obvious one is wholly obscured.

Liquidation at Home and Abroad

THE liquidation had its inception at home, not in Europe. It started shortly after President Wilson's first inauguration. With few and rather unimportant exceptions, Mr. Wilson's election had been opposed by powerful finance, particularly the finance that is the fiscal custodian of the railways.

When, therefore, this selling began its cause was supposed to be patent—finance's fear of the new Administration. The President would fill vacancies and make substitutions on the Interstate Commerce Commission inimical to the railways. But the decisions of the Commission for a time belied the dire prophecy. For the more part, the rulings were in favor of the roads.

Then came liquidation from abroad. Although cautious at the outset, it was incessant. A week preceding the war declarations it had become torrential. It was ended, arbitrarily, only with the closing of the Stock Exchange. Germany was the initial liquidator. "Initial" is used in a pre-priority sense; that is, the Germans had begun lightening their ballast of all foreign securities as early as 1912. But their visible jettisoning of "Yankees" began two days after the world-igniting tragedy in Bosnia. This became precipitate in the fortnight preceding Austria's war declaration on Serbia. They—the Germans—threw over enormous blocks of Northern Pacific, Southern Pacific, Union Pacific, St. Paul, Baltimore and Ohio, Rock Island, Missouri, Kansas and Texas, and Erie.

The English, French and the Dutch exchanges became aware that something tremendously momentous was brewing in Berlin. With succeeding days there was increasing liquidation—accompanying that of the German—from London, Paris and Amsterdam. The New York Stock Exchange withstood Germany's war declarations two days after the London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna bourses had ordered a closure, and in that time absorbed a vast amount of European-held American rail securities.

When the American Exchanges had re-opened and removed their minimum-prices regulations, the shares of the industry companies rose rapidly. Within three months an unprecedented boom had developed. But railway values were practically unaffected. The best and most active of these, Union Pacific, appreciated only three points.

Earnings, which had been adversely affected by the war-shock, soon improved. The improvement grew apace until at the termination of the fiscal year in 1916 the net receipts on cardinal systems showed increases up to 100 per cent. over the previous financial term; or a percentage available for dividends on the common stocks undreamed of before the war.

And yet at best the high-grade railway certificates barely held their own quotation-wise. The average rail shares actually depreciated—whilst elsewhere on the bourse roster industrial stocks had been doubling, tripling and quadrupling in value. Not only was the man in the commercial thoroughfare mystified, but the man in Wall Street could not understand the action of the rails.

There was buying, of course; by the many investors who act initiatively—who dispense with the advice of high-positioned banking houses—who base their investments on earnings statements; by an army of exterior-bourse speculators who assumed that ultimately the rail group must follow the industrial group. But the purchasers were eagerly and abundantly accommodated; so much so and to such an extent that almost month by month the purchases showed a loss.

It finally became plain to floor experts that insiders—knowledgeous and authoritative interests—were supplying railway stocks to the outside demand: information that steadily spread and which resulted in a constantly limiting market for the security. Not only that, but railway properties which formerly stood well in the market and in the estimation of the casual investor became doubtful, if not suspect; several were unwarrantably discredited by the extraordinary decline in their issues.

The while, numberless explanations have filled the air and the press. These are interesting if not instructive. The favorite—the most appealing—is Government control of income and private uncontrol of expenditures. Otherwise, the Interstate Commerce Commission stipulates what the roads may charge for service, but they fail to put a ban on operating cost; do not fix wages and the price of materials. Investors, therefore, have lost faith in an investment that has a limitation on revenue and none whatever on expenditure.

Explanations that Do Not Explain

THIS conclusion is somewhat vitiated by the fact that not only have the commissioners been reasonably fair in their decisions on minor matters, but they permitted a considerable increase in freight rates before the war with a second allowance to the Eastern systems, effective last January. Subtle-minded people harbored a mean suspicion. In allowing a rate last year the commissioners stated that if the increase were insufficient they would consider a higher schedule. Accordingly it was suspected—by an unreliable element—that the roads were making "a poor mouth," as the homely phrase has it, to influence the commissioners to an additional grant.

Explanatory to some students of the situation was the undoubted fact that the carriers could not borrow money for improvements on terms other than usurious. Their credit has been impaired, their physical prospects become anything but radiant. One resulted in the other.

The roads have been, so to speak, living on their fat. They could not sell bonds to provide funds with which to facilitate service and safeguard elemental upkeep. More serious still, their net revenues became insufficient to be drawn upon for immediate betterments and maintenance. In emergencies prosperous roads had done this—taken net from receipts—and later reimbursed stockholders.

A third quotable explanation was the necessity of the run of investors to shift their investments to values that yield a larger income. The cost of living having seriously risen, while the returns from railway securities remained at best stationary, stockholders shifted to industrial shares which yielded a high percentage.

Latterly, a fourth theory has had a hearing. The British and French Governments placed collateral loans here, made up chiefly of American stocks and bonds, railway shares predominating. The foreign Governments got the securities from their subjects and were privileged to dispose of them.

It is supposed—never substantiated—that there has been a substitution of collateral, the Americans having come to the market.

Even if valid, the numerous reasons advanced worthy of comment would not explain in full. They are not applicable for a long period. Some might be acceptable for a specified time and in specific stocks. *But the one explanation—that would appear to rede the riddle—which would cover the situation throughout, is Government ownership of the railways.*

A decade ago the president of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railway, E. P. Ripley, told the deponent: "I am thoroughly convinced that I shall live to see the railroads of the country in the control of the Government." He was then sixty-two. "The signs may not be plain to you but they are to me."

Leading financiers are in a fiduciary position. They are responsible to a clientèle, at home and abroad, very important although not very numerous; a clientèle whose holdings constitute virtual control of many systems. It is positive that the clients of the large banking houses have been sellers of railway stocks. It is reasonably certain that they sold on the advice of their financial advisers. It is highly probable such counsel was prompted by the belief in the near-by and inevitable Government ownership.

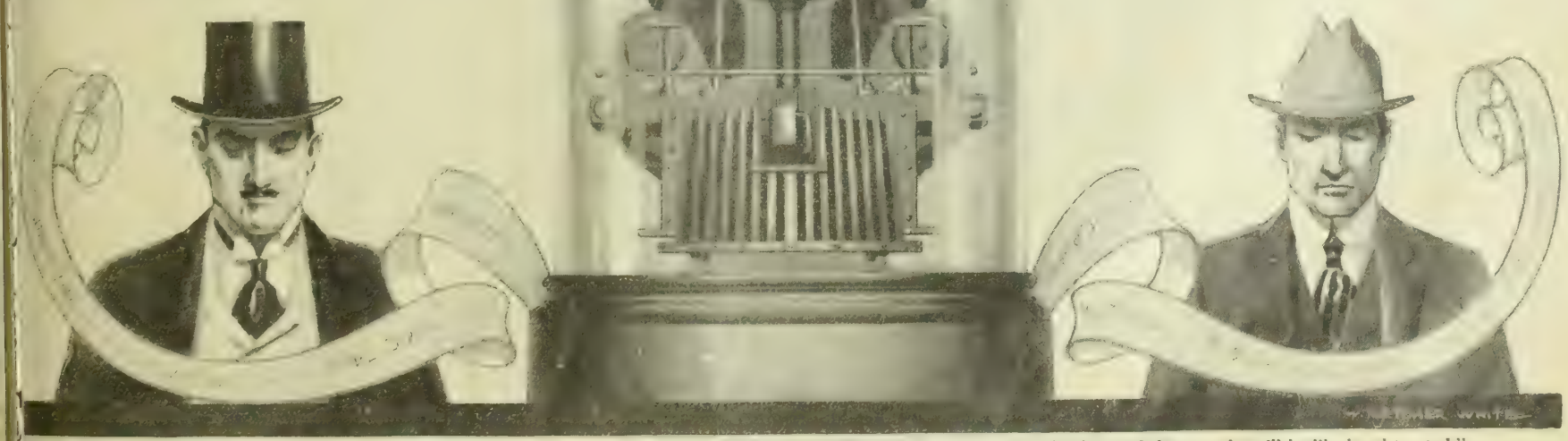
So inevitable is it to authoritative finance that no attempt has been made—or is likely to be made—to oppose it.

Congress Gets Down to Facts

ONCE in a generation a thing of such supreme importance confronts Congress that the lobby is recognized as of no avail.

It should be impressed upon business men who want a fair hearing and judgment in Washington not to send eloquent attorneys there. The authorities at the capital are suspicious of lawyers, notwithstanding that Senate and House committees are made up mostly of lawyers—perhaps for this reason the committeemen are knowledgeously suspicious. The older members vow they have had too many things put over them by plausible barristers to put faith now in what is said or presented by "counsel for the defense."

Whom members of Congress and administrative officers want to see these days is the head of the business concern himself. And the rougher the diamond the more he will be liked and trusted. He will be shown the utmost consideration. If he stammers, if he is ungrammatical, if he says "them" for "those," pronounces shares "shears," he will be regarded as a treasure-trove, especially by the Southern element. The South is in the saddle.



"Members of Congress and of the Administration like to see the head of the business concern himself. The rougher the diamond the more he will be liked and trusted."

WHY DIE BEFORE YOUR TIME?

(Concluded from page 477)

inference has been put to the test by substituting non-specific proteins for the typhoid vaccines with seemingly satisfactory results. Similar tests have been made in the case of pneumonia, but not as yet on a scale extensive enough to warrant definite conclusions.

In recent years, however, another type of medication, known as serum therapy, has been applied to the malady with very gratifying results. A "serum" in this sense is a portion of blood serum of an animal previously inoculated with disease germs of a particular type. If the inoculations are made in the right dosage, the living body has the peculiar capacity to develop antidotes or so-called antibodies, which neutralize or antagonize the toxins produced by the bacteria themselves. The typical and familiar instance of a therapeutic serum is the diphtheria antitoxin, developed in the body of the horse.

IT would appear that there are at least four types or groups of pneumonia germs, each one producing a somewhat different type or grade of malady. The anti-pneumonia serum hitherto developed has been perfected only for a single type of pneumococcus, known as Type I. The value of the remedy, when applied to the particular type of malady in question, is so fully accepted that the New York Board of Health now offers to supply the serum for all cases of pneumonia due to this particular germ. The diagnosis is made by swabbing the patient's throat to secure sputum, and making a culture of the germs thus obtained. A delicate test-tube reaction determines the identity of the particular germ, and thus decides whether the serum may be expected to be helpful in a given case.

Fortunately, each individual may to some extent guard himself against danger from this disease by proper attention to hygiene, and in particular by the prompt changing of wet clothing, including footwear, and the thorough warming of the entire body at the earliest possible moment after being chilled through exposure.

The free use of an antiseptic mouth-wash and gargle, to destroy any germs that are lurking in this region, may be a valuable accessory.

If we turn now to consider the companion lung disease, tuberculosis, we find a malady in many ways strikingly different from pneumonia. Each disease is, to be sure, induced by bacterial invasion; but whereas pneumonia is an acute disease, of sudden and violent onset, terminating very quickly by crisis that presages either recovery or death of the patient, tuberculosis is of slow and gradual onset, so that its presence is often quite unsuspected during weeks or even months of incipiency. When fully developed it ordinarily follows a tedious and more or less oscillatory course, in which there is progressive weakening of the bodily tissues, deterioration of the blood, and finally [illegible].

The pneumonia germ, once it gains a foothold, develops a quick and virulent poison that kills in a term of hours; the tubercle bacillus [illegible] that gives the organism opportunity to make the fullest resistance of which it is capable. One kills by dynamitic upheaval; the other by slow attrition.

So large a proportion of the ancestors of all of us have had to cope with the tubercle bacillus that it may be said that the surviving [illegible] certain measure of immunity against this [illegible] germs of the prevalent type and ultimately get the better of them when they invade the system. Pathologists have found that a very large [illegible] of persons [illegible] to [illegible] lungs of the former presence of tubercle [illegible]. Many of [illegible] never knew that [illegible] their activities and never suspected that a [illegible]

WITH other cases, of course, the individual was well aware that he had been at [illegible]

It should be explained that protein treatment of tuberculosis is not an absolutely new departure, inasmuch as the so-called tuberculins, which are vaccines made from dead tubercle germs, necessarily contain a protein element. It is probable that the beneficial results sometimes observed from the use of these vaccines may be ascribed rather to the protein content than to the specific tuberculous element. This probability, however, has not hitherto been recognized. As a preventive measure, applied to children, such a vaccine may have great value. As a curative agent, applied to an individual in whom tuberculosis is already well developed, the use of tuberculin necessarily involves the disadvantage of adding an increment of toxin of the kind from which the patient already suffers.

It is my opinion that such a case may be far more advantageously treated with non-specific proteins of non-toxic character; notably the series of vegetable proteins with which the reader of this series of articles is already somewhat familiar, to which the general name of "proteals" has been applied.

My personal experience in the treatment of tuberculosis with non-specific proteins is of a character to justify a large measure of confidence. Not confidence or expectation, be it understood, that an agent is at hand which will "cure" tuberculosis in every instance, regardless of hygiene. Scientific medicine does not witness such miracles as that. But our observations justify the expectation that this method of medication will be effective in whipping up the blood-forming organs to reinforce the corpuscular army that constitutes the fighting mechanism; thus bettering the general health of the patient, and specifically combating the evidences of tubercular infection, whether located in the lung or elsewhere.



Tuberculous patients sleeping in the open air in winter. Cold air supplies oxygen in more concentrated form and also stimulates the formation of blood corpuscles.

but which now is abnormal and as "malignant" as a cancer.

To casual inspection, indeed, a late-stage tubercle patient and a late-stage cancer patient have precisely the same appearance — wasted in body, pale and ghastly of complexion. Moreover, their blood under the microscope often shows abnormalities for example, decrease of red corpuscles, increase of white ones, and corpuscles of distorted types—that are practically indistinguishable. It was this fact that gave us a clue in the development of the new treatment to which I shall now refer in detail.

The main features of the public crusade against the "Great White Plague" are too well known to require special comment here. Good air, good food, sunlight, hygienic conditions in general of the right sort—these are the agents invoked in behalf of the consumptive, present or prospective. The recognition that, under proper conditions, tuberculosis is not only preventable but curable, has caused a changed attitude toward the malady, and the word "consumption" no longer carries with it the terrifying, almost stupefying, effect that it once had. Yet a malady that still causes one death in eleven of the entire population—claiming [illegible] annually in the United States alone—is an enemy that mankind cannot treat lightly. Hence, any suggestion of a new remedial agency that promises to [illegible] effectively in combating this malady must have compelling interest.

Such a suggestion I am privileged now to make, on the basis of my own personal observations and those of my immediate [illegible]. The observations to which I refer have to do with the use of non-specific [illegible], administered hypodermically, as a means to stimulate blood formation and thus combat the debilitating influence of tuberculosis even when very far advanced.

THE first case in which practical test was made of this idea showed so effective a response that, after three months of treatment, instead of being anæmic he had a super-normal count of red corpuscles (five and a half million, to be exact). Meantime the relative status of the different types of red corpuscles had been so modified that the large monocytes, to which I have ascribed the function of active antagonism of protein poisons, were five times as numerous as they are in normal blood.

Clinically, the patient advanced until he was able to perform ordinary functions in the ordinary way, and to-day, more than a year after the discontinuance of treatment, he counts himself a well man. Yet he had returned from southern California, stricken with what seemed a mortal illness. The tubercular invasion involved not merely the lungs but the larynx and two bones of the spinal column. The case had been pronounced absolutely hopeless by the leading specialists in New York before the protein treatment was undertaken.

To-day this patient is pursuing a fairly active vocation with every appearance of normality. There is no evidence whatever of present tubercular infection; and the blood [illegible] count is super-normal [illegible] red cells [illegible] above five million.

Another spectacular case is that of a young woman with tuberculosis of the lungs, so far advanced that before she came for treatment she was told by a competent physician that her chance to live was only one in a thousand, and *that* chance contingent on immediate removal to the mountains. The diagnosis had been made not only by physical examination, but by bacteriological examination of the sputum made by the New York Board of Health, and by X-ray observation at the hands of one of the most expert Roentgenologists in the city. A blood examination before treatment showed very marked anæmia, the red cells numbering 3,964,000, and it being noted that the bulk of these cells was not at all commensurate to their number, since at least 90 per cent. of them were small in size and misshaped to an extent that greatly impaired their function.

The modification brought about in this patient's physical condition by the proteal treatment was nothing less than extraordinary. She did not leave home or change her habits of life and she received no treatment except a few drops of the vegetable protein solution (given hypodermically) on alternate days. Yet her appearance and feelings were transformed. Within two weeks she declared that she felt well enough to go back to work.

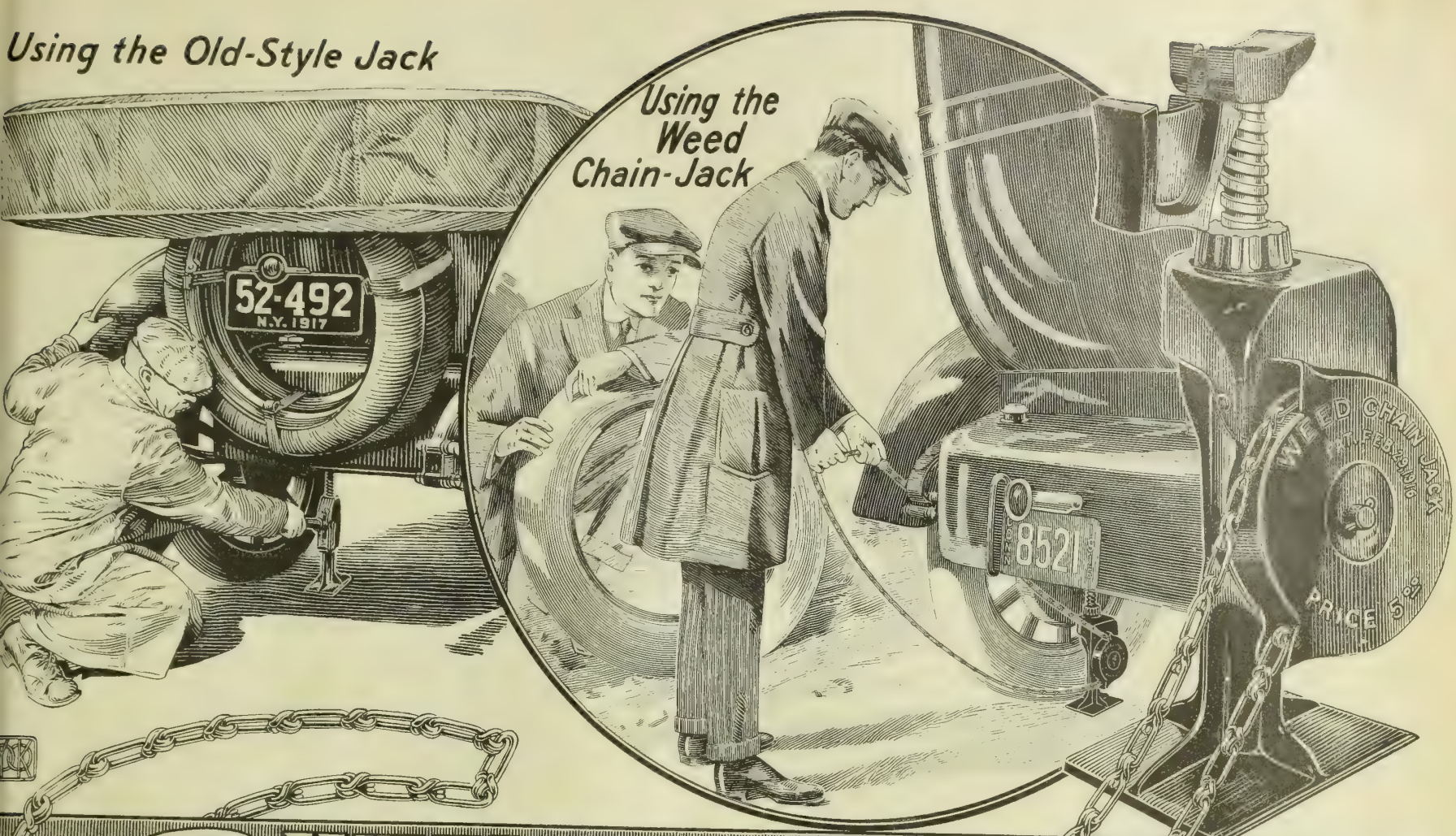
MEANTIME there had been the most striking modifications in the blood, the red corpuscles now being for the most part normal in size and appearance, and their number increased to 4,500,000. The balance between the different types of white corpuscles had been modified so that there were now 12 per cent. of the large monocytes (which I have all along referred to as the fighters of protein toxins), an increase of more than 33 per cent. The patient's temperature had come down from 101 degrees to normal, and her pulse from 115 to normal. Cough and expectoration had almost ceased.

A second X-ray examination made at this time confirmed these results of the physical examination. The original report, telling of the patient's condition before treatment, read: "In the right lung, there are several calcified tubercles scattered from the base to the apex. The upper left lobe is infiltrated, the infiltration being most marked around the proximal portion of the bronchial branches of the upper lobe. On deep inspiration, there is tendency to fixation of the left diaphragm." The second report ran in these words: "There is no evidence of an active process in the lung. The diaphragm is freely movable and the area of increased density in the left upper lobe has disappeared. There is probably almost complete resolution of the area which gave signs of infiltration at the previous examination."

The interval between these two X-ray examinations was only nineteen days; and during that time, as already noted, the patient had received no medical treatment whatever except the hypodermic injection of vegetable proteins—the particular protein used in this case being those extracted from alfalfa seed, alfalfa meal, and millet seed, a combination originated in our laboratory and designated as Proteal No. 45.

At the moment of present writing, six months after treatment was begun, the patient is in fine general condition. She is heavier in weight than ever before in her life, and she goes about her business duties quite like a person in normal health.

Such results as these naturally led to the use of the non-specific protein treatment in other cases of tuberculosis and with the coöperation of physicians in various parts of the country. It is too early to report final results at the time when this article is written, but it is speaking well within bounds to say that expectations based on our early experience seem to be fully justified. A new weapon has been placed in our hands in the fight against the "Great White Plague." Other measures that have been found good are not superseded, of course, but we appear to be justified in believing that the proteals bring a message of new hope to the consumptive, comparable to that which they have brought to sufferers from other types of wasting disease of different origin



WEED Chain-Jack

THE JACK THAT SAVES YOUR BACK

Simply a few pulls on its chain and the heaviest car is raised or lowered without danger and without exertion.

Every motorist has dreaded using the ordinary jack—an unpleasant operation, to say the least, and constantly fraught with danger and much tiresome work. Now all the unpleasant, disagreeable features have been ***entirely eliminated*** by the Weed Chain-Jack. With it, whether raising or lowering the car, you are always ***out of harm's way***—No knocking of head, or soiling of clothes against springs or other projections—***No skinning of knuckles*** or flying up of a "handle"—***No chance of the car coming down,*** often resulting in serious bodily injury—Infinitely easier to operate than any jack on the market.

To operate a Weed Chain-Jack it is not necessary to get down in a cramped, strained position and grovel in the mud, grease or dust under a car to work a "handle" that is apt to fly up, with unpleasant results. ***To lift a car*** with the Weed Chain-Jack, simply give a few pulls on its endless chain while you stand erect—clear from springs, tire carriers and other projections. ***To lower a car*** pull the chain in opposite direction. Up or down—there's no labor.

Once in place you never have to touch a Weed Chain-Jack. You do not have to crawl underneath to either raise or lower the car and after the car is lowered, you haul the jack out from under the car by the chain. ***Much superior*** in safety, economy, utility, simplicity and construction.

You will never be satisfied with any other if once you use a

Weed Chain-Jack

Powerful—Safe—Easily Operated

Has a strong cap, providing the kind of support from which an axle will not slip, while a ***broad base*** prevents the jack from upsetting on uneven roads. ***Every Weed Chain-Jack*** is submitted to a lifting test and will support over twice the weight it is ever required to lift. ***Never gets out of order.*** Gears and chain wheels protected by a stamped-steel housing. ***Chain heavily plated*** to prevent rusting.

MADE IN FOUR SIZES

Size	Height When Lowered	Height When Raised	Height When Raised With Aux. Step Up	Price
8 inch	8 inches	12½ inches	14½ inches	$ 5.00
10 inch	10 inches	15⅜ inches	17⅜ inches	5.00
12 inch	12 inches	18½ inches	No Aux. Step	5.00
12 in. Truck	12 inches	19¼ inches	No Aux. Step	10.00

The 8 inch and 10 inch sizes are made with an auxiliary step as illustrated above. When in operative position this step adds two inches to the height of the jack.

10 Days' Trial

If your dealer does not have them send $5.00 for any size for pleasure cars or $10.00 for the Truck size, and we will send you one, all charges prepaid. For delivery in Canada send $6.00 for any size for pleasure cars or $12.00 for the Truck size. Try it 10 days. If not satisfied, return it to us and we will refund your money. Use the coupon.

American Chain Company, Incorporated

Bridgeport (A C) **Connecticut**

In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario

Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

The Complete Chain Line—all types, all sizes, all finishes—from plumbers' safety chain to ships' anchor chain

TRIAL COUPON

American Chain Co. Inc.
Dept. P,
Bridgeport, Connecticut

Gentlemen: Enclosed find $5.00/10.00. Send me a Weed Chain-Jack. (Size in.) It is understood I am to try it for 10 days, and if not satisfied I am to return it and you will refund the purchase price.

Name .....

Address .....

THE PAWNS COUNT

(Continued from page 468)

know." Lutchester admitted carelessly. "I'm afraid they are still a good deal ahead of us in most scientific matters. I will take the liberty of calling some time to-morrow, Miss Van Teyl, and hope I shall have the pleasure of improving my acquaintance with your brother. Good-night, Mr. Fischer."

"Are you staying in the hotel?" the latter inquired.

"On the eighteenth floor," was the somewhat gloomy reply. "I sha'n't be able to shave in front of the window without feeling giddy. However, I suppose that's America. Good-by, everybody."

With a little inclusive and farewell bow he disappeared. They heard him make his way down the corridor and ring for the lift. Rather a curious silence ensued, which was broken at last by Pamela.

"Is that," she asked, throwing herself into an easy-chair and selecting a cigaret, "just an ordinary type of a nice, well-bred, unintelligent, self-sufficient Englishman, or——"

"Or what?" Fischer asked, with interest.

Pamela watched the smoke curl from the end of her cigaret.

"Well, I scarcely know how to finish," she confessed, "only sometimes when I am talking to him I feel that he can scarcely be as big a fool as he seems, and then I wonder. Jimmy," she went on, shaking her head at him, "you're not looking well. You've been sitting up too late and getting into bad habits during my absence. Open confession, now, if you please. If it's a girl, I shall give you my blessing."

Van Teyl groaned and said nothing. A foreboding of impending trouble depressed Pamela. She turned toward Fischer and found in his grim face confirmation of her fears.

"What does this mean?" she demanded.

"Your brother will explain," Fischer replied. "It is better that he should tell you everything."

"Everything?" she repeated. "What is there to tell? What have you to do with my brother, anyway?" she added fiercely.

"You must not look at me as though I were in any way to blame for what has happened," was the insistent reply. "On the contrary, I have been very lenient with your brother. I am still prepared to be lenient—upon certain conditions."

The light of battle was in Pamela's eyes. She fought against the significance of the man's ominous words. This was his first blow, then, and directed against her.

"I begin to understand," she said. "Please go on. Let me hear everything."

Van Teyl had turned to the sideboard. He mixed and drank off a Scotch and soda. Then he swung around.

"I'll make a clean breast of it in a few words, Pamela," he promised. "I've gambled with Fischer's money, lost it, forged a transfer of his to meet my liabilities, and I am in his power. He could have me hammered and chucked into Sing Sing if he wanted to. That's all there is about it."

Pamela stood the shock well. She turned to Fischer.

"How much of this are you responsible [illegible]"

"That," he objected, "is an impotent question. It is not I who had the moulding of your brother's character. It is not I who made him a forger and a weakling."

[illegible] An oath broke from his lips. Pamela seized him [illegible]

"Be quiet, James," she begged. "Let us hear what Mr. Fischer is going to do about [illegible]

"That depends upon you," was the cold [illegible]

[illegible] the head of the table between the two men, and laughed. Her brother had sunk into a chair, and his head [illegible] upon his folded arms. [illegible] to be other ways a new sense of strength inspired her. She felt that [illegible] the [illegible] were [illegible] to her hand.

"This is [illegible] at all events [illegible] I [illegible] [illegible] your [illegible]

"Nikasti!" Van Teyl interrupted furiously. [illegible]

Fischer frowned.

"What's he been up to?" he inquired.

"Well, to begin with," Pamela explained, "he searched my room, then he locked me in here and was proceeding to threaten me when fortunately Mr. Lutchester arrived."

"Threaten you? What about?" Fischer demanded.

"He seemed to have an absurd idea," Pamela explained sweetly, "that I might have somewhere concealed upon my person the formula which was stolen from Captain Graham last Monday week at Henry's restaurant. It makes quite a small world of it, doesn't it?"

"I will deal with Nikasti for this," Fischer promised, "if it is true. Meanwhile?"

"No sooner have I got over that little shock," Pamela went on, "than you turn up with this melodramatic story, and an offer from Mr. Fischer which I can read in his face. Really, I feel that I shall hear the buzz of a cinema machine in a moment. How much do you owe him, Jimmy?"

"Eighty-nine thousand dollars," the young man groaned.

"I'll write you a cheque to-morrow morning," Pamela promised. "Will that do, Mr. Fischer?"

"It is the last thing I desire," was the calm reply.

"Really! Well, perhaps now you will come to the point. Perhaps you will tell me what it is that you do want?"

"Stolen property," Fischer announced deliberately. "Stolen property, however, to which I have a greater right than you."

She laughed at him mockingly.

"I think not, Mr. Fischer," she said. "You really don't deserve it, you know."

"And why not?"

"Just see how you have bungled! You bait the trap, the poor man walks into it, and you allow another to forestall you. Not only that, but you actually allow Japan to come into the game, and but for Mr. Lutchester's appearance we might both of us have been left *planté là*. No, Mr. Fischer! You don't deserve the formula and you shall not have it. I'll pay my brother's debt to you in dollars—no other way."

"Dollars," Mr. Fischer told her sternly, "will never buy the forged transfer. Dollars will never keep your brother out of the city police-court or Sing Sing afterward. There isn't much future in New York for a young man who has been through it."

Van Teyl was upon him suddenly with a low, murderous cry. Fischer had no time to resist, no chance of success if he had attempted it. He was borne backward onto the lounge, his assailant's hand upon his throat. The young man was beside himself with drink and fury. The words poured from his lips, incoherent, hot with rage.

"You hound! You've made my life a hell! You've plotted and schemed to get me into your power! . . . There! Do you feel the life going out of you? . . . My sister, indeed! You! . . . You scum of the earth! You. . . ."

"James!"

The sound of Pamela's voice unnerved him. His fit of passion was spent. She easily dragged him away.

"Don't be a fool, Jimmy!" she begged. "You can't settle accounts like that."

"Can't I?" he muttered. "If we'd been alone, Pamela . . . gad, if he and I had been alone here!"

"Jimmy," she said, "you're a fool and you've been drinking. Fetch the water-bottle."

He obeyed and she dashed water in Fischer's face. Presently he opened his eyes, groaned and sat up. There were two livid marks upon his throat. Van Teyl watched him like a crouching animal. His eyes were still lit with sullen fire. The lust for killing was upon him. Fischer sat up and blinked. He felt the atmosphere of the room and he knew his danger. His hand stole into his hip pocket and a small revolver suddenly flashed upon his knee. He drew a long breath of relief. He was like a fugitive who had found sanctuary.

"So that's the game, James Van Teyl, is it?" he exclaimed. "So be it!"

He adjusted the revolver with a click. His cruel, long fingers were pressed around its [illegible]

"I am not threatening you," he went on. "I am not fond of violence and I don't believe in it. This is just in case you come a single yard nearer to me. Now, Miss Van Teyl, my business is with you. We won't fence any longer. You will hand over to me the pocket-book which you stole from Captain Graham in Henry's restaurant—hand it over to me intact, you understand. In return I will give you the forged transfer of stock, and leave it to your sense of honor as to whether you care to pay your brother's debt or not. If you decline to consider my proposition, I shall ring up Joseph Neville, your brother's senior partner. I shall not even wait for to-morrow, mind. I shall make an appointment, and I shall place in his hands the proof of your brother's robbery."

"Perhaps," Pamela murmured, "I was wrong to stop you, Jimmy. . . . Anything else, Mr. Fischer?"

"Just this: I would rather have carried this matter through in a friendly fashion, for reasons at which I think you can guess."

She shook her head.

"You flatter my intelligence!" she told him scornfully.

"I will explain, then. I desire to offer myself as your suitor."

She laughed at him without restraint or consideration.

"I would rather marry my brother's valet!" she declared.

"You are entirely wrong," he protested. "You are wrong, too, in holding up cards against me. We are on the same side. You are an American and so am I. I swear that I desire nothing that is not for America's good. You have wonderful gifts and I have great wealth and opportunities. I have also a sincere and very heartfelt admiration for you."

"I have never been more flattered!" Pamela scoffed.

He looked a little wistfully from one to the other. Antagonism and dislike were written on their faces. Even Pamela, who was skilled in the art of subterfuge, made little effort to conceal her aversion. Nevertheless he continued doggedly.

"What does it matter," he demanded, "who handles this formula—you or I? Our faces are turned in the same direction. There is this difference only with me: I want to make it the basis of a kindlier feeling in Washington toward my father's country."

Pamela's eyebrows were raised.

"Are you sure," she asked, "that the formula itself would not find its way into your father's country?"

"As to that I pledge my word," he replied. "I am an American citizen."

"Looks like it, doesn't he!" Van Teyl jeered.

"Tell us what you have been doing in Berlin, then?" Pamela inquired.

"I had a definite mission there," Fischer assured them, "which I hope to bring to a definite conclusion. If you are an American citizen in the broadest sense of the word, England is no more to you than Germany. I want to place before some responsible person in the American Government a proposal an official proposal—the acceptance of which will be in years to come of immense benefit to her."

"And the *quid pro quo?*" Pamela asked gently.

"I am not here for the purpose of gratifying curiosity," Fischer replied, "but if you will take up this matter seriously, you shall be the person through whom this proposal shall be brought before the American Government. The whole of the negotiations shall be conducted through you. If you succeed, you will be known throughout history as the woman who saved America from her great and growing danger. If you fail, you will be no worse off than you are now."

"And you propose to hand over the conduct of these negotiations to me," Pamela observed, "in return for what?"

"The pocket-book which you took from Captain Graham."

"So there we are, back again at the commencement of our discussion," Pamela remarked. "Are you going to repeat that you want this formula for Washington and not for Berlin?"

"My first idea," Fischer confessed, "was to hand it over to Germany. I have changed my views. Germany has great explosives of her own. This formula shall be used in a different fashion. It shall be a lever in the coming negotiation between America and Germany."

"We have had a great deal of conversation to no practical purpose," Pamela declared. "Why are you so sure that I have the formula?"

Fischer frowned slightly. He had recovered himself now and his tone was as steady and quiet as ever. Only occasionally his eyes wandered to where James Van Teyl was fidgeting about the table, and at such times his fingers tightened upon the stock of his revolver.

"It is practically certain that you have the papers," he pointed out. "You were the first person to go up the stairs after Graham had been rendered unconscious. Joseph admits that he had been forced to leave him—the orchestra was waiting to play. He was alone in that little room. That you should have known of its existence and his presence there is surprising, but nothing more. Furthermore, I am convinced that you were in some way concerned with his rescue later. You visited Hassan and you visited Joseph. From the latter you procured the key of the chapel. If only he had had the courage to tell the truth—well, we will let that pass. You have the papers, Miss Van Teyl. I am bidding a great price for them. If you are a wise woman you will not hesitate."

There was a knock at the door. They all three turned toward it a little impatiently. Even Pamela and her brother felt the grip of an absorbing problem. To their surprise, it was Lutchester who reappeared upon the threshold. In his hand he held a small sealed packet.

"So sorry to disturb you all," he apologized. "I have something here which I believe belongs to you, Miss Van Teyl. I thought I'd better bring it up and explain. From the way your little Japanese friend was holding on to it, I thought it might be important. It is a little torn but that isn't my fault."

He held it out to Pamela. It was a long packet, torn open at one end. From it was protruding a worn, brown pocket-book. Pamela's hand moved toward it mechanically. There was a dazed look in her eyes. Fischer's fingers stole once more toward the pocket into which, at Lutchester's entrance, he had slipped his revolver.

LUTCHESTER, to all appearance, remained sublimely unconscious of the tension which his words and appearance seemed to have created. He had strolled a little further into the room and was looking down at the packet which he still held.

"You are wondering how I got hold of this, of course?" he observed. "Just one of those simple little coincidences which either mean a great deal or nothing at all."

"How did you know it was mine?" Pamela asked, almost under her breath.

"I'll explain," Lutchester continued. "I was in the lobby of the hotel, a few minutes ago, when I heard the fire-bells outside. I hurried out and watched the engines go by from the sidewalk. I have always been rather interested in——"

"Never mind that, please. Go on," Pamela begged.

"Certainly," Lutchester assented. "On the way back, then, I saw a little Japanese who was coming out of the hotel, knocked down by a taxicab which skidded nearly into the door. I don't think he was badly hurt—I'm not even sure that he was hurt at all. I picked up this packet from the spot where he had been lying, and I was on the point of taking it to the office when I saw your name upon it, Miss Van Teyl, in what seemed to me to be your own handwriting, so I thought I'd bring it up."

He laid it upon the table. Pamela's eyes seemed fastened upon it. She turned it over nervously.

"It is very kind of you, Mr. Lutchester," she murmured.

"I'll be perfectly frank," he went on. "I should have found out where the little man who dropped it had disappeared to, and restored it to him, but I fancied—of course, I may have been wrong—that you and he were having some sort of a disagreement a few minutes ago when I happened to come in. Anyway, that was in my mind and I thought I'd run no risks."

"You did the very kindest and most considerate thing," Pamela declared.

"The little Japanese must have been our new valet," James Van Teyl observed.



Photo by Ira L. Hill

PETROVA
the Magnificent

THE above photograph of Madame Petrova, the famous Polish star, who has now formed her own company, The Petrova Picture Company, is one of many beautiful photographs you will find each month in the magazine of beautiful pictures—"The Ladies' World."

This favorite magazine is primarily a periodical for the home, but its McClure editors know that the woman in the home likes to let her fancy roam into the fascinating world of the screen and stage. Hence, they publish each month a large, carefully selected group of photographs of the most beautiful stars and scenes in the spoken or silent drama, of which this photograph of the famous Madame Petrova is splendidly representative.

Ten cents at all newsstands

THE LADIES' WORLD

"I'm beginning to think that he is not going to be much of an acquisition."

"You'll probably see something of him in a few minutes," Lutchester remarked. "I will wish you good-night, Miss Van Teyl. Good-night!"

Pamela's reiterated thanks were murmured and perfunctory. Even James Van Teyl's hospitable instincts seemed numbed. They allowed Lutchester to depart with scarcely a word. With the closing of the door, speech brought them some relief from a state of tension which was becoming intolerable. Even then Fischer at first said nothing. He had risen noiselessly to his feet, his right hand was in the sidepocket of his coat, his eyes were fixed upon the table.

"So this is why you insisted upon a valet!" James Van Teyl exclaimed, his voice thick with anger. "He's planted here to rob for you! Is that it, eh, Fischer?"

Pamela drew the packet toward her and stood with her right palm covering it. Fischer seemed still at a loss for words.

"I can assure you," he said at last fervently, "that if that packet was stolen from Miss Van Teyl by Nikasti, it was done without my instigation. It is as much a surprise to me as to any of you. We can congratulate ourselves that it is not on the way to Japan."

Pamela nodded.

"He is speaking the truth," she asserted. "Nikasti is not out to steal for others. He is playing the same game as all of us, only he is playing it for his own hand. Mr. Fischer has brought him here for some purpose of his own, without a doubt, but I am quite sure that Nikasti never meant to be any one's catspaw."

"Believe me, that is the truth," Fischer agreed. "I will admit that I brought Nikasti here with a purpose, but upon my honor I swear that until this evening I never dreamed that he even knew of the existence of the formula."

"Oh! we are not the only people in the world who are clever," Pamela declared, with an unnatural little laugh. "The first man who took note of Sandy Graham's silly words as he rushed into Henry's was Baron Sunyea. I saw him stiffen as he listened. He even uttered a word of remonstrance. Japan in London heard. Japan in your sitting-room here, in ten days' time, knew everything there was to be known."

"I didn't bring Nikasti here for this," Fischer insisted.

"Perhaps not," Pamela conceded, "but if you're a good American, what are you doing at all with a Japanese secret agent?"

"If you trust me, you shall know," Fischer promised. "Listen to reason. Let us have finished with one affair at a time. You very nearly lost that formula to Japan. Hand over the pocket-book. You see how dangerous it is for it to remain in your possession. I'll keep my share of the bargain. I'll put my scheme before you. Come, be reasonable. See, here's the forged transfer."

He drew a paper from his pocket and spread it out upon the table. His long, hairy fingers were shaking with nervousness.

"Come, make it a deal," he persisted. "You can pay me the defalcations or not, as you choose. There is your brother's freedom and the honor of your name in exchange for that pocket-book."

Pamela, after all her hesitation, seemed to make up her mind with startling suddenness. She thrust the pocket-book toward Fischer, took the transfer from his fingers and tore it into small pieces.

"I give in," she said. "This time you have scored. We will talk about the other matter to-morrow."

Fischer buttoned up the packet carefully in his breast-pocket. His eyes glittered. He turned toward the door. On the threshold he looked around. He stretched out his hand toward Pamela.

"Believe me, you have done well," he assured her hoarsely. "I shall keep my word. I will set you in the path of great things."

He left the room, and they heard the furious ringing of the lift-bell. Pamela was tearing into still smaller pieces the forged transfer. Van Teyl, a little pale, but with new life in his frame, was watching the fragments upon the floor. There was a tap at the door. Nikasti entered. Pamela's fingers paused in their task. Van Teyl stared at him. The newcomer was carrying the evening papers, which he laid down upon the table.

"Is there anything more I can do before I go to bed, sir?" he asked, with his usual reverential little bow.

"Aren't you hurt?" Van Teyl exclaimed.

"Hurt?" Nikasti replied wonderingly. "Oh, no!"

"Weren't you knocked down by a taxicab," Pamela asked, "outside the hotel?"

Nikasti looked from one to the other with an air of gentle surprise.

"I have been to my rooms in the servants' quarters," he told them, "on the twenty-sixth floor. I have not been downstairs at all. I have been unpacking and arranging my own humble belongings."

Van Teyl clasped his forehead.

"Let me get this!" he exclaimed. "You haven't been down in the lobby of the hotel, you haven't been knocked down by a taxicab that skidded, you haven't lost a pocket-book which you had previously stolen from my sister?"

Nikasti shook his head. He seemed completely mystified. He watched Pamela's face carefully.

"Perhaps there has been some mistake," he suggested quietly. "My English is sometimes not very good. I would not dream of trying to rob the young lady. I have not lost any pocket-book. I have not descended lower down in the hotel than this floor."

Van Teyl waved him away, accepted his farewell salutation and waited until the door was closed.

"Look here, Pamela," he protested, turning almost appealingly toward her, "my brain wasn't made for this sort of thing. What in thunder does it all mean?"

Pamela looked at the fragments of paper upon the floor and sank back in an easy-chair.

"Jimmy," she confided, "I don't know."

PAMELA opened her eyes the next morning upon a distinctly pleasing sight. At the foot of her bed was an enormous basket of pink carnations. On the counterpane by her side lay a smaller cluster of twelve very beautiful dark-red Gloire de Dijon roses. Attached to these latter was a note.

"When did these flowers come, Leah?" Pamela asked the maid who was moving about the room.

"An hour ago, madam," the girl told her.

"Read the name on the card," Pamela directed, pointing to the mass of pink blossoms.

"Mr. Oscar H. Fischer," the girl read out, "with respectful compliments."

Pamela smiled.

"He doesn't know, then," she murmured to herself. "Get my bath ready, Leah."

The maid disappeared into the inner room. Pamela tore open the note attached to the roses by her side, and read it slowly through:

DEAR MISS VAN TEYL:

I am so very sorry, but the luncheon we had half planned for to-day must be postponed. I have an urgent message to go South, to inspect—but no secrets! It's horribly disappointing. I hope we may meet in a few days.

Sincerely yours,
JOHN LUTCHESTER.

Pamela bathed and dressed, sent for her brother, and, to his horror, insisted upon an American breakfast.

"It's quite time I came back to look after you, Jimmy," she said severely, as she watched him send away his grape-fruit and gaze helplessly at his bacon and eggs. "You're going to turn over a new leaf, young man."

"I sha'n't be sorry," he confessed fervently. "I tell you, Pamela, when you have a thing like this hanging over you, it's hell—some hell! You just want to drown your thoughts and keep going all the time."

She nodded sagely.

"Well, that's over now, Jimmy," she said, "and I want you to listen to me. It's more than likely that Mr. Fischer may find out at any moment that the mysterious pocket-book, which came from heaven knows where, is a faked one. He may be horrid about it."

"While we are on that," Van Teyl interrupted, "I couldn't sleep a wink last night for trying to imagine where on earth that fellow Lutchester came in, and what his game was."

"I have a headache this morning, trying to puzzle out the same thing," Pamela told him.

"He seems such an ordinary sort of chap," Van Teyl continued thoughtfully. "Good sportsman, no doubt, and all that sort of thing, but the last fellow in the world to concoct a yarn, and if he did, what was his object?"

"Jimmy," his sister begged, "let's quit. Of course, I know a little more than you do, but the little more that I do know only makes it more confusing. Now, to make it worse, he's gone away."



The "Comer"

The bright eye—the alert look—the snappy gait—the general "make good" appearance—ALL are characteristic of men who avoid harmful articles of diet and choose the best "good things" to eat and drink.

Instant Postum

is chosen by thousands of "coming" men as their regular table beverage, not only for its delightful flavor, but because it is free from harmful ingredients, such as caffeine, the drug in coffee and tea.

Healthful, Nourishing,
Convenient,
Economical, Delicious,

"There's a Reason"
for
POSTUM

"What, this morning?"

"Gone away on his Government work," Pamela announced. "I had a note and some roses from him. Don't let's talk about it, Jimmy. I keep on getting new ideas and it makes my brain whirl. I want to talk about you."

His face glowed as he looked across the table. "You're the most wonderful sister, Pamela!"

"Nonsense!" she interrupted. "Nonsense! I ought not to have left you alone all this time, and besides, I'm pretty sure he helped you into this trouble for his own ends. Anyway, we are all right now. I shall be in New York for a few days before I go to Washington. When I do go, you must see whether you can get leave and come with me."

"That's bully!" he declared. "I'll get leave, right enough. There's never been less doing in Wall Street. But say, Pamela, I don't seem to half understand what's going on. You've given up most of your friends, and you spend months away there in Europe in all sorts of corners. Now you've come back and you seem mixed up in regular Secret Service work. Where do you come in, anyway? What are you going to Washington for?"

She smiled.

"Queer tastes, haven't I, Jimmy?"

"Queer for a girl."

"That's prejudice," she objected, shaking her head. "Nowadays there are few things a woman can't do. To tell you the truth, my new interest in life started three years ago, when Uncle Theodore found out that I was going to Rome for the winter."

"So Uncle Theodore started it, did he?"

She nodded.

"That's the worst of having an uncle in the Administration, isn't it? Well, of course, he gave me letters to every one in Rome, and I found out what he wanted quite easily, and without the inquiries going through the Embassy at all. Sometimes, as you can understand, that's a great advantage. I found it simply fascinating—the work, I mean—and after three or four more commissions—well, they recognized me at Washington. I have been to most of the capitals in Europe at different times, with small affairs to arrange at each, or information to get. Sometimes it's been just about commercial things. Since the war, though, of course, it's been more exciting than ever. If I were an Englishwoman instead of an American, I could tell them some things in London which they'd find pretty surprising. It's not my affair, though, and I keep what information I do pick up until it works in with something else for our own good. I knew quite well in Berlin, for instance, to speak of something you've heard of, that Henry's restaurant in London was being used as a center of espionage by the Germans. That is why I was on the lookout the day I went there."

"You mean the day that pocket-book was stolen that the whole world seems crazy about?" Van Teyl asked. She nodded.

"I believe it is perfectly true," she said, "that a young man called Graham has invented a certain explosive, the formula for which he brought to Henry's with him one day. It isn't only that happens when the shell explodes, but a sort of putrefaction sets in all round, and they say that everything within a mile dies. There were spies [illegible] was the ringleader of this lot, and he meant having the formula from Graham that night. I don't want to bore you, Jimmy, but I got [illegible]

"[illegible]" the young man repeated. "Why, it's like a modern Arabian Nights. I can't imagine you in the thick of this sort of [illegible]

"It's not, really, anything you like," she answered. "I knew exactly what they were going to do to Captain Graham, and it all [illegible] gone. Fischer caught my steamer and [illegible] he had us in a corner last night, and then a [illegible] happened."

"You mean that [illegible]

"You know, Pamela, sometimes [illegible] that Japanese [illegible] Van Teyl asked. "I couldn't follow it all last [illegible]

"[illegible] Pamela [illegible] when he and I were alone in your sitting room, heaven knows what would have happened but for the miraculous arrival of Mr. Lutchester, whom I had left behind in London, come to pay an evening call in the Hotel Plaza, New York!"

Van Teyl shook his head slowly, got up from his seat, lit a cigaret and came back again.

"Pam," he confessed, "my brain won't stand it. You're not going to tell me that Lutchester's in the game? Why, a simpler sort of fellow I never spoke to."

"I can't make up my own mind about Mr. Lutchester," Pamela sighed. "He helped me in London on the night I sailed—in fact he was very useful indeed—but why he invented that story about Nikasti, brought a dummy pocket-book into the room and helped us out of all our troubles, unless it was by sheer and brilliant instinct, I cannot imagine."

"Let me get on to this," Van Teyl said. "Even the pocket-book was a fake, then?"

She nodded.

"I shouldn't be likely to leave things I risk my life for about my bedroom," she told him.

"Where is it, then—the real thing?" he asked. She smiled.

"If you must know, Jimmy," she confided, dropping her voice, "it's in a little compartment of a silk belt around my waist. It will remain there until I get to Washington, or until Mr. Haskall comes to me."

"Haskall, the Government explosives man?"

Pamela nodded.

"Even he won't get it without Government authority."

"Now tell me, Pamela," Van Teyl went on, "you're a far-seeing girl. I suppose we should get it in the neck from Germany some day or other if the Germans won? Why don't you hand the formula over to the British, and give them a chance to get ahead?"

"That's a sensible question, Jimmy, and I'll try to answer it," Pamela promised. "Because when once the shells are made and used, the secret will be gone. I think it very likely that it would enable England to win the war, but, you see, I am American, not English, and I'm all American. I have been in touch with things pretty closely for some time now, and I see trouble ahead for us before very long. I can't exactly tell you where it's coming from, but I feel it. I want America to have something up her sleeve, that's why."

"You're a great girl, Pamela," her brother declared. "I'm off down-town, feeling a different man. And, Pamela, I haven't said much, but God bless you, and as long as I live I'm going as straight as a die. I've had my lesson."

He bent over her a little clumsily and kissed her. Pamela walked to the door with him.

"Be a dear," she called out, "and come back early. And, Jimmy!". . .

"Hullo?"

"Put things right at the office at once," she whispered with emphasis. "Fischer hasn't found out yet. I sent him a message this morning thanking him for the carnations, and asking him to walk with me in the park after breakfast. I shall keep him away till lunch time, at least."

The young man looked at her, and at Nikasti, who out in the corridor was holding his hat and cane. Then he chuckled.

"And they say that things don't happen in New York!" he murmured, as he turned [illegible]

As indeed, New York or a man of fashion, renowned for his social perceptions, pressed his companion's arm at the entrance to Central Park and pointed to Pamela.

"There goes a typical New York girl," he [illegible] the best looking I've seen for many a long day. You can go all round Europe, Freddie, and not see a girl with a face and figure like that—she has that frank way, too, of looking you in the eyes."

"I [illegible] the other [illegible] "Continental girls all had it. Kind of look which seems to [illegible] I have noticed it once and I don't mind. I wonder whether you're nice too?"

Pamela strolled along the Park with Fischer by her side. She was a tall [illegible] figure of that sort which [illegible] hat, in which yellow seemed the predominating color. Her shoes, her gloves, the little [illegible] about her throat, were all the last word in the simple elegance of suitability. Fischer [illegible] by no means a [illegible] figure in a carefully pressed blue-serge suit and a brown Homburg hat. He wore a rose in his buttonhole and he carried a cane—both unusual circumstances. After fifty years of strenuous living, Mr. Fischer seemed suddenly to have found a new thing in the world.

"This is a pleasant idea of yours, Miss Van Teyl," he said.

"I haven't disturbed your morning, I hope?" she asked.

"I guess, if you have, it isn't the way you mean," he replied. "You've disturbed a good deal of my time and thoughts lately."

"Well, you've had your own way now," she sighed, looking at him out of the corner of her eyes. "I suppose you always get your own way in the end, don't you, Mr. Fischer?"

"Generally," he admitted. "I tell you, though, Miss Van Teyl," he went on earnestly, "if you're alluding to last night's affair, I hated the whole business. It was my duty, and the opportunity was there, but with what I have I am satisfied. With reference to that little debt of your brother's——"

"Please don't say a word, Mr. Fischer," she interrupted. "You will find that all put right as soon as you get down to Wall Street. Tell me, what have you done with your prize?"

Mr. Fischer looked very humble.

"Miss Van Teyl," he said, "for certain reasons I am going to tell you the truth. Perhaps it will be the best in the long run. We may even before long be working together. So I start by being honest with you. The pocket-book is by now on its way to Germany."

"To Germany?" she exclaimed. "And after all your promises!"

"Ah, but think, Miss Van Teyl," he pleaded. "I throw aside all subterfuge. In your heart you know well what I am and what I stand for. I deny it no longer. I am a German-American, working for Germany, simply because America does not need my help. If America were at war with any country in the world, my brains, my knowledge, my wealth, would be hers. But now it is different. Germany is surrounded by many enemies, and she calls for her sons all over the world to remember the Fatherland. You can sympathize a little with my unfortunate country, Miss Van Teyl, and yet remain a good American. You are not angry with me?"

"I suppose I ought to be, but I am not in the least," she assured him. "I never had any doubt as to the destination of that packet."

"That," he admitted, "is a relief to me. Let us wipe the matter from our memories, Miss Van Teyl."

"One word," she begged, "and that only of curiosity. Did you examine the contents of the pocket-book?"

He turned his head and looked at her. For a moment he had lost the greater spontaneity of his new self. He was again the cold, calculating machine.

"No," he answered, "except to take out and destroy what seemed to be a few private memoranda. There was a bill for flowers, a note from a young lady—some rubbish of that sort. The remaining papers were all calculations and figures, chemical formulæ."

"Are you a chemist, Mr. Fischer?" she inquired.

"Not in the least," he acknowledged. "I recognized just enough of the formulæ on the last page to realize that there were entirely new elements being dealt with."

She nodded.

"I only asked out of curiosity. I agree. Let us put it out of our thoughts. You see, I am generous. We have fought a battle, you and I, and I have lost. Yet we remain friends."

"It is more than your friendship that I want, Miss Van Teyl," he pleaded, his voice shaking a little. "I am years older than you, I know, and, by your standards, I fear unattractive. But you love power, and I have it. I will take you into my schemes. I will show you how those live who stand behind the clouds and wield the thunders."

She looked at him with genuine surprise. It was necessary to readjust some of her impressions of him. Oscar Fischer was, after all, a human being.

"Shall I be perfectly frank?" Pamela asked.

"Nothing else is worth while," was the instant answer.

"Well, then," she continued, "I can quite see that Germany has everything to gain from America's friendship, but I cannot see the *quid pro quo*."

"And yet it is so clear," Fischer insisted. "Your own [illegible] may not be [illegible] just now, but it is growing and before you know it, it will be upon you. Can you not realize why Japan is keeping out of this war? She is conserving her strength. Millions flow into her coffers week by week. In a few years' time, Japan, for the first time in her history, will know what it is to possess solid wealth. What does she want it for, do you think? She has no dreams of European aggression, or her soldiers would be fighting there now. China is hers for the taking, a rich prize ready to fall into her mouth at any moment. But the end and aim of all Japanese policy, the secret Mecca of her desires, is to repay with the sword the insults your country has heaped upon her. It is for that, believe me, that her arsenals are working night and day, her soldiers are training, her fleet is in reserve. While you haggle about a few volunteers, Japan is strengthening and perfecting a mighty army for one purpose and one purpose only. Unless you wake up, you will be in the position that Great Britain was in two years ago. Even now, work though you may, you will never wholly make up for lost time. The one chance for you is friendship with Germany."

"Will Germany be in a position to help us, after the war?" Pamela asked.

"Never doubt it," Fischer replied vehemently. "Before peace is signed, the sea-power of England will be broken. Financially she will be ruined. She is a country without economic science, without foresight, without statesmen. The days of her golden opportunities have passed, frittered away. Unless we of our great pity bind up her wounds, England will bleed to death before the war is over."

"That, you must remember," Pamela said practically, "is your point of view."

"I could tell you things," he began.

"Don't," she begged. "I know what your outlook is now. Be definite. Leaving aside that other matter, what is your proposition to me?"

Fischer walked for a while in silence. They had turned back some time since, and were once more nearing the Plaza.

"You ask me to leave out what is most vital," he said at last. "I have never been married, Miss Van Teyl. I am wealthy. I am promised great honors at the end of this war. When that comes, I shall rest. If you will be my wife, you can choose your home, you can choose your title."

She shook her head.

"But I am not sure that I even like you, Mr. Fischer," she objected. "We have fought in opposite camps, and you have had the bad taste to be victorious. Besides which you were perfectly brutal to James, and I am not at all sure that I don't resent your bargain with me. As a matter of fact, I am feeling very bitter toward you."

"You should not," he remonstrated earnestly. "Remember that, after all, women are only dabblers in diplomacy. Their very physique prevents them from playing the final game. You have brains, of course, but there are other things—experience, courage, resource. You would be a wonderful helpmate, Miss Van Teyl, even if your individual and unaided efforts have not been entirely successful."

She sighed. Pamela just then was a picture of engaging humility.

"It is so hard for me," she murmured. "I do not want to marry yet. I do not wish to think of it. And so far as you are concerned, Mr. Fischer—well, I am simply furious when I think of your attitude last night. But I love adventures."

"I will promise you all the adventures that can be crammed into your life," he urged.

"But be more definite," she persisted. "Where should we start? You are over here now on some important mission. Tell me more about it?"

"To the woman who was my pledged wife," he said, "I would tell everything. From the woman who gave me her hand and became my ally, I would have no secrets. Come, I have a message, more than a message, to the American people. I am taking it to Washington before many hours have passed. If it is your will, it shall be you to whom I will deliver it."

Pamela walked on with her head in the air. Fischer was leaning a little toward her. Every now and then his mouth twitched slightly. His eyes seemed to be seeking to reach the back of her brain.

"Please go now," she begged. "I can't think clearly while you are here, and I want to make up my mind. I will send to you when I am ready."

(To be Continued)



"Oh Dad— How Did You Know?"

Of course he knew.

Fond parents, who keep young through their children, have a way of knowing—and besides, he was a bit selfish. He wanted her to have the Kodak; he knew that it and the pictures it would take would delight her and her boy and girl friends—and he knew, too, the wily old rascal, that she would send him loads of pictures from boarding school.

From the kindergarten days up, there's wholesome fun for the children, and lasting joy for all the family in the Kodak and Brownie pictures the children make—and Christmas day, with its home pictures, is an excellent time to start.

Kodak catalog free at your dealer's or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

"THE COUNTRY COUSIN"

(Concluded from page 472)

Nancy—Eleanor!

Maud—(*to Nancy, affecting good-nature*) Dear me, Miss Price, is it *you* criticizing my cocktails?

Nancy—(*quietly*) No, I'm not—criticizing.

Maud—But really, don't you suppose Eleanor's old enough to know what she likes?

Nancy—(*softly*) No.

Maud—(*laughing, but with feeling beneath*) I'm afraid you don't understand: Her father's right here. We *might* let *him* have a word, mightn't we?

Howitt—Oh, Miss Price, is quite all right from her own point of view.

Maud—You think so?

Howitt—Yes. I suppose it's a little difficult for her to realize that Eleanor's viewpoint has altered into something rather less—ah—limited. We needn't make a point of it, one way or the other.

Maud—*Does* seem to be a lot of ado over nothing! (*with affected laughing good-nature*) Eleanor's no novice. (*to Eleanor*) Afraid of what the Ladies' Teetotal Backwoods Sewing Circle will say, Eleanor? (*gesture toward the cocktail*) Don't be silly! (*Eleanor lifts her glass to her lips and drinks half the cocktail*)

Nancy—(*sadly*) Eleanor? (*her tone is questioning. She sinks back into her chair, looking at the floor. Eleanor looks back at the glass as if thoughtfully debating whether she should finish it. She sets the glass down*)

FOR this cocktail *George* decides he has a grievance with *Nancy*.

George—Of course, one doesn't ordinarily notice *every* little annoyance, but, still, when one's harassed by an attack such as you made upon me—I mean this cocktail thing. I'd like to say that I'm not in the habit of forcing drinks upon infants and children. You imply that the *Italian gardener* is the only person on the whole place who knows what good manners are.

Nancy—(*slowly*) Well, I'm sure—(*then quickly*) I'm sure you *all* feel that you're—"people of distinction!"

George—That bothers you, does it?

Nancy—It doesn't bother me; it just puzzles me!

George—(*with curiosity*) If you don't mind treating me separately, for the moment, do generations of position, ancestry and—ah—income, mean nothing at all to you?

Nancy—(*thoughtfully, smiling faintly*) But—well, the "*income*" part of it wouldn't count with a *stranger* much, would it, because you can't carry a great deal around *with* you—and you can't carry any *ancestors at all* around with you—so, doesn't it seem as if, when you meet a stranger, you wouldn't have any *position* till you *made* it? Really, meeting a stranger seems to be a pretty good test, doesn't it?

[illegible] I want to know what you think about what's the matter with me.

Nancy—(*with spirit*) There's *nothing* the matter with you; that's the trouble. You do nothing wrong because you do nothing at all. What do you *care* for? What is in your life? Some day your country may need great actions. You think the time will come when you (*slight emphasis*) can be roused to a great action—to a thing gen[illegible] Why, bah! Half the world's on fire and *you're* worrying over trifles.

George—Upon my soul! I *do* wish I knew [illegible] sitting about! What [illegible]

Nancy—(*satirical, as if giving a nonsensical answer, yet she means it, and this is what she*) [illegible] I'm tired [illegible]

(*objecting in the midst of his puzzlement*) The [illegible]

I [illegible]

Eleanor—(*troubled*) I worried so *much* that [illegible] talk to you. Nancy, that *awful* scene you [illegible]

prying around like that about the place. You know it's my own money I'm renting it with.

Nancy—(*looking at her, thoughtfully*) I'm glad he didn't object, dear. I heard one of Maud's guests, Mrs. Kinney, speaking of a present for Mrs. Howitt.

Eleanor—(*defiantly*) *Certainly* I'm giving Maud a present. It's nothing but a pin. Why shouldn't I?

Nancy—I don't know that you shouldn't. It depends on the cost.

Eleanor—Maud wouldn't accept anything that cost too much! (*crisply*) Besides, it's already paid for.

Nancy—How much was it?

Eleanor—(*indifferently*) I don't know exactly.

Nancy—How can that be if you paid for it?

Eleanor—I gave papa a check.

Nancy—But how much was the check for?

Eleanor—(*impatiently*) I told you I just gave him a check! I just wrote: "Pay to the Stromberg Company" and signed my name. Papa said he'd fill in the rest when he found out just how much it was going to be.

Nancy—(*startled*) Eleanor! You mustn't do such things!

Eleanor—I will! I want to make Maud a handsome present. I'd do it even if it came to a thousand dollars!

WHICH is all very well, till by accident the simple pin is delivered, not to *Maud* but to *Nancy:* price $25,000! The *Howitts* offer *Nancy* a suggestion on the pin.

Howitt—*Now*, you may turn over to me the brooch and the receipt that came with it—and to-morrow you can quietly make some excuse for being called back home, and nothing will be said about this, even to Eleanor herself.

Nancy—Don't be absurd, Mr. Howitt. I'll speak of it only to Eleanor.

Maud—Don't take that tone with us! You're pushing things a bit—for a cousin, aren't you? Don't you understand: this is Eleanor's *father!*

Howitt—Yes, it isn't pleasant to remind you you're here merely on our sufferance.

Maud—Nonsense! We take the position she'll be devilish lucky if we don't send for the police!

Nancy—I'm not terribly afraid of that.

Maud—If we did, how would you propose to explain it?

Nancy—How would *you* explain it, Mrs. Howitt?

Maud—Oh, we'd merely have to let Eleanor know that we told her the brooch was five thousand dollars in order to give her the pleasure of thinking she was making such a present, but naturally we intended from the first to make up the other twenty thousand ourselves!

Howitt—(*delighted*) That's it! And now we demand possession of that brooch. Do you refuse? I said do you refuse?

Nancy—Yes, I refuse.

Maud—You do? A maid refused me possession of a necklace of mine once; *this* one right here, that I'm *wearing!* Would you like to know where *she* is *now?*

Howitt—Mrs. Howitt didn't put that one bit too strong, Miss Price. That brooch belonged to my wife from the moment Stromberg got the check; and the minute we allow him to discover that it was taken from his agent by fraud and forgery, the case is out of our hands.

Maud—And heaven help you when it gets as far as that! Why, you little jay, do you think you can come here and ride over me like this?

Eleanor (*calling*) Nancy! Nancy! What *have* you been doing?

Maud—What [illegible] been doing every minute since we got here? Trying to set us against your father!

Nancy—No, Mr. Howitt! I've only just begun to tell about [illegible] I suppose I start now.

Howitt—I suppose you don't [illegible]

Nancy—(*to him*) You and you could never be a stranger and [illegible]

Howitt—Isn't it here? Haven't he got it?

Nancy—[illegible] here—come here—but he hasn't got it! You said we could meet people of distinction—Your guests!

Howitt—I advise you to spare our guests and my daughter any outburst to-night. You'll get your chance to talk to-morrow morning.

Nancy—I doubt it! I'll talk now while I *have* the chance! Eleanor, will you listen?

Eleanor—(*passionately*) Not to-night.

Maud—Do you expect her to listen to you when her *father* prefers her not to!

Eleanor—Oh, Nancy, if you'd only have a little tact!

Maud—Tact. She knows as much about tact as a rattlesnake!

Nancy—A rattlesnake! Oh, *you* should be the last person in the world to speak of a rattlesnake. A rattlesnake doesn't live for ragtime, for money that comes any way that's easy! He doesn't lie and he doesn't drink. His family is one of the oldest in the world, but you'd never hear of his mentioning it or even thinking about it! Why, *he's* a *good American*—some pretty *good Americans* put him on a flag once. "Don't tread on me" it said. A rattlesnake lets you know when he's going to fight and he fights fair, but he strikes with every ounce of strength he's got in him! Oh, you little people, you! How I wish *you* were like him! How I wish I were!

THE final hour of reckoning is held off, however, till the next morning. But in the meantime, there is a new arrival, *Sam Wilson*, and *George*, who has begun to see the light, has a heart-to-heart talk with him.

Sam—(*shaking hands unsmilingly*) I stood not seein' her just about as long as I could, and when Miss Price left I couldn't stand it, so I sold a mandolin and my bicycle and my last winter suit and mother's lawn-mower and borrowed twenty-eight dollars from the bank on my note and hit an excursion to New York City and trolleyed from there. When I make up my mind to do a thing I do it, and it's time I saw Eleanor, and time *she* saw *me!*

George—(*gravely*) You—ah—feel that her sentiments——

Sam—Why, we're just as good as engaged.

George—"Just as good"?

Sam—We're going to be. It's the same thing—practically. (*Quietly*) I need her and she'll have a wonderful life.

George—(*staring at him*) I've encountered a great many types, but I mean to say you *do* strike me as a most remarkable young man!

Sam—You've *got* to be remarkable these days if you're going to get where I'm going.

George—More and more the Central West reveals itself as a marvelous place! It's *queer*, certainly, but it really seems one's duty to try to comprehend it!

Sam—The way I size you up you must belong here East.

George—I hope you'll forgive me if I'm still able to say "Thank heavens, I do!"

Sam—Yes; everybody ought to stick up for his own place—no matter *what* he really thinks of it.

George—Mr. Wilson, let me speak frankly: You happen to arrive rather in a time of difficulty, you see—— (*voices are heard approaching*) Would you mind——

Sam—All I want is to surprise Eleanor. Then you'll see.

George—There's a rather dreadful phrase "psychological moment," what? Do you mind waiting for it?

Sam—Where'll I wait?

George—Just yonder, in the hall. I think you'll find a trunk there—to sit on, I mean to say.

SO the stage is set for the humiliation; the whole house-party flocks in and *Howitt* begins:

Howitt—I want to make one thing clear at once. Maud's explained to all of you, I believe; and Eleanor perfectly understands that we deceived her about the price of Maud's pin, because we wanted to give her a little added happiness in *thinking* she gave *all* of it.

Maud—That's perfectly understood. Isn't it, Eleanor?

Eleanor—(*in low voice*) Yes.

Maud—I was quite sure of it, naturally!

Howitt—Now, Eleanor. (*Eleanor with Howitt approaches Nancy*)

Eleanor—Nancy, we've had your trunk packed——

Nancy—You've listened to them pretty long, Eleanor. Don't you want to hear what *I* have to say?

Eleanor—[illegible] (*desperately, resignedly, jerkily, and like a lesson committed to memory*) Nancy, we've had your trunk packed and your luggage has been brought down and put in the hall. Mamma made a great mistake in suggesting your coming here, and of course—(*she turns unhappily to Howitt who nods to continue*)—of course that makes me doubt her judgment in the future. We feel, though, the whole thing has been a lesson and the best thing to do—after you've given Maud her property—is to have as little scandal as we can. Nancy, the way you've acted here has made it plain that Maud is right and you (*gulping*) were jealous because Uncle Ben left it all to me, and so you came to see what you could get for yourself—(*Nancy sinks down upon a chair; she lifts the brooch in its case for Eleanor to take. Eleanor goes on as she takes the brooch, without glancing at it*) And you thought you could *keep* this—this—— (*abruptly, turns to her father, wailing*) Papa! I can't! When I look at Nancy, all those things don't sound true any more! Can't I stop *now?*

Howitt—(*with indignation, ignoring George*) No, we might like to be lenient, but this is a case of right and wrong. Everyone here sees that——

George—(*breaking out after a long period of self-repression*) Oh, I *say!* Isn't it about time you see what everyone here *does* see?

Howitt—(*hotly, turning toward him*) What's that?

George—(*hotly*) That Miss Price knew this little girl had no business making such an extravagant present to her stepmother and didn't know the cost of it at that! Eleanor hasn't been able to talk of it with her till now—and she's got the thing in her hand, hasn't she?

Howitt and *Maud*—(*speaking almost together, fiercely*) What of that? What are you——

George—Eleanor's the person that paid for it and she's the one Miss Price took it for. Well, she's *got* it, hasn't she? (*Eleanor quickly gives it to Maud, turning sharply to Nancy*) Miss Price, you'll be wrong if you think—well, they're not all—like us!

Nancy—(*very quickly*) I see that—now!

Howitt—(*violently*) Are you through interrupting?

George—It's perfectly plain Miss Price took a chance of this kind of thing and that she did it to watch over her cousin. You want to go on making Eleanor insult her——

Howitt—Oh, piffle!

George—You put your daughter through a few more such stunts and you'll *lose* her, you fool, and serve you jolly well right!

Howitt—(*violently*) Have you finished?

George—I'll leave the house when I have! But I'll say one thing first! Either Eleanor isn't worth Miss Price's making the sacrifice of this humiliation for—or if she *is* worth it she won't stand for it.

Eleanor—(*miserable, quick*) I ought to have stayed in Centerville. I don't know *what* to do!

George—(*turning quickly toward the hall where he has sent Sam Wilson*) Come in, Mr. Wilson! (*Sam enters quickly, grinning. Instantly at sight of him Eleanor utters his name with a loud outcry*)

Eleanor—Oh, Sammy! Sammy!

ALL of which ends the case of *Howitt* versus *Nancy* without another word. *Eleanor* is going back to Centerville at once. *George* wants to know if he may have the privilege of escorting *Nancy* out of the house.

Nancy—To the car?

George—No, to New York where you'll take your train for Ohio, and I'll take mine for the training camp at Plattsburgh (*quietly*)

Nancy—You're going to Plattsburgh? (*bewildered*)

George—Due to-morrow. Maybe I won't turn out such a bad old American rattlesnake after all. If I strike

Nancy (*in a hushed voice but with fire*) Strike hard!

George—(*noting her face, which is startled, but alight*) Will you—love me—if I do?

Nancy—(*breathless*) *Everybody* will! (*lifting her face bravely. Their hands meet but they do not embrace or kiss*)

(CURTAIN)



Margaret Matzenauer
of the Metropolitan Opera



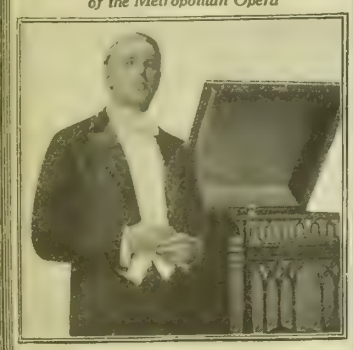
Marie Rappold
of the Metropolitan Opera



Anna Case
of the Metropolitan Opera



Arthur Middleton
of the Metropolitan Opera



Thomas Chalmers
of the Metropolitan Opera

Wouldn't you like to have these Metropolitan Stars as your Christmas Guests?

WOULDN'T it be a pleasure to be able to sit down amidst the comfortable surroundings of your own home and listen to Anna Case, Marie Rappold, Margaret Matzenauer, Arthur Middleton, Thomas Chalmers, and the other great singers of the world? That would be a privilege, wouldn't it?

We said *would* be a privilege. But thanks to the genius of Thomas A. Edison it is a privilege which is now within your grasp. So far as the enjoyment of their voices is concerned you *can* actually have this distinguished group as Yuletide guests. You *can* sit in your own home and revel in the beauty of their magnificent voices.

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

reproduces the human voice with such fidelity and accuracy that no human ear can detect a shade of difference between the living artists and the New Edison's Re-Creation of their voices—or instrumental performances.

You will, very naturally, feel skeptical about so strong a claim. But before hundreds of audiences we have conducted our famous "tone tests" in which the instrument was pitted against the artist and invariably the verdict was the same; *no difference could be detected.* In a "tone test," the artist sings in his natural voice; then suddenly ceases, leaving the instrument to continue the song alone. Thirty different great artists have made these tests.

More than one million people have attended the tests and not one of them has been able to tell, except by watching the singer's lips, when the living voice left off and when the New Edison began. With the lights lowered not one could tell when the change took place. 500 unprejudiced newspaper critics who witnessed the recitals unite in this assertion. In this new instrument Mr. Edison has actually succeeded in *re-creating* the human voice.

We have never heard of any sound-producing device whose manufacturer dared to risk so relentless a trial. Until the New Edison was perfected such an achievement was undreamed of.

The actual photographs reproduced on this page depict five Metropolitan Opera Stars singing in direct comparison with the New Edison's Re-Creation of their voices. No listener could detect the slightest shade of difference between the living voices and their Re-Creation.

A ROYAL GIFT
It Means a Richer Life

As a Christmas gift what can surpass this wonderful instrument? It is like a permanent pass to all the operas, all the concerts, all the music of the whole world. It does actually add something real and vital to life.

Have you ever considered the New Edison as a family gift? Nowadays many families are eliminating the smaller individual presents to one another and are pooling their holiday funds for the acquisition of "the phonograph with a soul," the instrument of music's Re-Creation.

We believe that you'd find our literature of interest. It's different from the usual catalog style. Drop us a line and we'll send you copies of our musical magazine, "Along Broadway," of the brochure, "Music's Re-Creation," and of the booklet, "What the Critics Say."

Or call at the nearest licensed Edison merchant in your vicinity and receive a demonstration. He advertises in your local papers.

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., Orange, N. J.

come in presently," he said. "Poor soul! They's washed off her feet! She's gone, for sure! I'll keep this a bit in case t'other comes."

And shaking it free from the sand and dripping water he put it in his jacket pocket, and resumed his smoky meditations.

Meanwhile at Rose Lea the worst had been told. Mrs. May, weeping profusely, and tottering like a sack too full to stand upright, had been put to bed in a state bordering on collapse. Mr. May occupied himself in sending off telegrams and writing letters; two representatives of the local press called, asking for details of the "Shocking Bathing Fatality," which they secured, first from the bereaved Mr. May himself, next from the butler, then from the maid, then from the cook, and then from the kitchen-maid, "who 'ad been the last to see the poor dear lady," with the result that they had a sufficiently garbled and highly-colored account to make an almost sensational column in their dull weekly newspaper.

THE day wore on; the house was invested with a strange silence; Diana's presence, Diana's busy feet tripping here and there on household business might have been considered trifling things, but the fact that she was no longer in evidence created a curious, empty sense of loneliness. Mrs. May remained in bed, moaning and weeping drearily, with curtains drawn to shut out the aggressively brilliant sunshine; and Mr. May began to take a mysterious pleasure in writing the letters which told his friends in London and elsewhere of his "tragic and irreparable loss." He surprised himself by the beautiful sentences he managed to compose. "Our only darling child, who was so beloved and precious to us and to all who knew her," was gone. "I shall do my best to cheer and support my wife, who is quite prostrated by this awful calamity," was another. "You know how dear she was and how deeply cherished!" was a third. Sometimes, while he was writing, a small twinge of conscience hurt the mental leather whereof he was largely composed, and he realized his own hypocrisy. He knew he was not really sorry for what had happened. And yet—Memory pointed him backward with something of reproach to the days when Diana, a pretty and winsome child, with fair hair dancing about her in bright curls, had clambered on his knee and caressed his ugly face as though it were an adorable object—and to the after time when, as a girl in the fine bloom of early youth, she had gone with him to her first ball, sweet and fresh as the roses which adorned her simple white gown, and charmed everyone by her grace, gentleness, and exquisite speaking voice, which in its softly modulated tones, exercised a potent witchery on all who heard it. True, she had missed all her chances, or rather all her chances had somehow missed *her;* and she had grown not exactly old, but *passée*—and—it was a pity she had not married! But now!—now all her failures and shortcomings were forever at an end! She was drowned; the sea had wedded her and set its salty weed among her hair in place of the never-granted orange-blossoms. Mr. May shivered a little at this thought; after all, the sea was a cold and cruel grave for his only child! And yet [illegible] paternal emotion generated itself out of his dry brain to moisten his hard little eyes. He stiffened himself in his chair and resumed the writing of his letters which announced the sudden and awful bereavement which had befallen him, and was charmed by the ease with which the [illegible] concerning his dear daughter flowed from his pen.

[illegible] points of the situation and realized that [illegible] picturesque to make a show of mourning. So far, the sea had cheated the undertaker.

[illegible] turned to find balm in Gilead for any death [illegible] corpse, and her husband had been heard to [illegible]

THE YOUNG DIANA

(Continued from page 456)

strengthening refreshment to Mrs. May in her bedroom, and to see that Mr. May "had everything he wanted," which is the usual rule of a house sustained by the presence of a man. She was an honest, warm-hearted girl, and was genuinely sorry for the loss of Diana, far more so than were the bereaved parents. Once, during the late afternoon, when it was verging toward sunset, she went to Diana's room and entered it half trembling, moved by a sort of superstitious fear lest she would perhaps see the spirit of its late occupant. The window was open, and a rosy glow from the sky flushed the white-muslin curtains with pale pink, and gave deeper color to a posy of flowers in a vase on the dressing-table. Everything was scrupulously tidy; the servants had made the bed early in the morning before the fatality had become known, and the whole room had an attractive air of peaceful expectation as though confident of its owner's return. Grace opened the wardrobe; there were all the few dresses Diana possessed in their usual places, with two or three simple country hats. Was there anything missing? No sooner did this thought enter her head than Grace began to search feverishly. She opened drawers and boxes and cupboards, but, so far as she knew, everything was as it always appeared to be. Yet she could not be quite sure. She was not Diana's own maid, except by occasional service and favor; her duties were, strictly speaking, limited to personal attendance on Mrs. May. Diana was accustomed to do everything for herself, arranging and altering her own clothes, and even making them sometimes, so that Grace never quite knew what she really possessed in the way of garments. But as she looked through all the things hurriedly they seemed to be just what Diana had brought with her from Richmond for the summer and no more. The clothes found on the seashore Grace had herself placed on one chair, all folded in a sad little heap together. She opened the small jewel-box that always stood on the dressing-table, and recognized everything in it, even to the wristlet-watch which Diana always left behind when she went to bathe; apparently there was nothing missing. For one moment a sudden thought had entered her head that perhaps Diana had run away? But she as quickly realized the absurdity of such an idea!

"How stupid of me!" she said. "She had no cause to run away."

She looked round once again, sadly and hopelessly, then went out and closed the door softly behind her. She felt there was something mysterious and suggestive in that empty room.

Toward dinner-time Mrs. May struggled out of bed and sat up in an armchair, swathed in a voluminous dressing-gown.

"I cannot go down to dinner!" she wailed to Grace. "The very idea of it is terrible! Tell Mr. May I want to speak to him."

Grace obeyed, and presently Mr. May came in obedience to the summons, wearing a curious expression of solemn shamefacedness, as if he had done a mean trick sometime and had just been found out. His wife gazed at him with red, watery eyes.

"James," she said, quaveringly, "it's *dreadful* to have to remember what you said last night about poor Diana! Oh, it's dreadful!"

"What did I say?" he asked, nervously. I forget."

"You said—oh dear, oh dear! I hope God may forgive you! You said Diana was 'in the way'! You did! Our child! Oh, James, James! Your words haunt me! You said she was '*in the way*,' and now she has been taken from us! Oh, what a punishment for your wicked words! And you a father! Oh, how shall we ever get over it!"

Mr. Polydore May sat down by his wife's chair and looked foolish. He knew he ought to say that it was indeed a dreadful thing, and that of course [illegible] at the time he was perfectly aware that the "getting over it" would be an easy matter for them both. He had even already imagined it possible to secure a young and [illegible] Mr. May in the case of decent mourning [illegible] required to wait upon [illegible] with all that [illegible] to come [illegible] They would be [illegible] couple and [illegible] ready to [illegible]

tion he judged it wisest to be silent. She went on, drearily:

"Fortunately I have one black dress; it belonged to my poor sister's set of mourning for her husband, but as she married again and went to Australia within the year it's really as good as new, and she sold it to me for a pound. And Grace can alter my bonnet; it's black, but it has a pink flower. I must get a crape poppy instead and black gloves. Oh, James!—and you wore white flannels this morning! I'm glad you've had the decency to change them!"

But perhaps, on the whole, his wife was a greater humbug than he was. She was one of those curious but not uncommon characters who imagine themselves to be full of feeling when truly they have no feeling at all. Nobody could gush with more lamentable pathos than she over a calamity occurring on any of her friends or acquaintances; but no trouble had ever yet lessened her appetite or deprived her of sleep. Her one aim in life was to *seem* all that was conveniently correct; to *seem* religious, when she was not, to *seem* sorry, when she was not, to *seem* glad, when she was not, to *seem* kind, when she was not, to *seem* affectionate, when she was not. Her only real passions were avarice, tuft-hunting, gluttony—these were the fundamental chords of her nature, hidden deep behind the fat, urbane mask of flesh which presented itself as a woman to the world. There are thousands like her who unfortunately for national prestige, represent a large section of the matronhood of Britain.

The news of Diana's sudden and sad end soon spread among the old and new friends and neighbors of the Polydore Mays, arousing languid comment here and there such as: "Poor woman! But after all, there wasn't much for her in life—she was quite the old maid!" Or—as at Mr. May's club—"Best thing that could have happened for old Polydore!—he can't trot her round any more, and he'll be able to play the man-about-town more successfully!"

Nobody gave a thought to the quiet virtues of the industrious, patient, unaffected daughter who had devoted herself to the duty of caring for and attending upon her utterly selfish parents; and certainly nobody ever remembered that her spinsterhood was the result of a too-lofty and faithful conception of love, or that her nature had been in very truth an exceptionally sweet and gracious one, and her intelligence of a much higher order than is granted to the average female. In that particular section of human beings among whom she had lived and moved, her career was considered a failure because she had failed to secure a mate and settle down to bear the burden and brunt of his passions and his will. And so, as she had never displayed any striking talent, or thrust herself forward in any capacity, or shown any marked characteristic, and as the world is over-full of women, she was merely one of the superfluous, who, not being missed, was soon forgotten.

ON that same eminently tragic afternoon when Mr. Polydore May found it necessary to change his white flannels so soon after putting them on, and his wife had to think seriously of a crape poppy for her bonnet, two ladies sat in the charmingly arranged drawing-room of a particularly charming flat in Mayfair, enjoying their afternoon tea. One was a graceful little woman arrayed in a captivating teagown; the other, a thin, rather worn-looking creature with a pale face and bright hair tucked closely away under a not-very-becoming felt hat, garbed in a severely plain costume of dark navy serge. The butterfly person in the teagown was Miss Sophy Lansing, a noted Suffragette and the authoress of a brilliantly witty satire entitled "Adam and His Apple," which, it was rumored, had made even the Dean of St. Paul's laugh. The tired-featured woman with the air of an intellectual governess out of place was no other than the victim of the morning's disastrous "death by drowning," Diana May. Dead in Devonshire, she was alive in London, and her friend Sophy Lansing was sitting beside her, clasping her hands in a flutter of delight, surprise and amusement all commingled.

"You dear!" she exclaimed. "How ever did you manage to get away? I never was so astonished or so pleased! When I got your note by express messenger I could hardly believe my eyes. What [illegible] in town?"

"Good gracious," repeated Diana, [illegible] considerably deterred by that [illegible] and I laughed at the story."

"Drowned!" cried Sophy. "My dear, what *do* you mean?"

Diana released her hands from her friend's eager clasp and took off her hat. There was a gleam of whimsical humor in her eyes.

"One moment, and I'll explain everything," she said. "But first of all let me tell you why I sent you a message in advance, instead of coming to you direct. It's because I'm obliged for the present to be like a traveling royalty, *incog.* Your servants must not know my real name; to them and to everybody else who sees me here I'm Miss Graham—not Miss May. Miss May is dead! As *Peggotty* says in 'David Copperfield,' 'she's drownded. Drownded this very morning!'"

She laughed; Sophy Lansing looked as she felt, utterly bewildered.

"You are a positive enigma, Diana!" she said. "Of course when I got your note I understood you had some reason or other for wishing to be *incog.*, and I told my maids that I expected a friend to stay with me, a Miss Graham, and that she would come this afternoon, so *that's* all right! But about the drowning business——"

"You'll see it mentioned no doubt in the papers to-morrow," said Diana, "under various headings: 'Bathing Fatality' or 'Sad End of a Lady.' And you'll probably get a black-bordered letter from Ma, or Pa, or both!"

"Diana!" exclaimed Sophy vehemently. "You are too provoking! Tell me all about it! straight!"

"There's not so very much to tell," answered Diana, in her sweet, mellow accents, thrilled at the moment by a note of sadness. "Only that last night I had the final disillusion of my life. I found that my father and mother did not really love me——"

"Love you!" interrupted Sophy heatedly. "You dear goose! There's no such thing as love in their composition!"

"Maybe not," said Diana. "But if there is, they've none to spare for *me!* You see, dear Sophy, it's all the fault of my silly conceit. I really thought I was useful, even necessary, to the old people, and that they cared for me; but when I heard my father say most emphatically that I was 'in the way,' and my mother rather agreed to that, I made up my mind to relieve them of my presence. Which I have done. Forever!"

"Forever!" echoed Sophy. "My poor dear Diana——"

"No, I'm not a poor dear Diana," she answered smiling. "I'm a dead and gone Diana! You will see me in the leading obituary columns of the newspapers to-morrow!"

"But how——"

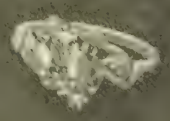
"The how and the when and the why are thus!" And Diana played with the silken tassels of the girdle which belted in the dainty chiffon and lace of her friend's teagown: "This very morning as ever was I went for my usual morning dip in the sea at a cove not quarter of a mile away from the house. I knew that at a certain hour there would be a high tide, which of course on any other day I would have avoided. I went to the spot dressed in two of everything——"

"Two of everything?" Sophy murmured bewilderingly.

"Yes, you pretty little thickhead! Two of everything! Don't you see? Being as thin as a clothes-prop, that was easy for me. Two 'combies,' two chemises, two petticoats, two serge gowns; having no figure I wear no corsets, so I didn't have two of those. Two pairs of knickers, two pairs of stockings, one pair of shoes on, another pair *off* and carried secretly under my bathing-gown along with my felt hat, so to start with I wore a black-straw one. Then, when I got to the cove, I disrobed myself of one set of garments, and put them with my straw hat and one pair of shoes all in an orderly heap on a rock out of the way of the water, as any sensible person preparing to bathe would do. Then I waited for the high tide. It came swiftly and surely, and soon filled the cove; big waves came with it, rolling in with a splendid dash and roar, and at the proper psychological moment I threw in all my bathing things, as far out to sea as I could from the summit of the rock where I stood. I saw them whirled round and round in the whelming flood! 'in the whelming flood, Sophy!' where my dear Pa and Ma believe I also have been whelmed. Then, when they had nearly disappeared in the hollow of a receding mass of water, I put on my felt hat, and, completely clothed in my



1311 — Ladies' cluster ring, garnet and other birthstones with genuine whole pearls, $7.



1471 — Ladies' cluster ring, garnet and other birthstones with genuine whole pearls, $7.



4304 — Ladies' cluster ring, garnet and other birthstones with genuine whole pearls, $7.50.



3717 — Ladies' cluster ring, garnet and other birthstones with genuine whole pearls, $8.



[illegible] — Ladies' cluster ring, garnet and other birthstones with genuine whole pearls, $8.



3726 — Ladies' cluster ring, garnet and other birthstones with genuine whole pearls, $7.50



[illegible] — Ladies' cluster ring, garnet and other birthstones with genuine whole pearls, $8.



1434 — Ladies' cluster ring, garnet and other birthstones with whole pearls, $6.50.



4212 — Genuine Japanese Oriental pearl, mounted in handsome solid gold mounting $9.



3523 — Ladies' cluster ring, garnet and other birthstones with genuine whole pearls, $6.50.



4387 — Ladies' fancy single stone ring in all birthstones, $4.



4324 — Ladies' amethyst or topaz, $6; pink sapphire, synthetic ruby or tourmaline, $8.



3897 — Ladies' cluster ring, garnet and other birthstones with genuine whole pearls, $6.50.



1349 — Ladies' genuine amethyst or topaz, $12; in genuine synthetic ruby, $16.50.



4379 — Ladies' genuine amethyst or topaz, $10; in aquamarine or peridot, $11.



4304 — Men's genuine garnet or any birthstone, $6.



4153 — Men's garnet, amethyst or topaz, $10; synthetic ruby or green tourmaline, $14.



4177 — Men's genuine garnet or any birthstone, $6; in genuine synthetic ruby, $13.50.



3901 — Men's green tourmaline, $20; pink sapphire, $24; genuine synthetic ruby, $12.



4304 — Men's topaz, $12; synthetic ruby, $18; sapphire or tourmaline, $20; genuine [illegible]



3907 — Men's amethyst or topaz, $12; or synthetic ruby, sapphire or tourmaline, $20.



3871 — Men's amethyst, topaz or garnet, $10; synthetic ruby, sapphire or tourmaline, $15.



4201 — Men's synthetic ruby or garnet, $12; in sapphire — tourmaline, $20.



3908 — Men's genuine garnet, amethyst — topaz, $12; in genuine synthetic ruby, $18.50.



4402 — Ladies' single stone ring, in genuine garnet or any birthstone, $5.



4392 — Ladies' single stone ring, in genuine garnet or any birthstone, $6.50.



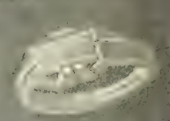
4406 — Ladies' pink sapphire, pink synthetic spinel ruby, genuine alexandrite, or emerald, $8; genuine aquamarine, $6.



4456 — Ladies' genuine amethyst or topaz, $10; synthetic ruby, $15; pink sapphire, $15.



4257 — Ladies' genuine amethyst, $9; genuine garnet, $10; genuine synthetic ruby, $13.50.



4125 — Ladies' garnet, amethyst or topaz, $6.50. Same ring in synthetic ruby, $10.



3987 — Ladies' garnet, amethyst or topaz, $6.50; in synthetic ruby or tourmaline, $10.



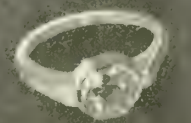
4406 — Ladies' garnet, amethyst or topaz, $5; synthetic ruby, $7.50; in pink sapphire, $8.



4313 — Ladies' aquamarine, topaz, $6; genuine synthetic ruby, $13.50; electric emerald, $10.



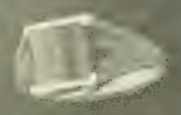
4306 — Ladies' garnet, amethyst or topaz, $5; synthetic ruby, sapphire or tourmaline, $10.



4454 — Ladies' synthetic ruby and pink sapphire, with whole pearls, $12.



4436 — Ladies' genuine amethyst or topaz, $6.50; in synthetic ruby or green tourmaline, $10.



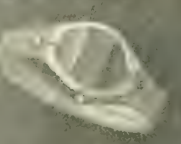
4454 — Ladies' — in genuine garnet, $10; genuine synthetic ruby, $15; pink sapphire, $18.50.



4225 — Ladies' — in electric emerald, $11. Same ring in electric sapphire, $11.



4426 — Ladies' — aquamarine, $10; in electric emerald, $11; in electric sapphire, $12.



4401 — Men's topaz, $10; synthetic ruby, $15; genuine synthetic sapphire, $18.50.

3878 — Men's genuine topaz, $10; in genuine synthetic ruby, $18.50.

4425 — Men's hand engraved Mogul agate, genuine amulet type, $11.

4306 — Men's genuine garnet or any birthstone, $6; in genuine synthetic ruby, $13.50.

4430 — Men's — in genuine garnet or any birthstone, $10.

4301 — Men's genuine garnet or any birthstone, $6.

3911 — Men's genuine garnet or topaz, $10.

4361 — Men's genuine garnet or any birthstone, $6; in genuine synthetic ruby, $13.50.

3915 — Men's genuine synthetic ruby, $12.50. Same ring in genuine garnet, $10.

The One Gift Everyone Wants

It's a ring! For centuries it has been the intimate, coveted gift—always bringing pleasant memories.

But not merely *any* ring. It must be a W-W-W Ring. Then your judgment is doubly appreciated.

In these master rings of precious and semi-precious gems, the stones are unloseable—we guarantee that. All are of rare beauty and charm, as you see on this page. And inexpensive—$3 up.

For Christmas or at other gift seasons you can't make a mistake by giving a W-W-W Ring.

W-W-W Rings

With Stones Guaranteed to Stay

All W-W-W Rings are of solid gold. If a stone should come out or crack, we will replace it and reset it free of charge. (Except diamonds.)

Go to your jeweler and ask him to show you his collection of W-W-W Rings. You can rely on any jeweler who prefers to sell W-W-W Rings—the *only* ones with guaranteed settings.

If he should not have the particular one you like on this page, he will gladly order it. These are our latest models.

A beautiful free book, entitled "The Romance of the Ring," descriptive of W-W-W Rings, will be mailed on request. In it is shown a choice collection from our 4000 styles.

WHITE, WILE & WARNER

Dept. 276, Buffalo, N. Y.

Makers of Solid Gold Gem-Set Rings in Which the Stones DO Stay

Better than a mustard plaster

Once when grandma's joints commenced to pringle and twinge, she used to go to the mustard pot and make a mustard plaster. Now she goes to Musterole and gets relief, but does without the blister and the plaster, too!

My, how good that Musterole feels when you rub it in gently over that lame back and those sore muscles. First you feel the gentle tingle, then the delightful, soothing coolness that reaches in the twinging joints or stiff, sore muscles.

It penetrates to the heart of the congestion. This is because it is made of oil of Mustard and other home simples. And the heat generated by Musterole will not blister.

On the contrary the peculiarity of Musterole lies in the fact that shortly it gives you such a cool, relieved feeling all about the twingey part.

And Musterole usually brings the relief while you are rubbing it on. Always keep a jar handy.

Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole. 30c and 60c jars—$2.50 hospital size.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER
REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

The Shortest Route to Handwriting

Embodying Legibility, Rapidity, Ease and Endurance, is through the Palmer Method Course of Penmanship by Mail.

Teachers who can handle penmanship in connection with their other instruction work always command larger salaries and invariably are given preference for the best positions.

Stenographers, no matter how fast and correct their shorthand and typewriting, are always *judged by their handwriting when applying for positions.* It may make your social life.

Don't handicap yourself throughout life. Learn to write a good hand. You can do this at home with a few minutes' practice a day.

The Palmer Method Course of Penmanship by Mail will make you a perfect penman in the shortest possible time.

The Palmer Method is recognized as the only true system. The Palmer Method text-books in business colleges and other put together 95% of the entire school have adopted the Palmer Method.

Our Course by Mail offers you the opportunity to secure your course. It includes a complete explanation of business and social correspondence. At the same time while improving your handwriting you are also studying your personality and building up your capacity for business undertaking.

Write today for full particulars. They are free and will be mailed you by return mail, postpaid, all charges.

The A. N. Palmer Co. *SUITE 1222A*
30 IRVING PLACE NEW YORK CITY

PATENTS

Write for How to Obtain a Patent, List of Patent Buyers, Inventions Wanted, Our Four Books, Etc. **FREE**

of the late U. S. Examiner, 65 Bond Building, Washington, D. C.

one set of decent garments, I quietly walked away."

"Walked away? Where to?"

"Not to the nearest railway station, you may be sure!" replied Diana. "I might have been known there and traced. I'm a good walker, and it was quite early—only a little after seven—so I struck across some fields and went inland for about six or eight miles. Then I came upon a little out-of-the-way station connected with a branch line to London; happily a train was just due and I took it. I had saved five pounds on the housekeeping last month—I had intended to give them back to my father—but, considering everything, I felt I might take that small sum for myself without so much as a prick of conscience! So that's my story—and here I am!"

"And here you'll stay!" said Sophy eagerly. "Not a soul shall know who you are——"

"I'll stay for two or three days, but no longer," said Diana. "I want to get abroad as quickly as possible. And I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to lend me a little money."

"I'll lend or give you anything you want," interrupted Sophy quickly. "Surely you know that!"

"Surely I know that you are one of the kindest-hearted little women in the world!" said Diana. "And your wealthy old bachelor uncle never did a wiser thing than when he left you two thousand a year! Why you remain single I can never understand!"

"That's because you are a sentimental goose!" declared Sophy. "If you were worldly-wise you would see that it's just that two thousand that does it! The men who propose to me—and there are a good few of them!—want the two thousand first and me afterward! Or rather, let us say, some of them would be glad of the two thousand without me altogether! All the nonsense in poetry books about love and dove, and sigh and die, and moon and spoon doesn't count! I've lived till I'm thirty-five and I've never met a man yet who was worth a trickle of a tear! They are all sensualists and money-grubbers—polygamous as monkeys!—and the only thing to be done with them is to make them work to keep the world going, though even that seems little use sometimes."

"Sophy, dear, are you becoming a pessimist?" asked Diana, half smiling. "Surely it is a beautiful world!"

"Yes—it's beautiful in a natural way—but the artificiality of human life in it is depressing and disgusting! Don't let us talk of it! Tell me why you are going abroad. What are your plans?"

Diana took a neat leather case from her pocket and drew out of it a folded slip of paper.

"*You* sent me that!" she said.

"That advertisement!" Sophy exclaimed. "The man who wants 'Any woman alone in the world, without claims on her time or her affections'? Oh, Diana! You don't mean it! You're not really going on such a wild-goose chase?"

"What harm can it do?" said Diana, quietly. "I'm old enough to take care of myself. And I fulfil all the requirements. I am a woman of mature years—I'm courageous and determined, and I have a fair knowledge of modern science. I'm well educated, especially in languages and literature, thanks to my solitary studies, and as I've nothing to look forward to in the world I'm not afraid to take risks. It really seems the very sort of thing for me! At any rate I can but go and present myself, as suggested 'personally and alone' to this Dr. Dimitrius at Geneva, and if he turns out an impostor, well! Geneva isn't the worst of places, and I'm sure I could find something to do as a teacher of music, or a companion housekeeper. In any case I'm determined to go there and investigate things for myself, and whatever money you are good enough to lend me, dear Sophy, be sure I'll never rest till I pay you back every penny!"

Sophy threw an embracing arm round her and kissed her.

"If you never paid me back a farthing I shouldn't mind!" she said laughing. "Dear Di, I'm not one of those friends who measure love by money. Money and the passion for acquiring it make more than half the misery, cruelty and selfishness of the age. But all the same, I'm not quite sure that I approve of this plan of yours."

"My dear Sophy, why should you *disapprove?* Just think of it! Here am I, past forty, without any attraction whatever to the fortune-hunting and nothing to look for and to hope except perhaps the chance of travel and adventure. I'm fond of study in moderation; I believe I've read every book of note on all the new discoveries; and here's a man who plainly announces in his advertisement that he needs the assistance of a woman like me. There can be no harm done by my going to see him. Very likely by the time I get to Geneva he'll be what the servants call 'suited.' Then I'll try something else. For now, as long as I live, I'm alone in the world and must stand on my own."

"Do you mean to say that you'll never go back to the old folks?" asked Sophy.

"How can I, when I'm dead!" laughed Diana. "No, no! It would be too awful for them to see me turning up again just when I had ceased to be in the way!"

Sophy frowned. "Selfish old brutes!" she said.

Diana demurred. "No, don't say that!" she expostulated. "You must bear in mind that I've been a terrible disappointment to them. They wanted me to marry well—for money, rather than love—and when I wasted my youth for love's sake, of course they were angry. They thought me a fool—and really, so I was! I don't think there *can* be anything more foolish than to sacrifice the best part of one's life for any man. He is never worth it—he never understands or appreciates it. To him women are all alike—one as good or as bad as t'other. The mistake *we* make is when we fail to treat him as he treats *us!* He is a creature who from very babyhood upward should be whipped rather than spoiled. That is why he is frequently more faithful to his mistress than his wife. He's afraid of the one, but he can bully the other."

Sophy clapped her hands.

"Well said, Di! You begin to agree with me at last! Once upon a time you were all for believing in the chivalrous thought and tenderness of men——"

"I *wanted* to believe," interrupted Diana with a half smile. "I can't honestly say I did!"

"No one can who studies life ever so superficially," declared Sophy, "particularly the ordinary matrimonial life. A man selects a woman entirely for selfish purposes—she may be beautiful, and he wishes to possess her beauty—or rich, and he wants the use of her money—or well connected, and he seeks to push himself through her relations—or a good cook and housekeeper, and he wants his appetite well catered for. As for children—well!—sometimes he wants them and more often he doesn't! I remember what an awful fuss there was in the house of an unfortunate friend of mine who had twins. Her husband was furious. When he was told of the interesting event he used the most unedifying language. 'Two more mouths to feed!' he groaned. 'Good gad, what a visitation!' From the way he went on you'd have thought that he had had no share at all in the business! He didn't mind hurting his wife's feelings or saying hard things to her—not he! And it's the same story everywhere you go. A few months of delightful courtship—then marriage—then the incessant routine of housekeeping, illness and child-bearing—and afterward, when the children grow up, the long, dull days of resigned monotony; toothlessness, which is only partially remedied by modern dentistry, and an end of everything vital or pleasurable! Except, of course, unless you kick over the traces and become a 'fast' matron with your weather-eye open on all men; but that kind of woman is always such bad form. Marriage is not worth the trouble it brings when children are not unmixed blessings. I've never seen any I could not do without! In fact"—and she laughed—"a bachelor woman with two thousand a year doesn't want a man to help her to spend it!"

"Quite true," said Diana, with a slight sigh. "But I haven't got two thousand a year, or anything a year at all!"

"Never mind!" and Sophy looked wisely confident. "You'll have all you want and more! Yes! Something tells me you are going to make a great success——"

"Sophy, Sophy! In what?"

"Oh, I don't know!" and the vivacious little lady jumped up from her chair and shook out her filmy skirts and floating ribbons. "But I feel it! It is one of those 'waves'—what do you call them? 'etheric vibrations'! Yes, that's it! Don't you feel those sorts of things ever?"

Diana had also risen, and as she stood upright, very still, there was a curious look in her face of expectancy and wonder.

"Yes," she answered, slowly, "I felt one just now!"

Sophy laughed merrily.

"Of course! I imparted it to you! And you're going to be a wonderful creature! I'm sure of it! Your poor brain—so long atrophied by the donnée considerations of Pa and Ma—is about to expand—to breathe—to move—to act! Yes, Diana! Think of it! Cinderella has got to the Prince Ball!"

Her bright laughter pealed out again, and Diana laughed too.

"Come and see your room," went on Sophy. "You're here at any rate for a day or two, and I'll keep you as secretly and preciously as a saint in a shrine. You've no luggage? Of course, I forgot! I'll lend you a nightie and you must buy a lot of clothes to-morrow and a box to pack them in. It won't do for you to go abroad without any luggage. And I'll help you choose your garments. Di! You must have something really becoming—something *not* after the taste of Pa or Ma!"

"Am I to make a conquest of Dr. Feodor Dimitrius?" asked Diana playfully. "One would think you had that sort of thing in view!"

"One never knows!" said Sophy, shaking a warning finger at her. "Dr. Dimitrius may be hideous or he may be fascinating. And whether hideous or fascinating he may be amorous! Most men are, at moments! And in such moments they'll make love to anything feminine."

"Not anything feminine of my age," said Diana calmly. "He distinctly advertises for a woman of 'mature' years."

"That may be his cunning!" and Sophy looked mysterious. "If we are to believe history, Cleopatra was fifty when she enchanted Antony."

"Dear old Egyptian days!" sighed Diana, with a whimsical uplifting of her eyebrows. "Would I had lived in them! With a long plaited black wig and darkened lashes I too might have found an Antony!"

"Well, dress *does* make a difference," said Sophy seriously. "That is, of course, if you know where to get it made, and how to put it on, and don't bundle it round you in a gathered balloon like Ma! *What* a sight that woman does look, to be sure!"

"Poor mother! I tried to make her clothes *sit* on her," murmured Diana, regretfully. "But they wouldn't!"

"Of course they wouldn't! They simply *couldn't!* Now take Mrs. Ross-Percival—a real old, old harridan! The terror of her grown-up daughters, who are always watching her lest her wig of young curls should come off—she gets herself up in such a style that I once heard your father—an easily-duped old thing!—say he thought her 'the most beautiful woman in London'! And it was all the dress, with a big hat, cosmetics and a complexion veil!" Diana laughed.

"Pa's a very susceptible little man!" she said tolerantly. "He has often amused me very much with his *amourettes.* Sometimes it's Mrs. Ross-Percival, then he becomes suddenly violently juvenile and plays his *devoirs* to a girl of seventeen; I think he'd die straight off if he couldn't believe himself still capable of conquering all hearts! And he'll be able to get on in that line much better now that I'm drowned! I was in the way."

"Silly old noodle!" said Sophy. "He'd better not come near *me!* I should tell him a few plain truths which he would not like!"

"Oh, he wouldn't mind!" Diana assured her. "To begin with, he wouldn't listen, and if he did he would grin that funny little grin of his and say you were 'over-wrought.' That's his great word! You can make no impression on Pa if he doesn't want to be impressed. He has absolutely no feelings—I mean real *feelings.* He has only just 'impulses' of anger or pleasure such as an animal has—he doesn't attempt to control either."

They had by this time left the drawing-room, and were standing together in a charming little bedroom, furnished all in white and rose-color.

"This is my visitors' room," said Sophy. "And you can occupy it as long as you like. And I'll bring you one of my Paris teagowns to slip on for dinner; it's lovely and you'll look sweet!" Diana smiled.

"I! Dear Sophy, you expect miracles!"

But Sophy was not so far wrong. That evening Diana, arrayed in a gracefully flowing garment of cunningly interwoven soft shades, varying from the hue of Neapolitan violets to palest turquoise, and wearing her really beautiful bright hair artistically coiled on the top of her well-shaped head, was a very different-looking Diana to the weary, worn and angular woman in severely cut navy serge who had presented the appearance of an out-of-place governess but a few hours before. If she could not be called young or beautiful she was distinctly attractive, and Sophy Lansing was delighted.

"My dear, you pay for dressing!" she said enthusiastically. "And—you mark my words! You don't look 'mature' enough for that Dr. Dimitrius!"

(To be Continued)

THE WALL SAFE

(*Continued from page 459*)

dead, about finding my contact-mat circuit disconnected, and about the stranger who'd just tried to steal out of my room.

Ferrie slipped out of bed as I talked, and wriggled into a rather worn-looking dressing gown of pleated flannel. It made him look like a sorrel pony ready to be taken out to the horse-ring.

"But what do you intend doing?" he asked as he tied his waist-girdle in a sailorly-looking knot.

"That's what I wanted to ask you. Hadn't we better get Mrs. Obden-Belpont up?"

He thought this over. Then he shook his head.

"That poor woman had earned a decent night's sleep," he asserted. "And there's the two of us now, you know," he added as he crossed to a dresser-drawer and pulled it open. I could see him taking out a business-looking six-shooter with an ebony handle. His glance was very matter-of-fact as he looked it over.

"Are you—you used to handling firearms?" I questioned with some trepidation.

"My dear girl," he said as he slipped the revolver into the side-pocket of his pleated flannel gown, "handling firearms has been my main business in life for just about thirty years."

And then I remembered.

"But what are you going to do?" I asked him. I was still standing there with my back to the door, but it was no longer timidity that kept me in that position. For I had a colleague, I saw, who was both clear-headed and courageous.

"I'm going back to your room with you," he declared. And the discovery that he stood there ready to help me, without hesitation, without unnecessary fussing over trivialities, gave me the courage to turn quietly about and open the door a foot or two, for the purpose of investigating the lay of the land.

As I did so I gulped, gulped audibly. For there, immediately across from the doorway through which I'd directed that cautious peek, stood a man. It wasn't Curate Sam. It wasn't even a confederate of Curate Sam's. It was my Winkie!

And it made me gape, like a gray Dorkin on a hot afternoon. For Winkfred Ealand stood there, staring straight at me, in a Boothian sort of stage attitude of silent accusation. He was in sky-blue pajamas of China silk with big frogs of ultramarine down the front. Over these he wore a rather bob-tailed dressing-gown of old rose, which had plainly been tied together in a hurry, so that it didn't quite meet in front and hung with a hike. On his feet he had matting bath-slippers. His hair was rumpled up on one side, which made him look ridiculous, and his arms were folded across his chest, which would have made him look magisterial if it hadn't been for the hair.

But that was all I had time to take in, for as soon as I was able to catch my breath I promptly and silently swung that door shut again. I shut it on Winkie and his Napoleonic frown so suggestive of "The Sleeping Sentry." Why, oh why, some second self at the very back of my brain was asking as I shut that door, can't God give the good men of this earth always a reasonable and workable sense of humor?

"What is it?" asked the uncomprehending Ferrie, naturally enough a little puzzled by my unexpected right-about-face.

"I've just had an idea," I desperately explained as I got my back once more against those cream-colored panels.

"What?" demanded the courageous old knight who looked for all the world like a sorrel cob at the Horse Show.

"I want you to keep these jewels here, in this room," I informed him.

"Here?" he queried.

"Yes; they're safer here, with you."

"And what are you going to do?" he asked as I stepped over and put my pillow-slip on the bed beside him.

"I'm going to get Curate Sam," I told him with a big show of bravery. "Curate Sam and that other thief he's got working here with him!"

He shook his head.

"By gad, ma'am, that's no work for a girl!"

"It's the work I'm here to do," I told him, "the work I'm paid for."

Still again he shook his head.

"I know it, and still I say it's no work for a woman!"

But I couldn't overlook the necessity of keeping him there in that room.

"I'm leaving *you* the important work," I argued. "If you stay here and protect what's in this pillow-slip, you're doing far more than I'll ever be able to do. I may never even see that thief again."

"But you intend to try?" queried Ferrie, looking at me with suddenly studious eyes.

"It's my duty," I rather grandiloquently told him. But I was wondering, all the while, if Winkie was still standing out there in the hall with his arms folded across his chest and the accusatory light in his eye.

"Then you've got to take this revolver," announced Ferrie as he stepped closer to me.

That made me laugh a little. I thrust my hand in under the kimono cape and drew out my official and ugly-looking automatic. He stood staring at it with rather a funny look on his face.

"Of course!" he acknowledged, as it dawned on him that an officer of the law naturally didn't go about unarmed.

"So you see it's quite needless to worry," I told him. "I'm sorry, in fact, that I ever disturbed you."

"Disturbed me?" he echoed. "By gad, ma'am, this is work that appeals to me!"

"Then I must go," I said in little more than a whisper, as I reached for the door-knob and made a little sign to him for quietness.

He snapped out his lights, and I had the door partly opened, when in a loud stage-whisper he called across the darkness: "*You'll come back?*"

Instead of answering that altogether ambiguous-sounding question I said:

"Sssssssh!" and slipped out through the door and closed it sharply after me. And as I had feared, had dreaded, there stood my monumental Winkie in his Robert-Mantell pose of outraged propriety and shattered faith.

"So *that's* the sort of woman you are!" said Winkie between his teeth. He stood there viewing, with a scathing eye, my uncompromisingly intimate attire. And I screwed up sufficient courage to stare back at him, for his own attire, when I came to think of it, was quite as unconventional as mine. It struck me, in fact, as being rather too dandified, almost effeminate. For the first time in his life Winkfred Ealand impressed me as being inadequate, as being fussy and picayune and lacking in bigness. And the discovery of sudden deficiencies in my one-time hero, as he bit out that blighting comment of his, awakened a quick and uncontrollable rage of contempt in me.

"*Fiddlesticks!*" I hissed back at him. But that only made him look more tragic than ever. That humorless solemnity of his, in fact, was a spur in the flank of my audacity. For I wasn't the timid doe I once had been. I'd seen too much of the seamy side of life, of late, to let any man's stare of scorn give me goose-flesh down the spine.

"Would you mind coming to my room with me?" I asked, with as quiet a smile as I could command.

His answer was both decisive and explosive.

"No!" he shouted, like the good little Joseph in pajamas that he was.

"Are you afraid?" I mockingly demanded.

"I prefer people who keep to their own rooms," he said in an altogether unmodulated tone of scorn. But before I had time to retort to that challenge Ferrie's door swung open and that silvery-haired old officer stepped out into the hall.

"You bone-headed young cub," I heard the older man slowly intone to the younger, in a voice of steel-cold rage which I scarcely thought him capable of. But I had no desire to take part in that argument or remain a witness of that encounter. I simply gathered up my fluted skirts and scurried down the hall toward my own door. And I strode into that room as hot as a hornet. If in any shadowy corner of it I'd encountered Curate Sam, just then, I feel sure I'd have filled him so full of holes that he'd have looked like a kitchen colander. But there was no Curate Sam there, nor any confederate of Curate Sam's.

I was still pink and prickly with an afterglow of anger as I unearthed a coil of insulated wire from one of the locked drawers of my bureau-trunk and also took out the nickel pliers which I'd used while installing my dictaphone circuits. I intended to

HEINZ

Fig Pudding



THERE is a new dessert among the 57 Varieties—Heinz Fig Pudding. It is a treat. Figs, of course, with spices and flavorings, cooked to bring out a taste that will make your mouth water. We cannot tell you how good it is. You must try it. Heat it in the can, serve it with a sauce the recipe for which is given on the can. In Fig Pudding Heinz has been particularly fortunate in securing that delicious taste which is the secret of success in a dessert.

One of the **57**

HEINZ



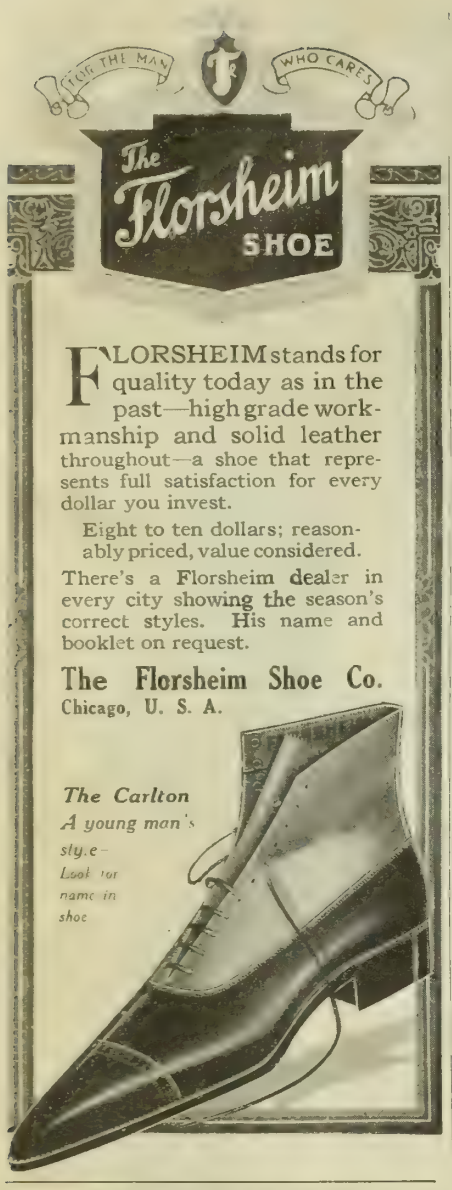
HEINZ MINCE MEAT

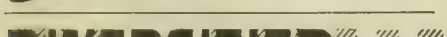
Great big raisins such as are sold only at the most exclusive fruit stores; black, fruity currants; rich suet such as is found on only the choicest cuts; spices that are fairly redolent of the sun-kissed stretches of Arabia; apples whose cheeks have been slowly reddened on the breeze-swept orchards of the lake country, are all blended with a skill that knows just the right proportions to produce the most appetizing combination to make—Heinz Mince Meat.

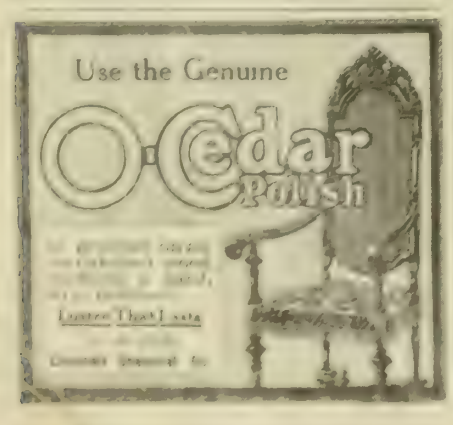
HEINZ Plum Pudding

appropriate, delicious, wholesome, and festive. A most delicious dessert for a holiday or any other day.

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are made in Canada







finish my own work in my own way. So I slipped out along the hall toward the back of the wing and tiptoed down the second stairway at its farther end. I'd decided to re-wire my contact-mat in the study where the wall-safe was. But this time I intended to conceal that mat under a rug, across the doorway, so that my bedside buzzer would announce the entrance of any prowler into that room.

But this wasn't as easy as I'd at first imagined. The house, in the first place, was a huge one. The darkness, in the second place, interfered with my freedom of movement. And from the gloom of any door, I remembered, an enemy might confront me. So it was only after a great deal of circling about, and barking of shins on furniture corners, and patting along cool walls and carved woodwork, that I made my way to the room that held the hidden strong-box. I stood at the door of that room, listening intently for several minutes before I even ventured to step into it. Then, finding myself confronted by absolute silence, I crept inside and swung the door shut. A moment later I switched on the light.

Then I discovered something which brought me up with a start. It prompted my right hand to slip in under my kimono cape at the same time that my body instinctively sought shelter, by crouching low behind the heavy Florentine reading-table beside which I had stood. For instead of seeing a panel of carved mahogany, where the wall-safe faced me, I saw something quite different. It was an oddly constructed little canopy of blankets covering the entire front of the safe screen. Running under it were two insulated wires which twined along the base of the book-shelves flanking the room. They had been connected, as far as I could judge, with the house-circuit in some obscure corner of the study. And I at once understood what they implied.

For I knew that the strange-looking little tent of blankets was nothing more nor less than a box-man's sound-killer. An expert safe-breaker was preparing, or had prepared, to drill through the dial-face, insert a charge of "soup," and detonate a sufficiently powerful explosive to crumple up the inner lock.

I had my automatic in my hand as I advanced step by step toward that tent which, I saw, was big enough to conceal a man behind its heavy folds. Yet neither light nor movement came from its depths, although I could actually hear my heart beat as I cautiously lifted a drape of the doubled blankets.

No one was beneath them. But I could see that the mahogany panel had been removed from its hinges. I could also see the glitter of an electric drill that lay on the floor, and an extension-light nesting on a Chaki chair beside it. On the safe front, too, I could make out a number of chalk marks, put there to act as a guide, apparently, for its prospective ravisher. That intruder, it was reasonable to believe, had either been disturbed in his midnight activities, or, what was more probable, had found that the tapped house-circuit was not of sufficient strength for his drill-work. Or I myself, I suddenly remembered, might have been the cause of disturbance. There was a ponderable chance that even at that moment I stood under his eye. He might even then be watching me, protected by the darkness from which he could strike at his leisure.

It was not a pleasant feeling, as anyone who has stood in a midnight house, knowing a burglar to be hidden therein, very well knows. And the burglar, in this case, was not a man to be trifled with. Curate Sam was something more than a mere porch-climber. He was an adventurer in crime who knew just what risks he was taking. He would never be a quibbler, if it came to anything that looked like a tight corner. He'd strike at any moment, and strike without mercy, to save his own scalp. And he was already my enemy in every sense of the word.

I knew then that there was no more time to be lost. I was face to face with a situation much too serious for half measures. I couldn't even afford to act alone. I wanted help immediate and substantial help. Reluctant as I was to rouse that whole household, I knew that even Ferrie and I were inadequate for this newer situation, so I then and there decided to call on Berckley on Berckley and all his staff. That dependable old butler I knew, could lose little time in marshaling his forces from the servants' quarters, from the gardeners' cottage, from the garage itself, I could be.

To call on Berckley, however, implied a knowledge of his whereabout. And my first task was to find him, for the investigating of the servants' quarters had been left mostly to Toosey. So, the moment I'd switched out the study lights, I began a cautious exploration of those silent and remoter regions of "Miramar," remembering only too well that any step might bring me into touch with a hidden enemy. But I made my progress as silent as I could, feeling my way on from room to room, from stairway to stairway, from one area of unbroken darkness to another. I became absurdly muddled, so muddled, in fact, that my imagination began to run away with me and I fancied myself imprisoned in an endless maze of rooms weighed down by an impenetrable pall of darkness. But still I went groping and padding my way forward.

Then I came to a sudden stop, for I found the enveloping blackness cut by a faint streak of light. I stood studying this narrow yellow streak for some time before I realized that it was a crack along the bottom of a door behind which a light was shining. But, once convinced of this, I made my way noiselessly toward that door and placed an ear against its paneled surface. I could detect no sound from within the room. So I carefully explored the door and found the knob. Then I quietly and softly turned that knob and just as quietly swung the door back from its frame. I swung it back an inch or two and no more. But it was enough to give me a view of the interior.

What I saw there caused me to hold my breath for a moment. The room, I realized, was a bedroom. The bed, in fact, stood directly in front of me. On the far side of the bed I saw a man, fully dressed all but his shoes. He was a stranger to me. He was rather a neutral-tinted man, of rather meager proportions, but his face, even before I fully wakened to what he was doing, impressed me as an evil one. Yet I soon lost all interest in his mere appearance, since his activities proved even more arresting. He was engaged in a movement which for a second or two I couldn't understand. I saw him cross softly to a white-topped dresser and from it take up a bronze alcohol-lamp. He carried this back to the bedside, took off the top, and bent over the bed. I could see him carefully draw back the coverings, exposing the end of the heavy hair-mattress. Then over the end of this mattress he inverted his alcohol-lamp, watching the fluid intently as it ran down in a scattering little torrent and soaked into the padded fabric. He even shook the lamp to make sure it was empty. Then he tiptoed his way back to the dresser, replaced the lamp, and returned to the bed. There he looked carefully and studiously about him, reached into his pocket, and took out a match.

At the same moment that he struck this match by rubbing it along his trouser-leg I reached for my automatic and continued to push the door noiselessly open. He did not hear my advance as I stepped into the room, for he was stooping low and watching the flame of the match-end. Then I saw the hand that held the lighted sliver of wood move slowly down toward the alcohol-soaked corner of the bedding.

"*Wait!*"

I said it as short and stern as I was able to bark out that single word.

He waited all right. There was something ludicrous, in fact, about his sudden recoil. The match dropped from his hand and he backed quickly away until the wall stopped him. Then he straightened up slowly, like a man with lumbago. He stood there studying me with round and stupid eyes.

"Put up your hands," I told him. And I said it in a way that meant business. He at once raised his hands above his shoulders, with the palms facing me. But, instead of watching me, he was now watching my automatic.

"For the love o' Gawd, lady, be careful o' that thing!" he said a little thickly. I answered that bleat of terror with an audible snort. I knew his kind. It was not the kind to be gentle with. I had caught him red-handed in the old-time trick of trying to screen house-robbery by setting a fire. And it was only reasonable to assume that a man who wasn't above arson wouldn't stand much above murder.

"Where's Curate Sam?" I asked him, as calmly as I could.

"I dunno any guy by that name," was his altogether unsatisfactory remonstrance.

"Oh yes, you do," I announced, stepping a little closer to him. "You know him, and you know just where he is. And I'm going to give you exactly twenty seconds to tell me."

He stared at me with a sullen sort of inarticulate enmity. I counted twelve and was vaguely wondering just what I was going to do after I'd covered the remaining eight figures when he spoke up.

"And s'posin' I still say I don't?" he questioned, with a touch of audacity that rather startled me.

"You talk, or this does!" I announced to him. I tried to say it ferociously. I resented his passiveness. I wanted opposition from him, something to awaken my indignation, something to stand as an extenuation for any extreme to which I might have to go. For as he stood there, in what was almost the attitude of a supplicant, he took on a ridiculous atmosphere of pathos which disturbed me even against my will.

"Aw, lady, you wouldn't do that?" he said in a sort of wheedling plaintiveness. And still again something about him disturbed me. What it was I couldn't exactly determine. But as I looked at him I made a discovery. His blinking eyes weren't directed on me, as he stood there. They were staring past me. I tried to argue with myself that this was merely some trick of expression, some nervous reaction from the strain under which that low-calibered mind of his had been placed. So I scrutinized him still more closely. And for the second time I distinctly saw that he wasn't looking at me, but *was looking past me.* And still I ignored that expression, quickly weighing in my own mind whether or not it could be a trick to divert my attention.

In doing so I lost my chance. For before I could turn, before I could move, a long arm was suddenly crooked about my neck, jerking my head up and back, at the same moment that a sinewy hand struck at my right forearm and brought my pistol sharply down against my side, pinning it there before I could even understand what it all meant. At that the man against the wall darted forward, with a sort of cat-like quickness, and jerked the firearm from my fingers.

I was still unable to see my captor. But the moment I heard his voice I knew it was Curate Sam.

"Shut the door," he said in a sharp whisper. At the same moment his liberated right hand closed on my mouth, for instinct had told him, I suppose, that I was gathering my strength for one long scream. The hand closed over my mouth cruelly, heartlessly, gathering the lips and cheek-flaps together and straining them across my clenched teeth until my eyes watered. It shut off my scream the same as a miller shuts off a leaking bag, by gathering up the slack and twisting it together. Only in this case the slack happened to be the flesh of my face. Yet it was the uncouth profanation of my person more than the actual pain of the thing, that sent a wave of rebellious anger through my struggling body.

The smaller man in blue serge seemed to understand just what was expected of him, for without being told to do so he busied himself in tearing a hand towel into strips and knotting it up in a gag. I could see him hand that gag to Curate Sam. And I took it between my teeth the same as a work-horse takes the bit, so grateful was I to find that gross hand relax its clutch on my tortured face-skin. Then he twisted me about, jerked my two hands behind my waist, and tied them there with more strands of toweling. Having done this, he held me out at arm's length and coolly surveyed me. I could see satisfaction on his lean and melancholy face. I could also see hate, cold hate. But I returned his stare without flinching, although that towel had my face drawn up into a sort of leer and my eyes were still watering.

"Just once too often, my girl!" he said with a quiet venom which disturbed me even more than the noisiest outburst of passion could have done.

"What 're you goin' to do wit' her?" inquired the smaller man, as impersonally as though he were inquiring as to the disposal of a market-fowl.

"I'm going to cook her goose for her," announced Curate Sam, as he half flung and half pushed me face down on the bed, rolled me over, and still holding me there, motioned to his confederate for the rest of the toweling. Before I was quite aware of what he was doing he had me tied there to the bed. He made such a good job of it that my conscious mind told me it was useless to struggle. But that part of me which isn't ruled by reason couldn't resist tugging at the thongs that held me there like a coyote skin on a stable-door.

Curate Sam even grunted with satisfaction as he saw how futile those struggles

were. Then he picked up the bronze alcohol-lamp and shook it. He seemed disappointed to find it empty.

"Any more of this stuff 'round here?" he demanded of the smaller man.

That smaller man didn't answer him in words. But he sidled quickly and cautiously through a door, opening into what must have been a bathroom, and a moment later returned with a quart bottle of what I assumed to be alcohol.

It wasn't until Curate Sam stooped over the bed with that bottle in his hand that the real meaning of his threat about cooking my goose came home to me. Yet even as every nerve-end prickled like an electric shock with the sheer horror of that discovery, I tried to tell myself that the whole thing was too inhuman, too barbaric.

I realized, as I saw him take a match from the hand of the smaller man, that I was to go out like a Christmas pudding, in blue flames. And poor Winkie would find me trussed and toasted like one of those cold-storage chickens you see in the windows of the Sixth Avenue *rotisseries*. The full voltage of it all kept going through me in a series of shocks, wave after wave of terror, as I saw Curate Sam strike that match. And it wasn't a trick, after all. I, Balmy Rymal, had come to the end of things! I was about to be made into a Welsh rabbit by this calm-eyed and lean-jowled criminal whose ends I'd interfered with! Alcohol, I remembered, burned with a very hot flame. It would begin at my feet, and burn upward. It would be—— But all thought suddenly stopped. For I saw that the match had gone out.

I could see Curate Sam motion half angrily for another. It was as the smaller man went to hand him this match that he hesitated, ran to the door, slipped out, and just as mysteriously slipped in again. Once he was back at the bedside he pushed his foolish-looking face close to Curate Sam's lean-jawed one, whispering something in his leader's ear.

I could see Curate Sam straighten up, with the match still between his fingers, and stare down at me in studious silence.

Then he put the match in his pocket. From another pocket, at the same moment that the little man again disappeared from the room, he drew out a revolver with a sawed-off barrel. Then he leaned over me again.

"D'you want to live?" he dispassionately inquired.

I *did* want to live. I wanted to live very much. Above everything else I wanted to live. But beyond a frantic nodding of the head I had no means of conveying this information to Curate Sam.

He seemed to understand, however. He stood studying me for another minute or two. Then he moved noiselessly over to the hall door, opened it, looked out, and returned to the bedside.

"Then come down and open that wall-safe," he told me as he took out a pocket-knife and with his left hand began clumsily cutting away the strands of toweling hurting my ankles. The sawed-off revolver, all the while, was balanced in his right hand. The nerve of the man rather astounded me. He was as calm as a store clerk working about his counter as he completed the task of liberating me. And with the power of movement restored, my spirits rose. I emerged from the supineness of the mollusk. I seemed less ignominious even in my own eyes, after regaining my human prerogative of action. And with every chance of action, I remembered, there was the collateral chance of interference, if not of escape. Every new movement, I knew, would bring a new situation, and at some unlooked-for moment the unexpected itself might happen.

Curate Sam himself wasn't altogether ignorant of this fact, for once he'd prodded me to my feet he became very wary and very watchful. When I made a sign for him to take that odious gag out of my mouth, for by this time I felt like a patient who'd been a half-day in a dentist's chair, he merely emitted a sniff of scorn.

"Not on your life,!" he announced with calm conviction as he reached in under his coat and took out a pocket flashlight. "You're going to do this the way I say. You're going to walk ahead of me to the room where that wall-safe is. When I need to, I'll show a light. But whether it's light or dark, it'll pay you to remember that this gun of mine is within three feet of your ribs. You get that?"

I nodded. But I was watching him, every moment of the time.

"And get this too," he said as he turned and faced me. "I know just what chances I'm taking in this house. And you know it as well as I do. This isn't State-Fair sloughing or Harlem flat-work. I know what it means, all right. And if anybody thinks they can stop me, they're going to pay the price. The price—you understand?" he repeated as he once more fixed me with his cold and fishy eye.

Still again I nodded my comprehension.

"And if it comes to a show-down," he went on, "*I'll drop you first!* I'll let you have it through the back as quick as I'd kill a fly, for there's one too many of us in this game, and I'm not counting on getting out of it until I gather in what I'm after. That's all I've got to say. I'm telling you this for your own good. And I've told you. If there's any talking, from now on, this gat of mine is going to do it!"

I believed him. I believed what he said because I had come to know his type. When an armed man enters a house to rob it, he knows, in a way, that he is taking his life in his hands. And rather than lose his own, in case of being cornered, he'll take another's. I was dealing with a professional thief, a real thief, and not the sentimentalized gentleman-outlaws of screen and stage. I knew the brand. They were without honor, without chivalry, without truth or decency. They were tricky, in their blind and animal-like way, and they were brutal. They were also cowards, outside the narrow field of physical violence, and it was this cowardice more than anything else that left them so dangerous, since it tended to exile their actions from the realm of the reasonable. They flew into a funk, and in the midst of that funk they did murder—blind, unreasoning, unimaginative murder. And a potential murderer, standing there beside me with a gun in his hand, now held me in his power. There was no choice left to me. What he told me to do I was compelled to do.

"Now get in to that safe," was his curt command, "and by the back way!"

I hesitated, for once more I wanted him to take that odious gag out of my mouth. But I had no way of explaining this to him, and I could see by his face that he was already resenting the delay. And I knew better than to cross him.

So I turned and walked steadily toward the door, with Curate Sam three paces behind me, his flashlight in one hand and his revolver in the other. I watched carefully to see which hand he used in closing the door, for if it proved to be his right hand I'd decided I'd take a chance on the resultant second or two of grace, and bolt for it. But he was cautious enough to use his left hand, keeping the hand that held the revolver always in position for immediate use. It had occurred to me, too, that instead of turning to the right, I might turn to the left, and if luck were with me, succeed in leading him into the presence of Ferrie, or even of Winkie himself. But this, I remembered, would mean immediate danger to either of those two men. And that, I realized, was the one thing to be avoided.

"Go on!" whispered Curate Sam after the steps had died away. And I went forward again, feeling along the wall for guidance. I was surer of my territory by this time. I was also a little surer of myself. I even found the nerve to toy a trifle with danger and try out my persecutor. For, instead of turning to the left into the passageway that would open into the breakfast-room, I turned to the right, remembering that this would in time lead me into the conservatory abutting the south flank of the house. Amid those more novel surroundings, I felt, there was a greater chance for the unexpected to happen. But my plot was nipped in the bud.

"Not that way!" was Curate Sam's unexpectedly quick and curt command, attesting to the fact that he knew his ground much better than I had imagined. So I came to a stop, with a pretense of confusion. My captor, however, cut those hesitations short by flashing his searchlight ahead of me and catching me by the arm. Thus holding me, he piloted me on through the darkness, over polished hardwood floors and cushioning rugs, until we came to a door which he opened with the utmost caution. He pushed me through this door, closed it after him, and felt along the wall for a light-switch.

The moment the light was on he dropped his hand from my arm. I edged away until his curtly warning gesture brought me to a stop. As I had surmised, he ventured a survey of the room. It was the sort of survey that a highholder busy on an ant-hill gives to his surroundings. Every two or three seconds, I noticed, his eye returned to me. Yet even with that periodic diversion



It's Their Underwear!

Hot in the train, in the office, home, hotel, church, theatre! Feel wet, sticky. Cold when you go outdoors—and *catch cold easily!* You can avoid this. You can be perfectly comfortable in warm rooms and yet *thoroughly* protected against the cold outside, if you wear

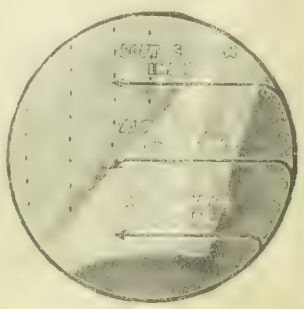
Duofold
Health Underwear

Cotton next to Skin . . COMFORT
Warm Wool outside . . NO ITCH
Air Space between . . . PREVENTS COLDS

It's that thin inner layer of soft cotton that feels so good to the skin. It's the thin outer layer of fine wool that keeps you warm. And the wool layer absorbs bodily moisture from the cotton layer, evaporates it and keeps the garment *soft* and *fresh* and your body *dry*. The *air space between* provides *healthful ventilation*.

Test these claims by *wearing* Duofold yourself—*it's worth the trial.*

If your dealer hasn't it, write us. Sample of the Fabric and Literature sent on request.



DUOFOLD HEALTH UNDERWEAR CO.
MOHAWK, N. Y.

Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they peel off



Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the United States or Canada.

The Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, O



A $6 Unusual Gift—

200 Monogrammed Cigarettes in a Mahogany Humidor

A [illegible] of the finest quality Turkish Cigarettes in a Handsome Mahogany Humidor.

MARWAY MFG. CO.
Dept. V.
136-138 S. 4th
PHILA., PA.

Better Your Position

$125-$250 a Month

Frontier Preparatory School

he completed his inspection of the room, made sure it was empty, and peremptorily signaled me toward the wall-safe.

I was still terribly afraid of that extraordinary little mechanism of steel and nickel which at the twitch of a finger could spit death into my body. And if you are in doubt as to the disturbing features of this, some idle midnight put a six-shooter into the hand of your best friend, a loaded six-shooter, and request him to point it directly at you for five or ten minutes. Merely try it. The operation, you will find, may involve slightly more tension than you imagined.

But picture that same fully loaded six-shooter, not in the hands of a friend, but in the hands of an enemy, and an enemy who had already proved himself to be a virulent one, as audacious as he was determined, as evil as he was crafty. Picture him there, as complete master of the situation, standing ready to give that fatal finger-twitch at the first movement from me which in any way threatened his safety. Then perhaps you will understand why, when Curate Sam commanded me to cross to that wall-safe and open it, I meekly stepped across the room and prepared to carry out his orders.

Yet I did so with a difference. I knew the combination of that lock, and, armed with this information, there would be no difficulty in opening it. I also knew that the treasure which he expected to find within that safe would not be there. What he would do when this discovery was made I could only surmise. But there were other things that I remembered. Every moment of time that I gained, I knew, was to my advantage. There were other people in that house, many others, and already the alarm of burglary had been sounded. Ferrie himself must be doing something. And word had surely been passed on to Winkie. And at the darkest moment, I argued, help might come, help *must* come.

"You're not trying to open that safe," he announced in a tone of voice which was disturbing in its quietness. To answer him was out of the question. But I turned and looked protestingly out from under my improvised canopy. I stared at him over my shoulder, not only to let him know that I was still there in my helplessness, but also to make sure of his position. At almost the same moment I caught the hum, low and muffled through the closed windows, of a motor-car engine somewhere outside in the grounds. My captor straightened up at that sound, listening intently. Then he wheeled suddenly about, with his ear to the door-panel. And as he did so I realized that he was no longer looking at me.

The moment I made that discovery I acted. I first tore the gag from my head. Then I jerked on the insulated wire which held the abandoned electric drill. I made it a quick jerk, but a strong one. And the result was most unexpected. For the moment I jerked the lights went out. Darkness enveloped me. I had scarcely time to realize that at some place this wire had been cunningly attached to the house-circuit. In thus forcibly breaking it away I had ruptured the current feeding life to the shaded bulbs glowing about me.

I had, in fact, no time for thought, for at the same moment that I completed my manœuver by dropping flat on the floor, in case my enemy's little machine of death should bark out its leaden message at me, the library door itself was flung open. It was opened so vigorously that it went back full swing and thudded against the wall-stop. Then the darkness was cut by a voice. It was a man's voice, clear-noted and authoritative, even while a little throaty with deliberately restrained excitement.

"*Is anybody in this room?*"

I knew, the moment that question cut through the silence, that it was William Obden-Belpont himself speaking. I knew too that Curate Sam must have slipped back from that door, or to one side of it. I remembered that he must be crouching there somewhere in the surrounding blackness, with his sawed-off revolver in his hand. And [illegible] prompted me to action once more.

When I moved it was more like a cat, I think, than a human being, for I knew that now as never before in my life, time was precious.

"Who's in here?" I heard the newcomer [illegible] room demand. I could also hear his footsteps and knew he was groping along the wall for the nearest light-switch. I felt sorry for him. I easily resented his stolen helplessness, the pathetic ignorance of his peril. So I started cat-like across the room, carrying the steel drill with its wires dragging after it.

I was fully half way across that room when I stopped short. For between me and the scarcely discernible oblong of gray which marked the position of the open door I could make out the vague outline of a man. It was a tall man, and a gaunt one. And I didn't need to see the misty silhouette of the blunt-nosed revolver in the outstretched hand to know it was Curate Sam. It was Curate Sam waiting to let that blunt-nosed thing deliver its quick message of death. And I knew that nothing would stop him once he had confirmed the quarter into which that message should be delivered.

So I breathed deep and tilted upward on my toes as I swung my mace on the end of its wires, as David once swung his sling. I was still holding my breath as I brought that swinging steel drill obliquely down on the tensely poised hand with its fingers clustered about the heavy revolver-stock. It was a sledgehammer blow. Yet I knew, even as I struck, that it would have been immeasurably better if the blow could have fallen on the enemy's head instead of his hand. But I'd had no time to deliberate on my choice.

I could see the short stab of flame, spitting floorward, as the revolver went off. I don't remember hearing the shot, but I do remember hearing the relieving sound as the suddenly smitten firearm went rattling across the polished hardwood floor. The force of that swing of the drill, however, carried me around in a circle. I had intended with a second swing to reach my enemy's body, to strike again before he could strike back. But that iron-weighted mace on the end of its wire slipped out of my grasp and wound, as a whip-lash winds about a buggy-shaft, completely about Curate Sam's gaunt legs just below the knees.

At the same moment that he struck blindly at me, with that benumbed and bruised right hand of his, I had the presence of mind to jerk on the wire which still trailed through my fingers. That jerk sent him over like a ninepin.

The fall must have stunned him a little, for I had the wire looped and twisted about his feet before he actually began to struggle again. It wasn't until I got his hands in chancery and wired his bony wrists tightly together, with another dozen loops of the insulated metal, that I noticed Obden-Belpont calling lustily for lights.

It was Evans the footman who answered that call. But before that wild-eyed and half-clad servant arrived with two tall candlesticks in his shaking hands I'd pawed about and recovered Curate Sam's fallen revolver with the sawed-off barrel. Then I went back to my captive.

Obden-Belpont took one of the tall candles and stooped over us. His face was very pale and the hand that held the candlestick of chased silver was unsteady. It seemed to take him several moments to come into anything like a full understanding of the situation. Then he took a deep breath.

"That man," he announced with a sort of child-like simplicity, "that man *would have shot me*."

"Of course he would," I assented, as the ruffled old butler came wheezing into the room. "Here, Benchley," I said, as I held out the revolver to him, "guard this prisoner."

"P-p-prisoner?" he stammered.

"Guard this burglar," I told him, "for there's still another of the same breed somewhere in this house."

"You 'ad best not mix up in this, sir," ventured Benchley to his master.

William Obden-Belpont, however, was still staring at me.

"You are a brave girl," he said, as I made for the door. I started to call back, deprecatingly, that I was still a busy one. But my speech was cut short by the advent of Ferrie, a little crestfallen and a little out of breath.

"I thought I had him," he announced, "but [illegible]"

"Had who?" demanded the master of the house. The whole thing was clearly proving a little too much for him.

"Had our burglar," explained the old knight in the pleated dressing-gown. "But the little beggar dropped from an upstairs window and ran for it!"

"Then we must get after [illegible]" said as I started for the front of the [illegible]

"It's no use," protested F[illegible]

"But are you sure?" I dem[illegible] waken-ing to the fact that my vi[illegible]er all, was only half a victory.

"Positive," asserted the o[illegible] as he ducked out of sight into the [illegible]

The next page in the story of detective romance, "The Diamond [illegible]," will appear in "Hearst's" for January.

rain. I tugged [illegible] for I'd got to the [illegible] and the main hallway [illegible] They [illegible] watching Rear-Admiral Trevor Ferris's van-ishing [illegible] I [illegible] Winslow Ealand. I [illegible] the [illegible] cascaded down to the ground-floor, in the full flowing line of a twisted dress-train. He stood in silence, for almost half a portière seemed to have been crammed into his mouth as a gag. And close beside him was his adoring Miss Blanchan, in a severely plain long-sleeved night-gown that made her look like a cross between a scarecrow and a Carmelite abbess. She kept emitting faint and periodic blats deep down in her throat, for two-thirds of a cashmere stocking had been wedged in between her large and equine teeth. And what made things much worse, I noticed that she was tied there with strips from Winkie's ridiculous old-rose dressing-gown!

Winkie himself was arrayed in nothing more than his pajamas. The attire of both of them, in fact, struck me as being shockingly intimate and shockingly inadequate, though neither of them, I imagine, was giving much thought to the matter. But seven wayward little devils of retaliation leaped up in me as I beheld them tied there side by side. I fixed poor Winkie with a cold and challenging stare.

"So *that's* the kind of a man you are?" I deliberately said to him, with as good an imitation of his own manner as I was able to manage. And I could see his writhe of disgust as he rolled his eyes from me to the bony lady on his right. But I had no time to explain or even to sympathize with him, for Ferrie, re-emerging from the darkness, caught me by the arm and hurried me on. He seemed to be having trouble with his breathing.

"*I did it!*" he announced in his strident stage-whisper, as he stared back at the two prisoners.

"You did?" I echoed.

"Yes, I sent 'em down together! Told 'em there was a burglar somewhere in the front of the house! And they rather seem to have bumped into him, don't they?"

It didn't seem as funny to me as Ferrie expected. There were too many other things to think about.

"But the jewels," I reminded him. "You're sure they are safe?"

He stopped and stared at me.

"Safe? Of course they're safe."

"But where are they?"

"Up in my room, of course," he retorted.

"You're certain of that?"

Again he looked at me with that abstracted stare of his. Then a faint shade of trouble crept slowly up into his eyes.

"Well, we can very soon make sure," he said. And off we scurried for his room, passing the still-wheezing Benchley on the way. The old butler tried to stop us, but there was too much at stake just then.

I followed Ferrie into his room. I saw him cross to the bed and throw his two big pillows aside. He stood there a second or two without moving. Then he turned to me.

"Good gad!" he gasped. "*They're gone!*"

I stopped short, buffeted cold by that sudden breaker of disappointment. So the trick had been turned, after all. We had been duped and out-generaled. We had lost our fight!

"Gone?" I repeated, so sharply that even old Benchley came to a stop in the doorway.

"I put 'em under my pillow here," explained Ferrie. "I never—never dreamed anyone would think of looking for 'em in such a place. Never dreamed it!"

"Begging your pardon, sir," ventured the baggy-eyed Benchley.

"Hey?" snapped Ferrie, the picture of blanketed woe.

"Begging your pardon, sir, I be'eld that slip full of jools there on your bed, and seein' there was burglars about, I took the libert[illegible] of removing them," solemnly intoned the dependable old Benchley.

"Removing them?" repeated the be-numbed Ferrie.

"I took the liberty of 'iding them, sir, in the fire-box of the 'ouse-furnace. And they're down there, sir, 'eaped over with clinkers, sir, as safe as though they was in the Bank of England. And I think it would be best if we didn't 'appen to waken Mrs. Obden-Belpont, as she's fair done out with what she's 'ad to go through to-day."

"You are quite right, Benchley," I said, as solemn as a judge.

THE WINDS OF CHANCE

(*Continued from page 443*)

chuckled. "Now I'm going to make you put up or shut up. There's my three hundred, I can use it when it grows to six."

"How much are you betting?" the dealer inquired of Phillips.

Pierce had intended merely to risk a dollar or two, but now there came to him a thrilling thought. That notice at Healy & Wilson's store flashed into his mind. "One thousand dollars and a ton of food," the sign had read. Well, why not bet and bet heavy? he asked himself. Here was a chance to double his canty capital at the expense of a rogue. To beat a barefaced cheater at his own game surely could not be considered cheating: in this instance it was mere retribution.

A stranger endeavored to shove him away from the table and this clinched his decision. He'd make them play fair. With a sweep of his free arm Phillips sent the fellow staggering back and then placed his entire roll of bills on the table in front of the dealer.

"There's mine," he said shortly. "One hundred and thirty-five dollars. I don't have to count it for I know it by heart."

"Business appears to be picking up," murmured the proprietor of the game.

Phillips's neighbor continued to hold the boy's hand in a vice-like grip. Now he leaned forward saying:

"Look here! Are you going to cover our coin or am I going to smoke you up?"

"The groans of the gambler is sweet music to their ears!" The dealer shrugged reluctantly and counted out four hundred and thirty-five dollars which he separated into two piles.

A certain shame at his action swept over Phillips when he felt his companion's grasp relax and heard him say: "Turn her over, Kid."

This was diamond-cut-diamond, of course, nevertheless it was a low down trick and——

Pierce Phillips started, he examined the interior of the walnut-shell in bewilderment, for he had lifted it only to find it quite empty.

"Every now and then I win a little one," the dealer intoned, gravely pocketing his winnings. "It only goes to show you that the hand——"

"Damnation!" exploded the man at Phillips's side. "Trimmed for three hundred, or I'm a goat!"

As Pierce walked away, someone fell into step with him; it was the sullen, black-browed individual he had seen at the trading-post.

"So they took you for a hundred and thirty-five, eh? You must be rolling in coin," the man observed.

Even yet Pierce was more than a little dazed. "Do you know," said he, "I was sure I had the right shell."

"Why, of course you had the right one." The stranger laughed shortly. "They laid it down for you on purpose, then Kid Bridges worked a shift when he held your hand. You can't beat 'em."

Pierce halted. "Was he—was *that* fellow with the pack a booster?"

"Certainly. They're all boosters. The Kid carries enough hay on his back to feed a team. It's his bed. I've been here a week and I know 'em." The speaker stared in surprise at Phillips who had broken into a hearty laugh. "Look here! A little hundred and thirty-five must be chicken-feed to you. If you've got any more to toss away, toss it in my direction."

"That's what makes it so funny. You see, I haven't any more. That was my last dollar. Well, it serves me right. Now I can start from scratch and win on my own speed."

The dark-browed man studied Phillips curiously. "You're certainly game," he announced. "I s'pose now you'll be wanting to sell some of your outfit. That's why I've been hanging around that game. I've picked up quite a bit of stuff that way but I'm still short a few things and I'll buy——"

"I haven't a pound of grub. I came up second-class."

"Huh! Then you'll go back steerage."

"Oh no, I won't! I'm going on to Dawson." There was a momentary silence. "You say you've been here a week? Put me up for the night—until I get a job. Will you?"

The black-eyed man hesitated, then he grinned. "You've got your nerve but—I'm damned if I don't like it," said he. "My brother Jim is cooking supper now. Suppose we go over to the tent and ask him."

THE headwaters of the Dyea River spring from a giant's punch-bowl. Three miles above timber line the valley bottom widens out into a flinty field strewn with boulders which in ages past have lost their footing on the steep hills forming the sides of the cup. Between these boulders a thin carpet of moss is spread, but the slopes themselves are quite naked; they are seamed and cracked and weather-beaten, their surfaces are split and shattered from the play of the elements. High up toward the crest of one of them rides a glacier—a pallid, weeping sentinel which stands guard for the great ice-caps beyond. Winter snows, summer fogs and rains have washed the hillsides clean, they are leached out and they present a lifeless, forbidding front to travelers. In many places the granite fragments which still encumber them lie piled one above another in such titantic chaos as to discourage man's puny efforts to climb over them. Nevertheless, men have done so, and by the thousands, by the tens of thousands. On this particular morning an unending procession of human beings was straining up and over and through the confusion. They lifted themselves by foot and by hand; where the slope was steepest they crept on all-fours. They formed an unbroken, thread-like stream extending from timber-line to crest, each individual being dwarfed to microscopic proportions by the size of his surroundings. They flowed across the floor of the valley, then slowly, very slowly, they flowed up its almost perpendicular wall. Now they were lost to sight, again they reappeared clambering over glacier scars or toiling up steep, rocky slides; finally they emerged away up under the arch of the sky.

Looking down from the roof of the Pass itself the scene was doubly impressive, for the wooded valley lay outstretched clear to the sea, and out of it came that long, wavering line of ants. They did indeed appear to be ants, those men, as they dragged themselves across the meadow and up the ascent; they resembled nothing more than a file of those industrious insects creeping across the bottom and up the sides of a bathtub, and the likeness was borne out by the fact that all carried burdens. That was in truth the marvel of the scene, for every man on the Chilkoot was bent beneath a back-breaking load.

Three miles down the gulch, where the upward march of the forests had been halted, there, among scattered outposts of scrubby spruce and wind-twisted willow, stood a village, a sprawling, formless aggregation of flimsy tents and green logs known as Sheep Camp. Although it was a temporary, makeshift town, already it bulked big in the minds of men from Maine to California, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, for it was the last outpost of civilization, and beyond it lay a land of mystery. Sheep Camp had become famous by reason of the fact that it was linked with the name of that Via Dolorosa, that summit of despair, the Chilkoot. Already it had come to stand for the weak man's ultimate mile-post, the end of many journeys.

The approach from the sea was easy, if twelve miles of boulder and bog, of swamp and nigger-head, of root and stump, can be called easy under the best of circumstances; but easy it was as compared with what lay beyond and above it. Nevertheless, many Argonauts had never penetrated even thus far, and of those who had, a considerable proportion had turned back at the giant pit three miles above. One look at the towering barrier had been enough for them. The Chilkoot was more than a mountain, more than an obstacle of Nature; it was a Presence, a tremendous and a terrifying Personality which overshadowed the minds of men and could neither be ignored at the time nor forgotten later. No wonder then that Sheep Camp, which was a part of the Chilkoot, represented a sort of acid test; no wonder that those who had moved their outfits thus far were of the breed the Northland loves, the stout of heart and of body.

Provisions were cached at frequent intervals all the way up from the sea, but in the open meadow beneath the thousand-foot wall an immense supply dépôt had sprung up. This pocket in the hills had become an open-air commissary, stocked with every sort of provender and gear. There were



Building the Pullman Car

THE strength of the Pullman car represents one of the best forms of insurance the traveler can buy.

For seven years every car built by the Pullman Company for its service has been of solid steel. These cars possess the rigidity and strength of a battleship.

During this period a large proportion of the older, but still modern cars, have also been rebuilt to almost equal strength.

This has been accomplished by introducing steel underframes, steel vestibules and steel sheathing on the sides.

In addition to the factor of safety, fifty years of experience in designing and building cars has brought about an almost unheard of development in traveling convenience and luxury.

The modern Pullman is fully equipped with the most up-to-date steam fitting, electric wiring and plumbing.

It offers a degree of safety, innumerable luxuries and a personal service that have established a world-wide reputation.

THE PULLMAN COMPANY
Chicago





$2.50 A MONTH Buys a Visible Writing
L. C. SMITH
Perfect machines only of standard size with keyboard of standard universal arrangement—has Backspacer—Tabulator—two color ribbon—Ball Bearing construction—every operating convenience. Five Days' Free Trial. Fully guaranteed. Catalog and special price sent free.
H. A. SMITH, 506-231 N. 5th Ave., Chicago, Ill

Learn to PAINT SIGNS and SHOW CARDS

I teach you personally, by mail, in a short time. Oldest and largest School. Big field, work interesting. You can EARN $18 TO $45 A WEEK
Crawford, B. C., "Earned $200.00 while taking course." Get literature, samples, guarantee; all FREE.
DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING
Established 1899 812 D. S. of I. Bldg., DETROIT MICH.



To meet Cap'n Abe, is never to forget him
CAP'N ABE STOREKEEPER
3rd Large Edition
A Story of Cape Cod By JAMES A. COOPER
Cloth, 12mo. Illustrated and with Colored Jacket. Net $1.25
"These are genuine 'Cape Folks.' They have the thoughts and speak the language of Cape Yankees."—*The Boston Herald.*
"The story is well worth while."—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*
"Plenty of action and a spice of humor."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*
"A healthy well-sustained novel of Cape Cod."—*The Oregonian.*

Strong, Patriotic and Uplifting 2nd Large Edition
BELINDA OF THE RED CROSS
By ROBERT W HAMILTON
12mo. Cloth. Illustrated with Colored Jacket by A. O. Scott. Net $1.25
"A thrilling war story."—*N. Y. Times.*
"Patriotic and thoroughly interesting."—*Boston Globe.*

SULLY AND KLEINTEICH, Publishers, NEW YORK

Gifts!



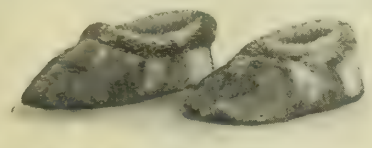
QUAINT and curious—the kind you cannot get elsewhere—for men, women and children, are beautifully illustrated (many in actual colors) and accurately described in this fascinating "Book of a Thousand Gifts" which is mailed postpaid on request.

WRITE FOR YOUR FREE COPY

See what "delightfully different" gifts may be obtained by mail at Vantine's for a few cents or a few dollars. Send now, the edition is limited. Your name and address on a postal will do. Address Dept. 70.

Vantine's Gift Suggestions

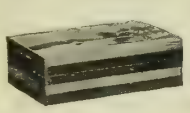
Order by mail any of the following with Vantine's assurance of satisfaction or the prompt refund of the purchase price. A copy of our catalog will be included with your order.



No. 18145R—Men or women's imported Japanese slippers of genuine monkey skin, white or spotted rabbit and marten. Fur-lined, strong one-piece leather-sole, warm comfortable slippers for indoor wear, or when ordered in a larger size may be used as over-shoes for wear when motoring in cold weather. (In ordering state size of shoes or over shoes worn and fur desired.) Price prepaid $4.75



No. 15247R—Cylindrical-shaped Oriental box, artistically decorated, containing 3 triangular-shaped glass-stoppered bottles of Vantine's fragrant Orient perfumery, each odor different. Price prepaid $1.00



No. 7933R — Japanese inlaid wood cigarette, cigar or trinket box with pretty design inlaid with colored woods. Box can only be opened by pressing secret slide on side, size 2½ x 5 x 8 in. Price prepaid $1.00



No. 7922R—Wooden field gun and ammunition. By pulling chain gun fires a wooden "shell" at the end of which is fastened a paper cap which explodes causing smoke to issue from the gun. Absolutely harmless. Five shells and liberal supply of caps with each gun. Price, complete, prepaid $1.25

·A·A·VANTINE·&·CO·Inc·

Fifth Avenue & 39th Street, New York

Statement of the ownership, management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Hearst's Magazine, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for Oct. 1, 1917. State of New York, County of New York, ss: Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared H. M. Hoffman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Hearst's Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, International Magazine Company, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y. Editor, Sewell Haggard, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y. Managing Editor, Sewell Haggard, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y. Business Manager, H. M. Hoffman, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y. 2. That the owner is: International Magazine Company, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.; William Randolph Hearst, 7 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y.; [illegible] New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: [illegible] 60 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; H. M. Hoffman, 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.; [illegible] 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.; [illegible] 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.; [illegible]

Pah!" He spat out the exclamation with disgust, then closed his eyes again and sank back against his burden. "Coyotes! That's what they are! They'd rob a carcass, they'd gnaw each other's bones to get through ahead of the ice."

Up out of the chasm below came a slow-moving file of Indian packers. Their eyes were bent upon the ground, and they stepped noiselessly into each other's tracks. The only sound they made came from their creaking pack-leathers. They paused briefly to breathe and to take in their surroundings, then they went on and out of sight.

When they had disappeared the stranger spoke in a changed tone. "Poor devils! I wonder what they've done. And you?" he turned to Phillips. "What sins have you committed?"

"Oh, just the ordinary ones. But I don't look at it that way. This is a sort of a lark for me, and I'm having a great time. It's pretty fierce, I'll admit, but—I wouldn't miss it for anything. Would you?"

"*Would* I? In a minute! You're young, I'm old. I've got rheumatism and—a partner. He can't pack enough grub for his own lunch, and I have to do it all. He's a Jonah, too—born on Friday, or something. Last night somebody stole a sack of our bacon. Sixty pounds, and every pound had cost me sweat!" Again the speaker ground his teeth vindictively. "Lord! I'd like to catch the fellow that did it. I'd take a drop of blood for every drop of sweat that bacon cost. Have you lost anything?"

"I haven't anything to lose. I'm packing for wages to earn enough money to buy an outfit."

After a brief survey of Phillips's burden, the stranger said enviously: "Looks like you wouldn't have to make more than a trip or two. I wish I could pack like you do, but I'm stove up. At that, I'm better than my partner! He couldn't carry a tune." There was a pause. "He eats good, though; eats like a hired-man, and he snores so I can't sleep. I just lie awake nights and groan at the joints and listen to him grow old. He can't even guard our grub-pile."

"The Vigilantes will put a stop to this stealing," Pierce ventured.

"Think so? Who's going to keep an eye on them? Who's going to strangle the Stranglers? Chances are they're the very ones that are lifting our grub. I know these Citizens' Committees." Whatever the physical limitations of the rheumatic Argonaut, it was plain that his temper was active and his resentment strong.

Phillips had cooled off by this time; in fact, the chill breath of the snowfields had begun to penetrate his sodden clothing, wherefore he prepared to take up his march.

"Going through to Linderman?" queried the other man. "So am I. If you'll wait a second I'll join you. Maybe we can give each other a hand."

The speaker's motive was patent, nevertheless Phillips obligingly acceded to his request, and a short time later assisted him into his harness, whereupon they set out one behind the other. Pierce's pack was at least double the weight of his companion's, and it gave him a pleasurable thrill to realize that he was one of the strong, one of the elect; he wondered pityingly how long this feeble, middle-aged man could last.

Before they had tramped far, however, he saw that the object of his pity possessed a quality which was lacking in many of the younger, stronger stampeders—namely, a grim determination, a dogged perseverance—no poor substitute indeed for youth and brawn. Once the man was in motion he made no complaint, and he managed to maintain a very good pace.

Leaving the crest of Chilkoot behind them, the travelers bore to the right across the snow-cap, then followed the ridge above Crater Lake. Every mile or two they rested briefly to relieve their chafed and aching shoulders. They exchanged few words while they were in motion, for one soon learns to conserve his forces on the trail, but when they lay propped against their packs they talked.

Phillips's abundant vigor continued to evoke the elder man's frank admiration; he fed the boy approvingly and plied him with questions. Before they had traveled many miles he had learned what there was to learn, for Pierce answered his questions frankly and told him about the sacrifice his family had made in order to send him North, about the trip itself, about his landing at Dyea, and all the rest. When he came to the account of the shell-game, the grizzled stranger smiled. "I've lived in wide-open countries all my life," said he, "but this beats anything I ever saw. Why, the crooks outnumber the honest men and they're running things to suit themselves. One of 'em tried to lay me. *Me!*" He chuckled as if the mere idea was fantastically humorous. "Have you heard about this Soapy Smith? He's the boss, the bell-cow, and he's made himself Mayor of Skagway. Can you beat it? I'll bet some of his men are on our Citizens' Committee at Sheep Camp. They need a lot of killing, they do, and they'll get it. What did you do after you lost your money?"

"I fell in with two brothers and went to packing."

"Went partners with them?"

"No. They——" Phillips's face clouded, he hesitated briefly. "I merely lived with them and helped them with their outfit from time to time. We're at Sheep Camp now, and I share their tent whenever I'm there. I'm about ready to pull out and go it alone."

"Right! And don't hook up with anybody." The old man spoke with feeling. "Look at me. I'm nesting with a dodo—darned gray-whiskered milliner! He's so ornery I have to hide the axe every time I see him. I just yearn to put him out of his misery but I dassent. Of course he has his points, everybody has: he's a game old rooster and he loves me. That's all that saves him."

Phillips was greatly interested to learn that two men so unfitted for this life, this country, should have essayed the hardships of the Chilkoot trail. It amazed him to learn that already most of their outfit was at Linderman.

"Do you mean to say that you have done all the packing for yourself and your partner?" he inquired.

"N—no. Old Jerry totters across with a package of soda-crackers once in a while. You must have heard him, he creaks like a gate. Of course he eats up all the crackers before he gets to Linderman and then gorges himself on the heavy grub that I've lugged over, but in spite of that we've managed to make pretty good time." After a moment of meditation he continued: "Say! You ought to see that old buzzard eat! It's disgusting but it's interesting. It ain't so much the expense that I care about, as the work. Old Jerry ought to be in an institution—some place where they've got wheel chairs and a big market-garden. But he's plumb helpless, so I can't cut him loose and let him bleach his bones in a strange land. I haven't got the heart."

They were resting at the Long Lake outlet, some time later, when the old man inquired:

"I presume you've got a camp at Linderman, eh?"

"No. I have some blankets cached there and I sleep out whenever I can't make the round trip."

"Round trip? Round trip in one day? Why, that's thirty miles!"

"Real miles, too. This country makes a man of a fellow. I wouldn't mind sleeping out if I were sure of a hot meal once in a while, but money is no good this side of the Summit, and these people won't even let a stranger use their stoves."

"You can't last long at that, my boy."

Phillips smiled cheerfully. "I don't have to last much longer. I sent a thousand dollars to Dyea this morning by Jim McCaskey, one of the fellows I live with. He's going to put it in Healy & Wilson's safe for me. Now all I've got to do is to earn a ton of grub and get it over before snow flies. It won't take long."

"You can bunk in our tent as long as we're here," the other man volunteered. "If you get across in time you can travel in our boat, too. But I'll have to warn you about old Jerry. He's ornery. Nature was cruel when she introduced him into a defenseless world."

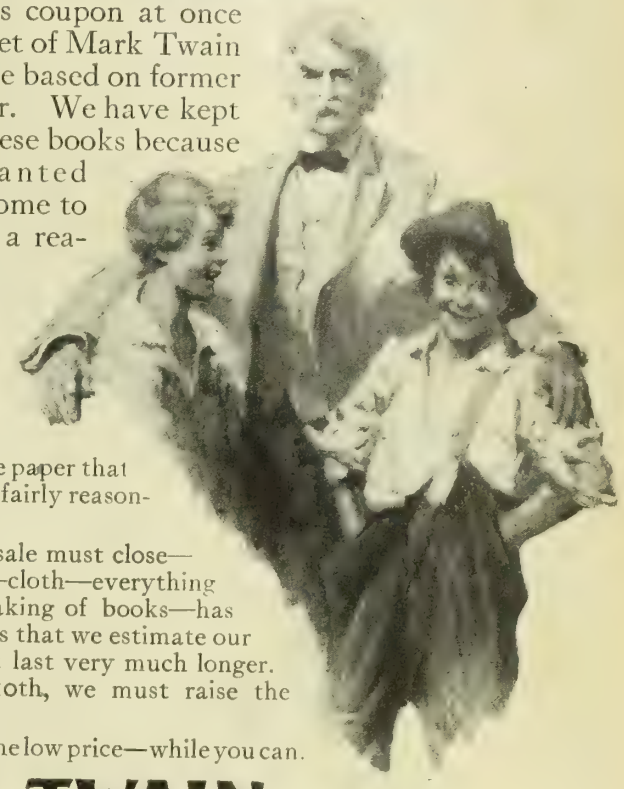
"That's the second kind offer I've had this morning," Pierce said thoughtfully. "A big smiling Canadian made the first one. I found him singing on the Summit. He's an 'old-timer' and he's altogether different to us tenderfeet. He made me rather ashamed of myself."

The elderly man nodded. "Most pioneers are big-calibered. I'm a sort of pioneer myself, but that infernal partner of mine has about ruined my disposition. Take it by and large, though, it pays a man to be accommodating."

HAVING crossed the high barrens, Phillips and his companion dropped down to timber-line and soon arrived at Linderman, their journey's end. This was perhaps the most feverishly busy camp on the entire thirty-mile Dyea trail, but unlike the coast towns there was no merrymaking, no gaiety, no gambling here. Linderman's

December 10th Last Day at the Low Price!

If you send this coupon at once you can get your set of Mark Twain at the present price based on former low prices on paper. We have kept the price low on these books because Mark Twain wanted every American home to own his books at a reasonable price, in a good binding, with fine paper, and clear type.



A flood of orders on Mark Twain has used all the paper that we could get even at a fairly reasonable price.

And the low price sale must close—paper costs too much—cloth—everything that goes into the making of books—has climbed to such heights that we estimate our present supply cannot last very much longer. So after December 10th, we must raise the price on these sets.

Get your set now at the low price—while you can.

MARK TWAIN

His Spirit Cheers and Comforts a Tired World

In him a tired world finds relief—finds laughter and cheer.

But in him there is something more than just joy—there is life, and knowledge, and sympathy. For now that Mark Twain has passed on and the charm and magnetism of his presence are no longer here, we can see more clearly than ever the greatness of his genius.

More than ever we can see under the laughter the philosopher. For this country has produced no greater thinker than Mark Twain. And never has there been a citizen of this country so magnificently welcomed in England, so beloved on the continent of Europe, so eagerly read in Asia and Australia. Even the Chinese read Mark Twain. And if they must have his books, surely *you* must have the work of this greatest of all Americans.



A Real American

Mark Twain was a steamboat pilot. He was a searcher for gold in the far west. He was a printer. He worked bitterly hard. All this without a glimmer of the great destiny that lay before him. Then, with the opening of the great wide west, Mark Twain's genius bloomed. He had found his great place.

His fame spread through the nation. It flew to the ends of the earth, till his work was translated into strange tongues. From then on, the path of fame lay straight to the high places. But his troubles were not over. At the height of his fame he lost all his money. He was heavily in debt, but though 60 years old he started afresh and paid every cent. It was the last heroic touch that drew him close to the heart of his countrymen.

The world has asked "Is there an American Literature?" Mark Twain is the answer. He is the heart, the spirit of America. From his poor struggling boyhood to his glorious, splendid old age, he remained as simple, as democratic as the plainest of our forefathers.

DON'T MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY!

25 VOLUMES Novels—Stories Humor Essays—Travels History

This is Mark Twain's own set—the set we planned with him—and this is a low price after Mark Twain's own heart. **REMEMBER DECEMBER 10th is the LAST DAY. Never again will such a set be offered at such a price.** Don't wait and be too late. Send the coupon NOW TODAY AT ONCE, and make sure.

HARPER & BROTHERS
1817 NEW YORK - 1917

Hearst's 12-17
Harper & Brothers
Franklin Square
New York

Please send me MARK TWAIN'S WORKS. I may keep this set for ten days for examination and return it to you at your expense, if I do not want it. If I keep the books I will remit $2.00 within five days and $2.00 a month for twelve months.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
OCCUPATION .....

For our beautiful half leather edition, change the above terms to $2.50 on delivery and $2.50 a month for twelve months.



What D'ye *KNOW?*"

Today it's a battle of wits—and *brains win.* Muscle and brawn don't count so much as they used to. The great question now is "What do you know?" It draws the line between failure and success, between a poor job and a good one.

What do *you* know? Have you special ability? Could you "make good" in a *big* job right now?

For 25 years the International Correspondence Schools have been training men for better work and bigger salaries. They can train YOU, no matter where you live, what hours you work, or how little your education.

Mark and mail the coupon and FIND OUT—it won't obligate you in the least.

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Box 2827, Scranton, Pa.
Explain fully about your Course in the subject marked X:

ELECTRICAL ENGINEER	SALESMANSHIP
Electric Lighting	ADVERTISING
Electric Railways	Window Trimmer
Telegraph Engineer	Railroad Trainman
Telephone Work	Illustrating
MECHANICAL ENGINEER	BOOKKEEPER
Mechanical Draftsman	Stenographer and Typist
Gas Engine Operating	Railway Accountant
CIVIL ENGINEER	TRAFFIC MANAGER
Surveying and Mapping	Commercial Law
Mine Foreman or Engineer	GOOD ENGLISH
STATIONARY ENGINEER	CIVIL SERVICE
ARCHITECT	Railway Mail Clerk
Contractor and Builder	AUTOMOBILE OPERATING
Architectural Draftsman	Auto Repairing
Concrete Builder	Mathematics
PLUMBING AND HEATING	AGRICULTURE
CHEMIST	Poultry Raising

SPANISH German French Italian

Name_____

Address_____

CHALFONTE

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Winter on the South Jersey coast is delightful. **Chalfonte** appeals to cultivated, interesting people seeking rest and recreation. Modern, 10-story, Fireproof. Right on the Beach and Boardwalk. All sports and pastimes. Golf-club privileges.

American Plan *Always Open*

THE LEEDS COMPANY



It is best to make reservation ahead for Chalfonte. Write for illustrated booklet and rates.



BECOME AN EXPERT

ACCOUNTANT

Dept. 1247-H, Chicago

fever came from over-work not from overplay. A tent village had sprung up at the head of the lake and from dawn until dark it echoed to the unceasing sound of axe and hammer, of plane and saw. The air was redolent with the odor of the fresh-cut spruce and of boiling tar, for this was the shipyard where an army of Jasons hewed and joined and fitted, each upon a bark of his own making. Half-way down the lake was the Boundary, and a few miles below that again was the customs station with its hateful red-jacketed police. Beyond were uncharted waters, quite as perilous, because quite as unknown, as those traversed by that first band of Argonauts. Deep lakes, dark canyons, roaring rapids lay between Linderman and the land of the Golden Fleece, but the nearer these men approached those dangers the more eagerly they pressed on.

In spite of his light pack, Phillips's elderly trail-mate was all but spent. He dragged his feet, he stumbled without reason, the lines in his face were deeply set and his bearded lips had retreated from his teeth in a grin of exhaustion.

"Yonder's the tent," he said finally, and his tone was eloquent of relief.

In and out among canvas walls and taut guy-ropes the travelers wound their way, emerging at length upon a gravelly beach where vast supplies of provisions were cached. All about, in various stages of construction, were skeletons of skiffs, of scows and of barges; the ground was spread with a carpet of shavings and sawdust.

Pierce's companion paused, then, after an incredulous stare, he said: "Look! Is that smoke coming from my stovepipe?"

"Why, yes."

There could be no mistake about it; from the tent in question arose the plain evidence that a lively fire was burning inside.

"Well, I'll be darned!" breathed the elder man. "Somebody's jumped the cache."

"Perhaps your partner——"

"He's in Sheep Camp." The speaker laboriously loosened his pack and let it fall, then with stiff, clumsy fingers he undid the top buttons of his vest and, to Pierce's amazement, produced a large-calibered revolver, which he mechanically cocked and uncocked several times, the while his eyes remained hypnotically fixed upon the telltale streamer of smoke. Not only did his action appear to be totally uncalled for, but he himself had undergone a startling transformation, and Phillips was impelled to remonstrate:

"Here! What the deuce——?" he began.

"Listen to me!" The old man spoke in a queer, suppressed tone, and his eyes, when he turned them upon his fellow-packer, were even smokier than usual. "Somebody's up to a little thievin', most likely, and it looks like I had 'em red-handed. I've been layin' for this!"

Pierce divested himself of his pack harness, then said simply:

"If that's the case, I'll give you a hand."

"Better stand back," the other cautioned him. "I don't need any help—this is my line." The man's fatigue had fallen from him; of a sudden he had become surprisingly alert and forceful. He stole forward, making as little noise as possible, and Phillips followed at his back. They came to a pause within arm's length of the tent flaps which they noted were securely tied.

"Hello inside!" The owner spoke suddenly and with his free hand he jerked at one of the knots.

There came an answering exclamation, a movement, then the flaps were seized and firmly held.

"You can't come in!" cried a voice.

"Let go! Quick!" The old man's voice was harsh.

"You'll have to wait a minute. I'm undressed."

Phillips retreated a step, as did the other man. They stared at each other.

"A woman!" Pierce breathed.

"Lord!" The owner of the premises slowly, reluctantly, sheathed his weapon under his left arm.

"I invited myself in," the voice explained—it was a deep-pitched contralto voice. "I was wet and nobody offered to let me dry out, so I took possession of the first empty tent I came to. Is it yours?"

"It is—half of it. I'm mighty tired and I ain't particular how you look, so hurry up." As the two men returned for their loads the speaker went on irritably. "She's got her nerve! I s'pose she's one of these actresses. There's a bunch of 'em on the trail. Actresses!" He snorted derisively. "I bet she smells of cologne, and gosh, how I hate it!"

When he and Pierce returned they were admitted promptly enough, and any lingering suspicions of the trespasser's intent were instantly dissipated. The woman was clad in a short, damp underskirt which fell about to her knees; she had drawn on the only dry article of apparel in sight, a man's sweater jacket; she had thrust her bare feet into a pair of beaded moccasins; on a line attached to the ridgepole over her head sundry outer garments were steaming. Phillips's first thought was that this woman possessed the fairest, the whitest, skin he had ever seen: it was like milk. But his first impressions were confused, for embarrassment followed quickly upon his entrance and he felt an impulse to withdraw. The trespasser was not at all the sort of person he had expected to find, and her complete self-possession at the intrusion, her dignified greeting, left him not a little chagrined at his rudeness. She eyed both men coolly from a pair of ice-blue eyes—eyes that bespoke her nationality quite as plainly as did her features, her dazzling complexion and her head of fine, straight flaxen hair. She was Scandinavian, she was a Norsewoman, that much was instantly apparent. She appeared to derive a certain malicious pleasure now from the consternation her appearance evoked; there was a hint of contempt, of defiance, in her smile. In a voice so low-pitched that its quality alone saved it from masculinity, she said:

"Pray don't be distressed: you merely startled me, that's all. My Indians managed to get hold of some hootch at Tagish and upset our canoe just below here. It was windy and of course they couldn't swim—none of them can, you know—so I had hard work to save them. I've already explained how I happened to select this particular refuge. Your neighbors——" her lip curled disdainfully, then she shrugged. "Well, I never got such a reception as they gave me, but I suppose they're chechakos. I'll be off for Dyea early in the morning. If you can put me up for the night I'll pay you well."

During this speech, delivered in a matter-of-fact, business-like tone, the owner of the tent had managed to overcome his first surprise; he removed his hat now and began with an effort:

"I'm a bad hand at begging pardons, Miss, but you see I've been suffering the pangs of bereavement lately over some dear, departed grub. I thought you were a thief and I looked forward to the pleasure of seeing you dance. I apologize. Would you mind telling me where you came from?"

"From Dawson." There was a silence the while the flaxen-haired woman eyed her interrogator less disdainfully. "Yes, by poling-boat and birch-bark. I'm not fleeing the law; I'm not a cache robber."

"You're—all alone?"

The woman nodded. "Can you stow me away for the night? You may name your own price."

"The price won't cripple you. I'm sorry there ain't some more women here at Linderman, but—there ain't. We had one—a doctor's wife, but she's gone."

"I met her at Lake Marsh."

"We've a lot more coming, but they're not here. My name is Linton. The more or less Christian prefix thereto is Tom. I've got a partner named Jerry. Put the two together and drink hearty. This young man is Mr.——" The speaker turned questioningly upon Phillips who made himself known. "I'm a family man. Mr. Phillips is a—well, he's a good packer. That's all I know about him. I'm safe and sane, but he's about the right age to propose marriage to you as soon as he gets his breath. A pretty woman in this country has to expect that, as you probably know."

The woman smiled and shook hands with both men, exchanging a grip as firm and as strong as theirs. "I am the Countess Courteau," said she.

"The—which?" Mr. Linton queried with a start.

The Countess laughed frankly. "It is French, but I'm a Dane. I think my husband bought the title—they're cheap in his country. He was a poor sort of Count, and I'm a poor sort of Countess. But I'm a good cook—a very good cook indeed—and if you'll excuse my looks and permit me to wear your sweater I'll prepare supper."

Linton's eyes twinkled as he said: "I've never et with the nobility and I don't know as I'd like their diet, but—the baking-powder is in that box and we fry with bacon-grease."

Wood and water were handy, the Countess Courteau had a quick and capable way, therefore supper was not long delayed. The tent was not equipped for housekeeping; hence the diners held their plates in their laps and either harpooned their food from the frying-pan or ladled it from tin cans, but even so it had a flavor to-night so unaccustomed, so different, that both men grasped the poignant fact that the culinary art is mysteriously wedded to female hands. Mr. Linton voiced this thought in his own manner.

"If a Countess cooks like this," he observed, "I'd sure love to board with a Duke." Later, while the dishes were being washed and when his visitor had shown no intention of explaining her presence in further detail he said whimsically: "See here, ma'am, our young friend has been watching you like he was afraid you'd disappear before he gets an eyeful and it's plain to be seen that he's devoured by curiosity. As for me, I'm totally lacking in that miserable trait, and I abhor it in others; but all the same, if you don't see fit to tell us pretty quick how you came to pole up from Dawson, what in Heaven's name a woman like you is doing here alone and without benefit of chaperon, I shall pass away in dreadful agony."

"It's very simple," the Countess told him. "I have important business 'outside.' I couldn't go down the river, for the Yukon is low, the steamers are aground on the flats and connections at St. Michael's are uncertain at best. Naturally I came up against the stream. I've been working 'up-stream' all my life." She flashed him a smile at the latter statement. "As for a chaperon—I've never felt the need of one. Do you think they're necessary in this country?"

"Does your husband, Count——"

"My husband doesn't count. That's the trouble." The speaker laughed again and without the faintest trace of embarrassment. "He has been out of the picture for years." She turned to Phillips and inquired abruptly: "What is the packing price to Sheep Camp?"

"Fifty cents a pound, coming this way. Going back it is nothing," he told her gallantly.

"I haven't much to carry, but if you'll take it I'll pay you the regular price. I'd like to leave at daylight."

"You seem to be in a rush," Mr. Linton hazarded mildly.

"I am. Now then, if you don't mind, I'll turn in, for I must be in Dyea to-morrow night."

(To be Continued)

An Infringement of the Decalogue

(Continued from page 475)

"If you think that's the best thing," she told him, "then go."

He did think so, and he went. But the fortune at the end of the rainbow did not reveal itself to him. For four years he tramped up and down the world, returning home at intervals of six months—except for fifteen months in Africa—and bringing with him sufficient money to tide him over a month at home and to pay his fare overseas again. He had never any luck in his ventures. Once it was the mine in Ecuador, and once a banana plantation partnership in Colombia, and once a game capturing expedition in the Congo, but none of them came to anything, yet he never complained. He would come back with weird presents for his mother; spears and arrows from the Congo; a compressed human head from the waters of the Marañon; fifty aigret feathers from Colombia—he was arrested for attempting to smuggle these in, and it took the combined influence of fifty million dollars' worth of money to have him released on the ground that he was a harmless lunatic. Once he drove home in a taxi with a bawling macaw under one arm, while a small cheetah barked

and snarled at the end of a leash. There were tears in his mother's eyes when it was explained to him that an apartment was no place for them and that they would have to be sent to the Zoological Garden. She knew the trouble he had in bringing them to her, and the happiness he experienced in making her presents.

And every time he returned she watched him with continuously growing pride. He was only twenty-two now, but he had broadened and filled, and he might have been thirty, so self-reliant he seemed, and so firm and challenging was his eye. His face was tanned to the color of leather, and the huge hands had become clubs of brown sinew and muscle. She would have been furious had she heard the strictures of the friends to whom she introduced him so proudly.

"It's a shame," they said, "the way she works year in and out, while he rambles around the world like a rolling-stone. Why doesn't he make a home for her, and take her away from that wretched business!"

When they stood side by side they seemed like sister and brother. It would have been impossible for any one not aware of the facts to suppose them mother and son. She was forty now, and she looked not a day over thirty years old. Her black, massy hair shone as brightly as ever, and she was as lissom as she had ever been. The only difference was a certain maturity to her frame, and that look of patience and understanding in her great gray eyes. A miracle it was how little she had changed since the time she had fled to America with Bertrand Lacy.

"I can't understand how that woman does it!" Bahr, the advertising man, would complain. "I can't remember her different since the day she came to us. And here I am, old and bald and gray since."

Even the marriage with Lacy, the terrible year spent with him, had faded from her memory until it had taken on the proportions of some ancient, tragic romance she had read in a book. At first the thought of it had cut her to the heart, like a whip laid on a raw wound; then it had become a thing to wince at; then a painful memory that could be put aside, as a thing may be pushed out of the way into a drawer; then a dim, remote thing like an unhappy fairy-tale remembered from childhood.

SHE had been getting a little lonely of late, and after she passed her fortieth birthday, a week before, she had begun wondering what life would be like ten, or even twenty, years from now. She would cry a little in the evenings, for she knew she could not work forever, and she knew too that she could not expect her harum-scarum son to settle down, and marry, and have grandchildren she could unload her heart upon in her old age. He was not that kind, she knew. As soon think of changing a gerfalcon into a twittering pigeon, or a leopard to a house-cat. She did not blame him. Had she been a man she would have had exactly the same vision of life as he—a restless, roving one. There was no place for her to return to in Ireland—the entail of the estate was broken and the property had descended to a nephew. She had friends in New York, to be sure, but to impose on a friendship the burden of a restless, homeless woman of fifty was something she, with her sportsmanlike blood, could not do. For the first time in her life her seemingly indomitable courage failed her. It was then she met John Hunter—Colonel John Hunter—and she fell in love with him, and he with her.

It came on her in that sudden explosion with which all great things occur. It came like a soothing smother of rain on the arid land of her life—for, courageous as she had been, her life was arid, in spite of work, in spite of the sorry makeshifts of amusement and exercise. She had surmounted a great mountain, only to find that at its summit there was no welcoming asylum for her fall life, but only an icy and lonely peak, where cold winds blew eternally.

She was a big woman now, a power in business circles, but she had never forgotten the hobbies of her girlhood. She could still lift Hunter over a six-foot-six-inch gate, and she still thrilled to the intricacies of fine lace. An exhibition of Philippine industries was held somewhere on Forty-second Street and she went there to see the lace that had been brought over. She asked some technical questions of the little *mestiza* attendant. The girl, at a loss, appealed to a great bent figure of a man, who was selecting carefully some cigars.

"My name is Hunter, John Hunter," he explained embarrassedly. "If there's any way I can help."

And in this wise she met Colonel John Hunter—General now, of the Philippine Scouts. A gigantic frame of man, lean nearly to the point of emaciation; a great, sweeping line of jaw, with an embarrassedly smiling mouth; grizzled at the temples; great-nosed; with black eyes that seemed to pierce and to smile good-naturedly at the same time, and a tremendous embarrassment.

He has a long and honorable record, has John Hunter; in Cuba, in Porto Rico and the Philippines. He is very deadly in warfare and very kindly in peace, but the most marked characteristic about him was his shyness where women were concerned. He could never find anything to say to them, and he fidgeted so much in their company that they were as glad to be rid of him as he to get away. He was forty-five now, and unmarried, though it was not for lack of women who would have been glad to be wife to him had he been interested in them or had they been able to interest him.

"He's the decentest soul alive," they would sum him up wistfully, "but he's absolutely impossible," they were forced to concede.

There is a chemical affinity, which we can prove meticulously by the action of acids on salts, of gases on molten metal; by quantitative and qualitative analyses that leave no whit of doubt. There is a spiritual affinity, too, which we cannot prove, but which is evidenced by such occurrences as John Hunter, shyest of men, babbling over tea at the Ritz to Nan Lacy, most guarded of women, whom he had met a bare half-hour before—and she as conversationally enthusiastic as he. It was evidenced by her parting from him blushingly, having made an appointment to ride with him in the Park next morning; and by the cock of his head and the swing of his stride as he walked up the Avenue, and by the lightest expression of his heart he had experienced since he had received his first command. They rode together next morning and had lunch. They met the next day. A week whirled by in a vortex, and the end naturally came.

It came in at the most unromantic of places at the most unromantic of times. It came while sitting on a bench in Central Park on a Saturday afternoon. Beside them horses clumped painfully along the bridle path, their mouths sawed by clumsy riders. Nearby, motors snarled past with a raucous barking of horns. A few urchins chased each other loudly about. Hunter moved his head away.

"There's something I wanted to say," he announced haltingly. He stopped for a few instants. "There's something I wanted to say, and I don't know how to put it. I had it all worked out a while ago."

He stopped again, and said nothing. He glared at the ground fixedly.

"You see," he went on lamely, "I've never been married. . . ."

He felt a wild panic then, as if he wanted to rise up and flee away. He summoned up enough courage to look at her face, to see if she were shocked, insulted, hurt. She was smiling at him tenderly and her eyes were full of tears.

There was no wild embrace in the middle of the public park. There was no torrent of love-making. He simply put his hand and took hers, and patted it gently. Thus they were affianced.

There were two fears before her: one was the husband unheard from for twenty-two years. She was certain he was dead, but it seemed wrong to contract a marriage with another man while there was this uncertainty.

"I know he's dead!" she told Hunter, "but somehow I——"

"I understand," the soldier told her. "You don't feel a widow. At any rate he's legally dead, and you're free. We can get out the legal papers."

So that was settled. But something that disturbed her more was the attitude her son might adopt to the marriage. She felt toward him as she might have felt toward a parent whose consent she was uncertain of, a great shyness, a modesty, a sort of unreasonable fear. Very timidly in a dimmed light, she told him about it. He listened to her, and when he raised his face, he saw her features glowing, and the minute, gem-like dimness in her eyes.

"It doesn't sound sportsmanlike to say it," she faltered, "but your father, lad——"

She got no further. For the first time in her life she saw his temper rise like a storm. His jaw set. His eyes flamed. The veins stood out on his forehead like the tissue of leaves.

In extending to the Southern Pacific Company, under the terms of the Panama Canal Act, the privilege of retaining the ownership and operation of the Morgan Line,

The
Interstate Commerce Commission said:

"Many disinterested witnesses, who have had years of familiarity with transportation conditions, expressed the conviction that a severance of the Morgan Line from the Southern Pacific Company would be a calamity."

The above refers to the Steamship Service of the

"MORGAN LINE"

OPERATING BETWEEN
NEW YORK AND NEW ORLEANS
NEW YORK AND GALVESTON

FORMING A PART OF THE

SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES

Through Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Oregon

SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES

Polish Mirrors with *3-in-One Oil*

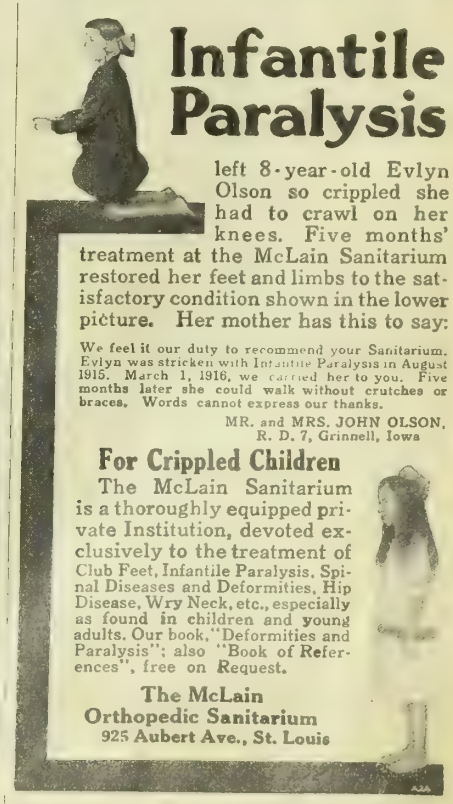
Just a few drops in the wash water will clean perfectly. Then a dry cloth will polish beautifully. Do the same with windows and cut glass. 3-in-One is a highly refined, specially compounded oil without greasy qualities. It *cleans* while it polishes.

Use on the frames of mirrors as well as on the glass. Use on all fine woods and on hardwood or parquet floors. Leaves no disagreeable smell and no residue to soil the hands.

At all stores: In bottles, 15c, 25c and 50c. In Handy Oil Cans, 25c.

FREE—If you are not upon 3 in-One, send for free sample and Dictionary of Uses.

Three-in-One Oil Co., 165CDW. Broadway, N. Y.



Infantile Paralysis

left 8-year-old Evlyn Olson so crippled she had to crawl on her knees. Five months' treatment at the McLain Sanitarium restored her feet and limbs to the satisfactory condition shown in the lower picture. Her mother has this to say:

We feel it our duty to recommend your Sanitarium. Evlyn was stricken with Infantile Paralysis in August 1915. March 1, 1916, we carried her to you. Five months later she could walk without crutches or braces. Words cannot express our thanks.

MR. and MRS. JOHN OLSON,
R. D. 7, Grinnell, Iowa

For Crippled Children

The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private Institution, devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Deformities, Hip Disease, Wry Neck, etc., especially as found in children and young adults. Our book, "Deformities and Paralysis"; also "Book of References", free on Request.

The McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium
925 Aubert Ave., St. Louis



HUMP Hair Pins

5 Sizes-5¢ and 10¢ Everywhere

HUMP HAIR PIN MFG. CO.
SOL. H GOLDBERG PRES. CHICAGO



Beauty, Practicability and Appropriateness are happily combined in

BISSELL'S

CARPET SWEEPER or **VACUUM SWEEPER**

making them popular as Christmas presents everywhere.

Either Bissell makes a sensible, suitable gift that will be thoroughly appreciated during the years of daily comfort and convenience resulting from their use—runs and empties easily, works thoroughly and confines the dust. Models from the plainly practical to the most ornate in design and finish. Every woman wants an extra sweeper for upstairs.

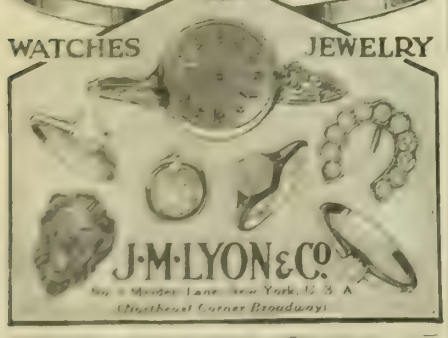
Bissell "Cyco" Ball-Bearing Carpet Sweepers are $3.25 to $6.25; Vacuum Sweepers $6.00 to $12.50—depending on style and locality.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.
Oldest and Largest Sweeper Makers
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Made in Canada, too.

Terms as low as $1 a month

Charge accounts opened with any honest person on very liberal terms. No security required. Goods sent prepaid to your bank or express subject to examination and approval. If not perfectly satisfied do not accept them. We have been established since 1843 and have thousands of satisfied customers. Write for our catalog No. 14 showing full line of fine Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry. Sent free.

DIAMONDS



J·M·LYON & Co.
Broadway at Maiden Lane New York, U. S. A.
(Northeast Corner Broadway)

GOV'T JOBS



MEN WANTED!

Wanted: An Idea

"I know," his voice had the menacing rumble of thunder. "I know all about it. I know how he married you and lured you off in the hope of getting the Galway estate. I know how he pawned everything you had—stole your last few cents—left you with a child a month old—to make your own living or to go to hell—for all he cared—I know what you've been through—and by——!"

"Norman!" she nearly shrieked. "Norman!"

"And by heavens!" he continued mercilessly. His voice now cut like the sharp edge of a sword. "If he were alive now, and standing before me, for the wrongs he has done you, and the score of years of unhappiness he has given you, I would——"

"Norman!" she called faintly. He turned about and saw her. Her face had gone gray and she was trembling. By a terrible effort of will he controlled himself.

"Let's say no more!" he snapped.

He went over and, putting his arm about her, kissed her silently, unadroitly. Then he straightened up, and his voice was gruff, as though he were ashamed of giving way.

"I think I'll take a little stroll," he said.

She smiled to herself, for she knew well where he was going on his stroll. He was going out to call on Colonel Hunter, and to size him up, as the lad's saying was. It warmed her heart to feel that she had him looking after her, even if it took the form of that frenzied outburst to which he had just given way. She went singing about the apartment until he returned, stopping at times to try and guess what he would say. A couple of words. That would be all. Something like "It's all right!" or "Go ahead!"

HE looked across the dingy table in the back room of the saloon at the gray-haired, furtive man in front of him. Detail by detail he went over the man's appearance, the livid skin and manner of speaking with half-closed lips, which denoted the man had known jails; the furtive, cowardly, and over-wise look in the eyes, that told of evil learned and done; the shabby but well-brushed clothes, the last stand of the old dandy.

"So you're dad!" he said acidly.

"Yes, I'm your dad," the old man agreed nervously.

"So you thought you'd look us up, dad," the son went on. "Why didn't you do it before?"

"I thought you were all dead," Bertrand Lacy explained nervously. "It was only when I saw that article about your mother in the paper—how successful she had been, and how she was going to marry this colonel—that I knew she was alive. I found out where she was from the people in New York, and I came on."

They had come down for a few weeks to a little New England watering-place, Nan Lacy and John Hunter, and Norman came also with them, by way of a chaperon. They had not been married yet, and they were not to be for a month. This was not to be a hole-in-the-corner affair like her first venture, Hunter had decided in his generous way. She was to have everything she missed then, and more—a reverend cleric and a crowded church, an organ reverberating through the chancel, ushers in dress-uniform. She blushed a little at this, and was embarrassed by it, but the maiden that was in the heart of her looked forward to it joyously.

And so her son, who was more at home in any other line of endeavor, found himself in the profession of chaperon. To his credit or discredit, as the case may be, he was lax in the performance of his duties, leaving them severely alone while they went riding or walking. It was due to this that he had been in the hotel when the furtive man was making inquiries about his mother. He discovered him trying to extract some information from the porter of the hotel. Some intuitive sense of danger warned him.

"Mr. Lacy is out," he went forward and told him, "but I am Norman Lacy, her son, and if there is anything I can do for you——"

He had steered the furtive man into a quiet saloon, and had listened expressionless to the information that his companion was his own father.

"And now that you are back to us," the son went on warily, "this wedding is off?"

"I don't know," the father sparred. He looked sideways at the boy. "It seems a pity."

"Come through!" The son had dropped his casual manner and his voice grated with menace. "That's enough. What do you want?"

"I've got my rights," the father laughed.

"You've got no rights," the son retorted hotly. "You're legally dead."

The elder Lacy smiled. Of all the subtle weapons that Satan had placed in his hand the subtlest of all was his understanding of women. He might be legally dead. He might be a scoundrel and a blackguard. But he knew that Nan Lacy would marry no man if she were confronted with her first husband. He knew that to marry Hunter, and he about, would appear to her a monstrous immodesty, a thing that she would shrink from as the blackest of mortal sins. Even her own high sense of chastity he would turn against her as a weapon. He knew women well. And the son glimpsed something of the danger in which his mother's happiness stood from that mocking smile.

"Well?" he snapped. "What is it? What do you want? Money?"

The older man was on sure ground now. His nervousness had worn off. The only fear he had had was of the preliminary introduction, of his being laughed at as an impostor, of not being recognized.

"Yes, you pup!" he answered boldly. "That's what I want, and that's what I'm going to get, and get quick. And I want a lot of it. I want five thousand."

"I haven't got it," the son answered. "It's out of the question."

"If you haven't got it, your mother has, and you can get it from her, or you and her new friend can fix it up between you. I don't care what you do. But I'm going to get it."

The son rose in a passion of fury, but his four years in the jungle had taught him something. It had taught him the value of cunning as well as the value of strength. To strike the man now would be as dangerous as to strike a fanged snake. He was beaten from the outset. That was definite.

"I'll give you until to-morrow at this hour," the father dictated, "and if it isn't fixed—then blooey! Understand? Now go home and have a family party. Regards from pop!"

The son rose and went off. At the door he turned.

"Until to-morrow!" he said quietly, "and if, in the meantime, you dare speak to my mother, or to Colonel Hunter, then heaven help you! That's all!"

IT occurred to him throughout the day a couple of times with a sense of ridiculousness that in all his life he had never thought as much as in those ten hours. What could he do? he asked himself in panic. Should he go to the colonel and tell him everything? The man would understand. That was a last resort. He had friends in New York, rich men, men he had met abroad, who might help. Might, he repeated to himself. What could he do? He would give his right hand, his right eye, his life even, to preserve that look of happinesss on his mother's face.

He had been lax in his duties as chaperon until now, but to-day he never let them out of his sight for an instant. He had a vague dread that his mother should meet the man in the street, or that the father himself, in his impatience to make a killing, should disclose himself to Hunter. From noon until ten at night he thrust himself upon them. Even when, at that hour, they decided to stroll down the pier, he insisted upon walking along with them.

They walked down the street and on to the deserted quay. There was the cold quality of a May night in the air, and no moon. Outside the circles of light cast by the dim street lamps was a purple darkness like velvet, like some sort of opaque liquid through which one walked. They passed a garish picture-house, with its posters of black and red. They skirted a ship-building yard, the white population of whose slips were invisible in the dark. Their feet struck hollowly on the wooden logs of the pier, and they passed along slowly through the black air toward the violet nimbus of the great incandescent light in the middle of the pier. To the right of them the harbor lay, the minute lights of the opposite shore mirrored faintly on its surface. To the right of them a great wooded country rose, and there was a faint shush to the boughs of the trees as a quiet and unseen wind moved them. The tide was emptying out of the harbor into the ocean with the strength and rapidity of water flowing through a funnel. It swished past the supports of the pier and gurgled faintly in minute whirlpools.

The colonel and Nan Lacy stopped under the bluish shower of incandescent light and gazed silently across the dark space. The son looked vacantly over the waters in accord with them. He was standing lazily, his hands in his pockets, when he stiffened into attention suddenly, like a bird-dog pointing. His ear had caught the shuffle of careful footsteps, and as he threw his head around to catch a glimpse of the passer-by, he saw a furtive, rapid figure slip into the shadow past them.

"Hum!" he said to himself. He had recognized his father. So the man was stalking them. He was afraid, perhaps, that the son would have bundled the party off to some other place and have the wedding celebrated before he could act. He was taking no chances on that. He was as much on guard as his son was.

The boy turned to his mother.

"I think I'll stroll to the end of the dock," he said.

"Be careful," she warned him, "be careful, Norman. It's pitch dark."

"Oh, I'll be all right," he laughed. He made his way down the pier surefootedly through the darkness until he came to the crouching figure in the shadows.

"I want to have this thing out," he whispered. "Come along with me."

He walked along until they came to the end of the pier, picking out his steps with the certainty of a cat in the dark. His father followed him haltingly. He stopped at the edge and turned on the man.

"So you've been following them about all day!" he sneered. "Probably telling your business to everybody too!"

"No such fool," his father laughed. "Nobody knows my business and nobody knows I'm following you around. Well, did you get that money?"

"I didn't get that money," the boy told him, "and what's more, I'm not going to get it. Now listen to me. Your game's up. There's nothing you can get out of us. You're lucky you're not in jail for blackmail. One word to you: you'd better clear."

There was an instant's silence. The faint invisible wind continued to rustle tree branches in a harmonious, swinging minor, and the outgoing tide swirled against the pier supports and choked in the little whirlpools. There was an unpleasant, dangerous laugh from the elder man, a laugh that came out of nowhere seemingly, and that had in it something of a dog's snarl.

"So that's the lay, eh?" he sneered. "Well, you've got something coming to all of you. I'll give you scandal if you like. I'll put the lid on this little party."

The boy could sense his arm stretched vaguely out. A note of invidious rage crept into the man's hoarse whisper.

"Here I am. There's my wife, up there—" he was pointing to the figures beneath the arc light—"snuggling into another man's side, and planning to marry him, the shameless——"

"You had better clear," the son warned.

"Clear!" Again the laugh came. "I'm going right up there and take a hand in the game. I'm going to get my rights."

"I'll give you a chance," the son said grimly. "Will you get out and stay out?"

"I'll show them," the father was getting bitter. "I'll have my rights."

"Once again: Will you keep out?"

The father had come around in front of the son, between him and the water. He looked at the boy. Dimly, from looking at each other, they could see each other's features in the pitch dark.

"No!" he said. "I'm going to face them. I'll have my rights. I want justice!"

"Justice!" his son repeated.

"Yes, justice!"

"Very well," the boy said calmly. He balanced himself easily on his feet, and pushed out his left arm as a range-finder. He drew back his sledgehammer right hand. "God forgive you," he muttered, and he drove it home.

He heard the dull thudding crack as it reached the jaw, and the heavy splash that followed it. He stood alone on the pierhead for a minute, listening for other sounds, but all that came to his ears was the restless movement of the pine-trees and the rush of hurrying water.

He turned and sauntered up the pier easily. His mother was looking for him anxiously.

"I was afraid," she said. "I heard a splash."

"It wasn't I," he laughed. "Probably some fish or other."

He stood and looked at the pair of them.

"Listen," he said quizzically. "I've been playing chaperon all day, and I'm a bit tired of it. I'm going off to shoot a game of pool. Good night."

His mother's eyes sparkled with pride as she watched his loose, swinging stride, and Hunter's dimmed a little as he watched her. "She cares so much for him," the soldier thought. "I wonder does he appre

Merry Christmas

(*Concluded from page 479*)

"Ah!" said Father Christmas, almost gayly, "children in the house!"

"One," I answered, "the sweetest boy in all the world."

"I'll be bound he is!" said Father Christmas, and he broke now into a merry laugh that did one's heart good to hear. "They all are! Lord bless me! The number that I have seen, and each and every one—and quite right, too—the sweetest child in all the world! And how old, do you say? Two and a half all but two months except a week? The very sweetest age of all, I'll bet you say, eh, what? They all do!"

And the old man broke again into such a jolly chuckling of laughter that his snow-white locks shook upon his head.

"But stop a bit," he added. "This horse is broken—tut, tut,—a hind leg nearly off. This won't do!"

He had the toy in his lap in a moment, mending it. It was wonderful to see, for all his age, how deft his fingers were.

"Time," he said, and it was amusing to note that his voice had assumed almost an authoritative tone, "reach me that piece of string. That's right. Here, hold your finger across the knot. There! Now, then, a bit of beeswax. What? No beeswax? Tut, tut, how ill-supplied your houses are to-day. How can you mend toys, sir, without bees wax? Still, it will stand up now."

I tried to murmur my best thanks. But Father Christmas waved my gratitude aside.

"Nonsense," he said, "that's nothing. That's my life. Perhaps the little boy would like a book, too. I have them here in the packet. Here, sir, Jack and the Beanstalk, a most profound thing. I read it to myself often still. How damp it is! Pray, sir, will you let me dry my books before your fire?"

"Only too willingly," I said. "How wet and torn they are!"

He stood bowed over his little books, his hands trembling as he turned the pages. Then he looked up, the old fear upon his face again.

"That sound! he said. "Listen! It is guns—I hear them!"

"No, no," I said, "it is nothing. Only a car passing in the street below."

"Listen," he said. "Hear that again—voices crying!"

"No, no," I answered, "not voices, only the night wind among the trees."

"My children's voices!" he exclaimed. "I hear them everywhere—they come to me in every wind—and I see them as I wander in the night and storm—my children—torn and dying in the trenches—beaten into the ground—I hear them crying from the hospitals—each one to me, still, as I knew him once, a little child. Time, Time," he cried, reaching out his arms in appeal," give me back my children!"

"You see?" said Time. "His heart is breaking, and will you not help him if you can?"

"Only too gladly," I replied. "But what is there to do?"

"This," said Father Time, "listen."

He stood before me, grave and solemn, a shadowy figure but half seen though he was close beside me. The firelight had died down, and through the curtained windows there came already the first streaks of dawn.

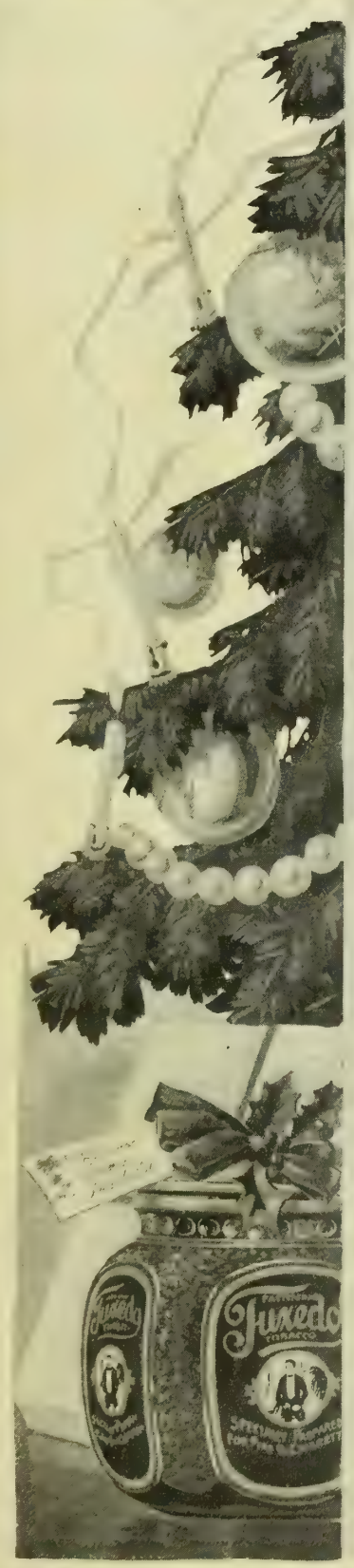
"The world that once you knew," said Father Time, "seems broken and destroyed about you. You must not let them know—the children. The cruelty and the horror and the hate that racks the world to-day—keep it from them. Some day he will know"—there Time pointed to the kneeling form of Father Christmas—"that his children, that once were, have not died in vain: that from their sacrifice shall come a nobler, better world for all to live in, a world where countless hap y children shall hold bright their memory forever. But for the children of To-day, save and spare them all you can from the evil hate and horror of the war. Later they will know and understand. Not yet. Give them back their Merry Christmas and its kind thoughts, and its Christmas charity, till later on there shall be with it again Peace upon Earth, Good Will toward Men."

His voice ceased. It seemed to vanish, as it were, in the sighing of the wind.

I looked up. Father Time and Christmas had vanished from the room. The fire was low and the day was breaking visibly outside.

"Let us begin," I murmured. "I will mend this broken horse."





HOW do you know you're going to have a Tree?

"Your Nose Knows"

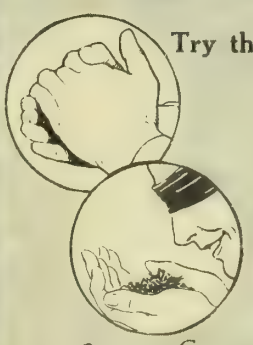
By the spicy balsam *fragrance* that fills the house. What hearty cheer it proclaims. You just know it's Christmas. No fooling you on that fragrance! Nor can anyone deceive you either on a fine tobacco whose appealing *fragrance* proclaims purity, for—"Your Nose Knows."

There is merry Christmas cheer in the *pure fragrance* of

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

The rich, ripe Burley leaves of which Tuxedo is made store the sunshine of the Blue Grass region of old Kentucky and bring cheer and satisfaction to you with every smoke—"Your Nose Knows."



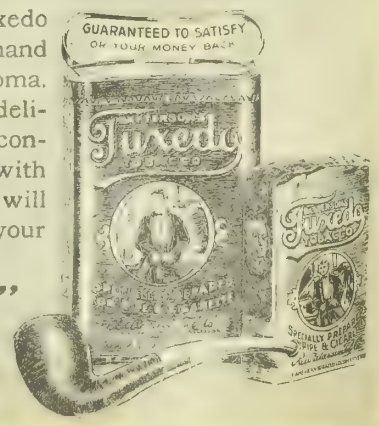
Try this Test:—Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious, *pure fragrance* will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment—

"Your Nose Knows"

Guaranteed by

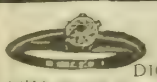
The American Tobacco Co

INCORPORATED

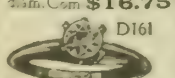




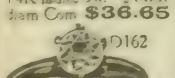
GENUINE DIAMONDS $70 PER CARAT
FROM THE DIAMOND CUTTERS DIRECT TO YOU BY MAIL AT DIAMOND CUTTER'S PRICES



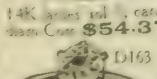
D160 14K ladies' sol. ½ carat diam. Cem $16.75



D161 14K ladies sol. ¾ carat diam. Cem $36.65



D162 14K ladies sol. 1 carat diam. Cem $54.37



D163 14K ladies sol. 1 carat diam. Cem $71.87

FREE EXAMINATION
Choose any article in this ad or our catalog and we will ship it prepaid to your bank or express office for your examination and approval. No obligation.

MONEY BACK IN FULL
Anytime Within One Year
Our ironclad guarantee gives you the right to return the diamond anytime within one year, and we will give you back the full price you paid, without even one cent being deducted.

1918 CATALOG FREE
248 pages of remarkable values in Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, etc., offering you a wealth of Christmas gift suggestions. Write for it NOW—it's FREE.

FREE!

I. PRESS & SONS
Importers & Cutters of Diamonds
899-C Chestnut St. Philadelphia, Pa.

FRENCH MILITARY CONVERSATION
Military Language-Phone Method
Spanish, French, Italian, German
LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD
And Rosenthal's Practical Linguistry
If a native professor pronounces each word, over and over, until you and your friends can use it. Our
for Military circular, Booklet and
Ideal Xmas Gift
THE LANGUAGE PHONE METHOD

Save Magazine Money
J. M. Hanson-Bennett Magazine Agency
amazingly low prices,
1918 Catalog periodicals 3,000 club offers, is a money-saving revelation. Send us
free.
Agents Wanted Write for full particulars
J. M. Hanson-Bennett Magazine Agency
107 Brooks Bldg. CHICAGO, ILL.

THE NINETEEN GUNS

(Continued from page 448)

the sun had knocked off work and the moon was playing sentinel. The moon also had turned in before the tripod of the cannon had been repaired, bolted to the bolted ties and reinforced with concrete.

Then the eight-hundred-and-sixty-five-pound cannon was lifted by gentle, if not loving, hands and set in position. Having toiled from 2 P.M. to 3 A.M. the score of braves with somewhat diminished patriotism had nothing further to do until reveillé (5 A.M.) but rest upon their luxurious bed-sacks filled with new-mown hay and fragrant briars.

The Major was a trifle groggy but still capable of hope. The cannon was all ready for firing. It lacked nothing but something to fire. He rebuked himself for an unworthy foreboding that the ammunition would never arrive. He was not a superstitious man, and yet he had found that womanly intuitions of a despondent nature often turned out to be uncannily accurate.

But he went to his tent in the serene consciousness of duty fully done, which is one of the least serene of all the serenities. He peeled off his clothes and let the things fall where they might. It seemed to him that his nether ear had hardly rested on the bunch of blanket that served for a pillow five minutes when all the bugles in the world broke loose.

IF the Governor could have seen those soldiers, and heard them, he would never have envied them their uniforms, for the uniforms of this day have more buttons and buckles than the most complicated ballgown ever hooked-and-eyed upon a belle by an expert maid.

Major Bodine did not keep a maid. In his bleary hurry he decided not to wear his boots and spurs, so he put on his shoes, laced them, and put on his puttees and buckled them. Then he reached for his breeches with their air-tight knees. As he well knew when his mind was in repose, it was impossible to get into the breeches except in his sock feet, so he unstrapped his puttees and unlaced and removed his shoes. Then and only then could he thrust into his breeches. He buttoned the two dozen little buttons down the side of the knees, reëntered his shoes and puttees, and was all dressed except for fastening up his breeches and his belt, buttoning up his shirt and his blouse and the pockets on his blouse and persuading the hooks on his collar into the eyes thereon; buckling on his belt and strapping his revolver to his thigh. It is a grand uniform for a surprise attack.

The Major postponed the details of his shave and showerbath and hurried down to the railroad siding to see if the ammunition had been dropped off the train that passed through at four-thirty A.M. It had not. He waited to see if it should come in the five-thirty-five which stopped at the military station to discharge passengers and guns. It did not.

Major Bodine vibrated between the field telephone and the siding till he forgot several times whether he was going or coming. While waiting with his ear to the telephone, and while waiting with his eye up the track, he had abundant time for meditating what to do in the highly probable event of the ammunition's failure to appear. Up to yet he had not succeeded in imagining a substitute for a saluting cannon.

As he was talking on the telephone to a distant railroad junction where he thought that his ammunition might have been side-tracked, he heard a number of dull thuds.

"What's those?" he asked the remote station-agent.

"They're lettin' off the mornin' blasht on the river," said the station-agent's voice.

"The morning blasts?" the Major parroted. "Oh, I see. I'm very much obliged to the blast-master."

The Major darted away to borrow the chaplain's little F——d car. If he were going to heaven he would like to go up in the chaplain's car. He did not tell the chaplain his errand. He did not like to worry the dear man. But he went speeding toward the nearest town, which was Wayland. The zinc chariot was guided by a young man who had the enviable job of being chaplain's orderly. By being good and neat he escaped drills, details, work, sentry duty, and all the other disagreeable features of the soldier's lot, and the girls who saw the uniform did not know that he was only a kind of choir-boy.

In Wayland, Major Bodine's queries brought him the information that an Italian known to fame as Mike Kelly was the best blast-master. He found him with some difficulty, and with more difficulty persuaded him to come over and render the salute. It took some time to secure nineteen sticks of dynamite that had no other engagement but eventually the little car turned campward with its new passenger. Mike held a plunger battery between his knees. The Major nursed a large coil of insulated wire. The nineteen sticks of annihilation lay in the bottom of the car threatening to translate the Major and Mike and the chauffeur and the little car into mincement at the first bump.

There were many heart-stopping bumps, but the dynamite failed to explode. Major Bodine was almost disappointed at this because it might indicate that the dynamite was at fault. Dynamite that would not blow up when it was not wanted might not blow up when it was.

They reached the knoll selected for the salute without a casualty. In the meanwhile, Major Bodine had figured it all out. He wanted the cannoneers to seem to be working without working. He had installed the cannon and tripod on the crest of a bit of highish ground where the gun crew would form a dramatic silhouette against the sky. With the aid of a detail, under Mike's orders, nineteen wires were spread out in fan shape from the battery and a stick of dynamite was attached at the end of each wire.

While Mike was preparing this little private Fourth of July, the Major was speeding to the railroad siding in one last search for the missing ammunition. It had not arrived. The Major had an object-lesson in the gambling luck that makes victories and disasters in battle. Russian generals had been frustrated of their due immortality by just such slips between the gun and the shell.

The "makings" from Quassapaug reached Camp Braisted ten days later, and by that time Major Bodine was also on his way South to join the State's troops in the vast melting-pot of the National Army. Heaven only knows how many lives those shells saved by not arriving.

All this time the Colonel of the artillery *né* cavalry had been holding rehearsals in the loading and firing of the cannon. The mistakes his men made were positively ingenious in their perversity. The differences between a curry-comb for polishing off a horse and a swabber for removing the fouling of a gun were fundamental. Their techniques had no similarity whatever.

The Major, who knew everything, took the Colonel aside and deferentially explained his errors. The Colonel blushed and returning to his misguided men roared at them with withering contempt for the blunders he had so carefully taught them.

The Major watched the revised instructions from a distance and thanked heaven that the Governor was a layman and not an artillerist.

And now the signal-corps man on the distant hill began to wigwag violently. He spelled his message all wrong, but the man who relayed it from the nearer hill read it wrong anyway and relayed it still wronger. They were sad wigwags. But it made no vital difference, since there was only one signal expected. "The Governor is on the way."

The camp broke into the confusion of a household carefully preparing to be surprised by a surprise party of which it has long been forewarned.

The Officer of the Day ran to the Commander of the Guard and upset him with a few bits of gratuitous advice. He in his turn scattered the wits of the Sergeant of the Guard and he those of the Corporal of the Relief on post, who yelled at his panic-stricken men who proceeded to fall in before they were told to, and were fallen out with much difficulty.

It was the desire of the Camp Commander that the Governor should seem to arrive unexpectedly. The guard-tent commanded a long road and lynx eyes watched it for the first sight of the Governor's car.

At length the first of the royal motors pushed its nose into the vista, and the play began. Everybody had stage fright, the General, the Colonel the Major and every sentinel along the road. The Officer of the Day noted that the first of the sentries failed to halt at the proper distance and forgot to salute the Commander-in-Chief with more than a gape of wonder.

Sentinel Number One with a broken voice forgot his lines and shouted "Guard out the turn, Governor of the Day." Everybody yelled "Fall in!" Everybody fell in out of place, jostled, trampled, swore at and was sworn at. The correction of the line was largely a matter of the laying on of hands.

The line was not nearly ready when the Governor reached the fatal point, but fortunately his chauffeur had stage-fright also and ran into a fence-post as he turned the car. He backed into the Adjutant-General's car and there was informality enough to smother the wrong commands that were given and fortunately disobeyed.

By the time the Governor's car was ready to make a proper entry, the Guard had been aligned by the Sergeant and presented to the Commander of the Guard who found himself one pace in front of the right instead of two paces in front of the center and tried to steal into place by furtive advances and sidesteps. He blushed like a ninny but everybody had his own shame and rage.

It is inconceivable to anyone who has not lived through these petty ceremonies how terrifying and mortifying they are to all concerned.

The Commander of the Guard waited and watched the backing and filling of the Governor's car. It came into camp at last over an odious bump with a ridiculous jounce of the Governor, the Governess, the Military Secretary and the Governor's eldest daughter. They went up into the air and came down again and nobody could see how prettily the Commander of the Guard faced about, commanded "Present, Hoomps!" faced about and saluted, faced about and commanded "Order, Hoomps" and faced about and stood at attention.

He was a trifle dizzy from so many face-abouts and he was not sure whether the Governor had returned the salute or only grabbed at his soaring silk hat.

But all ears were caught now with the thunder of the first of Major Bodine's gunless salutes. The entire camp jumped and the ground quivered.

When the Governess had recovered from her terror and her surprise at finding herself still alive, she seized her husband and shouted domestically:

"Oh, look, honey! Looky up there!"

The Governor craned his neck and saw on the brow of the hill a noble spectacle. Against the blinding sun the dark figures of fearless men, like bronze in action, swabbed and loaded a bulking black cannon. It was like one of the melodramatic groups one sees on the horrible wholesale monuments that every city puts up to commemorate all its Civil War heroes at once.

On the air thick smoke whirled and writhed in a black colic. The field music agitated the atmosphere with flourish of bugles and ruffle of drums.

It was thrilling, wonderful. The Governess was so exalted that she pinched the Governor's arm and chortled:

"Now! Uh-huh! and what do you think of that!"

"!!!!! !!!! !!!! !!! . . ."

The Governor thought it was superb, well worth living for. He thought of the obscurity he had conquered. If only his mother could——

ANOTHER blast with a diminishing echo from hill to hill that had a shocking resemblance to a barrel of coal bouncing downstairs. More hurrah of bugles, more snarling of drums. More smoke, more cannon-swabbing.

The Governess tried not to squeal in her childish ecstasy. The Governor tried to look merely gracious and as undismayed as if he had cannon for breakfast every morning.

He bowed and smiled and bowed and smiled. Civilians and loose soldiers cheered as the picturesque gunners laundered and manicured the cannon, inspected the breech, brought up a fresh bag of imaginary ammunition, loaded it, and stood to attention.

Over the hillside Mike kept his eye on the Major, the cannoneer kept his eye on the

artillery officer. When Major Bodine lifted his hand the artillery officer shouted "Fire!" Mike plunged the plunger and another stick of dynamite bit the dust.

According to regulations, when there is only one gun to fire the salute, the intervals must be at least ten seconds. The Major allowed himself more time. There were complications. Some of the sticks balked and had to be coaxed. The plunger did not always work, and now and then the cannoneer fired the gun without a sound resulting and now and then the cannoneer did not fire till after the explosion.

But these anachronisms did not attract attention. It was everybody's first salute of the sort and nobody knew enough to criticize or even to wonder.

Long before the nineteen guns with their intervals were fired the Governor had grown so used to the shocks that he did not have to mimic complacency—the Governess's head began to ache. Nothing could proceed till the whole show was over. It was rather stupid, noisy, smelly.

Rapture dwindled to delight, thence to gratification, thence to something merely so-so; tolerable amenity fermented to bitter sweet; it was a nuisance, an infliction, an affliation, a torture, an insanity. Then it became something customary, expected. Gradually the Governor and his wife grew to like it again. They became addicted to detonation.

The evolution of a strange sensation into a habit was accomplished in one condensed experience.

The cannoneers sickened of their pantomime. The army fell into conversation. Only the Major and Mike regarded each salutation with anxiety. What if one of the sticks should fail to speak. The Governor would be insulted. It would amount to what the Major called "Liz Majesty."

At last, however, the thing was done, the last boom banged, and the Major hurried down to join the Governor and receive the credit which the Brigadier in Command of the Camp was generous enough to give him.

The Major was presented to the Governor and the Brigadier explained a little—only a little—of the pains that Major Bodine had taken to secure the cannon from Ossawatomie and the shells from Quassapaug.

The Governor was gracious and presented the Major to his wife, saying:

"My dear, you must thank Major Moline; for after all you are the one that the salute was for."

The Governess, with that tact which statesmen's wives must acquire if politicians are to be accepted as statesmen, put out her pretty hand across the motor-door and grasped the Major's proud palm.

"I do thank you, indeed, Major Poteen," she purred. "I never saw anything more beautiful than those brave fellows firing that gun. I just loved it!"

"I'm glad you were pleased," the Major said, trying to get back his hand without violence. But the Governess held on to it; her appetite for warlike racket had grown from the thing it fed on.

"I want to ask you another favor, Major Codine," she wheedled.

"Delighted," said the Major dangling awkwardly from his hand.

"As I understand it, when an officer is saluted he must always return the salute. "Isn't that so?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the Major. "That's what the Book says." The book to the Major was the Scriptures, the Law and the Prophets.

"Well, then," the Governess went on deploying her most irresistible smile, "the Governor," the Governor's wife went on, "must return the salute he has just had. We never thought to bring along a cannon, so—would you please go back and ask those darling cannonists, or whatever you call them, to shoot nineteen more salutes? Just to oblige the Governor, you know—would you please?"

The Major would have fainted if the Book had told him how. There were exact regulations and minute directions for the exact methods of kneeling, lying down, and rising, but not a word about swooning.

"No, ma'am!" said the Major.

On the way back to the Capital, the Governor's wife said: "That Major Nobean, or whatever his name was, is an awfully unobliging man. If it hadn't been for that wretch it would have been a very pleasant day."

NEW RUSSIA IN THE MAKING

(*Continued from page 462*)

and when the Republic gets into full swing and the people have time to get things into the shape they desire I don't believe they will ever vote vodka back again. The women are dead against it, and bear in mind the women will vote. That's one thing. But even if there were only male suffrage I don't believe you could get up any enthusiasm for old Papa Vodka. He has blinked his last blink in Russia.

They don't drink beer in its place nor light wines. There is no native wine except some of high price and exquisite quality that is made in the Crimea, and as for beer, that was bowled out with the Rum Fiend. In place of these the favorite beverage is *kevass*, a beverage often extremely good and made from rye bread. It looks something like light beer but usually is without alcohol. There isn't any punch in *kevass*, but anyway a man doesn't go home and beat up the folks after he has been drinking it; that's one consolation.

Of course you can find all manner of fault with the peasant if you wish to; there is material enough. It is true that he isn't keen for fresh air. The temperature in winter may sink as low as 60° or 70° below zero and he doesn't yearn for much of it. Every window in his log house is double; the cracks all around it are conscientiously caulked with a vegetable fiber like wool. In some windows is a small hinged pane that can be opened, but seldom is. The logs in the walls are trimmed down much closer than in any log house we know, and the surfaces are trued until they seem to fit perfectly, but even this bare chance of a crack is caulked and plastered. The door is heavy, tightly fitted and seldom opened. If a breath of fresh air gets into that house it must come with a jimmy.

This close atmosphere is overheated with a huge brick oven on the top of which sleep the old people and the children. Sometimes the temperature stands at 80° or more; 75° is common. You would think they would all die of colds or tuberculosis, but they don't; there seems to be a link out of the fresh-air theory when it comes to Russia. Tuberculosis is worse in many a country where ventilation is much further advanced, and while infant mortality is shockingly high and the death-rate in Petrograd greater than in London, the peasant's average of health is good.

Perhaps one reason is that he is usually well nourished. In spite of the fact that they have next to no meat and a narrowly limited dietary otherwise, Russian peasants seem to live rather well and, considering the poor materials they have, to be the world's premium cooks. They can take a handful of cabbage or potatoes or something and make soups that are dreams of delight.

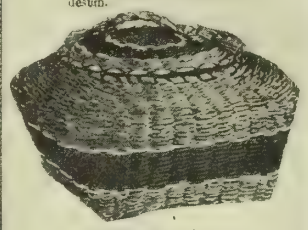
I have gone aside to these remarks because we are so liberal of our pity of the poor, half-starved Russian when as a matter of fact he is a big husky and could throw most of us over the roof. Also because it pertains, after all, to my subject. Social progress demands full stomachs, and I don't know that the outlook in Russia would be half so good if the people were not so full-blooded.

WE can never rid ourselves of the notion that an illiterate person must necessarily be both stupid and uninformed. Yet if you were to teach to an illiterate all the contents of any book he would know as much about it as you, and might easily make a better use of it. The Russian villagers were often illiterate; they seldom saw a newspaper and until recent years seldom had a school; but they sensed what was going on in the world and had even some outlines of rudimentary knowledge, because the village was school and newspaper.

The villages are so near together that news and information went swiftly and easily from one to another. Say a traveler arrived at Polosk at eight o'clock bearing news that a great fire had destroyed San Francisco. By nine o'clock someone would slip over to Tomolosk, a mile further up the valley, and tell the folks there, and then someone from Tomolosk would pass it along to Levolf, and by nightfall all the villages in the valley would have heard of the disaster and the tongues would be clacking like mill-wheels.



No. 597. The Manor "Giddy Gad" or "Carry Habit" Bag. Also a convenient knitting bag. A new, up-to-date model in blue or rose destm. **$3.50**



No. 532. Sweet Grass Sewing Basket, artistically woven in pleasing two-tone effect by real Indians. Measures 7 inches wide by 3½ inches deep. **$1.50**



No. 315. Genuine Cameo, white figure on brown background, set in hand engraved Solid 10K Gold mounting. A beautiful article at a low price. **$5.00**

No. 606 Pair of Celluloid Knitting Needles 14 inches long in sterling shield. **$2.00**



No. 570. Brass Smoker's Set, of five pieces, consisting of square tray, ash receiver, match, cigar and cigarette holders. A new design in heavy brass that is sure to be appreciated by any man who smokes. If the man for whom you must buy a gift does not smoke, our catalogue will suggest something appropriate for him. We quote this set at a special price. **$5.00**

It's Not Too Late

To learn the "Baird-North Way"

Look up the **Baird-North** catalogue in your home. Run through its pages with your Christmas list before you. You will find many articles that will please every person to whom you should make a gift.

If you haven't a catalogue yourself, some neighbor nearby must have one. Just say to her "May I borrow your **Baird-North** catalogue?"

Or perhaps you may find what you want among our advertisements which have been appearing in all the leading magazines—each one containing a different assortment of articles.

If time is close, send us the money you wish to pay for your gift by mail or wire and describe just what you would like. We will send the best article that your amount of money will buy. Our liberal guarantee of exchange or refund protects you from any loss.

The **Baird-North Co.** is an institution founded on quick service, low price and absolute fairness.

The **"Baird-North Way"** is a convenient, economical and pleasant way to do your Christmas Shopping.

Send for our catalogue,—or order from the one which you have or can borrow.

YOU SAVE ONE THIRD

DIRECT FROM WORKSHOP

BAIRD-NORTH CO.

173 Broad St., Providence, R. I.

Every article is guaranteed to satisfy you or we will refund your money. We guarantee free, safe and prompt delivery.



3 Shovelsful of Coal Saved Each Day

This amount of coal saved each day will total roundly a half a ton a month—surely economy worth while and when at the close of the heating season you find your coal bills have been lessened 3 tons or more it will certainly take the sting ut of the high price of fuel.

This advantage in fuel saving is available in its fullest measure if you will wisely install

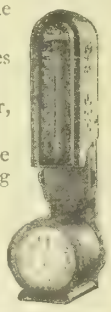
The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR

Automatically regulates the drafts and dampers at all hours of the day and night holding the consumption of fuel to just the amount required to obtain the temperature desired.

Eliminates heating plant attention and worry. Insures comfort, health and safety.

Works perfectly with any kind of heating plant—hot water, hot air, steam, vapor or vacuum, burning coal or gas.

Sold by the heating trade everywhere under a positive guarantee of satisfaction. Send for booklet giving details and prices.



MINNEAPOLIS HEAT REGULATOR CO.

2748 Fourth Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

SEE Hearst's Guarantee on page 515. It is your protection.



North Pole people and those in mid-African jungles do not use WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES-because they do not use Brushes. Folks in other countries use Brushes, and prefer those made by

WHITING-ADAMS

BRUSHES and CIVILIZATION are INSEPARABLE

For over five generations, the users of Artists' Brushes, Painters' Brushes, Toilet Brushes, and ALL KINDS OF BRUSHES, have come to rely on WHITING-ADAMS for the best brushes of every style for every purpose. This confidence in WHITING-ADAMS Brushes has spread wherever brushes are used.

Whiting-Adams Co. makes the brush you want If not in your dealer's stock he will get it promptly John L. Whiting-J. J. Adams Co., Boston, U. S. A., Dept. R

Brush Manufacturers for Over 100 Years

Whiting-Adams Brushes awarded Gold Medal and Official Blue Ribbon, the highest award at Panama-Pacific Exposition, 1915

XMAS SUGGESTIONS

Buy Today

Eight Months To Pay

Buy "Sweet" Diamonds and Jewelry on credit at **cash prices. WE TRUST YOU.** NO SECURITY —NO RED TAPE. "Sweet" Diamonds are superior quality, perfect cut, blue-white. Each gem GUARANTEED for QUALITY and VALUE. We accept "Sweet" Diamonds in exchange at full price, plus 7½% yearly increase in value.

Pay Only 20% Down, 10% Monthly

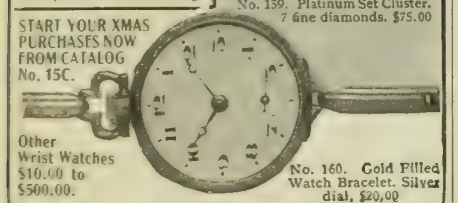
Anything you select from our De Luxe Catalog No. 15C sent on approval at our expense. ***You see before you buy.*** Over 1000 gifts, Diamond Rings, Pins, La Vallieres, Watches; Silverware, French ivory toilet ware, Cut Glass; also Cameras and Phonographs. Send for your FREE copy TODAY.

L. W. SWEET & COMPANY, Inc.
2 & 4 Maiden Lane 15C, New York City



No. 151. Tiffany Ring. 1 fine diamond, $35.00
No. 152. Engraved Belcher Ring. 1 fine diamond, $40.00
No. 153. Tiffany Belcher. 1 fine diamond, $15.00
No. 154. Tooth Ring. 1 fine diamond, $25.00
No. 155. Cluster 7 diamonds. Platinum set ring. $40.00
No. 156. Tiffany Ring. 1 fine diamond, $50.00
No. 157. Tiffany Ring. 1 fine diamond, $20.00
No 158. Platinum Filigree Ring 1 fine diamond, $150.00
No. 159. Platinum Set Cluster. 7 fine diamonds. $75.00

START YOUR XMAS PURCHASES NOW FROM CATALOG No. 15C.



Other Wrist Watches $10.00 to $500.00.

No. 160. Gold Filled Watch Bracelet. Silver dial, $20.00

Oh, You Skinny!

Why stay thin as a rail? You *don't* have to. And you *don't* have to go through life with a chest that the tailor [illegible] with arms of childish strength; with legs you can hardly stand on. And what about that *stomach* that flinches every time you try a square meal? Are you a *pill-feeder?* Do you expect Health and Strength in tabloid form through pills, potions and other exploited piffle?



You can't do it; it can't be done

The only way to be well is to build up your body—all of it—through nature's methods—not by pampering the stomach. It is not *fate* that is making you a failure; it's that poor, emaciated body of yours; your half-sickness shows plain in your face, and the world loves healthy people. [illegible] That's [illegible] Don't think too long; send 6 cents in stamps to cover mailing of [illegible] "Intelligence in Physical and Health Culture," written by *the strongest physical culture instructor in the world*

LIONEL STRONGFORT
Master of Physical Culture
326 Park Building Newark, N. J.

A Tickling Throat

[illegible] the cause is irritation, irritation makes you [illegible] to cough. Instantly loosen phlegm and relieve throat at once with

BROWN'S Bronchial TROCHES

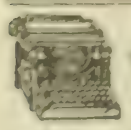
[illegible] to the vocal cords and [illegible] effective and pleasant [illegible] Unexcelled [illegible] and loss of voice. Be sure to get [illegible] for over 70 years.

At all Druggists 10c, 25c, 50c, $1.

If [illegible] send 10c. for sample.

JOHN I. BROWN & SON, Boston, Mass.

Typewriter Prices Smashed!



[illegible] saving from 50 to 70 per cent. [illegible] Guaranteed for five years.

$12 AND UP

[illegible] TYPEWRITER CO., Dept. 92, Chicago

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

[illegible] Boys and Girls [illegible] Complete Shorthand Course [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Typewriting [illegible] Rapid Calculation [illegible] Touch Typewriting [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Business Correspondence [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Civil Service [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Bookkeeping [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Penmanship [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Drawing [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] English Branches [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Normal Course [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Mechanical Drawing [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Architectural Drawing [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Electrical Engineering [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Steam Engineering [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Chemistry [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Civil Engineering [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Surveying [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Mining Engineering [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Stationary Engineering [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Plumbing [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Sanitary Engineering [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Heating [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Ventilating [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Refrigeration [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Automobile Engineering [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Aeronautical Engineering [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Textile Manufacturing [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Agriculture [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Poultry Raising [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Languages [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Commercial Law [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Common School Subjects [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] High School Subjects [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] College Preparatory [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Illustrating [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Cartooning [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Show Card Writing [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Lettering [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Window Trimming [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Advertising [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Salesmanship [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Journalism [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Moving Picture Acting [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Story Writing [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Public Speaking [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Good English [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Civics [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Physical Culture [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Hygiene [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Domestic Science [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Dressmaking [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Millinery [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Cookery [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Home Nursing [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Beauty Culture [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Dancing [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Mechanics [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Telegraphy [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Telephony [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Locomotive Running [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Station Agent's Work [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Signalling [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Railroading [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Navigation [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Gas Engineering [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Mine Foreman's Work [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Fire Boss's Work [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Mine Surveying [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Mine Electrician's Work [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Quarrying [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Metallurgy [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Assaying [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Pharmacy [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Veterinary Science [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Bee Keeping [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Fruit Growing [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Gardening [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Forestry [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Stock Raising [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Dairying [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Farm Management [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Civil Service [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Bookkeeping [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Penmanship [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible] Drawing [illegible] Mail Lessons [illegible]

Exactly that, because here was as good a school of practical democracy as ever was invented and there was hardly an hour when it wasn't at work.

Each village elected a village elder, or mayor, who represented the community in its dealings with the national Government, collected the taxes and looked after the local improvements. Taxes were landed on the village in a lump and split among the peasant proprietors by the assembly. In respect to all local affairs it ran the shop. The villagers met and discussed their problems and decided them by a majority vote. It was plainly a good way to decide things. But the problems of the nation were not discussed and decided in any such way. They were settled by a half-witted person sitting upon a throne in Petrograd and chiefly distinguished for a facility in pulling his mustache and listening to a greasy faker that called himself a monk and was none.

Such a condition could no more last than tow could last in the burning pit. It was not in nature, it was impossible. If the people were going to rule about their local affairs they were some day going to rule no less about their national affairs. And that is just what has happened.

The leaven of democracy brought in by the revived and freshened *mir* was pushed along about the same time by the revival of another old institution, the assembly of the *volost*, or canton. The village assemblies elected delegates to the cantonal assembly.

Three years later, 1864, the same idea got another boost when the *zemstvo* was created. One business of the *zemstvo* was to further the interests of agriculture. After it had gone on some years merrily loading the taxes upon the peasants and slipping them from the shoulders of the wealthy, a different order of mind appeared in it, a mind with wit enough to perceive that you couldn't rob the producers forever without impoverishing the nation and everybody in it. Prince Luvof, for some months prime minister of the provisional government, was a good example of this type. He spent many years in *zemstvo* work and is now the head of the national union of *zemstvos*. He and his kind went early to the task of making the *zemstvo* an institution that should develop the interests of all the people alike.

Under this leadership, the *zemstvo* introduced new methods in peasant agriculture and marketing. It greatly developed the peasants' industries I have spoken of. It supported coöperation. It opened stores in many places for the sale of peasants' products. It started their exports. It encouraged the native skill and artistic sense and was on the way greatly to improve and brighten every feature of peasant life when the blight of war blew upon it.

The union of *zemstvos*, a body whose growing power and rapidly expanding field even the cold-blooded autocracy was forced to acknowledge, turned its attention to the war and the condition of the troops, and was able to bring about substantial improvements. It maintained hospitals, collected and forwarded hospital stores and attempted relief for the monotony of soldiers' lives when they are held in reserve, as are most of the Russian troops.

The remade and freshened *mir* did a lot more than to drive into people's heads the rudiments of democratic faith; it taught them the use of it. These delegates to the National Council that with their parliamentary skill and facile eloquence so astonish the Western visitor were graduates of the *mir*. It taught them how public business may be transacted and made public discussion as familiar to them as the handles of their plows. Nothing is more democratic anywhere; not even the New England town-meeting, which the *mir* much resembles.

But so soon as it is suggested to you that the Russian peasant has been and will be a fairly competent soldier of democracy, you have a vision again before you of the typical peasant of literature singing with unction "God Save the Czar" and doing reverence before a picture of the "Little Father." How touching that used to be—to those of us that have a strong slant of snobbery still in the blood! Those dear, simple-minded peasants, so sweetly loyal to their emperor!

Forget it. It is just some more of the artistry and literary embroidery of another generation. The Russian peasant used to fall on his knees before the Czar and very likely have on his walls an ikon of that distinguished mustache grower, but it was because he knew the police spy was watching him and Siberia loomed in the background. To-day those dear peasants would hardly do a thing to the Czar if they got hold of him, and as for having him on their backs again, they would as soon have the devil.

Prince Paul Troubetskoy was perfectly right when he perpetrated upon the old *régime* the stupendous irony of all sculpture in that great statue he made of Czar Alexander the Third. It stands in the square before the principal railroad station and commands the wondering attention of every fresh beholder, for in all the wide world is nothing like it. The burly figure of the Czar appears seated menacingly upon a huge, ungainly, bit-champing horse. The municipality employed Troubetskoy to create a work of art in honor of the dead ruler, and he made one that will not quickly pass from human memory. And after he made it and was safe in Paris he might have laughed so loudly that all the world should hear him.

For he had deliberately pictured in his statue the big, coarse, brutal Czar riding the Russian people, holding to his seat by the sheer force of the terror he created, and the great Russian people, ridden, but never consenting to be ridden. All the words of all the tongues of all mankind could not better express the exact situation.

When the sculptor's gigantic sarcasm dawned upon them some Russians were for taking the statue down, and very likely that would have been its fate but for the Revolution. It will not come down now. It will stay where it is, the final memorial of a dark and monstrous era that has passed from the world like a hideous dream.

(In Hearst's for January Mr. Charles Edward Russell will continue this story of "New Russia in the Making" with a graphic account of the workings of the Trans-Siberian railroad system.)

THE SUBSTITUTE

(Concluded from page 465)

'ear wot I 'ad to say. And as soon as I started and began to tell 'em about 'is lady-friend 'e broke out worse than ever. People acrost the river must 'a' wondered wot was 'appening. There was two lightermen, two sailormen, me and the skipper, and Mrs. Pratt all talking at once, and nobody listening but the office-boy. And in the middle of it all the wicket was pushed open and the 'ead of the lady wot all the trouble was about peeped in, and drew back agin.

"'There you are?' I ses, shouting my 'ardest. 'There she is. That's the lady I was telling you about. Now, then, put 'em face to face and clear my character. Don't let 'er escape.'

"One o' the lightermen let go the skipper and went arter 'er, and, just as I was giving the other three a 'elping 'and, 'e came back with 'er. Mrs. Pratt caught 'er breath, and as for the skipper 'e didn't know where to look, as the saying is. I just saw the lady give 'im one quick look and then afore I could dream of wot was coming she rushes up to me and flings 'er long, bony arms round my neck.

"'Oh, William,' she ses, 'wot's the matter? Why didn't you meet me. Didn't you get my letter? Or 'ave you ceased to care for me?'

"'Let go!' I ses, struggling. 'Let go! D'ye 'ear? Wot d'ye mean by it? You've got 'old of the wrong one.'

"'Oh, William!' she ses, 'arf strangling me. 'Ow can you talk to me like that? Where's your 'eart?'

"She got tired of it at last, but by that time I was so done up I couldn't say a word. I just dropped onto a box and sat there getting my breath back while the skipper forgave 'is wife for 'er unjust suspicions of 'im—but told 'er not to do it agin—and the office-boy was saying I'd surprised even 'im. The last I saw of the lady-friend, the two lightermen was 'elping 'er to walk to the gate, and the two sailormen was follering 'er up behind, carrying 'er pocket-'andkercher and umbrella."



His Best Christmas Gifts

Millions use the 'Ever-Ready' and millions more ought to be self-shavers—men who should encourage economy and comfort. If *He* hasn't bought his 'Ever-Ready' give it to him for Christmas. It's the gift that will make a man think gratefully of you every morning no matter where he is or where you are.

American Safety Razor Co., Inc., Makers
Brooklyn, N. Y.

TRADE MARK FACE

'Ever-Ready'



Standard Dollar Outfit

The razor of millions and millionaires. Guaranteed best, irrespective of price. Tender to tender faces and easy on tough beards.

Handsomely made—compact and sturdy. The frame is guaranteed ten years and 'Ever-Ready' Radio Blades are marvels of efficiency and joy. Avoid imitations.

Extra Blades 6 for 30c

Sold by dealers everywhere over here and "Over There".

Safety Razors



'Ever-Ready' Combination No. 2

"Army and Navy Special" Ideal for the enlisted man, whether on land or sea. A solidly made, compactly cased 'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor with twelve "Radio" Blades, and 'Ever-Ready' Automatic Stropping Machine with strop. At all dealers. **$3.00.**

'Ever-Ready' Outfit No. 11—same contents in compact, waterproof Khaki roll, at all dealers, price **$3.00.**

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send to any address direct.

Adopted by Uncle Sam

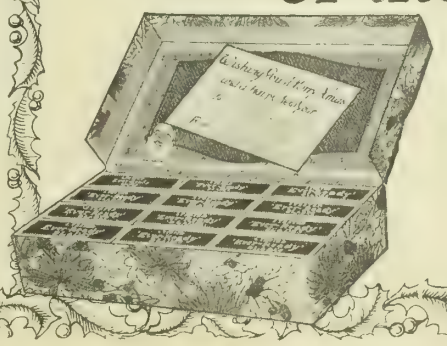


'Ever-Ready' Outfit No. 10

A finely made waterproof khaki-cloth folding case, containing a standard 'Ever-Ready' frame and handle, the 'Ever-Ready' automatic stropping machine with extra strop, and eight packages of 'Ever-Ready' Radio Blades (48 blades in all)—enough for the duration of the war. Easily mailed abroad. At your dealers, price **$5.00.**

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send to any address direct.

for all cantonments of the new Army



Christmas Blades Package

Send him this generous size package of these marvelous, keen, clean, hair-tested 'Ever-Ready' Blades (twelve packages, or 72 blades in all). Each blade protected from rust and dust. More than enough blades for every day in the year. Price, at all dealers **$3.60.**

American Safety Razor Co., Inc., Makers
Brooklyn, N. Y.

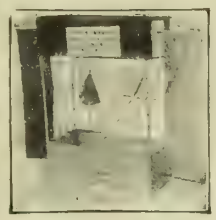


A REAL MODEL DIRIGIBLE AIRSHIP complete with PARACHUTE. Actually a sensation in the Model Aero Field.

Guaranteed to Fly, and Flights have been made of One Mile at height of 500 feet. Parachute drops exceedingly realistic

Each outfit complete with Airship, Parachute, Release and Inflators.

May be flown attached to light cord or free. Can be flown many times and at any time except on very windy days. Sent by Express anywhere for $1.00. Canada and Foreign $1.25.



U. S. Observation Kite, Cloth Planes. Each Outfit complete with Silk Parachute, Side Adjustable Ailerons, Parachute Release, etc. Is of the Biplane Type and will carry aloft Parachute and other Articles, and drop them safely. Just the thing for Christmas and will fly safely in winter winds. Price $1.50. Canada and Foreign $1.75



TAUBE LOOP-THE-LOOP AIRPLANE. This little Light Weight Model will fly 200 feet and Loop-the-Loop just like the large machines. Complete with Launching device 50c.

All Three Fliers Safely Packed $2.75 F. O. B. Bingnamton. Orders received before Xmas sent in plenty of time for the stockings.

Catalog for 2 Red Stamps

The Aero Co., Dept. 36, Binghamton, N. Y.

High School Course in 2 Years Spare Time Home Study

Here is a thorough, complete, simplified High School Course that you can complete in *two years*. Meets college entrance requirements. Prepared by leading professors in universities and academies.

Don't Stop Growing!

Keep on *going!* Train your brain! Broaden your mental vision! A high school education multiplies your chances for success in business or social life.

Study this intensely interesting course in idle hours at home without interfering with your regular work. "Cash in" on your *natural ability*.

Make up for Lost Time!

Men and women who were denied a high-school training can "catch up" by taking this simplified course at home. Hundreds have profited by this remarkable opportunity.

Choice of 20 Courses

We have helped 50,000 men and women to *win!* Let us help *you*, too.

SEND COUPON TODAY
for FREE Book and Full Information

American School
of Correspondence, Chicago, U. S. A.

Dept. P-1289. Gentlemen: Please send me booklet and tell me how I can fit myself for the position marked X

High School Course	Shop Superintendent
Electrical Engineer	Lawyer
Telephone Engineer	Business Manager
Architect	Auditor
Draftsman	Certified Public Acc'nt
Building Contractor	Stenographer
Mechanical Engineer	Bookkeeper
Mechanical Engineer	Fire Ins. Adjuster
Civil Engineer	Sanitary Engineer
Steam Engineer	Automobile Engineer

NAME. . . .

Address. . . .



Vapo Cresolene

for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Asthma, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Catarrh.

For Sale by Druggists

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO. 62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

BECOME A
TRAFFIC MANAGER

Big Salaries For Trained Men

LaSALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 1247-C Chicago
"The World's Greatest Extension University"

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

Concluded from page 480

sound that old sense of detachment and futility was creeping back again. One day he realized that indeed the whole flood and tumult of the war would be going on almost exactly as it was going on now if there had been neither cathedral nor bishop in Princhester. It came to him that if archbishops were rolled into patriarchs and patriarchs into archbishops, it would matter scarcely more in the world process that was afoot than if two men shook hands while their house was afire. The unfortunate thought struck the bishop as a bullet might strike a man in an exposed trench."

IN short, in its wartime helplessness, Mr. Wells's bishop faces the futility of his Church even as had Churchill's counterpart in the ordeals imposed by overbearing industrialism. Each of the two clergymen has his hour of despair, his Gethsemane struggle, when he feels his inability to cope with the complex human problems at his threshold. Hodder, Churchill's clergyman, feels the old foundations crumbling before the assaults of the needs and deeds of the life around him; he questions:

"Was there, after all, such a thing as religion? Might it not be merely a figment of the fertile imagination of man? He did not escape the terror of this thought when he paused to consider his labor of the past two years and the vanity of its results. And little by little the feeling grew upon him, such being the state of his mind, that he ought not to continue, for the present at least, to conduct the services. Should he resign, or go away for a while to some quiet place before he made such a momentous decision? There was no one to whom he could turn; no layman and no clergyman; not even the old bishop, whom he had more than once mentally accused of being too broad and too tolerant! No, he did not wish a clergyman's solution. The significance of this thought flashed through him—that the world itself was no longer seeking clergymen's solutions. He must go off alone, and submit his faith to the impartial test."

So, too, Wells's bishop, after the first exalted hours of our great European war, found in his heart a sense of the Church's detachment from the real things of life:

"It arose perhaps out of an article in a weekly paper at which he had glanced after lunch, an article written by one of those skeptical spirits who find all-too-abundant expression in our periodical literature. The writer boldly charged the 'Christian Churches' with absolute ineffectiveness. This war was above all other wars a war of ideas, of material organization against rational freedom, of violence against law; it was a war more copiously discussed than any war had ever been before, the air was thick with apologetics. And what was the voice of the Church amid these elemental issues: bishops and divines who were patriots one heard discordantly enough, but where were the bishops and divines who spoke for the Prince of Peace? Where was the blessing of the Church, where was the veto of the Church? When it came to that, one discovered only a broad, preoccupied back busied in supplementing the Army Medical Corps with Red Cross activities, good work in its way—except that the canonicals seemed superfluous. Who indeed looked to the Church for any voice at all?"

"Yet you know," comments the bishop on another attack, "I find I can't go with this skeptical writer. He *beats* at the Church; he treats her as though she were wrong. I feel like a son, growing up, who finds his mother isn't quite so clear-spoken nor quite so energetic as she seemed to be once. She's *right*, I feel sure. I've never doubted her fundamental goodness. And yet there's this futility. . . . I don't know what do to. One feels on the one hand that here is a cloud of witnesses, great men, sainted men, subtle men, figures permanently historical, before whom one can do nothing but bow down in the utmost humility; here is a great instrument and organization—what would the world be without the witness of the Church?—and on the other hand here are our masses out of hand and hostile, our industrial leaders equally hostile; there is a failure to grip, and that failure to grip is so clearly traceable to the fact that our ideas are not modern ideas, that when we come to profess our faith we find nothing in our mouths but antiquated Alexandrian subtleties and phrases and ideas that may have been quite alive, quite significant, quite adequate in Asia Minor or Egypt, among men essentially Orientals, fifteen hundred years ago, but which now—— Oh, if there was something else, an alternative, another religion, another Church, to which one could go, the whole case would be different. But to go from the Church to nothingness isn't to go from falsehood to truth. It's to go from truth, rather badly expressed, rather conservatively hidden by its protections, truth in an antiquated costume, to the blackest lie in the world."

IN the Churchill story there is a radical young woman who resents the mischievous charities of the Church:

"So long as you can make yourselves believe that this kind of charity is a logical carrying out of the Christian principles, so long are your consciences satisfied with the social system which your class, very naturally, finds so comfortable and edifying. The weak and idiotic ought to be absurdly grateful for what is flung to them, and heaven is gained in the throwing. In this way the rich inevitably become the elect, both here and hereafter, and the needle's eye is widened into a gap.

"The social system by which you thrive," the young lady points out further to Churchill's clergyman, "and which politically and financially you strive to maintain, is diametrically opposed to your creed, which is supposed to be the brotherhood of man. But if that were really your creed, you would work for it politically and financially. You would see that your Church is trying to do infinitesimally what the Government, but for your opposition, might do universally. Your true creed is the survival of the fittest. You grind these people down into what is really an economic slavery and dependence, and then you insult and degrade them by inviting them to exercise and read books and sing hymns in your settlement-house, and give their children crackers and milk and kindergartens and sunlight! I don't blame them for not becoming Christians on that basis."

To match this arraignment in Churchill of the practice of the Church, is the Wellsian bishop's own discovery of his own Church's misdoings, a passionate arraignment of the Church as being the real cause of the Great War:

"I saw that all this world, except for a few base monstrous spirits, was suffering hideous things because of this war, and before the war it was full of folly, waste, social injustice and suspicion for the same reason, because it had not realized the kingship of God. Those men could only work mischief in the world because the priests and teachers let them. All things human lie at last at the door of the priest and teacher, who differentiate, who qualify and complicate, who make unnecessary elaborations, and so divide mankind. If it were not for the weakness and wickedness of the priests, every one would know and understand God, every one who was modest enough not to set up for particular knowledge. Men dispute whether God is Finite or Infinite, whether He has a triple or a single aspect. How should they know? All we need to know is the face He turns to us. They impose their horrible creeds and distinctions. None of those things matter. Call Him Christ the God or call Him simply God, Allah, Heaven; it does not matter. He comes to us, we know, like a Helper and Friend; that is all we want to know. You may speculate further if you like, but it is not religion. They dispute whether He can set aside Nature. But that is superstition. He is either master of Nature and He knows that it is good, or He is part of Nature and must obey. That is an argument for hair-splitting metaphysicians. Either answer means the same for us."

PERHAPS the two stories come closest together in relating the reasoning of the two clergymen when on the point of turning from their early creeds. Turn first to the Churchill story:

"For better or worse, the clergyman, John Hodder, had flung his treasured beliefs into the crucible, and one by one he watched them crumble and consume away. None but his own soul knew what it cost him to make the test.

"But let him examine first, let him discover—despite the price. . . . Scarcely had the Body been lifted from the tree than the disputes commenced, the adulterations crept in. The spontaneity, the fire and zeal of the self-sacrificing itinerant preachers, gave place to the paralyzing logic then pervading the Roman Empire, and which had sent its curse down the ages to the modern sermon; the geometrical rules of Euclid were made to solve the secrets of the universe. The simple faith of the Cross which had inspired the martyr along the bloody way from Ephesus to the Circus at Rome was formalized by degrees into philosophy; the faith of future ages was settled by compromises, by manipulation, by bribery in Councils of the Church which resembled modern political conventions, and in which pagan Emperors did not hesitate to exert their influence over the metaphysical bishops of the factions. Recriminations, executions, murders—so the chronicles ran.

"The prophet, the idealist, disappeared; the priest with his rites and ceremonies and sacrifices, his power to save and damn, was once more in possession of the world. The Son of Man was degraded into an infant in his mother's arms. An unhealthy, degenerating asceticism, drawn from pagan sources, began with the monks and anchorites of Egypt and culminated in the spectacle of Simeon's pillar. The mysteries of Eleusis, of Attis, Mithras, Magna Mater and Isis developed into Christian sacraments—the symbol became the thing itself. Baptism, the confession of the new life, following the customs of these cults, became initiation; and from the same superstitious origins the repellent materialistic belief that to eat of the flesh and drink of the blood of a god was to gain immortality; immortality of the body, of course."

TURN now to the page where Wells describes the workings of the mind of his clergyman:

"His thought spread: *Had God any need of organized priests at all?* Wasn't that just what had been the matter with religion for the last three thousand years?"

Mr. Churchill makes a plea for the return of the prophet, the return of the seer into our religious world, the prophet who will renew our faith in the fact that the true motive power of life is spiritual. Mr. Wells, on the other hand, presents his bishop as a prophet at last, as the roused reformer who speaks with a daring insight beyond all shells of custom. An Angel appears and, in a vision, points out to the bishop the nations in their struggles, all blindly yet slowly working out the good of the race, working out the Will of God. The Angel speaks:

"You see it at a thousand points, at ten thousand points! Look, the world is all flashing and flickering; it is like a spinthariscope; it is a-quiver with the light that is coming to mankind. It is on the verge of blazing even now. Into a light.

"Into the one Kingdom of God. You see," the Angel said, "they all turn in one direction, although none of them seem to dream yet that they are all turning in the same direction. They turn, every one, to the rule of righteousness, which is the rule of God. They turn to that communism of effort in the world which alone permits men to serve God in state and city and their economic lives. . . . They are all coming to the verge of the same salvation, the salvation of one human brotherhood under the rule of one Righteousness, one Divine will."

HERE, then, are handfuls torn from these two masterly books, but these handfuls indicate the passion and power of the rest. Both Churchill and Wells show the inefficiency of the Church as now organized. But Wells is moved by a unique emotion, a great emotion roused by the spectacle of the Great War. Because of this, he passes beyond Churchill into a new realm of faith and vision. He realizes that we must not bear too much weight upon material good, material success, material welfare. He sees that the things of earth may crumble at a breath, and that we must turn for our chief support to the realities of the Spirit, the realities of the Eternal.

CHAMP CLARK'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

(*Continued from page 445*)

horse-stealing in a nascent pioneer community.

The chief reason why these good and pious people around Perryville—and there were and are none better anywhere—took the law into their own hands and pulled off the lynching-bee aforesaid was this: Colonel Thomas E. Bramlett, a Union soldier, was governor. He was a brave, generous, big-hearted, high-souled man. Kentucky is perhaps the only State in the Union whose Constitution authorizes the governor to pardon a person accused of crime before conviction; but in that well-beloved commonwealth the governor can pardon a person from the moment of accusation till the sheriff makes his return on the death-warrant.

Governor Bramlett took the position—an entirely reasonable one—that in the excitement of Civil War days many citizens transgressed the laws who would not have done so in times of peace. Consequently, if a man had been in the army—either army—for to his credit be it said he treated the Confederates as well as he treated the Union soldiers—he would pardon him, either before or after conviction. I remember that about a year after this Perryville episode, six men were at one term of court sent to the penitentiary and that all six having been soldiers—some in one army and some in t'other—he pardoned the whole bunch and they all got home ahead of the sheriff who had conveyed them to State's prison. That night the enraged citizens lynched five of them and would have lynched the sixth had they caught him.

So the good citizens about Perryville, fearing to take chances, worked off their own criminals in short order and *sans cérémonie*. The lynching idea spread like wildfire.

It was not long until companies of regulators, vigilantes, or lynchers were operating in most of the counties in Kentucky. At a low estimate they hanged fifty to seventy-five men—most of whom richly deserved it—cowhided two or three hundred more and ordered that many out of the State. They went at once and did not stand on the order of their going.

So many men were lynched in Kentucky in two or three years that a person traveling through the woods instinctively would pick out an eligible limb on which to hang somebody. I have done that scores of times. For a long time I had some twigs from a blackjack sapling on which four of my acquaintances were hanged.

What was the effect of these summary proceedings? Criminals were so thoroughly cowed that a person could have left his pocketbook lying in the middle of the big road and nobody would have picked it up, while thousands of loafers and thieves who had been living by their wits or by the strong arm went to work.

The chief danger about lynching is that it is as contagious as the smallpox or the bubonic plague. Another trouble is that three or four men can hang a man as easily as three or four hundred can do it. While the first lynchings, as in the Perryville case, were done by whole communities acting in concert to administer rude justice on persons clearly guilty of abominable crimes, later men were hanged on doubtful evidence or mere suspicion, and still later a very few men would hang a man for private revenge for some small personal injury. The exposure of a gross case of that kind so aroused the people, who were growing weary of the extra-judicial executions, that they arose in their might and put an end to the whole business.

The case which stopped it was this: A wild, rollicking young fellow named Sam Lambert—tall, slender, handsome, with a shock of long, black, curly hair—went to the village of Cornishville one night. He and four denizens of that town, full of fighting whisky, engaged in a game of seven-up for high stakes. They got into a combat in which Lambert was killed with pistol bullets. The quartet, in a vain endeavor to prevent suspicion falling on them, threw his body across a horse and took it to the blackjack aforesaid, about two or three miles from town, and hanged it in due form. He was the fourth and last man to swing from that sapling. One observing man in the crowd which went out to view the corpse next day pointed out to his neighbors the suggestive fact that Lambert's long, black, curly hair was stiff with blood and standing straight up. This led to an investigation which developed the fact that the body had been riddled with bullets and that he was dead before he was hanged. By piecing things together a case was made in court against the quartet of seven-up players and they were convicted of manslaughter—and thus ended the reign of Judge Lynch in Kentucky. The regularly constituted courts resumed their sway and the governor ceased to pardon except in cases clearly meritorious.

So high an authority in all Kentucky matters as "Marse" Henry Watterson avers to this day that Governor Bramlett's liberal policy as to pardons which precipitated the riot of lynch law was wise—not because it led to the habit of lynching but because it prevented innumerable and lasting feuds in Kentucky growing out of the Civil War; for let it not be forgotten by folks in such States as Maine or Mississippi, where sentiment was a unit one way or the other, that in Kentucky and other Border States the house was hopelessly divided against itself. There was not a square mile, from the mouth of the Big Sandy to the mouth of the Tennessee, in which some serious act of violence was not committed.

Neighbor against neighbor, father against son, brother against brother, slave against master, and frequently wife against husband; the fierce contention entered even into theology, rent congregations in twain, severed ties of blood, and blotted out friendships of a lifetime. Men who were born and reared on adjoining farms, who had attended the same schools, played the same games, courted the same girls, danced in the same sets, belonged to the same lodges, and worshiped in the same churches, suddenly went gunning for each other as remorselessly as red Indians—only they had a clearer vision and a surer aim.

I said that "Splitfoot" Taylor would appear again and here he is: He escaped from the lynchers by the accident of his rope breaking in that beech-woods near Perryville, Kentucky, in 1865 or 1866, and fled to parts unknown. Some twenty years subsequently I picked up the St. Louis "Republic" one morning and in it was a column interview with him. He was *en route* to Kentucky in the hands of the sheriff of Boyle County. He had been arrested while working in the lead mines of Joplin, Missouri. In his interview he gave an account of his wanderings. He said that he first went to Galena, Illinois, and worked in the lead mines; then to Oregon where he worked as a lumberjack; thence to Hawaii where he worked in the sugar fields; thence to Australia where he herded sheep; thence to New Zealand where he did odd jobs. Then he turned his face toward his old Kentucky home, feeling that some invisible chain was drawing him to "the Dark and Bloody Ground" and, strangest of all, that he felt a positive sense of relief when the sheriff clapped him on the shoulder and told him he was his prisoner!

Last scene of all for "Splitfoot" so far as concerns us: The white-headed old man appeared at the bar of justice, was tried for murder and was convicted though defended by Col. Phil B. Thompson, Sr., one of the ablest of all Kentucky criminal lawyers, and sent to the penitentiary for life, where he died. Col. Thompson wanted to appeal the case, but "Splitfoot" would not permit him so to do, having a lively and unpleasant recollection of how the drawing of that noose in the beech-woods felt.

MY first teacher was a medical student, afterward Doctor John A. Brady. That he was above the average as a physician and surgeon—every country doctor is of necessity somewhat of a surgeon—is attested by the fact that, starting in the Civil War as a regimental surgeon of Woolford's celebrated First Kentucky Union Cavalry, he was promoted first to Brigade-Surgeon and then to Division-Surgeon. It was said of that regiment that enough of its members could not be gotten together for a dress-parade except on the eve of battle, when they foregathered from all points of the compass and went joyously into the fight.

Colonel Woolford as well as his men paid as little attention to military rules as to equipment. The colonel himself did not dress in the uniform of his rank, but in that of a private, and generally in private's uniform decidedly shabby. He was as careless in matters of dress as was Stonewall Jackson. His men were equally careless—but when trouble

How the Retailer Can Profit from the War

Conditions right now are awfully uncertain for you—aren't they? Prices are going up. People are buying less.

You don't know what is going to happen next. But the wise retailer can profit tremendously from this situation. Three articles in the next issue of The Modern Retailer all tell you how.

The MODERN RETAILER

is a little right-up-to-the-minute magazine, full of ideas as to how the city and suburban retailer can save money and make money by having the latest retail knowledge and following the latest retail ideas. It is not a trade paper, but a little manual on retail selling, in touch with the biggest retail merchants and ready to hand you their latest and most successful ideas.

8 Issues for 25c.

Special Short Time Offer—

The regular price of The Modern Retailer is 50c a year but if you will write us telling us your problems, what topics you are most interested in now, we will send you the next eight issues for only 25c. Send stamps or cash to

The Modern Retailer
Dept. F, 119 West 40th St., New York

I am enclosing herewith 25 cents. Please send me the next eight issues of *The Modern Retailer*.

Name .....
Business .....
Address .....

Typewrite the New Way.

80 to 100 Words a Minute GUARANTEED

Totally new system. Based on Gymnastic Finger Training! Brings amazing speed—perfect accuracy—BIG SALARIES. Easy for anyone. First day shows results. Learn while working. Write postal today—NOW—for full particulars.

The Tulloss School, 3032 College Hill, Springfield, O.

Beautiful Christmas Kodak Enlargements for Gifts 8x10 mounted, 35c. Send only the negative. **Best Kodak Developing**—any size roll for 10c and 6 prints **Free** with first roll. Or send 6 negatives, any size, and 10 cents for 6 prints. Ask for big catalog cameras, albums, etc.

Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 211 Bell Avenue, Roanoke, Va.

LUTHER BURBANK

His Life and Work

BY

Henry Smith Williams, M.D., LL.D.

Secretary of the Luther Burbank Society

Profusely Illustrated in Color and Black and White

A popular and highly interesting account of the work of a practical scientist whose discoveries in fruits and flowers have made him famous.
The author's purpose is to make the reader to "Burbank" his own orchard, garden and dooryard.

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

Price 2.50 Net — Postage 25 Cents

HEARST'S INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY COMPANY
119 WEST 40th STREET, NEW YORK

was afoot they were on hand, eager for the fray.

Somewhere in Tennessee an Inspector-General from Michigan looked Woolford's regiment over and berated him severely by reason of the unmilitary appearance of himself and men. At last the rough-and-ready old mountaineer lost his patience and his temper and with a great oath and in bad grammar he yelled in the Inspector-General's face: "Me and my men are not much on primping up, and we did not come down here to steal niggers; but you draw up your two best Michigan regiments and if we don't run them out of Tennessee before sundown I'm a Chinaman!" That proposed contest never eventuated.

It is said that Woolford's favorite orders to his men were: "Huddle up!" and "Scatter out!" Not classical, surely, but they understood and obeyed their beloved colonel.

Colonel Woolford and General John H. Morgan, the *beau sabreur* of the Confederates, were old friends, having served together in the Mexican War. Their commands were frequently pitted against each other in fierce encounters, but, according to General Basil W. Duke, Morgan's second in command, they formed a sort of affection for each other. In one battle Morgan captured Woolford and begged the old colonel to give his parole —which he positively refused to do, saying, "My boys will recapture me before dark"—which they did.

In Morgan's famous raid through Indiana and Ohio, Colonel Woolford was in the pursuing army. He was present when General Morgan surrendered. General Shackleford began to denounce Morgan bitterly, whereupon Colonel Woolford said to his superior officer: "General Shackleford, General Morgan is a prisoner of war—an officer and a gentleman—and must be treated as such." Morgan, who was a great dandy as well as a skilful fighter, stooped down, pulled off a pair of gold-mounted silver spurs which the admiring ladies of Lexington, Kentucky, had presented him, handed them gracefully to Woolford, and with a bow which would have made Lord Chesterfield or Senator James Hamilton Lewis turn green with envy, said: "Colonel, I will not have much use for these spurs for some time and I present them to you, the flower of Kentucky chivalry!" Most assuredly the Kentuckians are a generous, lion-hearted race, ready to fight at the drop of a hat—and drop it themselves.

Colonel Woolford, as brave a soldier as ever rode to battle, as true a patriot as ever fought for our flag, was cashiered and dismissed from the service because he made speeches denouncing President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation. He offered to enlist as a private in his own regiment, but the powers that were would have none of him. Subsequently he represented his district for two terms in Congress.

When I was six years old I began my educational training under his regimental surgeon, and when I was nineteen I studied German at Transylvania University under another of his officers, Major Helvetii.

In 1910, forty-eight years after I watched the seven Home Guards charge Morgan's cavalry at Mackville, I had a queer experience about General Morgan, growing out of my penchant for talking about him and Woolford, Harlan, Bramlett, Rousseau, *et al.* A man named Bland was the Republican nominee for Congress in the Vincennes district of Indiana against my Democratic friend, Judge William A. Cullop. One night I spoke at Vincennes in aid of Cullop's candidacy. Mrs. Cullop told me that Bland argued in his speeches that Cullop ought not to be elected because he would vote for me for Speaker, and that I ought not to be elected Speaker because I had said that General John H. Morgan was a handsome man! It was a thing incredible that any man should make such an argument, and I could not refrain from making point-blank range [illegible] When I came to the right place I was addressed by the [illegible] Mr. Bland says that Judge Cullop ought not to be elected because he would vote for me for Speaker and that I ought not to be elected to that position the second highest in the gift of the [illegible] I said that the dashing Confederate cavalry leader, General John H. Morgan, was a handsome man! I plead guilty to that crime, if crime it be. Precisely what I did say was that [illegible] was one of the handsomest men that ever straddled a horse!—and I told the truth. I will not deny the truth, even to elect [illegible] to the House and prevent [illegible] There are many old Union soldiers here [illegible] and I appeal to them this question: Was it necessary for a man to be ugly as a mud fence or original sin in order to qualify as a Confederate soldier? I will tell you, as an offset to Mr. Bland's preposterous argument, a beautiful short story about a gallant Union officer, General John Beattie of Ohio. Shortly after the Civil War, at a reunion of Union soldiers, one of them shook hands with General Beattie and said with much enthusiasm: "General, you are the handsomest man I ever saw on a horse!" Whereupon General Beattie replied: "You certainly never saw the Confederate General John C. Breckinridge on a horse!"—a generous and gracious compliment for a general of one army to pay to a general of the opposing army! Judge ye this day betwixt the tastes of Mr. Bland and General Beattie."

The Union veterans yelled with delight and Judge Cullop was triumphantly elected. I do not believe my speech did it, but I am confident that it did not injure him.

Apropos of General Breckinridge's personal appearance, I never saw him on horseback, but he was the handsomest man—the most majestic human being—I ever clapped eyes on. I saw him frequently while I was attending Transylvania University at Lexington, and was in the vast concourse who listened to his speech on his return from exile. The only sentence out of that speech which I remember was when he exclaimed: "Politically, I am an extinct volcano!"

When I was a small boy my father talked a great deal about Breckinridge. One day I asked him what sort of a looking man Breckinridge was. He replied: "He is a large, tall, handsome man with a two-story-and-a-half head!"—the exact and literal truth.

The wiseacres who write sensational books and magazine articles about Kentucky feuds try to make their readers believe that feuds are confined to the mountaineers, which is a fable. Certainly Washington County is not mountainous. It is composed of rich creek and river bottoms and gently rolling blue-grass hills, though not within the charmed circle of the far-famed blue grass.

At Whittern's school in the old Glen's Creek meeting-house, I had for schoolmates gigantic twin brothers named Prather—William and Harvey—together with their cousin Levi Coulter, cousin also to "Big Zay" Coulter, the "Sue Mundy" guerrilla. All the Coulters were Southern sympathizers, while the Prathers were staunch Unionists. This difference of view engendered bitterness of feeling betwixt these kindred families. To add fuel to the flames, Levi Coulter and his cousin, Harvey Prather, courted the same girl. She preferred Prather. They were married in harvest-time, 1863. As was then the custom in rural Kentucky, the wedding was about noon, followed by a feast that Lucullus would have envied. For some reason Levi Coulter attended the wedding and participated in the wedding dinner—perhaps to show that he harbored no malice and perhaps for the purpose of revenge. Whatever may have been his motive here's what happened: After dinner the men were out in the yard, chatting and smoking, when the newly made bridegroom, Harvey Prather, and his rival cousin, Levi Coulter, got into a quarrel and fight. Coulter was standing with his back to a plank fence, all the planks except the three lower ones being broken off. Prather, a larger and stronger man, knocked him over the fence and then got on top of him to beat him up. Coulter got out his trusty pistol and shot Prather through the heart, killing him instantly.

The Prathers lived on a gravel road about two miles from Willisburg. The Coulters lived on the same gravel road about half a mile nearer to Willisburg, the Coulter house being on slightly higher ground than the Prather house. From the south upstairs window of the Coulter house one could observe what was doing on the Prather premises. Levi Coulter knew enough about his Prather cousins to know that they would "get" him if he did not "get" them first. So, two or three days after the death of Harvey, Levi was at that upstairs south window watching proceedings at the Prather place, when he saw Harvey's twin-brother William and the hired-hand mount their horses and, each with a double-barreled shotgun across the pommel of his saddle, start to Willisburg. So he descended from his lookout, concealed himself in a thicket of locust bushes within twenty feet of the gravel road, and shot into his cousin William two loads of buckshot, which was the end of William.

A few days later Levi and his father, old Tom Coulter, together with their negroes, were engaged in cutting wheat. They had laid their revolvers and shotguns on convenient, nearby stumps. After a while they looked up and saw several well-armed men approaching. Levi recognized them as the remnant of the Prather clan and their allies, and having no doubt what they would do to him, ran for his weapons, swearing that he would die fighting; but his father persuaded him to surrender, arguing that it was the constable with a *posse comitatus* coming, not to kill him, but only to arrest him. So the father and son surrendered and soon Levi discovered that his worst forebodings were about to come true; for instead of taking them to town to turn them over to the authorities, the Prather crowd made them get up behind two men on horses and started to a dense thicket not far away. Riding through the thicket Levi motioned to his father to jump in one direction while he jumped in the other direction. As soon as the Prathers recovered from their surprise they opened a fusillade on the fugitives. Levi escaped unscratched and was never seen in that part of the world again and, so far as I have been able to learn, has never been heard of. His father was less fortunate, being hit in the fleshy parts of his body by forty-four bullets and buckshot. He "played possum" and the Prathers left him for dead. That night his family and friends transported him to Springfield, the county seat, in order to have the celebrated surgeon, Doctor Frank Polin, patch him up. When, to their utter disgust and unspeakable anger, the Prathers learned he was not only alive but apt to get well of his numerous wounds, they rode into Springfield at night, took him out in the woods, tied him to a tree and shot hundreds of bullets into him, making sure that time that he was dead as the men who lived before the Flood. No arrests were ever made and that was the end of the feud.

Of Whittern's arithmetic class, one was voted a gold medal by Congress for heroic conduct on the field, one was killed fighting valiantly under Quantrell, one was wounded under Banks at Mansfield, the Prather twins were killed in a private feud, Levi Coulter, who killed them, became a fugitive from justice, and the youngest member became Speaker of the House of Representatives. While Whittern, being a professional phrenologist, claimed that he could tell what was inside his pupils' heads by feeling the bumps on the outside, luckily he was not blessed with prophetic powers, and could not predict their futures. Otherwise there would have been some long faces in his little school.

The best schoolteacher who ever taught me was this strolling English phrenologist, named Charles R. Whittern, for whose memory I have profound affection. My father induced him to teach a three months' subscription school in the neighborhood, and finding that he was a splendid teacher, he and others induced him to teach in that vicinity for more than a year—in fact until he died. I thought then that he knew everything. I know now that he did not know very much, but what he did know he could teach better than any other man that I ever clapped my eyes on. As between a teacher who knows little, but can incite in his pupils a love of learning, and one who knows a great deal and has not the power to incite a love of learning, I prefer the former. He is by far the more valuable of the two. Whittern built up a great reputation for teaching arithmetic and a lot of grown men came to school. I was a little lad, only ten years old, but I could outfigure any of them, and those bearded men made a great pet of me. To show the conditions in Kentucky at the beginning of the Civil War, I will state this concerning that arithmetic class. To my certain knowledge, one of them, Orville Bush Young, a man thirty years old, studied prayerfully for two or three months to decide whether it was his duty to go to Bacon College, Kentucky, and make a Christian preacher, or to go into the Union army. He at last decided in favor of the army and enlisted in the Tenth Kentucky Union Infantry, commanded by Colonel John Marshall Harlan, afterward Mr. Justice Harlan of the Supreme Court of the United States. At the battle of Jonesboro in front of Atlanta, Young was the first man to place the Union flag on the Confederate breastworks, and Congress voted him a gold medal for so doing. General Sherman offered him a captaincy which he declined. Another man in that arithmetic class, named Nimrod Hendron, served in the Fourth Kentucky Infantry and was under General Banks in his unfortunate expedition up the Red River in Louisiana. Hendron was wounded at Mansfield where Banks was badly defeated by General "Dick" Taylor, son of President Zachary Taylor. General Richard Taylor's "Destruction and Reconstruction" is the most classical book ever written about the Civil War. A third member of that arithmetic class was named Isaiah Coulter. There were so many Isaiah Coulters in that vicinity they called him "Big Zay." He stood six-feet-six in his stockings, had jet-black hair, had about the complexion of an Indian and was straight as an arrow—altogether one of the finest specimens of manhood in Kentucky which is saying a great deal. He was one of the chiefs of what was known as the "Sue Mundy" band of guerrillas. When Quantrell of Kansas-Missouri celebrity received his death-wound at the battle of Shelbyville, Kentucky, "Big Zay" was shot through and through with a Springfield carbine ball. He made one of his friends run a silk handkerchief through his body with a ramrod and tie knots at both ends of the wound. Then he mounted a magnificent thoroughbred stallion belonging to the celebrated Alexander stock farm in Woodford County and rode twenty miles to his aunt's house in Anderson County, contracted pneumonia and died.

"Sue Mundy's" real name was M. Jerome Clark, son of General Hector M. Clark and a first cousin to Beverly Leonidas Clark, a Representative in Congress and Minister to Guatemala. Jerome Clark served three years in the Confederate Army and his captain, James E. Cantrell, of General John H. Morgan's Cavalry, subsequently a distinguished jurist, said that young Clark was one of his bravest and most trusted scouts.

The accident of being so badly wounded at the battle of Cynthiana during Morgan's last raid into Kentucky that it was necessary to leave him behind, and the impossibility of rejoining his command, changed him into a guerrilla. The sobriquet of "Sue Mundy" was "given to him in fun by his comrades at a May-day festival they were holding while in camp, on account of his smooth, girlish-looking face and long black wavy hair, which he permitted to grow down on his shoulders; they crowned him Queen of the May and gave him the name of Sue Mundy, so he adopted this name through the remainder of his life."

He enlisted as a Confederate soldier at Camp Chatham, in Robertson County, Tennessee, when scarcely sixteen, and was hanged by the Federal authorities at Louisville before he was twenty-one.

THE first election I ever attended was when I was fourteen years old, at Mackville, Kentucky—a string town with two or three hundred inhabitants, in 1864. I will never forget what I saw that day should I rival the age of Methuselah—for *inter alia* I saw four men shot.

Early in the morning a soldier, Kyar Voteau, a private in the Eleventh Kentucky Union Cavalry, drunk as a lord, in full uniform, and a Beall's navy pistol in hand, began swaggering around hunting for a "McClellan man." The civilians, wanting no trouble with him, gave him hazy, propitious answers or flatly lied out of a scrape. He proceeded on his weaving way for about two hours, getting drunker and more of a nuisance and menace every moment. Finally, however, he ran into a snag. He came across a big, strapping, upstanding private named Sallee, also in full uniform, who belonged to Col. Jacobs's Tenth Kentucky Union Cavalry. Voteau announced in a most truculent manner that he had long been in search of a McClellan man. Sallee said: "You have found him! I'm a McClellan man!" The amazed Voteau bawled: "The —— you are! Where's your pistol?" Sallee answered very quickly: "I have none, but you wait here a few minutes and I will find a man who has one." If I had acted with wisdom, I would have departed instanter; but as it was my first observation of election proceedings I proposed to see all there was to be seen, and backed up into a store door to watch developments. They came with such a rush as to satisfy even the most fastidious. Soon there came the original soldier Sallee, shaking his huge fist at Voteau, and his two brothers, privates in the same regiment to which he belonged, in full uniform, with Beall's navies in their hands. Not a word was said. Voteau hopped right out into the middle of the street and opened fire on them and they returned the fire. He wounded two of them, then turned and ran for a hundred yards in such time as neither Ten Brock nor Molly McCarty could have excelled. Exit Kyar Voteau temporarily. I went down the street three or four blocks, where a stuttering private of Rousseau's Louisville Legion, who had received a Minié ball in his shin and was home on furlough, was engaged in an altercation with a citizen named Richardson



No. 310—"Great Britain"

Penrhyn Stanlaws'

"Girls of the Allied Nations"

Three Now Ready—Others to follow

No. 308—"France"
No. 309—"United States"
No. 310—"Great Britain" (*See cover of this Magazine*)



No. 309—"The United States"

No one could be found better fitted to paint "Girls of the Allied Nations" than Penrhyn Stanlaws. He is a cosmopolitan by experience and a portrait painter by profession.
Because he has lived in several lands and knows the people of many more, his "Girls of the Allied Nations" are absolutely typical of their race and country. Like all Mr. Stanlaws' work, these pictures have good composition and most beautiful coloring.



No. 308—"France"

The "Girls of the Allied Nations" are pictures as much for the future as for the present, for while they appeal through loyalty and patriotism now, later they will have a historical value. To our children's children they will carry something of the high courage and fine spirit with which the women of the Allies are helping to wi n the war. For this reason we are particularly glad that we can offer the first edition at a price that places the pictures within the reach of all.

BEGIN COLLECTING THIS SERIES NOW — EDITIONS ARE LIMITED

Size 11 x 14 Inches, in Full Colors, 20 Cents Each, Postpaid



No. 512—"Susan"

Howard Chandler Christy's

Two Wonderful New Pictures

The first pictures by this famous artist to be offered for sale for over two years. We are limiting the editions. All lovers of Christy's pictures want these two subjects, and we anticipate that the demand will very shortly exhaust the edition.

ORDER AT ONCE

Size 11 x 14 Inches, in Full Colors, 20 Cents Each, Postpaid



No. 511—"First Love"



No. 137—"Caught Napping"



No. 101—"The First Kiss"



No.131—"By Right of Conquest"



No. 140—"The Evening Hour"



No. 123—"The King of Hearts"



No. 138—"Reflections"



No. 139—"When the Leaves Turn"



No. 136—"I'm Ready"

A Selection of the Most Popular Pictures by
Harrison Fisher

Space prohibits our making a selection other than the most popular of the 11 x 14-inch size of Harrison Fisher's subjects. We can assure any purchaser that the selection here given will please. These nine pictures are the choice of practically all of our customers.

Also Remember—

that Harrison Fisher has a number of larger size pictures, 12 x 16, which can be secured at 35 cents per copy and are fully described in our catalogue.

All—11 x 14 Inches, in Full Colors, 20 Cents Each, Postpaid

We Publish All the Latest Harrison Fisher Pictures

All Pictures Copyrighted



No. 135—"A Midsummer Reverie"

A WORK OF ART

FREE OUR NEW 1918 CATALOG CONTAINING OVER 200 PICTURES IN MINIATURE BY FAMOUS ARTISTS ON RECEIPT OF POSTAGE.

WRITE FOR OUR FREE PICTURE OFFER

Cosmopolitan Print Department
119 West 40th Street **New York City**

WE GUARANTEE ALL DELIVERIES IN PERFECT CONDITION. IF OUTSIDE OF THE UNITED STATES, PLEASE ADD 10 CENTS FOR REGISTRATION.

ORDER BY NUMBER

Nicholson went at Richardson with a bowie-knife and Richardson shot at him with the last "pepperbox" pistol I ever saw, all six barrels going off at once—as usual—missed Nicholson and hit an innocent bystander in the leg.

That day is memorable in my life for another reason—because then I first saw and heard a piano. It was in Squire John Bosley's house, played by his daughter. Delighted with the music I peeped through the window to see the marvelous instrument and the beautiful manipulator thereof.

For two or three years it puzzled me why Voteau fought so bravely at first and then ran like a race-horse. At last he sent his children to school to me. After I became well enough acquainted with him to swap pistols with him, one day I said: "Kyar, I have been curious to know why you fought those Sallees so bravely on election day, 1864, at Mackville, and then suddenly turned and ran away." He replied: "Those cusses shot me through my pistol hand and shot the running gear off my pistol, and I wasn't blamed fool enough to stand there and be killed, so I took to my scrapers!"—a complete and satisfactory explanation—proof positive of the truth of the old saying that sometimes discretion is the better part of valor. It also establishes the fact that while Kyar Voteau was somewhat of a swaggering bully and entirely too fond of *spiritus frumenti*, he was a good deal of a philosopher, firm in the belief that

> "He who fights and runs away
> May live to fight some other day"

all of which my old friend did.

A few months later I attended the first trial in court that I ever witnessed. A brilliant young chap, named Tom Peters, scion of a large and influential family, was a soldier in Rousseau's Louisville Legion. A Minié ball broke his shin at Chickamauga and he was home on a furlough. At that time there was no saloon in Mackville, but a New York druggist named Perkins catered to the thirsty ones on the sly. He conducted what is now known as "a blind tiger," "a blind pig," "a joint," "a deadfall," or "a speakeasy," according to latitude and longitude. So, on Christmas Eve, Tom Peters and a lot of rollicking young fellows bought some bottles of Log Cabin Bitters from Perkins and drank until they were in very hilarious mood. Then they demanded more bottles of bitters from Perkins, which he declined to produce for fear of the Grand Jury, as he alleged. That did not satisfy Tom, so he went at Perkins with a bowie-knife, who shot him through the body with a pistol.

Perkins was duly arrested and arraigned before Squire John Bosley for preliminary examination. Perkins employed J. Proctor Knott, the famous orator, to defend him, and Peters's folks employed "Bob" Hardin, afterward Chief-Justice of Kentucky, to assist the county attorney, who was a great numskull, in the prosecution. There in that little dingy office of a justice of the peace those two distinguished lawyers wrestled with each other for two or three days.

I played hookey from school to watch that trial, for though only thirteen years old, I had determined to be a lawyer and most assuredly I received my first lesson in the law from past masters in the profession. The first law book I ever saw was in the hands of J. Proctor Knott. It was a volume of Ben Monroe's "Reports."

I shall never forget the evidence of Dr. Frank Polke, the famous surgeon of Springfield. He was called as a witness to testify as to the nature of Tom's wound, whether he would die of it, etc., in order to fix the amount of bail. In answer to a question of counsel Polke answered: "He will get well apparently, will become fat as a butterball, and will die in less than three years from that bullet wound coming away as a grain before he dies because he was shot through the liver." That was my first information touching the fact that a man had a liver and being cut up in that part. So I watched Tom Peters as a hawk watches a chicken and Dr. Frank Polke was correct in his prognosis. Tom apparently did get well; he became fat as a butterball, he married and settled with a herd of cattle and sheep in the Rocky Mountains in less than three years. I have other readers, subscribers to Hearst from before he died.

When I was fourteen years old I worked for three or four months in a country store owned principally by a preacher in the Christian Church, William T. Corn, a very [illegible] man, [illegible] and a splendid preacher [illegible] at the same time had the name for [illegible] infested with thieves and robbers. One time the proprietors of the store went away and left me alone. They directed me to hide the money that I took in. It so happened that we had a good run of trade that day and I wrapped up the money, all paper, carefully and stowed it away where I did not think any thief could find it. When they returned I went with some pride to get the money to show to them, and very much to my disgust I discovered that not thieves, but mice, had found the money and had cut it into pieces so small that it was impossible to tell the denomination of a single bill! Corn was a poor man who could ill afford the loss, but he exercised his Christian charity by not hauling me over the coals.

I began teaching school before I was fifteen in the neighborhood where I was reared, and where I knew every man, woman and child. Of course I was too young, but it was the only way I had to earn money enough with which to go to college, and while I had a rocky road to travel, I hung on. Breaking up schools and running out the teachers was not uncommon in those lawless days; but they did not break up any of mine. My chief qualification as a teacher was my physical size and strength—which stood me in good stead.

The period of my first four or five schools was just after the close of the Civil War. A great many young men came to school to me who had seen service in the army and who were therefore much older than I was. They had enlisted during the last days of the war and their education was somewhat belated. Indeed, soldiers from both armies came to school to me. One man who had served four years in Harlan's Tenth Kentucky Union Infantry and his daughter were both pupils of mine at the same time. When I taught school at Camden, in Anderson County, Kentucky, in 1871–72, a veteran teacher sixty-four years old came to school to me to learn to read Greek so that he could read the New Testament in Greek, as he had made up his mind to investigate certain theological points in his own way. He made me a proposition that if I would teach him Greek one hour each day he would hear lessons for me three hours each day. As he was a tiptop teacher it was a very good arrangement for me as well as for the pupils and their parents. The papers have had a good deal to say about the fact that a certain man and his son were classmates at the University of Missouri recently, but I am rather inclined to think that that is no more remarkable than that one of Harlan's soldiers and his daughter came to school to me at the same time, and that a man sixty-four years old came to me to learn Greek. One thing is certain: If I had known as little Greek in 1871–72 as I know now, my aged pupil would not have learned to read the Greek Testament very soon. I have wondered time and again why a man forgets his Greek so much sooner than he forgets his Latin.

I once asked Dr. William Everett, while he was a member of Congress, of the why of that fact. At first he denied flatly that such was the case; but when I insisted that I knew by experience and from talking with others that it was a fact, he gave this amazing reply: "Well, perhaps my own case is not to be relied on, for my father (Edward Everett) put me to sleep when I was a child by singing songs to me in the original Greek!" No wonder he never forgot his Greek! It is safe to say that no other American boy ever had a similar experience with an American father. Greek was Doctor Everett's "mother tongue," or more properly his "father tongue," if I may be permitted to coin such a phrase.

While teaching country schools, I organized debating societies of the grown-up boys and such of the patrons as I could induce to participate. We debated such thrilling and important questions as:

"There is more pleasure in pursuit than in possession."

"Which is the more useful animal, the horse or the cow?"

"Which was the greater man, Washington or Napoleon?"

"Which is mightier, the pen or the sword?"

"Which is the more useful, water or fire?"

"Is there financial profit in being educated?"

Occasionally we tackled the really important problem: "Should capital punishment be abolished?"

It was dull, crude debating; but to me perhaps to others it was useful, because in that way I learned to think and talk at the same time on my feet. I am decidedly in favor of school and college debating societies.

IN the autumn of 1867 I went to Lexington, Kentucky, and entered what was then called "Kentucky University." It was the first great institution of learning west of the Alleghanies. In the earlier days it was denominated Transylvania University—a beautiful name which has been restored to it in these later times. I lived in a ramshackle old building on the campus known as "The Barracks" because the soldiers built it during the war. It was rented to poor students at five dollars per head per annum, four students to the room. The apartments were neither spacious nor handsome, but they sufficed for our simple wants. A capacious brick dormitory now occupies the site of "The Barracks." Students therein are better housed than we were, but they do not learn any more than we did.

At that time Robert Graham, one of Nature's noblemen, was President of the University. Dr. John H. Neville, the third handsomest man I ever saw, was professor of Greek. He divided the whole world into Greeks and Barbarians, those who could not read Greek being the Barbarians.

My grade in Greek also made a lifelong friend of handsome, haughty Professor Neville. When I returned to the university in the fall of 1868 he walked half-way across the campus to welcome me back. It is pleasant to recall these occurrences after the lapse of so many years.

> "There is no friend like the old friend who has
> shared our morning days,
> No welcome like his greeting, no homage like his
> praise."

I attended Kentucky University three years and two months, teaching school during the summer vacations to make what money I could. My father, from his small earnings, gave me all he could spare, and my sister, Elizabeth (wife of Rev. J. J. Haley of Lodi, California), let me have such sums as she could from her salary as a teacher. The truth is that she and I helped each other along as much as possible. When she had any money and I needed it, I got it, and *vice versa*. We stood up for each other loyally; but all three of us together could scrape up only about two dollars per week for my necessities at the university. It is superfluous to state that I did not live in luxury, but I stood at the head of my classes.

After attending the university for three years and two months, I was, in October, 1870, expelled for shooting at a fellow-student named Webb from Ohio. I would not mention it save for the fact that it was greatly magnified in the Presidential campaign of 1912, very much to my detriment. We fell out about what time we should have supper in our Barracks mess. Webb and I were both of unusual strength. He was my senior by some three or four years, and had been a sailor on the Great Lakes, while I had lived and labored on a farm. One night he came into our room and began a conversation about the hour for supper. He wanted it at six because he clerked in a shoe-store in the afternoon, while the rest wanted it at half-past five. The conversation, warm from the first, developed into a quarrel. He called me a liar, whereupon I cracked him over the head with a small piece of plank and we clinched. Nothing more serious would have grown out of it, most probably, than blackened eyes and bloody noses had not one of my roommates, a young giant named Thomson, grabbed me backholds and pinned both my arms to my body. Webb squared off and hit me a hard jolt between the eyes and another on my mouth. I kept telling Thomson either to let me loose or to knock Webb down. He was so excited that he did neither. Wild with rage I finally threw him off, Webb still pounding me. Under the head of the bed I had an old revolver, whose cylinder would not revolve except by hand manipulation, for which I had swapped a German grammar and a French grammar. I got that and fired at Webb. Thomson knocked up my pistol-hand and the bullet went about an inch above Webb's head and lodged in the door-casing. That ended the fight. The strange part of the story is, not that two hot-blooded, high-strung young men should get into a personal encounter when and where personal encounters were frequent, but that the gigantic Thomson, who was my friend and who disliked Webb, should in his excitement hold me while Webb was free to pound me. That was unwise, but in knocking up my pistol-hand he acted with great wisdom. He thought, as I struck the first blow, by holding me he would end the fight. When two men are fighting it is always dangerous to hold one and not both. I knew a man who was stabbed to death while a friend was holding him.

I went immediately to see the President of the University, President White, who had succeeded Graham, and stated the case to him precisely as it was, hoping that my high standing as a student would save me from any severer penalty than a public reprimand or a short suspension. He said, however, that there had been so much fighting, carousing and violation of the rules among the students, that the patience of the Faculty was exhausted and that they would make an example of me for the scaring of the rest by expelling me, which they did. I went home and taught school for two years, when the Faculty gave me a written invitation to return. I declined to do so and went to Bethany College, West Virginia, instead.

My expulsion influenced the lives not only of myself but of at least three others. Class honors at Kentucky University were decided strictly by grades. Everybody knew that the first honors of the class to graduate in 1871 lay between John O. Hopkins, subsequently Professor of Greek in Butler University, and myself. So, when Kentucky University opened in September, 1870, about two months prior to the aforementioned affray, Hopkins came to me for the purpose of figuring out our average grades, stating frankly that, as he was going to be a college professor, having a professorship promised him, he was very anxious for the Class honors, as it would promote his career, and that if my average grade excelled his he would drop back into the next class where he could easily win. We figured out the averages and mine were about one percent. above his. So he dropped back into the class of 1872, taking only about half the Senior Year studies, devoting much of his time to general reading. That left me without serious opposition for the Class honors. But I was expelled. Hopkins dropped out and the first honors went to James Lane Allen, the novelist, and the second honors to Henry W. White, son of President White, whereas neither Allen nor White would have received any Class honors had Hopkins and I continued in the class of 1871.

My expulsion really sent me to Bethany College, where I graduated with the highest honors in 1873, which fact more than all else made me President of Marshall College, West Virginia, at 23—the youngest college president in America.

What of my friend Webb? One night, some 25 or 30 years after the above-described fight, I lectured in a small city in northern Ohio. Next morning a bright young man named Webb came to see me and said that his father, who had been a student at Kentucky University in 1870, when he learned that I was to lecture there, told him to call on me and find out if I was the James B. Clark who attended that university that year. I answered in the affirmative and knew that his father was *my* Webb. I asked him where his father was. He said he was teaching school about 20 miles out in the country and would have called in person except for the distance. I inquired kindly after his father and sent him greeting.

A year or two after that my fellow-student Webb wrote me about his brother's disputed homestead claim in Oklahoma, asking me to help straighten it out—and I complied to the best of my ability.

I have set this matter out *in extenso*, so that if in the days to come, especially in any political campaign in future, any slanderer accuses me of being a murderer and a fugitive from justice, as certain scoundrels did in 1912, he will know that he is a malicious liar and everybody else will know it.

That a fight in 1870, between two hot-headed college youths, in which nobody was seriously hurt, should be magnified into a Presidential campaign issue in 1912, is a disgrace to American politics. There are assassins of character as well as assassins of the body, and the former are more degraded than the latter.

Once, in June, my father sent me five dollars on which to come home. I spent the money for half-dollar paper-covered editions of the poets, took my old oilcloth satchel on my back and walked home, fifty miles in two days, resting occasionally under the shade of the trees to read Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," the finest long poem in our vernacular. I finally committed most of it to memory, very much to my advantage, and can repeat much of it to this day. I was a lusty young fellow and the long tramp did me no harm except to make my leg muscles sore for a day or two. I set this incident down here, not because it is important, but because so many different versions of it have been set afloat by various friends in the newspapers.

(To be Continued)

PARSONS' CHILDREN

(*Continued from page 450*)

shouted and led off with a fast side-stroke, between two jutting rocks, on the round top of an ingoing wave. I heard him splashing through behind me and we came out into the still, smooth bay beyond, laughing and gasping with pleasure.

And just at that moment I came face to face with—well, at first I thought it was a mermaid; then I knew it was the loveliest girl. She had the merriest eyes, the color of larkspurs, and the most laughing little mouth you would ever hope to see. Her hair floated all round her like a sea-anemone in a rock pool.

"Good morning," she said, "where did you come from?"

I jerked the wet hair from my eyes and said: "Over there!"

"Then you're trespassing—for this is my very own bay and belongs to me."

"I'm very sorry, but we didn't know. Won't you let us come into your bay, please," I begged—treading water.

"Yes, as you've asked properly, I'll let you."

Then I heard Carley behind me saying: "Don't be such a fool, Gerald, we can't."

"Why can't you if I say you can?"

She tipped up her chin and the little drops of salt water glistened on her cheeks. "Why can't you? He can at any rate," and she looked at me.

"We can't either of us," said Carley, swimming round in a little circle. Then I saw that he was blushing scarlet and I understood. Still, I despised him for blushing. We didn't know anyone was going to be there when we bathed without our suits. So I laughed and the salt water ran down my throat and made me choke.

"He's quite right," I said at last. "We haven't got clothes on."

"Oh, what a pity," she said, and old Carley was saying: "Shut up," at the same time. Then I chipped in: "But if you wait a little while I'll soon get some."

She nodded. "Don't be too long, then, for my fingers are going bluey with the cold. I've been in for an hour already."

So off I went round the headland as fast as I could and had dragged on a shirt and some flannel bags before Carley had climbed to the ledge beside me.

"What did you want to say a thing like that for?" he grumbled.

"Why not?" I answered. "There's no shame in having one's clothes off."

"One doesn't talk about it, though!"

"Didn't talk about it. I only mentioned it as a reason for not going on to the beach."

"Well, it was rotten bad form."

"All right! You slip home and have breakfast and I'll go back and apologize."

Then, greatly to his surprise, I took a running jump into the water and made for the little bay.

When I arrived she was sitting on the steep shingle bank, wrapped in a great big towel.

She made the loveliest picture I had ever seen. There was a deep black cave behind her—a most smugglerish cave—and she looked like a white fairy sitting before a dragon's lair.

She laughed as I scrambled out of the water—the happiest laugh, and clapped her hands.

"How brave of you to swim round in all of them. I had to come out 'cos my toes were as parky as what-for." And she held up her sweet little feet which were all waxy white.

"This is a jolly place," I said. "And is it really your very own?"

She nodded gravely. "But I don't want to be selfish—I'm always glad if some one nice comes here too."

"Do nice people often come?" I asked.

"They never have before—but I've hoped they would."

"I shouldn't think they'd want much asking," I blurted out. "Not if you're always here."

"I'm not always here—'cept on fine mornings when I come to bathe."

"Do you bathe all by yourself?"

"Yes."

"Well, you oughtn't to. There are lots of currents and it isn't safe alone."

"Then I'd have to give up bathing and that would be horrid."

"Couldn't you ask some one," I suggested, picking up a handful of pebbles and pitching them into the air.

"No, because then I wouldn't be allowed to come at all. My father doesn't know I do and he wouldn't let me if he did."

I didn't want to seem too pressing, so I asked who her father was and where they lived.

"Over at Leysands—my father's the new clergyman there."

"How extraordinary!" I cried. "My father is the vicar at Mercross. Don't you think that's a good enough reason to let me take care of you when you're swimming?"

"I would like you to take care of me," she answered, "and I would have asked 'cept for your brother."

"My brother?"

"Um! with the red face."

"He's not my brother. He's just stopping with me. Soon he'll be going away."

"Very soon?"

"I hope so."

"So do I. He isn't nice—is he?"

Then I heard old Carley's voice singing out my name. He had scrambled on to the top of the rock and could just see us.

"What about breakfast?" he shouted.

"Bother breakfast," I answered, "that'll do any time."

"I'm jolly hungry."

"Don't wait for me, then—I'll be along later."

I hadn't meant to be annoying, but somehow he took offense and shouted back:

"Right! I won't. It's not very entertaining watching you bill and coo. I'm off!"

"You're not!" I cried, springing to my feet. "You jolly well don't go before you've apologized."

"Ho!" he laughed, "I like that."

"If you were not too much of a coward to jump in and swim round here, I'd give you something you'd like better."

He laughed again but his face was very red.

"You'd better be careful what you say," he warned me.

"If you come here, I won't say anything," I promised. Then, as he showed no sign of moving, I changed my tone. "Very well. I'll come to you."

"You'd better be jolly careful," he said, and his face was redder still.

"You are careful enough for both of us," I flung back. Then, turning to her, I whispered: "Will you meet me here to-morrow morning?"

"'Course. Are—are you going to fight him?" I nodded. "For me?"

"Yes."

Her eyes went all bright, as if they had caught fire inside.

"How just splendid," she said. "I have often wondered if anybody ever would."

Then I took a header into the sea and I heard her voice calling, "Good luck, Gerald!"

Carley didn't wait for me on the rocks, but dropped to the sand just as I came ashore.

"If you think you can score off me," he began, "you've made a big mistake."

"Right!" I answered, "but I'm going to have a jolly good try."

I will say for old Carley that he put up a decent show. He was a heavy chap and a bit of a slogger, but I was a good deal faster, and what he had said about billing and cooing stirred me up to lick him at any price—and lick him I did.

Neither of us were very pretty to look at when at last he said he'd had enough. His eyes were very puffed up and I had a cut lip that was swelling badly.

Poor old Carley, I felt sorry for him, for he looked so pitiful bathing his face in a little rock pool with a piece of spongy seaweed.

"You're a topping fighter, Carley," I said. "Some of your left punches hurt like the deuce."

But he didn't answer, and although I offered to shake hands he never spoke a word all the way home.

My father was sitting on the garden wall reading "The Times" and he laid it aside as we came up.

"Very late—late for breakfast, aren't you?" he said. Then he noticed our appearance and gave an exclamation of surprise. "What have you been up to?"

I had meant to take the blame and say I'd lost my temper with Carley, when suddenly he broke out:

"I'm sorry we're like this, sir, but Gerald would talk to some girl he found, and when I told him it wasn't done he set about me."



Haskell Coffin *Eckhardt* *Riesenberg*

"When Sammy Comes Marching Home"—Christy

Send for Swift's "Premium" Calendar —1918

Four great patriotic paintings by

A. W. Eckhardt—*"Wigwag Signals"*

Howard Chandler Christy—*"When Sammy Comes Marching Home"*

Sydney H. Riesenberg—*"Somewhere at Sunrise"*

Haskell Coffin—*"The Girl I Leave Behind Me"*

Have these beautiful pictures in your home

SEE Mr. Christy's painting of the time when our Marines march victoriously home. See the sad, brave leave-taking of Haskell Coffin's soldier and sweetheart. Have this great sailor painting by Mr. Riesenberg. Thrill over our daring Aviators with the charming girl in Mr. Eckhardt's picture.

This is the finest calendar of all the famous Swift series, for in these splendid paintings the strong national feeling of the hour has inspired four of our country's greatest artists.

Paintings beautifully reproduced in colors

On the back of each picture are dozens of facts you want to know—how to recognize a lieutenant when you see one, a captain, a major, an ensign. Wigwag signals—how to give warning of the enemy's approach. The different types of battleships, torpedo boats, submarines. The different airplanes—monoplanes, biplanes.

Each picture is ten and a half inches high, the whole calendar fifteen inches. There is no advertising on the front. Its beauty will delight you. Send for it today.

How to get this calendar

This beautiful calendar for 1918 will be sent to any address in the U. S. for 10c, in coin or stamps.

or—Trade-mark end of five Swift's "Premium" Oleomargarine cartons.

or—4 labels from Swift's "Premium" Sliced Bacon cartons.

or—4 covers from Brookfield Sausage cartons.

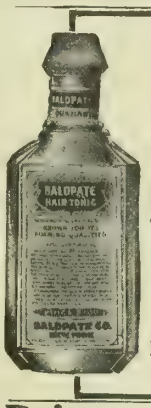
or—6 Maxine Elliott Soap wrappers.

or—10 Wool Soap wrappers.

(If you live in Canada send 10c extra to pay duty.) Address Swift & Co., 4108 Packers Ave., Chicago.

Swift's "Premium" Ham and Bacon are specially cured—delicious in flavor

Swift & Company, U. S. A.



An Excellent Tonic for Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair

BALDPATE

Registered in U. S. and Canada

HAIR TONIC

NEVER FAILS

Nourishes and strengthens the follicles and thus promotes the growth of the hair. Relieves the scalp of unhealthy accumulations and secretions. Gives a rich gloss, is highly perfumed and free from oil. Makes the hair light and fluffy.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send $1.00

Send 10c for Trial Size

Applications obtained at the better Barber Shops

BALDPATE CO., NEW YORK

467 West 34th Street, Dept. N

SOLD EVERYWHERE

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

Franklin H. Sargent, Pres.

The Standard Institution of Dramatic Education

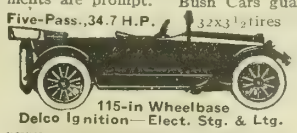
Connected with Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre and Companies

For catalogue address the Secretary

Room 163 Carnegie Hall, New York

Driver Agents Wanted

Drive and demonstrate the Bush Car. Pay for it out of your commissions on sales. My agents are making money. Shipments are prompt. Bush Cars guaranteed or money back. 1918 models ready.



Five-Pass., 34.7 H.P. 32x3½ tires

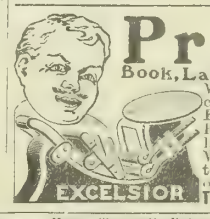
115-in Wheelbase

Delco Ignition—Elect. Stg. & Ltg.

Write at once for my 48-page catalog and all particulars. Address

J. H. Bush, Pres. Dept. 1279

BUSH MOTOR COMPANY, Bush Temple, Chicago, Illinois



Print Your Cards Circulars Newspaper Book, Labels, Programs, Tickets

With an Excelsior Press. Increases receipts, cuts expenses. Easy to use, printed rules sent. Boy does good work. Small outlay, pays for itself in short time. Will last for years. Write factory for catalog of presses, type, outfit, samples. It will pay you.

EXCELSIOR THE PRESS CO. D-52, Meriden, Conn.

SPECIALLY PRICED

TO INTRODUCE OUR XMAS GIFT CATALOG

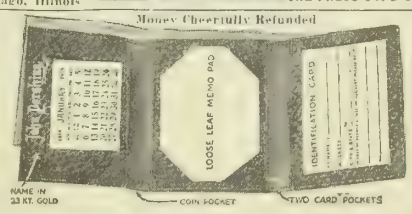
FORTUNATE purchase before leather advanced enables us to offer 28,000 PRACTICAL BILLFOLDS at what the leather alone is worth.

THIS INVALUABLE combination currency-card case, *a distinctive Xmas Gift*, in genuine Sealgrain Leather yours at this low price of 50c ($5.40 Doz.) prepaid while they last. Thin model design with transparent identification card, 1918 calendar and loose leaf MEMO PAD.

SIZE closed 3x3½; open 8x3½ inches. Packed in handsome gift box. Same in fine Morocco Leather, only $1.00 ($10 Doz.) prepaid.

Order some of each at once. Order *shipped day received*. Illustrated catalog FREE. Send draft, M. O. or stamps TODAY.

Money Cheerfully Refunded



50c Postpaid

Name Engraved FREE

23-kt. Gold

For Ladies and Gentlemen

A. LANDA & SONS CO., MFRS., Dept. O-4, Chicago

My father's face clouded and he seemed to reflect before replying.

"To 'some girl'—yes, I see—I see! But I don't know what you mean by saying 'it isn't done,' for it all too frequently is. What have you to say, Gerald?"

"Nothing," I replied. "It isn't worth while as Carley is going away to-day."

"H'm!" said my father. "Very distressing! Going away—is he? Yes—yes, yes—I see, I see. Then you'd better have some breakfast first."

Carley was already at breakfast when I came down after changing my things. I saw Cousin Mary talking to father in the garden—then she came in, and seeing we were not speaking to one another she tried to make conversation of her own. Poor thing, it was very difficult, because Carley and I were too wild with each other to help. So she began to talk about her curve book and how she sought in vain to understand what it was all about. Then, right in the midst of what she was saying, she stopped and looked at me in the queerest way—almost as though she had never seen me before. So I asked her if anything was wrong.

That seemed to startle her for she answered quickly: "No, no—I was only wondering how old you are."

"Sixteen and a half—why?"

"No reason. Do you know I think I'll drive Mr. Carley to Dartmouth, as I have some shopping to do."

And my father, who'd just come in, said: "That's right—why not? Do you good!"

I had made no pretense of saying good-by to Carley, and when he had gone and the sound of the wheels had died away my father, who'd waved his hand from the window, remarked:

"So you and your young friend have come to—er—to blows—a pity—still—nevertheless! He—didn't he—er say something about a—er—girl—some girl?"

"He did."

"I thought so. Yes-s! Well—well—well! But still I don't quite see."

"There's nothing to see, father. We went for a bathe and it happened she was bathing too, that's all."

"Really—really! It was—er—would be then—mixed bathing he disapproved of?"

"No. I was sitting talking to her and he said something I didn't like."

"Sitting talking? But I thought you said bathing."

"That was after. She was drying herself when he said—"

My poor old father's eye-glasses dropped from his nose.

"I say, I say!" he exclaimed. "Surely, surely, you're joking—in—er—not in good taste—in very bad taste."

"There's no reason why she should sit and be wet just because I happened to be along."

My father pursed his lips and looked [illegible].

"Who, then, is this—er—young lady?"

"I don't know her name."

"One of the village girls? I hope not."

"No, she came from Leysands."

"A—a—a visitor?"

I remembered she didn't want it known she went bathing, so I didn't answer. Then my father went on surprisingly fast for him.

"Look here, Gerald. You're not a fool—what I mean is—you can very easily make a fool of yourself. There are lots of girls about—oh, well, I mean who—it's all very well—but playing with fire, and all that sort of thing, won't do! Never know where it'll stop—village gossips—easily land yourself in a nasty place. All this fighting and bathing isn't the thing, and that's what it amounts to."

I didn't speak for a minute—he was my father and it was difficult.

"You understand me, Gerald, I hope," he said.

"No," I answered. "I don't understand how you should have spoken of this meeting as though it were something to be ashamed of. I know that when a boy and a girl meet and like [illegible] both of them."

My father replied rather dryly that the only aspect [illegible] was a fight [illegible] himself.

"But," he said, "hardly suppose your [illegible] there. The child's a common [illegible] the future you will [illegible] have [illegible] of these promiscuous [illegible]."

"If you [illegible] and [illegible] her name I [illegible]."

"[illegible] I would be [illegible] to her."

"That's just what I'm afraid of."

"Why, why need you take it all so seriously, father?"

"Aren't you taking it seriously, my boy?"

I hesitated. "Surely," I said, "it isn't unnatural I should want to talk to people of my own age."

"Your own age?" His face cleared a bit.

"She's only a kid," I answered.

"Then you should have said so before I—er—from the way you were behaving—I thought—thought I was going to be mixed up in—er—a whole lot of silly business." And with that he cleared his throat once or twice—murmured "Yes—yes," and marched off leaving me feeling rather angry and rather strange.

It was a dreary sort of morning after that. I mooched about with my hands in my pockets—no one to talk to and nothing to do.

Lunch came at last, but the affair between Carley and myself was never mentioned. The only time his name cropped up was when Cousin Mary said he had caught the train "quite nicely—very nicely indeed" (as if it had been a butterfly or a fish).

Then I took a book to the garden, but couldn't read—nothing seemed right—nothing seemed—what can I say?—enough.

About three o'clock I gave up staring at the sea, and without saying a word to anyone I made off over the moors at a good brisk pace toward Leysands. Over the bold headland and down into the shade of the little oak forest that screened the brook I made my way. It was a walk I had always loved, but somehow it failed to satisfy me that day. Heather, trees and water alike, all seemed stale and lifeless. I was lonely—that was the truth of it—desperately lonely. I believe, almost, I would have welcomed a sight of old Carley. Then the Fates, which look after people who don't feel happy, led me along a dwindling lane and I saw my sea-girl again.

She was sitting with her back to a tree reading a book—and she didn't hear me approach. So I just stood and looked at her and every feeling that was wretched and miserable just melted away. Her eyes were glistening as she read and her little round lower lip was trembling. Presently she closed the book and looked up and saw me.

"How did you know I was here and I wanted you?" she said. "Because I did—awfully."

I laughed rather awkwardly and dropped to the grass beside her.

"He isn't here, too, is he?"

"No, he's gone—to London."

"You fought him and he went away?"

I nodded. "I'm sorry I lost my temper this morning."

"I'm not," she said. "I'm glad. Nothing has ever happened to me before and I've always wanted things to happen."

"What sort of things?"

"Everything possible. Did you beat him?"

"I think so. 'T-any rate he asked me to stop."

"How fine! Fancy being asked to stop! Did you stop?"

"Of course."

"I shouldn't have—not if I was winning I should have gone on till I'd won absolutely."

"That wouldn't have been very sporting."

"P'r'aps not. But I couldn't have helped it." And she looked at me with her wonderful larkspur eyes and noticed for the first time my cut lip.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, flushing a bright scarlet, "did he do that? How hatefully cruel of him. He is a beast!"

"I couldn't expect to have it all my own way, could I?"

"But it's made your mouth all spoily—so I hate him! Don't you?"

"Not particularly."

"Well, I do. Wouldn't you if he'd hit me?"

"I should have killed him if he'd hit you," I answered, and meant it.

"That's how I feel, then. One shouldn't ever spoil things that are nice. It was sweet of you to fight him for me. Why did you?"

"Because I like you."

She sort of snuggled herself. "And I like you," she said. "You're the nicest of any one I like you most awfully and your [illegible]."

"What is your name?"

"Maisie. Do you think that is a [illegible]?"

"Yes, I do."

"I've been reading a book," she went on, "but it [illegible] so much more real since [illegible] morning."

"What's it about?"

"'Bout two people who love each other madly, and they have heaps of adventures and they never even kiss each other till the last page and they have the baby there, too."

"Must be a jolly book."

"Yes, it is, but I can't see why, if they loved each other such a lot, they didn't kiss each other sooner and have the baby too."

She looked about three years old as she said these things, and she said them in the simplest sweetest way imaginable. I just wanted to hug her. She spoke of beautiful things as if they were beautiful and had no other side—the side, I mean, that makes people whisper and blush.

I could see at once that no one had ever spoken to her about life (that sounds a foolish word, but it's the only one I can think of to use), and it was this absolute innocence that made it possible for her to speak as she did. She had never had to endure what at school we called "the Third Term Pi-jaw." A horrible affair that always made me shudder when I thought of it. The head-master's study—the lowered blinds—the green shade over the lamp—the dancing shadows of the fire-bars on the ceiling—the tottering kind of feeling in one's legs when told to sit down and pay attention. Then, the slow monotonous, terribly serious, almost religious-sounding voice, drumming out ugly startling facts about life. One wasn't told that some day a wonderful door would open in one's heart. When all these frightening facts would cease to be frightening and cease to be ugly because they would become merged in the greatest of all things—love. Love was never mentioned. It would be ridiculous to speak of love to a schoolboy, but it was part of his education to know how the species were carried on, and it was part of his education that he should be told of these things, not as a truth of nature, but as a warning against sin.

I remember so vividly blushing crimson as I passed one of the housemaids on my way back from the Head's room to the whispering, inquisitive, wide-eyed dormitory.

I would have given anything to have been as Maisie was—to know things only as one gently learned them, and learn them only from the knowledge born inside oneself.

WE made the most wonderful friends, she and I, on that wonderful afternoon. I am sure I never ate anything at supper that night—I couldn't, for all my thoughts were centered on the morrow when we should meet again.

They were perfect days that followed. I used to meet her every morning at the cove and we'd have the most delicious bathes together. There were two caves—one was hers and one mine. After we'd finished our swim and lain for a while in the sun we'd run off, put on our clothes, come back and talk and laugh and make the splendidest plans of how and where we'd spend the afternoon. They were the happiest times imaginable and we spent them like children—digging in the sand—inventing shipwrecks—rescues—desert islands—adventures with pirates, and a hundred other kiddish games.

But in spite of all I couldn't help feeling while we were together that I was growing up. In her, too, I felt there was a difference—I can't explain it, but her eyes seemed to hold something new—and more.

Her little toes were always icy cold after a bathe and I used to chafe them until they were warm again. Then one day when I'd brought them back from white to rosy pink, I stooped down and kissed them and they seemed to crumple up with happiness and surprise. And just like a baby when you do something to make it laugh, she said: "Again, please!"

So I kissed them again and again.

It seems a queer thing to say, but I honestly am sure that kissing those ten little coral toes was the happiest moment of my life.

After that whenever we met or said "Good-by" I used to kiss the tips of her fingers as though she were a real princess. And that, too, was a fresh wonder.

Often we'd sit for ages and ages holding hands and saying nothing at all. It reminded me of the village lovers I used not to be able to understand. It was during those silences I began to feel less of a boy and more of a man—and as a man to lose the boy's knack of easily expressed half-sentences and matter-of-fact little talk. So the silences between us deepened and lengthened.

Saying good night to her was always a tragedy. We'd say it once, then wait, say it again, wait again, then often as not laugh a little awkwardly, perhaps, and make off in different directions.

The day I discovered that I never even touched her hand when we parted—I just nodded and turned down the forest path that led to my home without looking back. I knew she hadn't moved, for I should have heard the dry twigs crackling beneath her little feet—and once more I knew that the same want had been born in her heart as in mine.

Half-way down the hill I almost collided with old Hannaford, the woodsman, and he cackled out a laugh in rather a queer way.

"Small wonder as you be thoughtful," he said. "Reckon as you'll find plenty o' thinking matter when you 'rives home."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Nice business old Nat Squire was telling of. You 'adn't no eyes fer 'oo might 'appen by in a boat. Nice business—well there I allus sez as passons' children be t'worst," and without waiting for my reply he gave his bundle of fagots a hitch and shambled on.

Cousin Mary was standing by the garden gate and it was evident she was waiting for me.

"Gerald," she said. "You poor boy—but you must be good and do what your father says. You see, he has his position to think of—and oh, I knew it would end like this because it always does." Then, with the greatest show of indignation I ever saw in her, she stamped her foot and exclaimed: "Oh, why don't people mind their own vulgar businesses?"

"What is it, Cousin Mary?"

"They jump so! They jar! And that's all wrong. If only they would take the curve easily it would be an ever-so-much happier world."

Then I heard my father's voice calling me, and I went to his study.

"This is my son, Mr. Merrick," he said, and I saw there was another clergyman in the room. He was rather a tall, stoopy man and had nervous fidgety hands.

"Oh, yes, your son," he said.

"Perhaps you would like to speak to him, Mr. Merrick?"

"No—no. I would rather it came from you."

"Very well—then. Yes! It comes to this, Gerald. You—you have created a most unpleasant scandal in the village."

"That's not true," I said. "The village may have created a scandal about me."

"Ta-ta!" said my father. "That's a trivial sort of argument. The fact is, you've been behaving yourself in a most—most—er—well, I mean it's high time the whole thing was put a stop to. Mr. Merrick, here, and I have received deputations explaining and—er—deprecating the present state of affairs."

"So you've been listening to a lot of vile stories!" I said. "What did you do to deny them?"

This seemed to surprise my father and Mr. Merrick mutually.

"We have done nothing—nothing at all," replied Mr. Merrick, "except—" and he looked at my father, who continued:

"Promise you should be—er—returned to your school to-morrow."

"That means you believe their stories—believe I have done wrong?"

"You're a temperamental boy, Gerald, and temperamental people do wrong unconsciously at times. In—er—view of that we deemed it advisable to—er—remove you from temptation."

"There is no temptation," I hotly exclaimed and repeated. "There is no temptation."

Then Mr. Merrick spoke.

"If that is so," he said, "why should your meetings with my daughter have been clandestine? Why have you always chosen to be together at hours and places where you were most likely to be alone?"

"If you were in love with a girl," I answered, "wouldn't you want to be alone with her?"

If I'd dropped a bomb in the room they couldn't have been more surprised. Eventually my father found his tongue.

"And a moment ago you claimed there is no temptation," he said.

"Yes, but I didn't say there was no love," I answered.

"Be quiet, Gerald. Mr. Merrick, it's obviously useless to prolong this—er—discussion. My son shall be sent away to morrow and I entirely concur in your decision to say nothing to your daughter. She, at least, is blameless. Gerald, go and do your packing at once."

"No," I cried. "No. I won't. I won't! I'm not going to be treated like a naughty child. Oh, don't you understand how wrong you both are in trying to cheat us of being happy?"

"Happiness is not the chief aim in life."

"Then it should be," I answered. "It should be! Happy people are good—it's those who go about moaning they're miserable sinners who are bad."

"That will do, Gerald; go to your room at once."

Something was burning in my eyes and throat and I stood there dumb, but consumed with a mighty desire for words—words to sweep away their silly narrow prejudices and show them the beauty to which they closed their eyes.

"You heard me speak," said my father, and tapped his foot.

Then Cousin Mary slipped an arm through mine and led me away.

"You can't alter things," she said. "This is the way they've always been."

We climbed the stairs to my room and she closed the door upon me. Then I sat down on the bed and wondered why people, all the world over, were so frightened of others being really happy. In one more day I should have kissed Maisie and she would have kissed me and we should have known what perfection meant, and instead here was I being sent away like a dangerous criminal! Try as I would I couldn't understand.

Ten minutes later I had scrambled down by the great ivy root—dropped noiselessly to the lawn and started at a run across the moor. I hadn't any fixed idea as to what I intended to do. I vaguely remember threading my way through the dark oak wood until I came to its fringe and looked down on the frozen sparks in the night where Leysands lay in the hollow.

She lived at the near end of the village and there were lights in two of the upstairs rooms. I stood and watched them for some little while and presently one was extinguished. It was the candle in her room that still burned. So I crept down the hillside, scaled the wall and moved toward the window. And she was there with her chin in her hands, looking out into the night.

"Maisie," I whispered, "Maisie!"

She looked down.

"It's Gerald! Is anything the matter?"

"Come down, Maisie— I do want you to come down so."

"I'll come," she said, and a moment later I heard the door softly open and she was beside me. Then with my arm about her we tiptoed out of the garden and up the hill to the wood.

"I knew you'd come to-night," she said. "I felt you would. You had to, didn't you?"

I believe I'd meant to tell her all that had happened, but something stopped me.

"You needn't answer, for I know, Gerald, dear. It was because you wouldn't say goodnight to me like you did—any more."

I didn't speak—I just shut her up in my arms and kissed her again and again. And in that second I knew that I was all a man and more much more than a girl. It is all so difficult to write. Somehow that moment doesn't belong to pen and ink. She and I were miles and miles above the world, drifting in a whispering silence of our own. It was the maddenest wonder I could ever conceive.

Then we sat on the grass, huddled close together—my arms tight around her and her soft warm little face pressed to mine. And presently she said in a voice I had never heard before:

"Isn't love splendid, Gerald?" and when I had kissed her for answer: "We've waited and adventured like the people in the book I read and now we've kissed each other—like they did. Shall we have the baby, too—do you think?"

"No, dear," I said.

"But why not—why not, Gerald, if we want to?"

"It's different," I said, and I was trembling as I spoke. "They were married, Maisie, you see."

"That doesn't make any difference, really. I know it doesn't—'cos I've heard people talking sometimes. I've heard them speak of a girl—she wasn't married—who had a baby. They called it a love-child—and it was so strange, but they seemed cross. People don't get cross about love—I wonder why. I think a love-child would be ever so much dearer than an ordinary one, don't you?"

"Maisie, darling," I said, "don't let's talk about that. Let's just talk of our wonderful selves." And I pressed her little moist lips with mine.

"Do you know," she said, "when you kiss me I feel it's the most wonderful thing that ever happened—and yet——"

"Yes?" I said.

"Somehow I can't explain, Gerald, I don't know how to. I've been wanting you to kiss me for ever and ever so long, and I thought that when you did it would be everything."

"Isn't it everything?"

"Ye-es—I suppose it is." She was silent for a longish while, then, almost as if she were speaking to herself: "I wonder if one could be happier yet?"

I didn't answer and my thoughts flew back to the steam-engine that once I had and the rails that my soul had longed for.

She shivered and, releasing herself from my arms, looked me frankly in the eyes.

"You look so strangely," she said. "Why do you?"

"It's because I envy you so," I answered, turning my head away.

"I don't understand that. Lots and lots of things I don't understand—and happiness is one of them."

"It's best not to understand," I whispered.

She nodded, shivered again and gave a little nervous laugh.

"Yes, I believe that's true—for Gerald, all of a sudden, I'm frightened of happiness—frightened of understanding it—frightened that if I did——" she broke off. "Do you know sometimes when one dreams—a sort of fairy dream and then you wake suddenly and it's gone—ended—and you can't remember—I'm frightened of that."

"Hush," I said. "You needn't be frightened while I'm here." (Somehow I couldn't keep my voice steady.) "There, look! The moon's rising! We must go back now, Maisie." Then I lifted her gently to her feet and we walked to where the wood ended, and the hill sloped down to her home.

"Good-night, Maisie."

"Good-night, Gerald."

She lifted up her little face and I kissed her forehead for the last time. Then I stood and watched her until she had dimmed to nothing. I heard the faint click of the wicket-latch and turned once more into the woods. All the way back through the dark the wonder of her and the words she had spoken pulsed through me and I too was frightened—frightened of the happiness she didn't understand, and with that fear was born the knowledge of why the whole world is afraid where others are too happy.

My father was always late abed and I went straight to his study.

"How did you get here?" he exclaimed.

"Father," I said, "I have come to say that I will go back to school to-morrow—that I want to."

"You've been out?"

"Yes."

"But your Cousin Mary said you were in your room. She—er—took your supper there an hour ago."

"It wasn't true," said Cousin Mary, "but I knew he'd gone only to say good-by. He had to do that in common politeness."

"Well—well!" said my father, "I hardly know what to say—d'you see. But I'm—er—glad and—er—thankful you have come to your senses at last—that's all."

And then for some silly reason I started to cry and couldn't stop.

I heard Cousin Mary exclaim something quickly to my father and she laid her hand caressingly on my shoulder.

"Gerald—Gerald, dear. You've often asked me to come for a walk with you—let's go now."

"All right," I gasped. "I'd like to."

"That's right," said my father. "You go, Mary—why not? Do you good!"

So we went into the garden and sat on the wall and she patted my hand, and I blinked the foolish tears out of my eyes.

"Gerald," she said at last, "all my life's been like that," and she drew a straight line with her finger. "I've never been really happy and I would like to hear about it from some one who has."

So I told her from the first to last all that had happened and I found it easy to tell her.

When I'd finished she sighed and said: "How beautiful!" Then, with a sudden change, and rather in the way that she said "Whips!" when the beef was underdone, she exclaimed: "At last I see something in that book about the curves. I never made head nor tail of it when applied to sound, or business, or population, but with you and your happiness the idea fits most beautifully."

"I'm not happy," I said, "I'm the most miserable person alive."

"No—the happiest, because you climbed almost to the summit, but not quite—and that's the perfect moment. Nothing stands still, you see, and the path that led further would have led down. It's like the *soufflé* over again."

She stopped and contracted her brows, and suddenly I burst out laughing, because I knew she was thinking of the mutton-chop.

ἃ πάσχοντες ὑφ' ἑτέρων ὀργίζεσθε, ταῦτα μὴ τοῖς ἄλλοις ποιεῖτε

Golden Rule of Isocrates of Athens, 400 B.C.

सुखकामानि भूतानि यो दण्डेन विहिंसति
आत्मनो सुखमेसानो, पेच्च सो न लभते सुखं

Golden Rule of Buddha, 600 B.C.

Ꝝ þ ȝe þillen þ oðre men
ǽop ne don· ne doð ȝe þ
oðþum mannum.

Golden Rule from Laws of Alfred the Great, 600 A.D.

שלא יעשה איש לרעהו מה שלא

Golden Rule of Naphtali, Son of Jacob, 1700 B.C.

רצה לנפשו

Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.

Matthew, VII 12.

己所不欲，勿施於人。

Golden Rule of Confucius, 500 B.C.

The Golden Rule

PRINCE BUDDHA made the Golden Rule the basis of Hindu morals six hundred years before Christ.

Plato created the world's most famous Republic around it as a central idea.

Alfred the Great built upon it the most successful code of laws in history.

Kant calls it the one unconditional imperative in human intercourse.

The Golden Rule is the foundation of the world's most successful morality, philosophy, law, and today of the world's most successful business, because experience has proved again and again that the Golden Rule pays.

It would be the poorest kind of business policy for us to accept any advertising that in any way misrepresents or deals unfairly with our readers.

It is our loss more than yours if any advertiser in Hearst's Magazine should leave you in any way dissatisfied in any transaction.

TEAR OFF ALONG THIS LINE

Complaint Blank

Have you for any reason been dissatisfied with the goods made or furnished by any advertiser in Hearst's Magazine? Has any advertiser been remiss in attending to your letters, coupons, or in sending samples to you?

If so, please fill in this blank and return to Advertising Manager, Hearst's Magazine, 119 West 40th Street, New York, for his personal attention.

Name of Advertiser . . . . . .

. . . . . .

(Here write briefly as possible the details of the transaction, giving names, dates, etc., together with your name and address. Use personal letter if more convenient.)

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

. . . . . .



For

Crockery

and

All Earthen Wares



Quickly cuts away every trace of obstinate crusts and grease and assures perfect cleanliness

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
3 0112 109763224